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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, THE DRAMA, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN
IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY,
MUSIC, MISCELLANY, ETC.

AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING VOLUME.

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1880, TO JANUARY, 1881.

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BOSTON:

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1880.

DOZAHOF'S MAGAZINE

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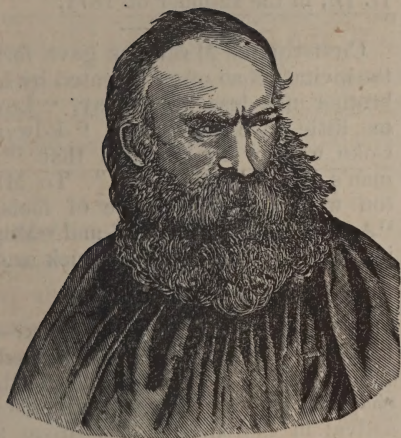
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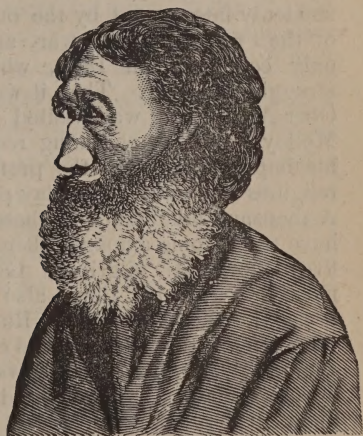
CHARACTERS IN THE PASSION PLAY.



Ecce Homo.



Judas.



Barabbas.

THE world-famous "Passion Play" at Ober-Ammergau, now being performed, is attracting great attention throughout the world. On the 7th of May was given the first representation, the play being repeated on the following Sunday, and on every succeeding Sunday until the 26th of September, as well as on the 16th of June, the 24th of June, and the 8th of September. Upon every occasion the

performance of the Passion Play, beginning at 8 A. M., ends at 5 P. M., with an hour's break for refreshment at mid-day. From Munich it is a pleasant journey of six or seven hours to Ober-Ammergau, three of those hours being by rail to Murnan, the remaining four involving an agreeable drive through a beautiful country. The scene of these last surviving of the old Mystery Plays is in a pictu-

resque village in a sequestered valley of Bavaria. There, in 1633, a terrible pestilence swept into their graves in about three weeks one fourth of the inhabitants. Appalled by this calamity, the survivors entered into a solemn vow to give a representation of our Lord's passion every ten years in perpetuity, if the merciful God would stay the plague. According to the tradition as to the origin of the play, from that moment the pestilence ceased. Thenceforth every ten years the play has been given by the inhabitants of Ober-Ammergau. Twice it was all-but doomed to extinction: once by a manifesto issued in 1772 by the Archbishop of Salzburg for the suppression of all religious plays, and again in 1810, during the great Napoleonic wars. Through all vicissitudes the sanctity of the vow already named has been respected. The Passion Play being due in 1870, five representations had been given when the series was suddenly interrupted by the outbreak of the Franco-German war, and was only completed in 1871, when the struggle was over. Then it was that Ober-Ammergau was visited by Dr. Molloy, and this charming record of his impressions as to the profoundly religious character of the play penned. A thousand inhabitants at these times have to welcome amongst them about five thousand pilgrims; Germans mostly, but with them also intermingled English, French, Russians, Irish-Americans, Italians, and even — wonderful to tell — also Jews. An open-air theatre, constructed with plain deal planking in a vast green meadow on the outskirts of the village is the arena of the Passion Play. Most of the actors are — as, indeed, are most of the primitive dwellers in that locality — wood-carvers. The impersonator of our Lord, as also the impersonators of Judas and Peter, of Annas and Caiaphas, are all wood-carvers. The impersonator of John is a house-painter, of Pilate a teacher of drawing, of Herod a master potter, and of Barabbas a day-laborer.

All who have witnessed the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau testify to its marvellously impressive and edifying character. The "Times" correspondent said of it, "I have never seen so affecting a spectacle." Another eye-witness, quoted by Mr. Blackburn in his "Art among the Mountains," says, "The simple grandeur of the Christ was almost awful." The "Graphic" averred that "The effect upon all who were present was solemn to an extraordinary degree." Fifteen centuries ago — that is, about the year of our Lord 364 — St. Gregory Nazianzen is reputed to have constructed a drama upon the passion of Christ, to counteract the profanities of the heathen stage; akin to which drama, one thousand five hundred years later, is the Passion Play now being represented at Ober-Ammergau. We give the play in this issue as witnessed by Rev. Gerald Molloy, D. D., in the summer of 1871.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brother in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long." "Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle." To Milton we owe "A paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moon-struck madness."

ENGLISH NOBILITY AT KNOCK. — Lord Arundel, of Wardour, and Lady Arundel have paid a visit to the chapel at Knock. Directly after their arrival in Claremorris they drove to Knock and returned in the evening. The following day Lord and Lady Arundel attended the morning mass, and in the evening, at the usual afternoon service and at benediction. His Lordship had a letter of introduction to Canon Bourke, the parish priest. Lord and Lady Arundel left Claremorris by the early train on Monday, quite pleased with their visit to Knock, where, as they state, they witnessed miracles.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. IV.

BOSTON, JULY, 1880.

No. 1.

"THE present age, in which all truth is full of tribulation, possesses no other means of escaping those evils than by returning to Christ and to the peace with the Church."—LEO XIII.

"THE struggles of the Church are not like those of the earth: they do not end by personal triumph, but by the victory of faith, and of God alone in his holy will."—BISHOP DUPANLOUP.

"THE man who daily bends the knee to his Maker, who recites or sings his praises, who devoutly makes the sign of the cross, who assists without constraint at the public services of the Church, who observes an exterior decorum in the house of God, who gives to the needy according to his means, and duly attends to the other practices and ceremonies of religion, will generally be one whose heart is united to God, and who yields to him a ready obedience. Show me, on the contrary, a man who habitually neglects these outward observances of religion and charity, and I will show you one in whose soul the fire of devotion burns very faintly, if it is not quite extinguished."—ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN: HIS MERITS AND DEFECTS.

Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor.

WHILST most nationalities in this land gradually merge into that fine type and form known the world over as "American," there must necessarily remain traces and characteristics of the original source of each. Bancroft, who is rather toadyish to Britain, asserts gratuitously that the Anglo-Saxon element dominates the feeling, mind, and general character of the people of the United States. We must put up with Bancroft as our authoritative historian, though it is to be hoped that some one who understands the philosophy, as well as the mere events of history, may in time replace him as "the great American historian." It is not true that the spirit of this country is decidedly English; and least of all is the spirit English, in those very States of the Union that were originally settled by Englishmen. There seems to be a subtle, penetrating, and all-subduing force in American life, that seizes hold of every foreign element, and sooner or later works it up into what, for want of a more expressive term, we may call Americanism.

Ancient Rome possessed this power of assimilation, and no modern government except our own has ever possessed it in any appreciable degree. It may seem strange to the reader that we should compare ourselves to the ancient Romans, both under their republic and their earlier empire; yet such a comparison is historically exact. Rome had the assimilative power, which was mightier than her arms, and which was the very spirit of her admirable jurisprudence. When she subdued a nation, instead of completely crushing out its nationality, she infused her own vitality into the conquered race, and "from deadliest foes made warmest friends," as her great historian, Livy, remarks. Every man, even to the slave, was made to feel that it was to his interest and advantage to uphold the Roman state; and when the vast empire was falling because of its own weight, the barbarians whom it had civilized strove the most fiercely and faithfully to uphold it.

Thus is it with the United States. However much we may quarrel among ourselves, there is within us that unitive force which would weld us together like rock against a foreign foe. The fear is that this united life may be destroyed; that, as in the later Roman empire, the purple may be worn by two or three emperors at the same time; that the *toga* of law and of constitutional liberty may be replaced by the buckler of a mere soldier; and that jealousy and estrangement, always fostered by tyrants, may complete the work of disintegration. "When the purple was divided," says the most philosophical of Roman historians, the German Mommsen, "Rome ceased to exist as Rome." The splendor of the New Rome, as Constantinople was called, was only as the flush in the heavens after the sun has set.

History, as it has been well said, is philosophy teaching by example; and therefore the American is conscientiously bound to study the causes of the decay and final extinction of nations, in order that he may guard his own country from the unseen but steady action of such causes. There is a life in nations as clearly perceptible, and as clearly subject to certain laws, as the life of the individual man. The continuance of this national life should engage our thoughts and enlist our services, quite as much as our own earthly well-being. Patriotism becomes a virtue, when it is animated with the true belief that the Deity himself works out many of his adorable purposes through men, in their civic, social, and national relations. All schemes that put the individual above the nation, or that sacrifice the common weal for one man's benefit, are false in theory and unspeakably disastrous in execution.

A paper calling itself grandiloquently the "Irish World and American Industrial Liberator," published in the city of New York, with a lamentably large circulation, is attempting to lure its unwary readers into the pitfall of communism. Its theory, a thousand times exploded both by argument and by fatal test, is, that the individual man has *ipso facto* a right to possess himself of the means of subsistence, no matter what may be the cost to others. This pernicious fallacy is enforced by sophistical dissertations concerning the unequal distribution of wealth, the superior social standing of some, the odious name and office of king, pontiff, or noble, the Juggernaut of capital crushing labor, etc. The Scripture is appealed to, as saying that Adam was made lord of the earth and all therein; though the Biblical statement is that God gave our first parents only the garden of Eden, nor was that given in fee simple either. The falsity of the "World's" theory consists in this, that while the human race is a unit, still each of us, individually, is born under certain conditions, which we *must* accept, whether we believe in God or not. These conditions, good or bad, are the heritage of the race. We may improve them, but we cannot sweep them away. Man is a social being, no matter what Jean Jacques Rousseau says, and as such is bound by social laws. If the whole world were parcelled out as the visionary "World" would wish, the identical state of things which now exists would return, after a few centuries of war, rapine, tumult, and disorder. We feel inclined to put the "Irish World" in the category of such theorists as Proudhon, who regretted that he was not present when God made the world, for he could have given Him many valuable suggestions.

We have mentioned the "World," with its boast of training up the minds of the Irish and their descendants in this land, in order to bring out more strongly the duty incumbent upon us, as Irish or Irish-Americans, to maintain in its entirety and activity what we call the principle of the American national life, which instinctively rejects such ordure as "Irish World" communism.

"America first," is our motto, "and after her, the land from which we have sprung." But we shall be false to this country, if we allow our allegiance to her to swerve even in thought. Does not every American, even of English extraction, hate and despise the snobs that are continually puffing England, and glorying in being of Anglo-Saxon extraction? It is true that this miserable affectation is mainly confined to New England, which inherits the worst "blood" of old England, if it comes to that. The best English "blood" came to Virginia and to the Southern colonies; but did you ever hear of a Virginian boast of his "English descent"? And the true-blooded Yankee hangs his head in shame over the unutterable cringing and toad-eating displayed by some of his countrymen; though with Josh Billings, he may console himself with the reflection that "such critters are phules by the rule of three." "The only way to cure them," says Emerson, "is to send them to England to become Americanized."

The first and chief merit of the Irish-American is that he loves his country, and grows weary of the foolish and incessant "blathering" about Ireland, to which he is doomed to listen from every "lecturer" whom the "old man" takes him to hear. Not that any spirited American boy is ashamed of his forefathers' land, though he often suffers a trying ordeal, — or at least did so suffer in the past, — but because he quickly learns that much of Ireland's trouble came from her own unworthy sons; and when he contrasts the heroic resistance made by America to England, he cannot help drawing his own conclusions. For one Benedict Arnold in American history, there are ten thousand in Irish history. And if he reads up our own civil war, fought at much closer quarters than England *versus* Ireland, his admiration for his own country, North and South, rises to fever heat; for he knows that, united, we could whip the world.

Another merit is that he unites in a singularly high degree the natural intelligence, humor, and good-heartedness of the Irish element in his composition, with the common-sense and coolness of the American. He may disregard many of the old Irish traditions; and he certainly objects, when he is forty years old, to receiving a whipping from his aged father, on the strength of the Hibernian tradition upon the subject of filial obedience. And certainly he cannot help being ashamed of the conduct of many of the Irish whom he sees disregarding the ordinary laws of social propriety, carrying conviviality to drunkenness, and displaying a temperament the furthest removed from what he has been taught to regard as normally Irish. The Irish are too hasty in throwing the blame of filial misconduct upon the country; and they seem not to believe that their own example, in their own household, may have been the source of the ruin of their American-born children.

We frequently hear it said by the Irish, that "this country is not like Ireland"; but they refuse to admit all that this self-evident statement implies. You cannot hold so strict a rein as "at home." It is cruel to punish and humiliate your children, according to a code of household management which denies fun, amusement, the story, the concert, or even the decent drama. Parents are wrong in beating their daughters "to within an inch of their life," because "young fellows loaf around the house." The natural resentment against this insensate cruelty often leads to the worst consequences. Nor need it be a matter of surprise if the priest should decline to give the "old man" a horse-whipping, because after a christening, "the horrid wretch" slept all night, in the best room, with his boots on.

It is also highly creditable to the Irish-American, that, as an almost universal rule, he adheres to the faith of his fathers; *and when he leaves, loses, or denies it, the fault is nearly always traceable to the bad example, the neglect, or the indifference of his parents.* There is no inducement in the United States to turn Protestant. An American, it was playfully said by Washington Irving, worships only the almighty dollar. He does not care what belief you profess, if you are a "decent sort of chap." And it is noteworthy that when the unfortunate Irish-American falls into crime and prison, he more quickly acknowledges the birthright of his divine faith than prosperous Irish "to the manor born," whom we have known to deny both their nationality and their faith.

But here I must stop. When I resume the subject in our next number, I mustn't be so "heavy," as many of our readers may be yawning at Newport, Saratoga, or Cape May, for something jolly and spicy in DONAHOE'S.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1880.

Thomas DeCantillon Church.

'Tis just one hundred and four years
 Since, 'mid our nation's thundering cheers,
 The Stars and Stripes were first unfurled,
 And won the homage of the world.
 To stand that day 'neath summer sun,
 In marshalled line with Washington;
 To see those States, the old thirteen,
 Stand then enthroned with freedom's sheen;
 To mark the blaze and pomp of war,—
 Were worth the empire of the Czar.
 Our States now number thirty-eight,
 Flanked round with empire vast and great.
 Unfurl our flag — 't is red with scars,
 But freedom gleams through Stripes and Stars.
 Unfurl our flag — it shall not fail,
 However fraud and force assail,
 To lead the van in freedom's gale.
 'Tis just one hundred years and four
 Since fealty our fathers swore
 To freedom's cause, from shore to shore.
 May Stars and Stripes be never furled
 Till judgment dire shall fire the world!

THE JESUITS.

The "Universe," London.

"LIBERTY, liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" was the exclamation of Madame Roland, on the scaffold in Paris in 1793. The brave lady was guillotined under the fraudulent invocation of the sly word which has spurred the freedom-loving to their goal in every age. It is no longer the Reign of Terror in France; but the crimson spectre again looms up large and menacing on the horizon, and the sacred name of Liberty is prostituted anew to vilest of purposes. Almost with the same stroke of the pen the rehabilitation in political rights of the Communists and the expulsion of the Jesuits are decreed by the Republic. The Communists profaned churches, set fire to public buildings, despoiled private dwellings, and crowned the edifice of their crimes by murdering an archbishop. And this is how the Republic treats them. The Jesuits always loyally inculcated the principles which made France prosperous and respected, which gave her domestic peace, and endowed her with children to illuminate her history by their genius and defend her cause by their valor. And this is their reward!

The French Jesuits will have to abandon their native soil, the land of their affections, that Catholic France with which their dearest traditions are entwined. And this tyrannous ukase, worthy of barbarous Russia, is to be carried out at the behest of a pompous upstart, a freethinking barrister, one Jules Ferry, who has jumped, to his own profound amazement, from obscurity to power. Furthermore, it is to be carried out in the name of Liberty!

Does this creature, Ferry, know who the Jesuits are, and what services they have rendered to the country he dishonors by his presence?

To no body of men within her broad borders does France owe more of her

renown, in arts and arms, than to the Jesuits.

Her literature is indebted for some of the intellectual giants that illustrate it, to the training received in the seminaries directed by the learned and holy members of the Society of Jesus. Molière was a pupil of the Jesuits of Paris, Corneille of those of Rouen. Rousseau, Fontenelle, Crébillon, were all taught the best of what they knew — would that some of them had not extended the education! — by Jesuit fathers. Even the cynic Arouet, nicknamed Voltaire, drew that encyclopædic knowledge of which he made so bad and base a use, from the hated and derided fraternity. In our own days, Alphonse Lamartine, the poet whom the Revolution of 1848 summoned to power, the orator who, by one inspired burst of eloquence, supplanted the red rag by the tricolor, was educated by the Jesuits. "Citizens," said he, from the windows of the Hôtel de Ville, "why should we accept the flag which has been trailed round the Champ de Mars in the blood of Frenchmen? Away with it! Give me the banner which has made the tour of the world in glory!"

The military annals of the martial nation glow with the fame of heroic students of Jesuit colleges. From the times of the Condé who was victorious at Rocroy, and the De Luxembourg who broke the might of a powerful enemy at Steenkerke and Neerwinden, to those of Marshal Villars and the heroic De Lamoricière, the golden list of soldiers of duty, whose careers were linked with triumph glorious, or honorable defeat, more glorious still, is long and continuous, and will never fade as long as the memory of great captains is held in pride. The majority of the gallant gray Zouaves of gentle birth who fought for the faith at Castelfidardo and Mentana, and lavished

their lives for France at Patay, were brought up in Jesuit schools. There they learned the lesson of fidelity to God and devotedness to country, — the grandest lesson a Christian gentleman can lay to heart.

Science can count its most successful votaries among the ranks of those acute and painstaking priests, so humble of life and meek of bearing, and amongst the youth whose minds they directed to that highest of philosophies which places human vanity at the footstool of the Godhead. René Descartes, whose pensive statue is reared by the Loire, in the ancient city of Tours, owed his first mental awakening to the Jesuits. That was more than two centuries ago. It is not two years since the leading astronomer of the universe was the simple-minded Father Secchi, S. J., who devoutly watched the stars from the Papal Observatory at Rome.

In the domain of pulpit rhetoric, what masters of robust and fascinating, musical and convincing language have not the Jesuits given to France? Bourdaloue, "in whose soul reason, wisdom, and piety dwelt, and from whose lips it copiously flowed," was a Jesuit; and from their college of Dijon came Bossuet "to rear his mitred front at the court of a despot, and fling the bolts of his tremendous oratory among a crowd of elegant voluptuaries."

And this is the Order upon which ungrateful France turns its back!

There is an old Latin axiom to the effect that those whom the gods wish to destroy they first dement. It is to be feared that it can be applied with only too true a force to the action of the French Republic in this matter. The basis of republicanism is understood to be respect for the individual; and yet the republic, as interpreted in France by pettifoggers of the Ferry stamp, sanctions a piece of despotism which destroys the rights of citizenship of thousands of God's most zealous ministers at one wholesale swoop. The French Republic is

going mad before it commits suicide. That is the melancholy conclusion to which all honest and right-thinking men are forced. Rightly or wrongfully, the saying is attributed to the Pope that this expulsion of the Jesuits was the first step towards the restoration of the monarchy. There was wisdom in the saying; and few will be rash enough to deny that the white standard sprinkled with lilies would not be more auspicious for France than the gonfalon under which the privileges of the masses are bragged about, and the lowest, pettiest, meanest, and most arbitrary act of insolent despotism is sanctioned.

If this decree for the expulsion of the Jesuits be not revoked, then, indeed, has France fallen away from its high estate. It is no longer the generous and chivalrous France of yore, the eldest child of the Church; but the delirious, anarchic France of the horrid days of '93 and '71, — the France of the Chaos and the Commune.

GREAT interest is being evoked throughout Ireland by the announcement that in June another great international rifle match will take place in Ireland. A champion American rifle team will leave America early in June, and do battle with an Irish team upon Irish soil. Major Leech, the time-honored veteran of Irish rifle shooting, has, of course, been chosen as captain of the home team, and will carry out all the preparations for the match. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Irish riflemen will back up his efforts in every possible way, and that we will be able to show our gallant American visitors that they have crossed the wide Atlantic to compete with foemen worthy of their steel. We need not say that a very large section of the public views with the deepest interest the relations between the Irish and American nations, and that many who care little about rifle shooting will join with great heartiness in the welcome to our American guests. — *Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A TRIAL FOR HIGH TREASON.

THE Easter sittings of the Court of King's Bench had commenced, and law — or justice, as it was ordinarily termed — was being doled out to the suitors who thronged its dismal precincts. The pleasant fiction that Justice was blind still found believers. It was like one of the nursery tales of childhood: not strictly true, perhaps, but so well known as to approach the truth very nearly. And the faith of the multitude was not shaken by a suppressed whisper coming from certain quarters, to the effect that Justice was blessed with very keen eyesight; that if her eyes were blindfolded, the bandage was too often thrown aside; that her scales were not poised truly; and that her sword was stained and rusted by innocent blood. Which was all mere slander, worthy only of those who propagated it, — Papists, Jesuits, and so forth: a rebellious, stiff-necked race, who, refusing to obey the laws under whose protection they lived, could not consistently complain if their disobedience were now and then visited in a very summary fashion.

Within the court the judges sat in formal state, — grave men and wise, filled with a due sense of their vast responsibility, and of the inerrancy of the laws they administered.

The place was thronged. Besides the usual array of lawyers, sheriffs and their followers, and the rest of the ordinary occupants of a court of law, a curious and observant throng filled every nook and corner.

Rank and fashion were not unrepresented; for it had been noised abroad that a Jesuit priest was that day to undergo his trial, and his condemnation being a foregone conclusion, high-born gentlemen and noble ladies, fresh from the neighboring pal-

ace of Whitehall graced the interesting scene with their presence, and lighted up its dingy grandeur by the bravery of silks and jewels.

Even the inmates of the Gatehouse prison, once the entrance of the great abbey, were seized with excitement and displayed their famine-stricken faces at the grating, as the prisoner, escorted by javelin-men, passed by; and stretching out their thin hands to beg his blessing, fell to wondering placidly when their own turn would come.

At the bar stood the priest, with heavy chains on his hands and feet: a man past middle age, with well-defined, clearly cut features, — somewhat careworn, it is true, but nevertheless of dignified presence; dark hair showing many a silver thread here and there; his beard trimmed closely to his face, — bearing himself with grave calmness, such as befitted the momentous issue upon which he stood arraigned.

"By name Paul Gower, clerk, late of London, made and ordained priest abroad by authority pretended and derived from the See of Rome; not having the fear of God before his eyes, and slighting the laws and statutes of this realm of England; unmindful of the penalty therein contained, and whereby it was declared that all priests of the Church of Rome were false traitors to our lord the king."

So the indictment ran; whereupon the clerk called upon Paul Gower to answer in the usual way, by holding up his hand.

"How say you then, — Guilty or not guilty?"

The prisoner did not answer directly, but observed that, the penalty of treason being death, and that to be a priest was by law declared to be high treason, he declined to plead that he was a priest, seeing that the admission would insure his condemnation.

But the judge stopped him. He must answer directly to the indictment and confess it, or say, "Not guilty."

To which the prisoner presently replied that he was not guilty of any treason.

Being asked how he would be tried, he answered, "By God and the judges there present." That was not sufficient, the chief justice said. He must answer, "By God and his country," otherwise his refusal of that trial was in itself a sufficient condemnation, and sentence would be passed as though he had pleaded guilty.

The prisoner demanding his trial in the proper form, the jury were called and duly sworn to try the issue.

Then his Majesty's attorney-general began to speak, declaring that the matter required very little proof. The prisoner was a subject of the king, born within the land. He was a Jesuit priest ordained abroad, in contravention of the statutes. He had said mass and administered the sacraments to divers persons, of which offences proof would be given; and further, that the particular crimes with which the prisoner was charged, and which, not denying, he by implication admitted, were by the Act 27 of Queen Elizabeth, and by other more recent Acts, made treason.

Here the prisoner interposed, alleging that no such law could possibly be agreeable to the word of God; whereat Mr. Attorney expressed great astonishment, and proceeded to show that the law was made upon good reason, chiefly for the purpose of putting an end to the practices of Romish priests and their adherents in foreign countries, where it was well known they concocted villanous designs against the peace and welfare of the kingdom, and against the authority of his sacred Majesty, the king, as was sufficiently shown by the late abominable and wicked attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament. And that such a law was most clearly and unmistakably in conformity with Scripture was plain from such texts as "Give unto Cæsar that which is due to Cæsar," and "Obey the prince"; and more to the same purpose.

The chief justice took occasion to remark, with true forensic humor, that he believed it was the prisoner at the bar who was then upon his trial, and not the laws: a sentiment that was much relished in court.

Then the prisoner said that he was willing to obey his sovereign in all lawful matters; but the laws of God had not given to princes any authority to override the consciences of their subjects, seeing that they ruled men's bodies only, not their souls.

"What! what!" said one of the judges. "Did not Papists in Queen Mary's reign torture and burn Protestants who rejected the superstitions and errors of Popery? Was not that a constraint of men's consciences?"

"It is true that such things were done," replied Gower, "according to the existing laws; but the persecutors honestly admitted that they were actuated by desire for the spiritual welfare of those they misused. And I would remind your Lordships that the Catholic religion is not, like yours, a thing of yesterday. All the nation had been Catholic for nine hundred years when the Protestant religion was brought hither; and rulers and people alike believed that it was lawful and just to punish those who denied and forsook the faith of their ancestors."

"Then you think it lawful," said the judge, "to persecute those of your neighbors who are not of your church?"

"No, my lord," said Gower; "I hate and abhor persecution as being contrary to the teaching of Christ. But many ancient writers have maintained that it is the duty of Catholic princes to put down heresy by force, grounding their belief upon the commands of God himself to the Jews, who, upon their entrance into the promised land, were enjoined to put to the sword the idolatrous nations who dwelt there. But those of whom you spoke put Protestants to death for their rejection of the Catholic faith, and did not resort to the subterfuge of calling their religion treason, to enable

them to punish its adherents as traitors."

The chief justice, getting impatient, said that this was all beside the question. The prisoner was upon his trial for treason, and the Jews would not help him.

Mr. Attorney thereupon proceeded to avow, with much solemnity, that it was for the safety of the realm against the pope that the state made it treason to give authority to any foreign potentate, be his title what it might. The pope sent forth his bulls; he sent forth his *Agnus Dei*s, and such trash; books also to stir up sedition and dissension within the realm: all of which made treason. And lastly, as a matter exceeding all the rest, he sent hither these Jesuits and seminary priests, many of whom had already been condemned and executed for treasonable practices undertaken in obedience to the orders of the pope.

The first witness was then called: one Jasper Rookesby, formerly a recusant, but now happily converted to the Protestant faith, from sincere conviction of the errors of the Popish creed. No answer being made, the witness was searched for; but not being forthcoming, Mr. Attorney displayed some vexation, and desired that the next might be called.

A man rose slowly from a seat near the counsel, and raising himself in evident pain, displayed to the court the pale and greatly changed features of Master Timothy Cuffe.

It was explained to my lords that the witness had but lately risen from a bed of sickness; and it would be fresh in their recollection that this worthy gentleman had, in the discharge of his perilous duties, been set upon and nearly murdered by some emissaries of the Popish party. One of these persons had been arrested upon suspicion, — a priest, taken sword in hand, — and was now lying in the Tower under a far more serious charge than that of murder.

Master Cuffe, being duly sworn, kissed the book with great fervor, and

gave his evidence very glibly, and with much apparent satisfaction. He was intimately acquainted with the prisoner; had long known him for a Jesuit priest; had likewise made many attempts to arrest him, which attempts had been constantly foiled by the superior arts of the Jesuit; had been present on several occasions when the prisoner said mass and administered the sacrament to divers persons; had a clear and distinct recollection of one occasion in particular, — to wit, a certain day in September last past. Being desired to state what reason he had for remembering that day, he deposed that being at a place in St. Giles's to which Papists largely resorted, he had been grievously handled, at the instigation of the prisoner at the bar, by the Papists then present.

The prisoner asked, if the witness would swear that he had not been detained by some of these persons, and not suffered to enter the chamber in which, as he supposed, mass was being said. Whereupon Master Cuffe vehemently declared that he had stated nothing but the truth.

"But will you deny," Mr. Attorney demanded of the prisoner, "that you were present and that you said mass, as the witness has sworn?"

"It is for you to prove these things against me, not for me to bear witness against myself," rejoined the priest. "The man has sworn falsely. I deny that he was present; and there are credible persons who could prove his falsehood, if I might produce them."

This caused much amusement in court, and Mr. Attorney, shrugging his shoulders, inquired if it were possible that the prisoner could have forgotten that a person accused of high treason was not permitted to call witnesses in his own defence; and he marvelled that any one in possession of reason could be found to make so absurd and wild a suggestion. The witness might be in error as to the exact date of the occurrence, but he had sworn to the fact. Could the prisoner deny it?

The prisoner did deny it, both as to time and place.

But could he deny that he had ever said mass, or that he was a priest?

The prisoner not replying to this, the chief justice remarked, with much emotion, that when traitors were allowed to call witnesses on their own side, it would be an unhappy day for England. This was of a piece with another outrageous claim that had been lately set up by persons profoundly ignorant of the law, — namely, that prisoners should not be interrogated; which doctrine he affirmed to be perfectly monstrous, and subversive of all law and order. How else was crime to be sifted and the truth brought to light, if judges were forbidden to question the accused?

The vigilant eye of Master Cuffe had been wandering round the court during this interlude, and became fixed in astonishment upon two persons seated at the farther end of the judges' bench.

The spectators, noting his surprise, stared also; a grin of satisfaction slowly stole over his countenance, and bending down, he whispered eagerly to Mr. Attorney, who listened and nodded, and made some notes on his brief.

"The witness, my lords," resumed Mr. Attorney, "has been charged by the prisoner with flat perjury; but, happily, his evidence does not stand alone. By a most singular coincidence, — a providential interposition, I may almost call it, — there is now in court a noble lady who was present on the very occasion sworn to; and this fact, I think, the prisoner even will not have the hardihood to deny. The lady is seated at the end of your Lordships' bench, and I beg that she may be called."

All eyes were directed to the spot to which Mr. Attorney pointed; and in obedience to the summons, the lady very reluctantly left her companion, a hale-looking gentleman with a white beard, and standing before the judge, was duly sworn.

Her name, she told Mr. Attorney, was Hilda Vaughan; she was a Protestant; had been on one occasion at the place mentioned by the last witness, and had seen him there. Being asked if mass was said, she replied that she was ignorant of such matters. She had been told it was a mass, and that the person who officiated was a priest. Being asked if she could identify that person, she made no reply.

Those who stood near the prisoner saw that he clasped his hands and trembled violently, and that once or twice he raised his head as if to speak.

The chief justice, growing angry at the stubbornness of the witness, reproved her sharply, telling her that he was strongly minded to commit her to prison for contempt of court; and reminding her of the solemn oath she had just taken to reveal the whole truth, repeated the question.

Hilda was still silent; and the judge, with an impatient gesture, said there was sufficient evidence to go to the jury. The prisoner had not denied that he was a priest; and if it had been impossible to produce even a single witness against him, it would still be competent for the jury to find him guilty of high treason upon presumption only, which, in many former trials of the like nature, had been held to be legitimate and full proof.

Mr. Attorney having no more witnesses, the chief justice proceeded to sum up, which he did very briefly, and concluded by saying: —

"If other treasons, of coining or such like, are punished with the utmost rigor of the law, truly these more atrocious traitors are to be punished who corrupt the minds of men by a most superstitious religion, and, athirst for blood, excite us by continual alarms, plots, and treasons. For he who violates the laws, who despises the ordained punishment for the guilty, — of what crime, only afford him the opportunity, is it not to be

feared that he will be guilty? Whether the party now accused is or is not guilty of a charge of this nature, is now for you to determine."

The jury, being dismissed to consider their verdict, returned presently to declare that they found the prisoner guilty of high treason, in such manner and form as was contained in the indictment. Whereupon Mr. Attorney demanded judgment, and the clerk of the arraigns asked Paul Gower what he could say why judgment should not be given.

From the moment that he had cast a long, despairing glance at Hilda Vaughan when she uttered her name, the priest had remained in the same position, with his head bowed down, apparently indifferent to all that was taking place.

A warder by his side touched him, and repeated the clerk's question; then slowly turning to the judge, the priest said:—

"To what purpose can I speak? By your laws my death is certain. I confess that I am a priest, an unworthy member of the Society of Jesus; but I am no traitor, no enemy of this realm. I came hither to win souls to Christ, to teach the religion that he taught; and for that cause I am willing to lay down my life. The Jews said of him, 'He is no friend to Cæsar.' I cannot demand of my countrymen greater mercy than my Master had from his. I have preached the religion that St. Augustine brought to your fathers from Rome. Like him, I was sent hither by the pope. That same religion you now reject; you have denounced its followers as foes to the Commonwealth. But you can no more destroy or hinder the spread of that religion than could the Roman emperors of old. From God it came,—he protects it still; and if it be, and I firmly believe it is, of God, you cannot overthrow it."

The chief justice then proceeded to pass sentence.

"By the laws," he said, "it is

enacted that whosoever, being a subject of the king, takes orders by authority of the See of Rome, and returns into England, is guilty of high treason, and incurs the penalty of death. This has been clearly proved by your own admission, independently of the witnesses who have delivered their testimony against you. Nothing, therefore, remains to me except according to the form prescribed by law, to pass such sentence upon you as is appointed for priests and traitors. You will therefore return to the prison from whence you came, and thence be drawn to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck until you are half dead; your bowels shall then be taken out and burnt before your face; your head cut off, and your body divided into four parts, to be exposed in the usual places in this city; and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul!"

The priest bowed, and murmuring *Deo gratias*, was removed from the bar.

CHAPTER XIX

A MEETING.

THE court being speedily emptied of its occupants at the conclusion of the trial, the small, select audience found itself mingling, to its deep disgust, with the vulgar crowd of sight-seers that lined the narrow street outside, waiting anxiously for a glimpse of the condemned man, upon whom, with morbid curiosity, they looked as one already dead.

But the officers, fearing that a rescue might be attempted if they ventured to lead their prisoner through the city in the ordinary fashion, decided to carry him to London Bridge by water, and waited till their barge was being prepared. The mob that had loitered about the purlieus of the court showed no disposition to be cheated of their privilege of escorting the priest to the shambles, and howled and hissed impatiently at the delay,

much to the alarm of the soldiers, who were apprehensive that the victim might be carried off by force.

Looking down upon the dense throng of rough, unruly people, Lord Aston could not detect, amid the hundreds of eager, upturned faces that met his glance, a single one that bore the faintest token of sympathy or regret. It was a show to them; a mere holiday sight, and nothing more.

"We are prisoners here, child, until the poor priest goes away," he said, drawing Hilda within the doorway.

They had been among the last to leave. From some cause, unknown to each other, they had lingered until the last moment in court, and watched the lawyer's clerk gathering up the papers that strewed the tables; had silently noted whither the prisoner had been led; and still hesitated after the keeper had locked the ponderous doors behind them, as a hint that their absence was desired.

"I should dearly like to see this unfortunate man, this Master Gower," he said, with a furtive glance at his companion.

"Oh! could I not see him too, dear Lord Aston?" said Hilda, in an imploring tone.

"My dear child," he replied, looking almost terrified. "remember he has but this moment been condemned to death. Some other time, — some other time! He would hardly welcome the intrusion of strangers just now."

She looked disappointed, and he added, rather lamely: —

"He may have some message, you see, that I could carry to Burnet. They were fast friends, it seems. It was a mercy that you did not answer Mr. Attorney's question — that is, I mean, you would not like to remember hereafter that you had assisted to slay an innocent man — a perfect stranger, too!"

"He is not altogether a stranger to me," she said thoughtfully. "I had seen him twice before, and there

seemed to be something in his face or manner, and the tone of his voice, that reminded me of —" She stopped and knitted her brow in thought. "It is a face I must have seen in my dreams, I think. And I remembered, too, as I listened, that my father and mother suffered persecution for the sake of the religion that he stood there to defend. And how vain was that defence!"

"Her father! Good heavens!" muttered the peer, uneasily. "Yes, yes, my dear Hilda, your father died abroad many years ago, — you know that. And was it not much better that he should go peacefully to his rest, although in sad exile in a strange land, than that he should suffer the fate of yonder priest? To be made the mock of a rude, vulgar crowd, and meet a hideous and inhuman death upon the scaffold!" And he looked at her with wistful eagerness.

"I cannot tell," said Hilda drearily. "I would I knew what to believe. But if our religion be true, why do these men cling so bravely and patiently to one that all speak of with abhorrence and contempt? He is called a traitor, too; but no treason did they accuse him of, — nothing, save that he was a priest. You have been kind to me, dear Lord Aston, very kind; but was it well to keep me in ignorance, all these long years, of the religion my parents would have taught me had they lived? O father! mother!" she said, clasping her hands, "if you can hear me, — you whom I have never known, but who watch over me still, — you with whom I have so little in common, — give me your faith; let your people be my people, and your God my God; if even my end be in shame and suffering like yours, yet without sin!"

The tears ran down her face in her newly awakened enthusiasm; and passing his arm round her, Lord Aston perplexedly held the sobbing girl in his embrace. Where had she learned such things? What agencies had been at work with her?

A man standing near him gently touched his arm, and addressed him by name.

"You expressed a wish to see Master Gower. I observed that you recognized him in court. I was to have been a witness at the trial. My name is Rookesby."

Lord Aston turned in surprise, and stared fixedly at the man.

"Do you also know him?" he asked in a low tone. "Then you are aware—" And he glanced at Hilda.

"I know all—too well, too well!" said the spy. "But the time runs short. I can bring you to Master Gower. You have gold; these fellows would sell their souls for a bribe. Follow me; but alone. I can be of some use yet."

The priest had been thrust into a small chamber adjoining the court, and, ignorant of the cause of his detention, contentedly waited. All places were alike to him now. One prison did not differ greatly from another; and the tedium of confinement had long since worn away. Still he heaved a sigh of relief when the key grated harshly in the lock, and the door was opened cautiously. They had come at last to fetch him; and he rose and looked expectantly as two figures entered, one of which came hurriedly towards him, and addressing him in almost inarticulate tones, grasped his hand.

"My poor friend! What a meeting is this! Did you not know that I was in London? And, oh! why did you not send to tell us you were living?"

The Jesuit had changed color when Lord Aston first spoke; but drawing his hand away, said coldly:—

"You mistake me, sir, for some one else. You were in court when I was sentenced to death, and it can hardly have escaped your recollection already that I am Paul Gower, a Jesuit priest."

"Surely you remember me; or am I so altered that you do not recognize my features? I am Philip Aston,

your friend of old days,—to whom you came when you brought your wife to England; the friend who aided you to the best of his poor ability, who parted from you in sorrow, and who until this day has never set eyes upon you since."

"I can only repeat, sir," said the priest deliberately, "that you are mistaken. My name is Gower. I have no other."

"Has misfortune shaken your reason?" asked the peer anxiously. "Does the name of Kexby Hall recall nothing; or York Castle, from whence you escaped? You fled to the Netherlands or France; and but for the intelligence of your death, I would have followed you thither to bring your daughter Hilda to you."

The priest did not reply, but turned coldly away.

"Frank Vaughan," said the peer indignantly, "this indifference is assumed. Your changing countenance tells me that you acknowledge the truth of what I say. Has this wretched Jesuit habit that you wear chilled your blood, and rendered you forgetful of the claims of nature? I have heard something of this before: that men, when they enter your Order, are compelled to lay aside all human feelings, cast from them the holy memories of home and children, and become bond slaves, body and soul, to a fantastic secret authority. I cry shame upon such an outrage to the commonest sentiments of our nature. The child whom you have abandoned that you might take up this wretched trade still lives; her affectionate, guileless heart overflows with tenderness towards a parent who contemptuously disowns her. No law, human or divine, bids you shroud yourself in this garb of proud austerity, this chilling, repellent sanctity, at the sacrifice of the priceless affection of your child!"

"Admitting for a moment," said the priest, with a touch of sarcasm,—"what I do not admit, by the way,—that I am Frank Vaughan, may I

ask Lord Aston, who appears to be somewhat forgetful of the loyalty he owes his sovereign, from whence proceeds this eagerness to claim the friendship of a traitor whom the laws have adjudged to death? And what end is to be served by unnecessarily lacerating the feelings of a woman by the news that her father, whom she has always mourned as dead, still lives, but only until the hangman shall have done his office?"

"I thought," said Lord Aston sadly, "that you retained some feelings of humanity. But there; I have done, sir. If this utter disregard of all that should be dear to you, this coldness towards your only child, be the outcome of the religion you would have taught her, it is well she has embraced a purer creed, that erects no barrier between father and child."

He took up his hat, and with a wistful look at the priest, was turning disappointedly away, when Rookesby came to his side.

"I know this gentleman, too, sir," he said. "His resemblance to Mistress Hilda confirmed the belief I had for some time entertained of his identity with the Yorkshire squire, Vaughan, who escaped from York Castle some twenty years ago. It would have been better for us both had I known it earlier."

The priest glanced at Rookesby for a moment without speaking, and Lord Aston saw that his hand trembled.

"Will you suffer Hilda to see you for a moment, at least to bid farewell?" asked the peer. "She was very anxious about you, poor child. I left her in tears."

"Does she know?" exclaimed the priest, with a scared look.

"She knows nothing," said Lord Aston, finding that Gower's emotion checked his utterance. "It may not be long before she learns it by some means, — not from me: rest assured that I will not break her heart with the news that he who should have loved and cherished her refused at the last moment of his life to bless

her, and despised and spurned her love."

The priest leaned his head upon his hand and hid his face.

"Were you twenty times a priest, Vaughan," resumed Lord Aston, sternly, "I would tell you that to deny your child is unmanly, inhuman. The most savage animals love their offspring; but her you have neglected and forsaken, left her to the care of strangers, careless whether she lived or died, so that you might follow your own will."

"Not so, Philip Aston," said the priest suddenly, raising his head with dignity. "You wrong me. When I quitted England, I left my child under the roof of a very dear friend. A year or two later he sent me word that he had been cast into prison, the same from which I had escaped; his children taken from him and given to the care of strangers, to be educated in ignorance or hatred of the faith that he professed. At the same time he wrote that my child had sickened and died; and bitterly as I grieved, I was yet consoled. To hear of her death was better far to me than to know that she lived only to revile the religion of her fathers. My grief for her loss was mingled with gratitude to Him who had taken her to Himself, while yet her soul was fit to stand in his presence."

"I can avouch that," said Rookesby, who had been leaning against the wall at the farther end of the room, with his arms folded and his hat pulled over his brows. "The friend of whom you speak was well known to me; and when he wrote that letter, wrote nothing but what he believed to be the truth. He was in prison himself at the time, and had therefore no means of ascertaining whether the news of your daughter's death was true or false."

"You knew him! Then who are you?" inquired the priest.

"A paid spy of the Privy Council, as you are aware, sir," replied Rookesby, harshly. "Enough that I know

you; it is my business to know priests and recusants, whom I am commissioned to arrest."

"I see," said Gower, turning to Lord Aston after a short pause, "that the secret of my name is neither in my keeping nor in yours. How well it has been guarded, you may judge from the fact that it did not transpire at my trial. But it was less for myself than for others that I still wished to retain my disguise. When I fled to France, I took another name; and after hearing of my child's death, I resided for many years at Rome. Thus it happened, I imagine, that all traces of Francis Vaughan were lost. But I did not forget the little one, nor the happiness that once was mine in my pleasant Yorkshire home; and many a time in my exile I have seemed to hear her childish prattle, and felt her warm arms thrown lovingly around my neck. Forsaken her! despised her love! Ah, how little you know me, Philip Aston! I dared not return to England, to satisfy myself of the truth of the news; there was indeed no reason why I should doubt it: but had I known or suspected that she lived, I would have dared all pains and penalties to rescue her from a fate I thought far worse than death."

"Then you will receive her again?" urged the peer, with moistened eyes. "I will bring her to you in a moment."

He was hastening away, when Gower laid his hand on his arm.

"Bethink you for a momer, Aston," he said; "my execution is fixed for Monday next. Would it not give her far more pain than joy to know that her father lives. She could not save me; and the thought would but add to her sufferings? I have been dead to her for many years; let her still think me so: it will be true before a week has passed. Tell her in the days to come—and God grant they may be pure and sinless for her!—tell her that her father cheerfully laid down his life for Christ's dear sake, and with his latest breath prayed for and blessed her."

The warders were returning for their prisoner, and with a hasty farewell, Lord Aston withdrew.

Hilda had remained near the entrance to the court in a state of painful expectation, and a moment after, Lord Aston rejoined her; the mob howled and shrieked with delight as the prisoner, with calm, collected demeanor, came forward attended by the guards. Hilda no sooner perceived the priest than, urged by some undefinable impulse, she advanced and suddenly knelt before him.

Seeing her, he paused, and across his face there passed a torrent of conflicting emotions,—sorrow, pity, and a yearning love, that all his affected stoicism was powerless to restrain.

Through the mist of tears that seemed almost to blind her, she saw a gentle, careworn face pressed lovingly to hers, felt a kiss imprinted on her brow, and with a shriek she fell senseless at the feet of her father.

To be continued.

"OF two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior. We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Johnson tells us of "A good hater"; and Mackintosh wrote in 1791, the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

SOME of the "slang" phrases of the day have a legitimate origin. "Putting your foot in it" is certainly not a very elegant mode of expression, but according to the "Asiatic Researches," it is quite a fine point of law: when the title to land is disputed in Hindostan, two holes are dug in the ground and used to encase a limb of each lawyer, (?) and the one who tires first loses his client's case. Fancy, if you can, some of our famous "limbs of the law" pleading in such a manner! It is generally the client who "puts his foot in it."

THE OWNERS OF THE LAND IN IRELAND.

Dublin "Freeman's Journal."

Now that the land is the question of the day and of the hour, it is of pressing importance to keep well before the public mind some of the leading facts of the present disposition of the soil. It seems wise and seasonable with a view to this end to present and re-present the facts to the public eye in various connections, so as to help towards quickening the public conscience by fresh instalments from day to day of unquestioned agrarian statistics. In this direction, let us remind our readers of such facts and figures as the following, viz.: Ireland contains 20,162,050 acres, and 68,755 land-owners. The present rating valuation is £13,769,806, and on a new valuation the amount would be raised by some 4½ millions. Of the 20 millions of acres, 6,758,861 are owned by 302 persons; or, in other words, nearly one third of the land of Ireland is owned by 300 landlords. Of the 68,755 land-owners, 36,143 have an acre or less each, while one man, an absentee, possesses 171,000; that is to say, one owner who lives and spends his rents out of the country, possesses nearly five times as much land as the body of the 36,000 who have to pay rent for and live on and out of their miserable holdings. The resident land proprietors of Ireland number 10,421, holding 14,095,813 acres, rated at £7,217,840. The absentee proprietors number 2,973, holding 5,129,169 acres, rated at £2,470,816. The companies and institutions number 161, holding 584,327 acres, rated at £234,678. These figures mean in round numbers that the absentees and companies are nearly one third of the entire number of the large landed proprietors, that they own not much less than half the land owned by the resident landlords, and that the rating value of the absentees' lands is between a half and a third of the value of the land of the

residents. Again, absentees hold now over one fourth of the land of the country. Moreover, the proprietors in fee simple of land in Ireland are 10,431. Of these, 2,973, or more than one fourth, are absentees. The land in fee simple, in country districts, and exclusive of town properties, is valued for rating at £10,180,434; and out of that the absentees score £2,470,816, or nearly one fourth of land held in fee or perpetuity. One hundred and ten landlords own each 20,000 acres and upwards; 192 own from 20,000 to 10,000 each; 440 own from 10,000 to 5,000; and 2,377 own under 25 acres each. In 1871 the total number of agricultural holdings was 592,590; in 1878 the number had fallen to 579,399, being in the seven years a decrease of 13,251 holdings. Towards the creation of the class of tenant farmers, down to March, 1879, there had been advanced by the Board of Works 753 loans, amounting to £439,622, out of £737,934, for the purchase of 44,539 acres, that yielded an annual rent of £30,422. We offer the foregoing as a sort of specimen figures illustrative of some of the important facts connected with the present land distribution of our country. For the present we append no comments to the quotations, because we think that the facts point their own moral and suggest their own inferences. If any man—landlord, tenant, theorist, or legislator—will be found to say that the condition of things herein disclosed is wise and just and humane, we venture to say that he will be regarded as a curiosity amongst intelligent and Christian people. If, on the other hand, no rational man can be found to say that these things are right, then, in the name of reason and equity, why should the state of things be allowed to exist? We feel assured that these matters may now be discussed

without causing alarm to intelligent landlords; and for our part we give no support to wild, illogical, and impracticable propositions. We think that our figures show that the present land-tenure system is a monstrosity, and that some new system is a necessity. We, of course, feel that the new system should give to the soil the same freedom that is given to the produce of the soil and to every other kind of industry. We think that the inequalities of the distribution are barbarous; but we want no statutory limitation of landed property any more than of any other property. This is a matter that is best left to the free action of the natural forces of society, which tend as well to the accumulation as to the dispersion of landed property; and we confess that we are far more anxious to see a commencement of some practical measures calculated to ameliorate the condition of our agriculturists, and to burst the bond that binds them to the soil by a tie of serfdom and depression.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBORO',

IN the reign of George II., played one of the most audacious tricks in the way of "treating" that is probably to be met with in all the annals of electioneering. Her Grace's grandson, Mr. Spencer, father of the first Lord Spencer, was a candidate for the borough of St. Albans, near which place the duchess had a country seat. Knowing that the lower class of electors were bitterly opposed to Mr. Spencer, and that they were numerous enough to carry his rival to the head of the poll, she sent on the morning of the election for upwards of a hundred of these irreconcilables, whom she addressed as follows: "I congratulate you, gentlemen, on your opposition to Mr. Spencer; for though he is my grandson, I think him totally unfit to represent your ancient borough in Parliament. I am much pleased with your independent spirit, and to

show my pleasure I have provided a slight collation for you. I beg that you will remain and breakfast with me." It is hardly necessary to say that the invitation was heartily and enthusiastically accepted. Her wily Grace of Marlboro', however, took care to ply her guests well with the strongest ale and bumpers of brandy to follow, till she had made every mother's son of them so helplessly drunk that they could not stand, let alone walk. When the hour for polling came, these incapables were sleeping off the effects of the duchess's insidious hospitality; and there being no one to awaken them, Mr. Spencer was returned by a large majority. As in love and war, everything was regarded as fair in electioneering.

WHAT NEXT?

A NUMBER of small electric lamps have been invented which can be used by a surgeon in illuminating a person's throat, mouth, or even the internal parts of the body; and it is suggested that by means of a powerful electric light a human being's whole interior may be so effectually illuminated as to enable a physician in a dark room to see so much of the workings of the principal organs as would assist him to arrive at a correct conclusion as to the nature of a case requiring an operation. It is to be hoped that we are not becoming too clever. If our medical men are to be continually getting new aids, such as this wonderful one, it will by and by be almost impossible for a person to die. This would be a very serious consequence of modern discoveries. It would be as well, perhaps, to let poor humanity come to a natural end.—*London Universe*.

WHEN things are in disorder they are often said to be turned topsyturvy. This expression is derived from the way in which turf used for fuel is placed to dry, the turf being turned downward; and the expression then means topside turfway.

IRISH AND ENGLISH FREEMASONS AND THEIR FOREIGN BROTHERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SYSTEM AND ORGANIZATION OF FREEMASONRY.

TERROR

Is one of the greatest powers by which Freemasonry enchains her members. To be an enemy of Masonry, to be an obstacle in the way of Masonry, above all to reveal the secrets of Masonry, are crimes too great to be overlooked; and he who strikes down such offenders, no matter how, serves the ends of Masonry. Once bound in the serpentine embrace of a secret society, it is a hard struggle to be free. How often have we heard the dupes of such a society confess that they would be glad to break their bondage, but that they feared to do so! The deeper the disciple has gone, the harder it is to part. He must give up many an unjustly earned assistance that the Masonic grip can give him. He must surrender the hope of that promotion which his merits and his talents could never win. But this is not all. The vengeance of his former brethren will follow him "whether sheltered in the bosom of his mother or in the tabernacle of Christ." Excommunication passed by the Masonic Order on a defaulting brother means hunting down, terror, and assassination.

On Nov. 5, 1870, we are told in some of our English newspapers, the Masonic Lodge the Orient, of Paris, had issued a citation against the venerable Brother William, King of Prussia, as a traitor to Freemasonry; and that when he disregarded the citation, he was tried as contumacious and condemned to excommunication. Victor Hugo's newspaper, the "*Rappel*," was stated to have published the following: "Brother William is now out of the pale of the law. All Freemasons are authorized to assault him, and to inflict upon him capital punishment. It remains to be seen how the sentence will be carried out.

A Freemason, in whose presence a doubt was expressed as to the seriousness of such a condemnation, replied, 'Do not laugh!'" Bonaparte undertook the Italian war solely to retrieve himself from the excommunication pronounced against him by the Lodges of Naples and Milan. Pianori and Orsini were Freemasons.

In each separate oath, in each separate degree of Masonry, the candidate gives liberty to, or rather invites the vengeance of the Order in case that he should desert, disobey, or prove false to his Masonic obligations.

From the first degree, this principle is inculcated in signs, ceremonies, pass-words, and lectures, under the symbolic form of avenging the death of an imaginary personification of perfect Masonry, called Hiram Abiff. One degree, the degree of Vengeance, or Elect of Nine, is devoted to this portion of the system, wherein such a defaulter is tracked and murdered, his assassin being applauded for his zeal. The effect of these ceremonies and oaths is so great, that it seems never for a moment to relax its hold on the mind, or to be forgotten. Freemasons, even when under the influence of drink, and foolishly communicative on all other subjects, are darkly silent on the smallest allusion to their veiled mysteries.

In corroboration of this, we may quote a few authentic and historical facts. The facts contained in the last chapter proved how Freemasons act when the opponent of Masonry is an organized government. It comes under the head of their system to show that premeditated and cold-blooded assassination is not beneath the dignity of this most righteous and purely benevolent society, when, from the talents or position or knowledge of the victim, Masonry requires that his spirit and power of opposition should be extinguished in his life-blood.

The story of the murder of William Morgan for the crime of violating Masonic secrecy has long been a well-

known historical fact; but in August, 1875, the full particulars were brought to light by the publication of two letters from the venerable Thurlow Weed. The facts were as follows:—

In the year 1826, Morgan, who had passed through all the degrees of Masonry and held a very high position in the Order, conceived the idea of publishing a book disclosing all the secrets of the sect. What his motive may have been is only conjectural. Mr. Weed was living at that time in the town of Rochester, New York, and Morgan requested him to publish the projected book. Mr. Weed declined, and Morgan went to the adjoining town of Batavia, where he arranged with another person for the publication. He had written a portion of the book, and was engaged in completing it, when he was arrested on a false charge of larceny on the 10th of September, and conveyed to the jail of Ontario County. The sheriff and officers of this prison were Masons. His house was searched, and his manuscripts were seized and destroyed. On the evening of the 12th of September, he was discharged by the interference of some of the conspirators, and as he passed out of the door of the jail, was seized by them, taken a short distance, and then forcibly put into a carriage. He was carried in the course of that night on to the ridge-road, about two miles beyond the village of Rochester. During the next day he was taken to Lewiston, a distance of seventy or eighty miles, and from thence to Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara River. His benevolent captors had decided on bringing him here, in the hope that their brother Masons of Canada would aid them in disposing of him. His murder was not then contemplated; but it was hoped that the Canadian Masons would take charge of him and send him to end his days among the Indian tribes in the north-west of Canada. Placing their prisoner in Fort Niagara, his captors crossed the river into Canada to attend a meeting of a Lodge there; but the

Canadian Masons, after much deliberation, refused to become parties to the business. The American Masons returned to Fort Niagara; and in a few days afterwards, a large number of men high in the Order assembled a short distance off to open an "Encampment of Knights Templar," the additional power of the "sealed obligation" being necessary for such a case.* At night they dined together, and after dinner the chaplain gave a sentiment so significant that all thoughts were turned towards Fort Niagara. The "sentiment" was, in fact, "Death to all traitors"; and immediately afterwards one of the company, Colonel King, arose from the table and called four of the others to accompany him. These were Whitney, a stone-mason; Chubbuck, a farmer; Garside, a butcher; and Howard, a bookbinder. "They were all," says Mr. Weed, "men of correct habits and good character, and all, I doubt not, were moved by an enthusiastic but most misguided sense of duty." King told them that he had an order from the Grand Master, the execution of which required their assistance; and they replied that they would obey it. The five murderers were then driven in a carriage to the fort where Morgan was confined. It was just midnight. They told the doomed man that his friends had completed their arrangements for his removal to Canada, where his life would be safe. He consented to go with them, and they walked to the wharf, where a boat was waiting for them; they embarked and rowed away into the darkness. When the boat reached the point where Niagara River empties itself into Lake Ontario, the murderers threw off all pretence, and with some horrible mummeries ordered Morgan to prepare for death. They wound a rope around him, attaching to each end of it a heavy weight, and threw him overboard. He sank like a stone, and the

* Given in Degree of Knights Templar.—
See Plate.

murderers returned to tell their comrades that the traitor had met a traitor's doom. One of the murderers, Whitney, told all these particulars to Mr. Weed a few months afterwards; but it is only now, when all the criminals are dead, that he makes the facts public. The body of Morgan was found a year afterwards, identified by his wife and friends, and buried; and although the Masons tried to dispute the identification, their efforts were futile. None of the murderers were ever brought to justice.

Carlile, in his Manual of Freemasonry, gives the following particulars: "My exposure of Freemasonry, in 1825, led to its exposure in the United States of America; and a Mason there, of the name of William Morgan, having announced his intention of assisting in the work of exposure, was kidnapped, under pretended forms and warrants of law, by his brother Masons, removed from the State of New York to the borders of Canada, near the falls of Niagara, and there most barbarously murdered. This happened in 1826. The States have been for many years much excited upon the subject; a regular warfare has arisen between Masons and anti-Masons. Societies of anti-Masons have been formed, newspapers and magazines started, and many pamphlets and volumes, with much correspondence, published; so that, before the slavery question was passed amongst them, all parties had merged themselves into Masons and anti-Masons. Several persons were punished for the abduction of Morgan; but the murderers were sheltered by Masonic Lodges, and rescued from justice. This is quite enough to show that Masonry, as consisting in association with secret oaths and ceremonies, is a political and social evil."

Masons are one, in principle and practice, in every part of the habitable world; for, contemporaneously with the murder of Morgan, another Masonic tragedy, still more revolting in its circumstances, was enacted in

Rome. Even the sacred ties of friendship are outraged and riven asunder by this fraternally benevolent society: "*Quam bonum, quam jocundum est fratres habitare in unum!*"

In 1825, there existed in Rome a branch of the Freemasons and Carbonari. Its principal characteristic was the grossest of immorality. The meetings of the society were held outside Porta Salara. Among the members of the society were three young Roman gentlemen, united in the bonds of closest friendship, — Targhini, Montanari, a surgeon, and Postini. The time for fulfilling the Paschal precept had come; and Postini, stung by remorse and smitten by grace, determined to make his peace with God, cut off his connection with the society, and be reconciled to the Church. The act sealed his fate. He was marked out for assassination. He had been guilty of infidelity to his oath, and vengeance must be taken. His two friends Targhini and Montanari were appointed his executioners. One fine Sunday evening they sallied forth, with their daggers concealed, and called at the house of Postini. He knew what was in store for him, and refused to see them; but they made every protestation of friendship, and asked him to accompany them for a walk through the streets of Rome. In such crowded thoroughfares there could be no danger, he thought, so he consented to go with them. They lured him into a lane near St. Andrea de la Valle, where Targhini stabbed him to the heart, and fled with Montanari, leaving the unfortunate Postini weltering in his blood. A crowd gathered round; and the murderers, thinking that all danger of discovery was over, returned by a circuitous route to the spot. They were mistaken, however, as the wounded man was still alive. He pointed out his false friend as his murderer, and expired. Targhini was immediately arrested, brought to trial, and condemned to the guillotine. During the time which elapsed between his sen-

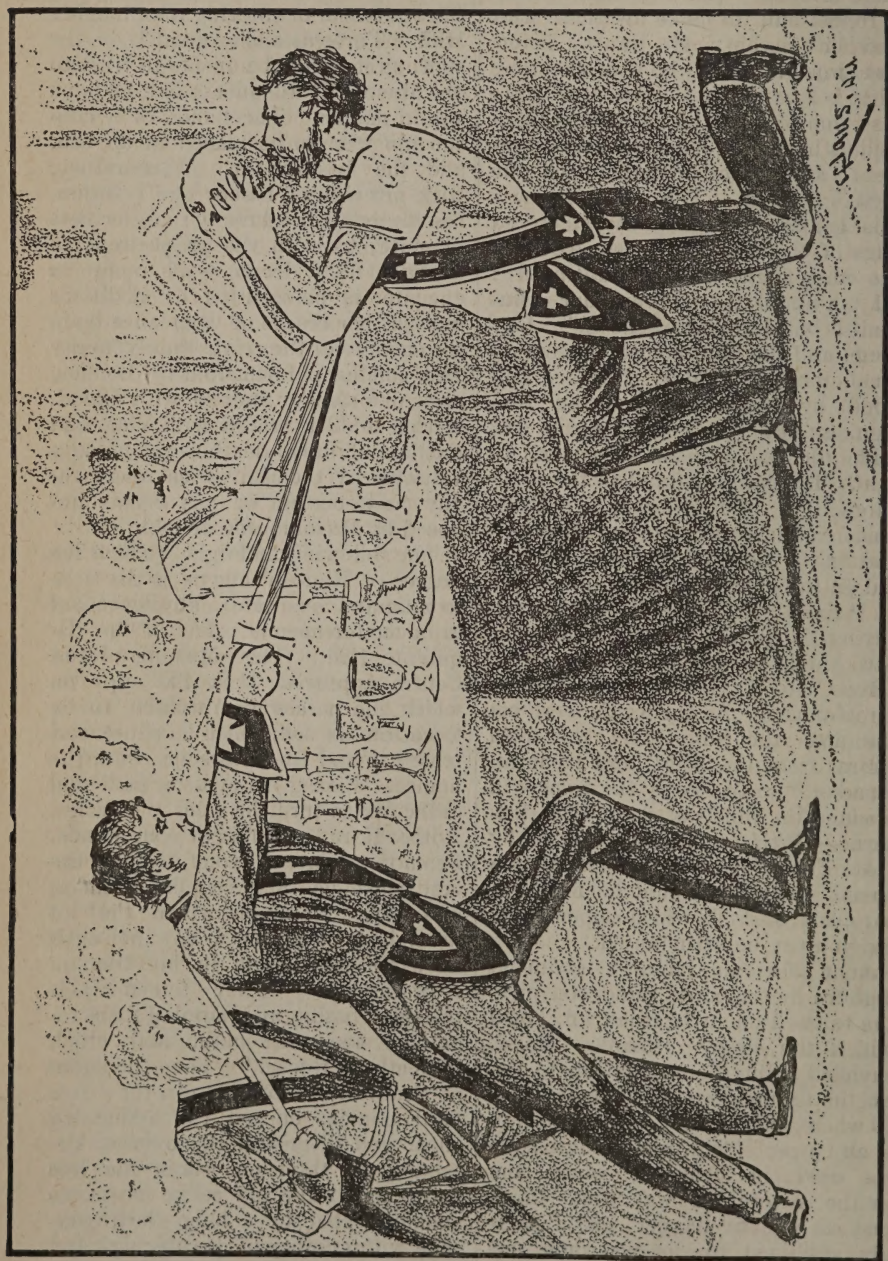
tence and execution, every effort was made to induce the unfortunate man to repent and to make his peace with God, but in vain. He was an inveterate infidel. The whole of the long night before the execution, Mgr. Fornari, one of the most celebrated theologians in Rome, labored with argument and proof to call back the light of faith. The prisoner was most gentlemanly and polite, answered some of the arguments very cleverly, but when finally worsted, said firmly: "I am unable to answer your arguments, but I do not believe." Day came, and the fatal hour of execution came with it. Mgr. Fornari still stood by his side, inquiring and arguing; though a long delay was made for the purpose, it was all in vain. Targhini cried out to the spectators, "I die innocent — a Freemason, a Carbonaro, and impenitent!" The proud head of the prisoner was laid on the block, the knife hung over it. "Even yet," cried Mgr. Fornari, "there is time; repent, and your soul shall be saved for eternity." "*Mai! mai!*" (Never! never!) was the response. As the words were yet sounding the knife fell; the head sprang from the body, and as it rebounded from the earth, the voice still repeated the words of doom and defiance, — *Mai! mai!* Never! never!

At Turin, it was decided that a Roman Republic should be founded, and every obstacle which opposed the design must be surmounted.

At a Masonic banquet given at Leghorn by the most rabid conspirators to the Roman deputies, all agreed that if the Prime Minister, Rossi, persisted in his determination to defeat the future plan of a Roman Republic, he must be got out of the way at any cost. Still plainer language was used in Frascati, where the unanimous opinion was that Rossi must die by the dagger, and that it only remained to discuss when and where. Here it was arranged that the assassination should take place at the coming opening of the Chambers;

either when he was in the act of descending from his carriage, ascending the staircase, or entering the Chamber Hall. Three assassins must be on the spot, as it would be unsafe to trust to one alone. If the plot failed, all hope would vanish. The names of a chosen few were to be placed in an urn, and the lots drawn. Freemasonry, with her men of money and position, has always at hand ready tools — tools of state, tools in the press, tools to perform dark deeds, — all ready to execute, in persecution or libels or murder, her orders of vengeance upon the enemies of the craft. Some twenty assassins came forth from the Lodges, each one already stained with blood, steeled in soul, seared with vice, and reckless of life or death, who willingly volunteered themselves as ready for any undertaking, or any crime, imposed by Masonic rule or oath.

The following midnight (which the degree of Kadosh tells us is the time to plan and meditate), all assembled in a subterraneous cellar of the Esquiline Hill. The Masonic Head Centre appeared, took the slips on which the names were written, threw them into an urn, which he shook and tossed to and fro before he drew the names. Fixing his eyes on each and every one in turn, he said, "Youths! Rome, Italy herself is in your hands. From the points of your daggers liberty must be distilled; cross them, and say, 'He upon whom the lot falls, if he fail, as a coward shall have these daggers in his bosom.' Now swear." They joined their blades, crossing and lapping them together, took the oath, and cried, "Death to Rossi!" Then the agent of death drew from the urn the three fatal names, burned the remaining slips, and dismissed the owners, detaining the three on whom the lots had fallen. The old cellar or grotto communicated by a long, dark passage with another of greater size and depth. As the footsteps of the rejected candidates died away, the Head Centre raised a torch, and



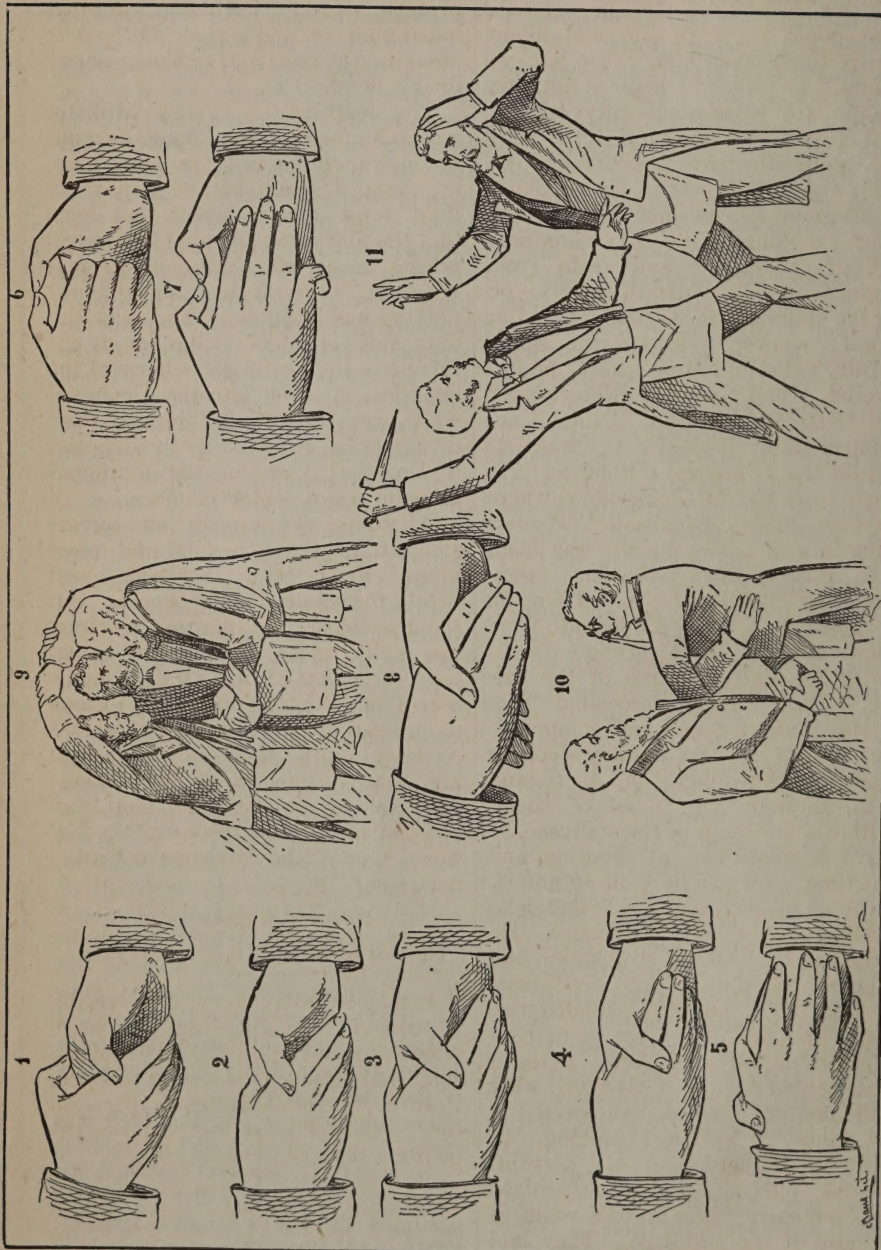
"SO MAY THE SINS OF THE PERSON WHOSE SKULL THIS ONCE WAS BE HEAPED UPON MY
HEAD IN ADDITION TO MY OWN. SO HELP ME GOD!"

guiding them along the passage, drew them into the second grotto. At its extreme end, they saw awaiting them another man bearing a torch. Before him was a mound or heap, covered with a large sheet. The man gave his torch to one of the three, drew aside the sheet, and revealed three dead bodies piled together. He directed one of the two remaining to take the first body and lay it on the flagstone. The man was a surgeon of the Masonic sect. (My lady readers may look in the list of names, and find how many Dublin doctors and surgeons belong to this benevolent brotherhood, and how useful they might prove themselves on an occasion, should their oath require it.) "In order to secure the instantaneous death of your victim," went on the surgeon, "you must sever the jugular vein, cut this artery, and death is certain." As he concluded, he took the little finger of one of his pupils and placed it on the neck of the corpse, saying, "This is the jugular vein. Strike, now, and let me see you cut it across." The chosen assassin, as directed, drew his dagger and stabbed the artery, cutting it fairly across. "Bravo! wonderful!" cried his instructor. "Why, you deserve a medal for phlebotomy." He then turned to the second of the ruffians. "Here is the other body: try your hand. This is the jugular vein; take care, it is near the tendon. Steady! fix your gaze under the ear, and you cannot miss. So! bravo! well done!" The third corpse was practised on in the same scientific manner; after which the surgeon addressed them, saying, "Incomparable youths, the one important point you must attend to when striking the blow is, that the neck be perfectly uncovered, and that the cravat or collar does not come in the way of your dagger. In the present instance, your plan of action is as follows: One of you must suddenly slap the Prime Minister (Rossi) on the shoulder, so that he will turn to see who struck him. In the turning

of the head the jugular artery arises and swells out. Stab it so as to cut it across. Sheath your dagger, mix with the crowd, and make off."

The reader may now judge whether the Masonic ceremonies related to you are in reality mere ceremonies without meaning or object, no matter what they may be in the eyes of moral and high-principled Masonry. It is useless to delay or weary the reader with even a curtailed account of the reports set afloat by the Freemasons to prepare the popular mind for the fact of Rossi's murder, representing it as an advantageous event, and absolutely necessary for the public good. Rossi had the misfortune of being once a Carbonaro; and like the Prince of Wales, he flattered himself that in his position he could even control them and make them his obedient and loyal servants. He had already prepared his parliamentary plans to meet all difficulties, satisfy all just demands, redress all practical grievances, and silence and subdue unreasonable firebrands. He read for the pope his opening address to the chambers. Pius IX. approved of it highly, as most suitable to the occasion and satisfactory to all reasonable demands, but did not hesitate to impress upon the zealous minister the difficulty of his task, and the danger with which it was fraught. He warned him of the treachery of his enemies, and the uncertainty of the result of the whole affair. "Holy Father," was Rossi's reply, "God helps the cause of justice and the working out of his own designs. Give me your blessing and my life will escape. I will survive to conquer iniquity, and to defend your authority and the glory of the Holy See."

The night preceding the 15th was spent by the conspirators in making secret plots, giving secret instructions, and appointing particular posts and positions for the morrow's tragedy. Early next morning, a very high lady (however she learned it) wrote to Rossi revealing the plot, and warning him against going to the Chambers.



1. Degree of Entered Apprentice. — "Boaz."
2. Degree of Fellow Craft, Pass Grip. — "Shibboleth."
3. Degree of Fellow Craft, Real Grip. — "Jachin."
4. Degree of Master Mason, Pass Grip. — "Tubalcain."
5. Degree of Master Mason, Real Grip. — "Machbenach."
6. Degree of Mark Master Mason, Pass Grip. — "Joppa."
7. Degree of Mark Master Mason, Real Grip. — "Sei Rog."
8. Degree of Most Excellent Master Mason. — "Omnic Word, 'Jehovah'."
9. Degree of Royal Arch, giving the Omnic Word, "Jehovah."
10. Degree of Knight Templar and Knight of Malta, Grip and Word, "My Lord and My God."
11. Degree of Elected Knights of Nine, Pass and Word, "Necum" (Vengeance).

Rossi refused to desert his post. Firm and unmoved, he went to the pope to ask his blessing before he set out. The pope was very sad, and again strove to dissuade him. "Do not go, Count," he pleaded; "these faithless people are capable of any crime." But Rossi was determined. "They are more vile than treacherous," he said, and went down to his carriage. Monsignor Morini met him at the door, looking pale and anxious. "Your obstinacy will ruin you, Count," he said; "death awaits you on the stairs of the Chambers." But Rossi's answer was still the same. "Duty calls me, Monsignor," he answered, "and God will protect me." He left the Quirinal Palace, accompanied by Righetti, who was acting for the Minister of Finance. He drove towards the Chancellery, where he saw many disguised Carbonari lying in wait. The square was filled with agitated and forbidding countenances. "There he is! There he is himself!" was whispered from one to another. The carriage passed under the entrance arch of the palace. The minister descended from it, apparently tranquil and composed. He noticed several ominous-looking groups scattered here and there, and went through the midst of them. Within a few steps of the staircase, he heard a great deal of shouting and whistling, of which he took no notice. As he set his foot upon the first step he received a blow on one shoulder. He turned to see who had struck him, and a dagger was plunged into his throat. He said, "Oh, God!" ascended two steps, and fell. The crowd of conspirators moved round him. Some of those behind cried, "What is up? what is the matter?" and were answered in low tones, "Nothing! nothing! be silent!" Righetti and his servant, no one offering assistance, raised him, and carried him up to a room at the head of the staircase. They laid him back into a chair, when he gave one moan and expired.

Lord Palmerston, Lord Minto, and

the English consul, Freeborn, being agents of English Freemasonry, and protectors of the Carbonari, were as much guilty of his murder as the vile assassin who received the blood-money for his death.

The death of the Prime Minister was announced in the Chambers; but no one raised his head, or looked up, or changed countenance, any more than if the announcement had been that the Sultan was dead at Constantinople. Each one continued to converse or write at his bench as if nothing had occurred. The ambassadors and ministers, indignant at the infamous and shameless villany of the deputies, at once left the Chamber, which was evidently nothing but a den of assassins, followed by the deputies of Bologna, of whom the murdered minister was a senior member.

All Rome was stupefied and terror-stricken at the atrocious and cruel murder which stained her with blood before the whole civilized world. But the Freemason conspirators, mocking the public grief, marched by torch-light through the Corso (the Sackville Street of Rome), with a ferocious mob, bearing aloft in triumph a wretch representing the assassin, who bore in his uplifted hand a dagger stained with blood, whilst the mob, accompanied by some troops of the National Guard and Freemason Carbonari, sang

"Benedetta guella mano
Che il Rossi pugnalò."

(Blessed be the hand that stabbed Rossi.)

It may be satisfactory to the reader to consult the following despatch, which was laid before the National Assembly of France by the ambassador of France, the Duc D'Harcourt, preparatory to the debate on the proposed expedition to Civita Vecchia:—

"ROME, NOV. 16.

"*Monsieur le Ministre*,—I have already had the honor of announcing to you by telegraph that M. Rossi, Minister of the Interior, was assassinated yesterday at one o'clock, as he was alighting from his carriage to enter the Chamber of Deputies. He was stabbed in the throat, and died immediately. The mur-

derer was not arrested, nor was even any attempt made to seize him. Some gendarmes and National Guards who were on the spot did not interfere; the populace remained mute and cold. It was with difficulty that the minister's servant could find any one to help him in carrying the body of his master into a neighboring room. The Assembly, on the steps of which the murder was committed, continued undisturbedly to read its minutes, and not a word was mentioned of the incident during the whole sitting. In the evening, the murderers and their adherents, to the amount of several hundreds, with flags at their head, fraternized with the soldiers at the barracks, and none of the magistrates came forward to act. The Director of Police, although urged to take some energetic measures, refused to interfere, and withdrew. This morning the whole of the ministry resigned. It is difficult to conceive any new combination possible, or any chance of re-establishing order after what has passed. Such is the position of the successors of the ancient Romans! Having no packet immediately at my disposal, I have resolved to send this despatch overland. Accept, etc.,

"HARCOURT."

Garcia Moreno, the late president of Ecuador, was another victim, whose greatest crime was, that he stood in the way of the designs of Masonry.

Moreno had governed Ecuador for fifteen years: first as dictator, twice as president; and shortly before his Masonic murder, he had been for the third time re-elected to fill that office, by the unanimous votes of the whole nation. That he was, like Rossi, made aware of the benevolent intentions of the Masonic Order with regard to him, may be seen from a passage in a letter which he wrote to Pius IX. on the occasion of his election, shortly before his death, in which he hastens to beg his blessing, even before the official inauguration of the 30th of August, 1875. "As now," he says, "the Lodges of the neighboring counties, instigated by Germany (Dr. Smylie's friends), vomit forth against me all kinds of atrocious libels and horrible calumnies; nay, whilst they are secretly plotting my assassination,—I need more than ever the divine protection."*

A Belgian gentleman, writing from Guayaquil to the "Bien Public," gives the following account of the as-

sassination: The principal assassin, whose name was Rayo, was a native of New Granada, who had received great benefits from the president, and had occupied the post of governor of the Indian province of Napo. The two others, one a young man of good family, the other a man from the lower classes, were both citizens of Ecuador. The president was just going into the Treasury at Quito when Rayo struck him with his *machete* in the back of the neck. Garcia Moreno placed his hand on his revolver, when the two other murderers, who were posted close by, with their horses ready saddled to escape, discharged their revolvers at him. He fell, and shortly afterwards expired, his skull having been split with the blow of the heavy knife. The two Ecuadorians escaped, and have not as yet been captured; but an unarmed soldier who was passing by called a sentinel, who, finding Rayo standing before his victim, bayoneted him, and the body of the assassin was afterwards torn to pieces by the populace.

One of their accomplices, an official, was arrested after the murder and brought before a court martial. Previously to the trial, the president of the court martial assured the prisoner that his life would be safe if he would but denounce his accomplices. "It would be in vain to spare my life," was the answer, "as, even if you spared it, my associates would take it, and I prefer to be shot than stabbed." And yet Freemasonry is but a benevolent and charitable society, and its motto, Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!

The "Times" correspondent writes from Paris, on the 5th of October, 1875, as follows: "From authentic information received, it appears that Garcia Moreno, president of the republic of Ecuador, was assassinated by a secret society which has its branches in all South America, as well as in Europe. Lots were drawn to decide the murderer. The men upon whom the lot fell made their way into the president's palace at Quito."

* Published in the "Osservatore Romano," n. 23.

On the person of the assassin were found checks upon the Bank of Peru, which Louis Veuillot in the "Univers," 28th of September, 1875, calls "a notorious den of Freemasons."

A previous attempt had been made in 1869, and failed, which proves that this latest Masonic assassination was a cold-blooded murder, planned and projected for years. In that year, a young scientific scholar was preparing to leave Berlin for Ecuador, to occupy one of the vacant science chairs in the University of Quito, whither he had been invited by Garcia Moreno. On the eve of his departure he paid a farewell visit to his professor in Berlin, an eminent mathematician, who was a high official in the Masonic body. The professor, who regarded this young man with feelings of affection, regretted he was going so far away, and to a country so subject to periodic disturbances; and said that, as to being in the service of Garcia Moreno, he might put that out of his head, as it was more than probable Moreno would not be president on his arrival. The young man took no notice of that remark at the time; but he had no sooner landed in Guayaquil than he heard that a conspiracy against the life of the president had failed, the assassins had been arrested, and their lives generously spared by Moreno.

All this is in perfect keeping with Mazzini's theory of the dagger, from which I quoted in the last chapter. "From the dagger of the Vespers," he goes on, "to the stone of Balilla and the knife of Palafox, blessed be in your hand every weapon that can destroy the enemy, and set you free. . . . This language is mine. The weapon that slew Mincovich freed Venice; and it was the same weapon (the assassin's dagger) which, three months before the Roman Republic, put to death Rossi, the Prime Minister of Fius IX., and established the Roman Republic of happy and glorious memory." The attempted assassination of Charles Albert was an occasion when this apostle of liberty strove to

reduce his theory to practice. A member of the society was sent to Mazzini to ask for arms. A dagger with a lapis-lazuli handle lay on the table, which Mazzini himself says was "a most dear keepsake." He inclined his head towards it. The assassin understood him, took it, and departed. The enthusiastic youth who was to strike the death-blow for liberty and equality was sent to Mazzini by no less a personage than Luigi Amedeo Melegari, who is now Gran Cordone of the Order of Ste. Maurice and Lazarus, Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy, and was Deputy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary Minister of King Victor Emmanuel at Berne, and is now his Cabinet Minister at Rome, though in his universal Masonic benevolence he plotted the murder of his father, King Charles Albert.

Our Irish and English Freemasons approve such Masonic language when the government is Catholic, but pass a constructive Felony and Arms Bill against it when the throne is Brunswick or true blue.

So much for the Masonic chamber of horrors, which is the inner chamber of its universal charity and benevolence.

"Fool, of thyself speak well; fool, do not flatter."

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
Murder, stern murder in the direct degree,
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, — Guilty!
guilty!"

KING RICH. III., *Act V. Scene 3.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE SECRETS OF FREEMASONRY.

EVERY one is born with more or less curiosity. We like to know about everything and about every one's business; hence universal chattering is the universal habit of society. This species of thirst for knowledge is found in all the children of Eve, and perhaps none are more afflicted with it than the very people who pretend to be

otherwise. The young and old, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, all take a curious interest in the affairs of their neighbors, private and public, and wish to learn and know all they can about them without pretending to desire it, and without compromising their personal dignity.

They who would deny the existence of this instinct or inclination would deny the existence of a part of our nature; for it is as old as our nature, and appeared as one of its master-feelings, even when unfallen in the Garden of Paradise. Adam and Eve could not resist the fruit which was to give them all knowledge.

Anything that is hidden possesses this charm, and excites a desire to unveil the mystery. The knowledge of the hidden future is sought from prophets, signs, dreams, fortune-tellers, cards, and cups; knowledge of the unknown from spirit-rappers and conjurers; knowledge of our neighbors from scandal-mongers, friendly visitors, or from servants.

Freemasons seek to veil themselves in mystery, and to seal their designs and their doings and everything belonging to them in an iron casket of secrecy, closed under terrible oaths and more terrible penalties. Hence there exists the greatest curiosity to know whether they really have any secrets, and if so, what those secrets are. Many say they have no secret; but they have, and could not exist without secrecy. Everything about them or connected with them is secret; all that we have been studying about them is secret; a number of secrets forming the great secret of a secret society. We have said so much about secrecy that very little now remains. The Ritual of the Scottish Rite, Act 28, says, "Secrecy is the first characteristic of our Order."

The design and aim of Freemasonry is secret.

In Europe, all governments, whatever be their forms, monarchical or republican, jealously guard their existence and their authority. All peo-

ple are more or less religious, and love their altars as well as their thrones, their priests as well as their kings. The design and aim of Freemasonry must be kept secret and never be confided to "weak minds," that is, minds trammelled in any way by religious or loyal influences. Hence the secrecy and precaution which we have seen with regard to the degrees of progressive initiation.

The ceremonies and oaths of Freemasonry are secrets.

Their oaths are contrary to the law of nature, revolting to human feeling, antagonistic to civil authority,—for they institute a state within a state,—and hostile to the common welfare of society. They are a protection and a bond of union for the apostles and tools of irreligion and revolution. The ceremonies, with their intricate symbols and allegories, are a part of a training system, all of which must be kept secret from the general public and the honorable, honest, and uninitiated.

Their system of self-interest is a secret.

Men enter this society in order to advance themselves, and to secure the objects of their worldly interest or ambition. Bound together by mutual oaths, they form a most unprincipled body of closest organization, and outmanœuvre, outgeneral, undermine, and outbid every unmasonic candidate, no matter how fair his claim. They mix in the most friendly manner with all the members of their profession, business, station, etc., yet by their secret organization they do them every injustice; Mason ever helps Mason, and merit, friendship, and public welfare must be ever sacrificed to Masonry.

The signs, grips, and pass-words by which brethren may know one another in the dark as well as in the light, and by which they are reminded of Masonic obligations, are secret.

Under all circumstances these signs can be given; in the dock, in the jury-box, during the court-martial, in the board-room, between members of the

professions, between men of business, in the meeting-room, on the hustings, on the battle-field, and everywhere, is the Mason bound by oath "to obey all signs or summons banded, sent, or thrown him by a brother Mason." As it would be fatal that these signs should be known to the public, Freemasonry requires by oath that they should be kept secret.

The system by which Freemasonry works out her ends is a gigantic secret.

Knowledge is power; and if rivals and opponents knew and understood the system, Freemasonry would run every risk of being foiled in its private and public designs. Government and society would be too much on the alert. Freemasonry, therefore, calls hypocrisy to her aid, and the whole battery of secrecy is thrown up, and the system worked out by flattery, deceit, cunning, by popular speeches and popular cries, by processions and displays, by free education, universal suffrage, democratic literature, press organs, etc. But the real mechanism must be secret. The system which labors in all these unceasingly, which draws all classes, uses all inducements, which mines its way under every stronghold, lays in the dust each obstacle in its path, which will stop at no crime, assassination, or revolution, — all this must be kept secret for the great cause of Liberty! Equality! and Fraternity!

And now, in closing this, my last chapter on Freemasonry, I would recommend to the serious attention of my reader, as well as to the short-sighted, well-intentioned, or selfish and ambitious grandees of Masonry, the following portion of a letter, written in rather late repentance, from Vienna, Jan. 23, 1844, to Nubio, by a noble Lombard, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Gaetano." He held a high office in the Chancellory of Vienna, and enjoyed, in a special manner, the confidence of Prince Metternich, to whom he served as confidential and special secretary in affairs of great

importance. "I know not," he writes to his friend Nubio, "if you are as much terrified by the result of our work as I am. We have wished to demoralize the people, in order to rule over them. I fear we have gone too far, and demoralized them too much. Examining to the bottom the character of our agents in Europe, I begin to believe that we cannot restrain within its bed the torrent we have swollen and let loose. . . . We have urged things to too great extremes. We have taken from them their gods of heaven and earth. We have torn away their religion, their respect for authority, their probity, their upright principle, their domestic and household virtue; and now we hear from afar their deafening roars. We have reason to fear lest the many-headed monster may devour us. Little by little we have robbed them of all their virtuous principles. The people are now without religion. The more I think, the more I am convinced that it is necessary to seek some boundary. I fear you think only of setting fire to the mine. Could you not wait, defer, delay? Do you think that you could, in any case, control the movement? Here at Vienna, when the hour for revolution shall strike, we shall all be swallowed up in the whirlpool. The Head Centre of the Provisional Government that will issue forth from the revolution is at present to be found in some cellar or garret. We ourselves have called forth the storm. I fear that we may perish in it. Whatever the future may be, as the result of the ideas and principles propagated by the secret societies, one thing is certain, and that is, that we shall be conquered and undone. We shall find our masters. This was not our dream of 1825, nor our hope of 1831. Our influence now is only ephemeral. It has passed away to others. God alone knows where will stop this downward progress to a universal brute level."

Such, reader, is the sad experience and remorse, which will come when too late, with the sad final results of Free-

masonry, when attended with success in its final aims. It is easy to work with corrupt human nature to unbridle and let loose bad passions, to uproot the seeds of virtue and principle, to blast the foundations of religion and loyalty, to overturn the altar, the throne, and the judgment seat. But who or what will restore them, — bring back order from chaos, light from darkness, religion from scepticism, loyalty from revolution, life from death, peace from war? Who will bring back the winter torrent to its bed, or again confine the waters of the deluge to the boundaries of the deep? Who can send back the stormy winds or lightnings to their home? Who can breathe peace and calm over the stormy elements of the social world, and bid its winds and waves be still and slumber? It is easy, and very easy for Freemasonry to undo, to uproot, to overturn and blight all that is noble, sacred, religious, and high-principled in the individual as well as in society; but who will restore or rebuild the ruins and the wreck? Freemasonry cannot do so; but the crimes and the blood and the sacrileges and the assassinations and the revolutions and the blasphemies and the immorality and the irreligion of the living and the dying, and being buried without God, are all premeditated and boasted crimes of this universally benevolent society, which, under the catch-words of Liberty! Equality! and Fraternity! seems ever marching onward against Christianity and civilization, as the vanguard of the coming Antichrist.

EXPLANATION OF GRIPS AND PASS-WORDS.

Each degree has one or more particular grips, pass-words, and signs, the signs generally alluding to the penalty named in the oath of the degree. The accompanying plate gives eleven of the most important of these grips and pass-words, which we may read as follows:—

1. Degree of Entered Apprentice. Given by taking the right hand and resting the thumb on the joint of the first finger where it joins the hand. The pass-word is "Boaz,"

the name of the left-hand pillar of Solomon's Temple, and means "Strength."

2. Pass-grip of the Degree of Fellow-Craft Mason. Given by taking the hand and bending the thumb until it presses between the joints of the first and second fingers where they join the hand. The pass-word is "Shibboleth." This word in Hebrew has two significations: an ear of corn, a stream of water.

3. Real grip of Fellow-Craft Mason. Given by taking the hand and pressing the top of the thumb on the joint of the second finger where it joins the hand. The pass-word, "Jachin," is the right-hand pillar of Solomon's Temple; it means "Establishment."

4. Pass-grip of Master Mason. The thumb is pressed beyond the joint of the second finger, the other fingers lying in the palm. The pass-word is "Tubalcain." Tubalcain was the son of Lamech, and the first worker in iron and brass; the Vulcan of the Pagans. He is honored by the Masons of the present day as an ancient brother; he is a symbol of worldly possessions.

5. Real-grip of a Master Mason. This grip is a grasp made as if for the purpose of assisting a person to rise. The pass-word is a compound word, Mac-ben-ach, which Mackey translates as meaning "there is rottenness," or "he is rotten." Both grip and word allude to raising the dead body of Hiram Abiff.

9. Pass-grip of Mark Master Mason. Given by hooking the hands into one another, with the thumbs braced as if in the act of helping a person up a steep ascent or bank. The pass-word is "Joppa"

7. Real-grip of a Mark Master Mason. Given by locking the little fingers, turning the backs of them together, and placing the ends of the thumbs together. When properly made it forms the initials of the two words "Mark Well." The pass-word is "Sci Roc" ("Mark Well").

8. Grip of Most Excellent Master Mason. Given by taking the right hand, and clasping it so that each compresses the joint of the third finger with the thumb. It is called the grip of all grips, or the covering grip, because it is said to cover the three preceding grips. The pass-word is "Rabboni," which means Master or Teacher

9. Royal Arch Degree, giving the Omnific word. The Omnific word of the Royal Arch, as we have seen in studying that degree, is "Jehovah." The companions form into groups of three, for the purpose of giving the word. Each of the three with his right hand catches the right wrist of the companion on his left, and with his left hand catches the left wrist of the companion on his right; the feet are placed so that the toe of each companion touches the heel of the companion on his right. This is called "three-times-three"; the three feet forming a triangle, the three right hands forming a triangle, and the three left hands forming a triangle. They then balance three times three, bringing the right hands down with some violence on the left. The right hands are then raised above their heads, and the word "Jab-buh-lum, Je-ho-vah, G-o-d," is given at low breath. The word passes round, each giving one syllable. The other signs of this degree have reference either to the penalty of the degree, or to incidents related in Exodus.

10. Grip of Knight Templar and Knight

of Malta. The right hands are joined, the first finger being pressed into the palm of the hand. Each extends the left hand, and presses the fingers into the left side of his companion, still holding by the grip. This is a blasphemous parody of the conversion of St. Thomas; the pass-word is "My Lord!" "And My God!" One of the signs of this degree alludes to one of the penalties of the degree. The hailing signal of distress is an imitation of the position of our Saviour when nailed to the cross.

11. Pass and word of the Elected Knights of Nine. The sign is made thus: One raises a poignard and makes a motion as if striking first the head and then the heart of his companion, with the word "Necum" (vengeance); the other answers by carrying the hand first to the head, as if examining the wound, and then to the heart, with the word "Necar."

THE END.

[The exposé of Freemasonry commenced in the November issue of our Magazine. We can supply the back numbers to those who desire them, at a very low rate.]

REACTION IN FRANCE.

London Universe.

THE threatened persecution of the Church in France has had this one thing for its effect already, — to draw all Catholics closer together. For many years the observances of Passion Week had not been kept so strictly as they have been this year. The attendance both of men and women in churches was greater than it had been since 1871, and the Jesuit chapel in the Rue de Sévres especially was full to overflowing. A reporter of the "Kölnische Zeitung," a German Protestant paper, was especially struck by the unanimity of these manifestations. We translate the following passage from his letter: —

In the churches all ladies appeared in black, as a matter of course; but at the Longchamps promenade also the same hue prevailed, and black was generally adopted as a protest against the government. Paris is certainly more clerical than ever. In the large restaurants not a scrap of meat is to be had for love or money, and every guest has to submit to the laws of the Catholic Church, whether he likes it or not. I am told that even at the house of Prince Napoleon no meat has been consumed this day.

Details of this kind throw a very strong light on the real state of public opinion in regard to the Catholic Church, and they portend a reaction which requires but a few more glar-

ing blunders on the part of the government to make so powerful as to become irresistible, and to sweep away persecution and persecutors at one fell swoop.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN SPAIN.

SPAIN excels all other countries of the South of Europe in the honor it renders to the memory of the Passion of our Saviour. During the revolutionary period which lasted from 1868 till 1875, the public authorities being recruited in a great measure from the infidel ranks, nothing was done by them to assist the Church in its mission. Señor Castelar and his friends, who are in close league with the Gambettas and Louis Blancs in France and the Dilkes and Bradlaughs in England, could not well be expected to enforce the public rites of the Catholic Church. Since the monarchical restoration of 1875, things have certainly changed for the better. During Passion Week arrangements were made in Madrid and other Spanish cities such as befit a Catholic country. From the Wednesday night till Saturday morning no vehicle of any kind was allowed to ply in the streets of Madrid. The churches were as crowded as ever they had been in the palmy days of the ancient Spanish monarchy, and political and social passions were for once set aside by all parties alike to make room for universal devotion. Let that spirit but continue, and there may yet be brighter days in store for unhappy Spain.

Russia leather is made in Connecticut, Bordeaux wine is manufactured in California, French lace is woven in New York, Italian marble is dug in Kentucky, Marseilles linen is produced in Massachusetts, English cassimere is made in New Hampshire, Spanish mackerel are caught on the New Jersey coast, and Havana cigars are rolled out by the million in Chicago.

"WE CULTIVATE LITERATURE ON
A LITTLE OATMEAL."

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE Queen's charter for the university, which the Act of Parliament of last year empowered her Majesty to create, has been published. "The Royal University of Ireland" is the name of the new foundation. It consists of a Chancellor, a Vice-Chancellor elected by the Senate, Senate, and graduates; the Duke of Abercorn is the first Chancellor, and the Senate numbers thirty-six members, half of whom are Catholics and the other half Protestants. Their names are given in the Queen's letter; but they have been already published by this and other journals. The charter entitles the University to purchase and hold property, to confer degrees, and discharge the normal functions of a university. Clause four decrees that every person having matriculated in the University, and satisfied the conditions imposed by the Senate, shall obtain his or her degree, without residence in any college, or attendance at any lecture, or any other course of instruction in the University being obligatory. The degree excepted from this provision is a degree in Medicine or Surgery. For this the students of certain schools and institutions, to be fixed by the Senate and approved by the Lord Lieutenant, shall alone be eligible. The Senate is empowered to appoint Examiners, places for the examinations, and the subjects in which the candidates are to be examined, consistently with the powers of the University. The University shall not have the right to confer a theological degree. The Senate and registered male graduates and registered members of the late Queen's University may register as members of the Convocation of the new Royal University on paying the annual fees; provided always that the members of Convocation of the Queen's University, who may have already compounded for fees payable as members of such Convocation, shall be held to

have compounded for the fees payable as members of the Convocation of the Royal University. The quorum for a meeting of the Senate is seven members. Every alternate vacancy arising in the Senate shall be filled by Convocation for the three ensuing years until Convocation shall have elected six Senators, the term of office of each being three years. Convocation itself shall meet every year, its quorum being thirty members. A yearly report is to be furnished to the Lord Lieutenant; and the Crown reserves to itself the right of appointing Visitors to the University. These are the main features of the establishment and government of the Royal University, as appears from the Queen's charter, which would indeed be a bald and worthless title-deed, were it not for one clause, — viz., the fourteenth clause. This fourteenth clause ordains that the Senate of the Royal University shall have power to found and endow exhibitions, scholarships, or other prizes, for which funds may, by parliamentary grant or otherwise, be hereafter supplied; provided always that the exhibitions, scholarships, and prizes shall be awarded for proficiency in secular subjects of education, and not in respect of religious instruction. The success of the University, it is not too much to say, entirely depends upon this support. This clause leaves it open to Parliament to make such support precarious or by endowment permanent. As it stands, the Royal University may well adopt as its motto the Virgilian line, "*Tenti musam meditamur avena*," with Sydney Smith's translation, "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal."

"WHEN Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war": Nathaniel Lee, 1692.

"VARIETY's the very spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear": Cowper. "Man proposes, but God disposes": Thomas à Kempis.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU, IN THE SUMMER OF 1871.

By the Rev. GERALD MOLLOY, D. D., Professor of Theology in Maynooth College, Ireland.

"I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it."
Midsummer Night's Dream.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.

Character.	Name.	Age.	Occupation.
Christ.	Joseph Mair.	27	Wood Carver.
Judas.	Gregor Lechner.	51	Wood Carver.
Peter.	Jacob Hett.	60	Wood Carver.
John.	Johann Zwick.	20	House Painter.
Pilate.	Tobias Flunger.	55	Teacher of Drawing.
Herod.	Franz Paul Lang.	56	Master Potter.
Annas.	Gregor Stadler.	51	Wood Carver.
Caiaphas.	Johann Lang.	36	Wood Carver.
Barabbas.	Johann Allinger.	57	Day Laborer.
The Blessed Virgin.	Franziska Flunger.	25	
Mary Magdalen.	Josepha Lang.	25	
Leader of the Chorus.	Johann Dimmer.	41	Wood Carver and Master Furrier.
Conductor of the Orchestra.	Joseph Gutzjell.	48	Schoolmaster.

CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

IN a pleasant valley of the Highlands of Bavaria is a picturesque village, situated on the banks of the river Ammer, just where it issues from a deep and narrow gorge. The inhabitants, who are simple and primitive in their ways, depend for their livelihood chiefly on the art of wood-carving, to which they are greatly devoted, and in which they have attained a high degree of perfection. This little village, which, from its position, is called Ober-Ammergau, is the last resting-place in Germany, and I may almost say, in Europe, of a kind of religious drama that was common enough in times gone by.

It happened, in the year 1633, that a fearful pestilence swept over the districts of Southern Bavaria. For some weeks the secluded valley of the Ammer was free from its deadly breath. All ingress and egress were rigorously forbidden by the local authorities, and every pass was carefully guarded, to shut out the dreaded contagion. At length, however, a native of the place, who had been working

in a neighboring district, wishing to return to his family, eluded the vigilance of the sentries, entered the valley by a secret path, and unconsciously carried the infection with him. In two days he was a corpse. The contagion spread, and before the end of three weeks, eighty-four of the villagers, about one fourth of the whole community, had been laid in their graves.

The terrified survivors, having lost all hope in human aid, met together and bound themselves by a solemn promise to God, if he would stay the plague, to give a representation every ten years of the passion and death of Christ. From that moment, as the tradition goes, the pestilence was arrested in its course, and they who were already infected quickly recovered. Faithful to their vow, the grateful villagers gave the first representation in the following year, 1634; and ever since, as each ten years have gone round, the Passion Play has been repeated, with constantly increasing taste and skill, and without any diminution of that reverent, religious spirit in which it first began.

But the Passion Play at Ober-

Ammergau has not been without its vicissitudes. More than once its very existence was threatened; and for its preservation we are chiefly indebted to the pious zeal of the inhabitants. The history of this matter is well deserving of notice.

There are many reasons why the religious drama of the Middle Ages should be found ill suited to the condition of modern society. First of all, it is scarcely reverent to expose the most sacred things to the ridicule, or even to the indifferent criticism, of free-thinkers; and we all know there will be many free-thinkers at the present day amongst a large audience in a public theatre. Besides, many of these religious plays were mixed up with profane and grotesque associations; and though they may have been looked upon with reverence in ruder times, they would be more likely now to excite feelings of repugnance and disgust. Again, there is the danger of such representations being turned to account by ingenious speculators as a means of making money. And, lastly, there is the temptation to intemperance and riot which is always present when large, promiscuous crowds of people are assembled together.

Influenced by these and other such considerations, the Archbishop of Salzburg, in the year 1773, issued a manifesto with a view to the general suppression of religious plays. The civil power lent its aid, and during the next ten years vigorous measures were taken for their extinction in the various towns and villages of Southern Germany. But the people of Ober-Ammergau urged the religious obligation of their vow. They represented, too, that their play, which had been conducted under the enlightened guidance of the Benedictine monks attached to the neighboring monastery at Ettal, was free from the abuses that existed elsewhere. Their prayer was heard, and a special exception was made in their favor.

In the year 1810 the Passion Play seemed once again on the point of ex-

tinction. The monastery at Ettal had been unhappily suppressed some years before, and when the monks were gone there seemed to be no longer any sufficient guarantee that the religious character of the play would be upheld. A decree was accordingly passed by the authorities at Munich forbidding its further celebration. The energetic villagers, however, sent deputies to the capital to plead their cause before the king; and their play was spared. From that time it has been left unmolested; and it now remains, tolerated rather than encouraged by the civil and ecclesiastical rulers, a solitary example of the ancient Christian drama.

In addition to the constant revision which the play received for many generations from the hands of the Benedictine monks, it has been greatly improved and embellished within the present century. When the monastery at Ettal was suppressed, one of the monks, Dr. Ottmar Weis, was made parish priest of Ober-Ammergau. By him the design of the play was recast, and a great part of the text was written anew. About the same time the music which is now in use was composed by Rochus Dedler, the village organist and schoolmaster. Previous to the performance of 1850 the text was again revised by another parish priest, Anton Alois Daisenberger. This venerable man, after a quarter of a century spent in the active work of his parish, has retired upon a small stipend. But he still lives amongst his people, and during the preparations of the past year he was always ready to encourage them by his presence and to assist them with his counsel. Neither the text nor the music has ever been published, and they are known only to those engaged in the performance.

As the first representation took place in the year 1634, it will naturally be asked how the decennial repetition has happened to fall on the year 1871. The answer to this question is easily given, and is not without interest. About the year 1680 it was deemed

expedient that each recurring representation should correspond with the beginning of each successive decade of the century. To attain this end the time for the next performance was anticipated by four years, and the year 1680 was made, as it were, a new starting point, from which the successive periods of ten years each were thenceforth to be reckoned. The play was, therefore, really due in 1870; and in point of fact it had been carefully prepared for that year, and five representations were given. But suddenly the war broke out; the call to arms rang through the peaceful village, and the players had to leave the stage for the battle-field.

Some of the principal performers were, by royal authority, exempted from active service, and reserved for garrison duty. Joseph Mair, who represented Christ, had an interview with the king, and obtained special leave to retain his long hair, that he might be ready to resume his part when the war should be over. The post assigned to him was in one of the military depots at Munich. But the bulk of the able-bodied villagers had to face the horrors of actual war. Seventy went out to fight, and of these eight have not returned. Two are sleeping in the deep trenches of the blood-stained fields of Sedan; five died in the hospitals of France; and one has not been heard of, but his fate is scarcely doubtful.

As soon as the war was over the first thought at Ober-Ammergau was to continue the series of representations which had been so rudely interrupted. In each decennial celebration the practice is to give a performance once a week for about three months of the summer; and if, on any occasion, the crowd should be so great that all cannot find a place in the theatre, an extra performance is given on the following day. This year, accordingly, the play was acted for the first time on June 24, and it was repeated once or twice each week until the close of September.

Those who witnessed it early in the season came away greatly impressed with the religious spirit and artistic skill that marked the performance. The news spread abroad that a highland village in Bavaria was giving to the world such a living picture of the great drama of redemption as had never before been seen. The name of Ober-Ammergau became famous in the fashionable assemblies of great capitals, and soon crowds of eager tourists and pious pilgrims were hurrying over the highways of Europe to see the Passion Play of 1871.

CHAPTER II.

THE PLACE AND THE PEOPLE.

MY first impressions of Ober-Ammergau and its people may be of some interest to those who have not been there. I find them thus recorded in my note-book at the time:—

“This is a wonderful place the day before the Passion Play. Though little better than a mountain hamlet, of perhaps a thousand inhabitants, it is suddenly inundated with a crowd of tourists, more than five times that number, who have been pouring in for two days from all parts of the world. Englishmen are here, of course, and Americans in abundance. France is in mourning, and has sent but few representatives. But there are Italians in great numbers, and Russians, and even, it is said, some Jews. The bulk, however, of the visitors are Germans; and of these the greater part seem to have come to the Passion Play as to an act of religious worship. Among the English there are many of great note and high title; peers and peeresses, and members of Parliament, and dignitaries of the church.

“Happy are they who, with wise foresight, wrote weeks ago to Madame Sebastian Veit, or Madame George Lang, or to Johann Zwick, or to some one of the other village magnates, to engage rooms and tickets for the play. When they arrive, travel-stained and weary, they are met with a cordial

smile of welcome; they give their names, and at once an attendant is at hand to lead them off to some neighboring house, where rooms have been neatly set in order and religiously guarded for them. Those who come late and have made no provision must be content to wander about by day, and at night to lie in the hall or on the staircase of some hospitable dwelling, after the more fortunate lodgers have gone to bed.

"I had not written before; but I arrived at mid-day on Saturday, and the play was not to come off until Monday. So, being early in the field, I set to work at once, and after some hunting about got shelter and a welcome in the house of a humble family. Speaking comparatively, I may say that I am luxuriously lodged. I have four clean, whitewashed walls all to myself; a bed, a chair, a dressing-table, and a second table for writing at, which has been generously supplied by my hostess,—not, I fear, without some sacrifice of her personal convenience. The room is lighted by two rustic windows. Over the bed is a crucifix with the inscription 'Praised be Jesus Christ.' My portmanteau rests on a large and venerable stove. And when everything is tidily stowed away, I have just room to move about without coming into collision with my furniture.

"After taking possession of my lodgings, I went out for half an hour to see the town; and on my return I found my table adorned with a bunch of wild roses in an earthenware mug. A lovely boy of three years old, and a pretty little girl of eight, were playing about in their bare feet. They were the children of my hostess, and are both to appear in the play. We soon made friends, and ever since they have been my constant and most welcome visitors.

"This was Sunday morning. The masses began at three o'clock in the parish church, and went on without intermission until ten. The Parish Mass, called the *Hoch Amt*, was at

half past eight. It was a Missa Cantata, with organ, orchestra, and choir. The music was simply magnificent. I cannot say if it would entirely satisfy the critical taste of musical scholars; but it seemed to me to rise above the domain of criticism. It burst forth from the lofty organ gallery like a song of joy and triumph coming from a higher and purer sphere. It swelled through the ample nave; it found its way into every heart; and few, I think, who heard it were disposed to weigh its merits according to the nice laws of musical science.

"Then the devotion of the people was something beautiful to see. Men, women, and children all had their prayer-books and their beads. Except for a few minutes, they knelt during the whole time of mass, and were evidently absorbed in earnest, thoughtful prayer. It could not be that a people who had produced such music in a secluded valley were insensible to its influence. But they did not come to hear it as a fine display of art. It seemed rather to enter into their souls and to blend with their prayers, as they knelt before the altar of God. Never before had I witnessed such a combination of refined art with simple and earnest devotion.

"After the gospel the music was hushed for a time, and one of the priests gave a short practical sermon. The people, apparently out of respect, stood until he had finished the exordium of his discourse, and then sat down. When the sermon was ended the whole congregation joined in prayer aloud. It was a sort of a recitative. The rich baritone of the men alternated with the contralto of the women, all the voices on each side being pitched in the same tone and keeping perfect time. Mass was then resumed, and the organ again pealed forth. That such a service should have been given in a village church, and by the village people themselves, is certainly wonderful; and it is not less admirable that, in the presence of so many

strangers, it should have been performed with an entire absence of ostentation and display.

"Many English Protestants were there, and a large sprinkling of regular English tourists, a class not generally remarkable for good behavior in Catholic churches abroad. But here they seemed all deeply impressed with the religious character of the scene. They retired, for the most part, to the rear of the church, and looked on with attention and respect. What the play may be to-morrow it is hard to anticipate, but from what I have seen to-day I cannot doubt that it will be solemn and impressive."

CHAPTER III.

THE THEATRE.

AT daybreak on Monday, the 14th of August, every one was up and stirring in the village of Ober-Ammergau. Though it was not a festival of the Church, masses were celebrated from a very early hour; for the good people of Bavaria think it a duty to prepare themselves for the spectacle of the day by prayer and holy communion. Indeed, if one were to see only what went on within the walls of the church, he would easily suppose that the crowd which for two days had been flocking into this mountain hamlet were come on a pilgrimage to worship at the altar of God, and to say their beads before the colossal statue of our Lady.

The *hoch amt*, or parish mass, began at half past five. When it was over, the band went playing through the village. This was the signal for the theatre to open; and a long string of people, eager and enthusiastic, but singularly well conducted, poured down the winding street into the green meadow beyond, where, close to the clear waters* of the Ammer, stood a clumsy-looking wooden structure of gigantic size. At half past six the doors were thrown open, and at seven the theatre was full, excepting that part where the seats were numbered and reserved. All the tickets for these

seats had been secured a fortnight before; and they who had the good fortune to possess them would be time enough in another hour, for the play was not to begin until eight. Not being among the fortunate few, I went early with the crowd, and was rather pleased than otherwise at having a little time to look about me and to glance over a programme of the play, which I had picked up on my journey to Ammergau.

The theatre, though plain and simple in its construction, is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. Between two rows of poplars, in the open meadow, a large space is enclosed by common timber planking. It is in shape an oblong rectangle. At one end is erected a stage of ample dimensions,—one hundred and twenty feet in breadth, one hundred and seventy in depth. The rest of the enclosure is occupied by the spectators. Plain deal benches are laid straight across, which rise, one above another, from the stage to the extreme rear, and afford accommodation to about 5,000 people. The foremost part of the stage, to a depth of about fifty feet, has no scenery or decoration of any kind. It is here that the chief part of the action takes place. The back is divided into three compartments. That in the centre, which is much the largest, is itself a complete stage of the ordinary kind, with a drop-scene in front, and scenery that changes according to the occasion. To the right of this central compartment, or inner stage, as it may be called, is the house of Annas, to the left the house of Pilate, each with a balcony in front. These balconies, as will appear in the sequel, have a prominent part in the performance. Beyond the houses, on either hand, are the side compartments. They are provided with fixed scenery, which represents the streets of Jerusalem stretching away in the distance, and are much used for the various processions introduced throughout the play. The theatre is open to the sky, except

the inner stage and about one third of the benches, which are protected by a thin covering of boards.

From every part of the theatre there is a good view of the stage; but for the convenience of visitors, it has been railed off into various divisions. The scale of charges for admission is exceedingly low, ranging from ten pence to about five shillings; for the high-minded villagers have no thought of making money of their play. Out of the proceeds a small sum is paid to the principal performers,—which is, however, scarcely sufficient to compensate them for the time expended in preparing their parts. Whatever surplus remains at the end of the season, after all expenses have been defrayed, is devoted to works of charity or of public utility.

And here I cannot help observing that the same praiseworthy spirit prevails throughout every department of business in this primitive village. There is no disposition to extort money, notwithstanding the temptation offered by the enormous influx of visitors. At the inns and private houses the charges for accommodations are singularly moderate; and the beautiful carvings in wood, which have been wrought in the long winter nights with infinite labor and surprising skill, are sold at prices that but ill repay the artists.

It was a curious sight, that vast audience of 5,000 people, as they sat waiting in eager expectation for the play to begin. Artists and critics, poets, historians, and philosophers, statesmen and soldiers, church dignitaries and men of science, people of noble rank and people of boundless wealth, were gathered together from the ends of the world to witness the drama of redemption represented by the untravelled peasants of a mountain village. Yet these were but a handful compared to the more humble pilgrims who had come from the neighboring districts of Bavaria and the Tyrol, and from the various towns of Catholic Germany. Great numbers

appeared in the peculiar costumes of their respective countries, which, by their bright colors and picturesque character, added not a little to the liveliness and variety of the scene. Perfect good-humor prevailed, but there was no levity of manner; and any disposition to treat the play with derision was sure to meet with instant and effective reproof.

Beyond this crowded mass of human beings, and beyond the wooden walls that bounded the enclosure where we sat, the green meadows of the valley were distinctly visible, shut in by a glorious amphitheatre of hills. At first the hills and the valley were bathed in mist, and the pretty village of Unter-Ammergau, two miles away, was scarcely discernible as it lay sleeping in the gray light of morning; but little by little the mist cleared off, and the sun began to creep down the slopes of the mountain, giving to the cornfields a more golden hue, and to the meadows a brighter green. The trees, waving in the wind, cast their shadows down the valley towards the west; the cattle grazed lazily over the rich pastures, while at intervals, as if to heighten by contrast the beauty of the scene, large patches of cloud darkened for a moment the landscape as they flitted across the sky. It will be easily believed that a scene like this, together with the pure fresh breeze of the mountains, lent a very peculiar and picturesque charm to the rustic theatre of Ober-Ammergau.

CHAPTER IV.

SCOPE AND DESIGN OF THE PLAY.

THE design of the play is to present, in living reality, a striking picture of our Lord's passion, beginning with his triumphal entry into Jerusalem on the Sunday before he suffered, and ending with his resurrection and final ascension into heaven. All the events of the gospel narrative are portrayed with perfect fidelity; but the gospel narrative is expanded and, so to speak, interpreted by means of dia-

logue and dramatic action. This was no doubt a difficult and delicate task to undertake, but it has been accomplished with judgment and skill. The several narratives of the four Evangelists have been blended together into one complete history; the apparent contradictions or inconsistencies, with which every one is familiar who has made a special study of the passion, have been admirably adjusted; and in the dramatic additions which have been made, every word, every movement is in beautiful harmony with the tone and spirit of the sacred text.

With a view to make the representation more impressive, and to bring out the intimate connection between the Old Covenant and the New, the successive events in Our Lord's passion are preceded by one or more types from the history of the Old Testament. These types are, perhaps, to an ordinary spectator, the greatest charm of the play. They are represented on the inner stage by *tableaux vivants*, which display an artistic taste and a skill for effective grouping not unworthy of the most cultivated city in Europe, and certainly wonderful to discover among the peasantry of a mountain village.

There is a third element in the Passion Play which contributes not a little to its dramatic effect. At stated intervals, on the front stage, appears a bright-robed train of choristers, whose part it is to explain, sometimes by monologue, but generally by song, the tableau, which is disclosed to view at the same moment, and to interpret its typical signification. They suggest appropriate sentiments, and express, in beautiful and touching poetry, the anxieties, fears, and hopes which may be supposed to fill the breast of a spectator. Sometimes they pray to God to deliver Christ from the hands of his enemies; sometimes they expostulate with the Jews; sometimes they call upon the audience to walk in the footsteps of the suffering Redeemer.

It will be observed that the function

assigned to this band of singers is almost exactly the same as that which belonged to the chorus in the classical plays of ancient Greece. And yet, curiously enough, there is reason to believe that this feature in the Passion Play is not the result of any conscious imitation, but has been developed rather, in the course of time, by the exigencies of the performance, and the dramatic taste of the highland peasantry. The German text of the choral odes has been published, and occasional specimens will be given in the following pages, from which some idea may be formed of their general character and spirit.

PART II.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLAY.

PROLOGUE, ILLUSTRATED WITH TWO TABLEAUX.

EXACTLY at eight o'clock the boom of a cannon was heard, and the music of the orchestra began. At first it was faint and low; but the vast audience was hushed into perfect stillness, and every note was distinctly heard. Gradually the music swelled in volume and power; and as the first great bursts of harmony sent a thrill through every frame, the choristers entered from either side of the front stage, clad in white embroidered tunics, over which were gracefully flung brilliant mantles of scarlet, green, or blue. They moved across the stage with a singular grace and majesty of deportment, and formed in a line facing the audience. The leader was in the centre, and the others were ranged at either side according to height, the lowest being placed at the extremities of the line.

It was a lovely picture as they stood there in the morning sun, with their long, flowing hair, and their brilliant robes, and their sandalled feet. Accompanied by the orchestra, they proclaimed in song the great drama about to be represented. The human race,

bowed down under the curse of God, is doomed to death. But mercy comes from Sion. The Eternal is not always angry with his people. He will redeem them in the blood of his only Son.

TABLEAU I. ADAM AND EVE EXPELLED FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN. — *Gen. iii. 23, 24.* As they sing

"Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world,"

the curtain of the inner stage slowly rises behind. The chorus, dividing in the middle, fall back, right and left, so as to form a line on either side, stretching outwards from the extremities of the drop scene, towards the front of the stage; and the first tableau is disclosed to view. It is the Garden of Eden, with the Tree of Life in the middle, and at a little distance the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Flowers and fruits are blooming around, and all looks fair and pleasant. But an angel stands in front, and guards the entrance, with his bright sword lifted aloft and gleaming in the sun. Adam and Eve are seen on the right, in the act of retiring. They glance at the angel, and seem to start back with a look of awe and shame. After a few minutes, during which the figures remain motionless as statues, the drop-scene falls; the choristers form again into a single line, and announce the coming of a Redeemer.

TABLEAU II. THE SYMBOL OF REDEMPTION. — As the curtain rises on the second tableau, the choristers again divide and fall back as before. A large cross is seen erect in the background. Around it are grouped a number of children on their knees, and an angel points to it as the symbol of Redemption. The choristers, too, fall upon their knees, and a plaintive chant is sung, which admirably expresses the moral of the play.

These two pictures, — Man fallen by sin, and redeemed by the Cross, — together with the chant of the chorus, which reaches the hearts of all, constitute a beautiful introduction to the drama of the Passion. The effect is immediate and universal. Every one is impressed with the solemnity, the religious spirit, the good taste, that mark the performance. Prejudice, if it existed, is disarmed; the apprehension of irreverence or profanation is dispelled. When the chant is ended, the chorus withdraw behind the scenes on either side, and the First Act of the Passion Play begins.

ACT I.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

Joyful shouts are heard in the distance; presently, winding down the streets of Jerusalem, a motley crowd is seen of men and women, youths and maidens, and little children. They are clad in Oriental dresses; they carry green branches in their hands, and cry out, as they move along, "Hosannah to the Son of David!" In the midst of the throng is a striking figure, seated on an ass, and clothed in a long, flowing purple robe, with a crimson cloak. This is Joseph Mair, who represents the Christ. He is about six feet in height, of graceful form, and calm, dignified deportment. His features have an olive tint, and convey the idea of serious thought and patient endurance. In his manner there is a wonderful combination of majesty with gentleness and simplicity. His jet-black hair is parted down the middle and falls loosely over his shoulders. Around him are grouped the twelve apostles, dressed in similar robes, but of plainer material and more gaudy colors. Each carries a staff in his hand; and already, in their looks and bearing, one may detect the traces of those various characteristics which are developed as the play proceeds.

Meanwhile the chief priests and scribes approach from the opposite side of the stage, and confront the Christ. They question him with haughty arrogance, and hear, with ill-disguised rage and jealousy, the shouts and applause of the people. At this time there could not have been less than two hundred people on the stage; and all, even to the little children led by the hand, performed their parts with simple good taste, without any apparent effort, or any straining after theatrical effect.

While all eyes are fixed on the great Central Figure, for the first time brought face to face with his enemies, the curtain of the inner stage is up-

lifted, and before us is the Temple, where money-changers are driving bargains, and dealers are buying and selling. Christ enters amongst them, with great dignity, as one who has power. He overturns the tables of the money-changers, and making a scourge of small cords, he drives out of the temple those who were buying and selling, using the words of Scripture: "It is written, 'My house is a house of prayer': but you have made it a den of thieves."

An uproar ensues. The Pharisees, urged on by wounded pride, and the money-changers by avarice, make common cause together. They charge Christ with rebellion against the law of Moses and the Prophets. The chief priests try to excite a rising among the people, and cry out: "With us all that belong to Moses! Moses is our prophet! Revenge! revenge!" Mildly, but with an air of authority, Christ rebukes their hypocrisy; and then, taking leave of the crowd, turns away in the direction of Bethania.

ACT II.

THE HIGH COURT OF THE JEWS IN COUNCIL.

TABLEAU. THE BRETHREN OF JOSEPH CONSPIRE AGAINST HIM — *Gen.* xxxvii. 18-24. The chorus, entering as before, introduce by song the story of Joseph. They tell how his brothers, instigated by jealousy, conspired together for his destruction, and then they explain how the Scribes and Pharisees were driven by the same evil passion to conspire against our Lord. Meanwhile the curtain of the inner stage rises; they fall back in two lines, right and left; and the tableau appears. It is the wilderness of Dothain. The pit is there into which Joseph has been thrown. Two of his brothers are looking into it; the rest are standing about in groups. All is motionless, and the chorus explains the significance of the type.

As the chorus retires the curtain of the inner stage is drawn up; and before us, sitting in council, is the Sanhedrim, the great High Court of the Jews. Annas, with snow-white beard, and Caiphas, a much younger and more vigorous-looking man, of commanding aspect, occupy the principal

seats in the centre of the background. The chief priests and the Pharisees are ranged around on elevated benches, and the Scribes are seated at desks, in the middle of the hall. They make a brilliant show with their varied and gorgeous costumes, which in shape and character are designed, as far as may be, according to the evidence of Scripture illustrated by archæological research.

The debate begins; and it soon becomes evident that their hearts are filled with pride and envy. "The whole world runs after him," they say. But they know how to cloak their evil passions under a mantle of virtue. It is not their pride that is hurt, no; it is religion and the people that are in danger. "The Romans will come and take away our place and nation." Many speeches are made, but they all tend in the same direction; and the words of the High Priest are echoed from every bench, "It is better one man should die and that the whole nation perish not."

It only remains to discover some means by which they may get possession of Christ, without exciting a tumult among the people. They call in the aid of the money-changers, whose counters were overturned by our Lord in the Temple. One of these men is acquainted with Judas. He eagerly enters into the wicked designs of the court; he engages to test the fidelity of Judas, and by promises of gold to induce him to deliver up his Master. With this the debate is closed, and the curtain falls.

ACT III.

CHRIST IN BETHANIA BEFORE HIS PASSION.

TABLEAU I. YOUNG TOBIAS TAKING LEAVE OF HIS PARENTS. — *Tob.* v. 20-23. This tableau and the one that follows are intended to typify the parting of Christ from his blessed Mother and his friends in Bethania, when the hour of his passion had arrived. The young Tobias appears in the freshness of youth, with a sorrowful and dejected countenance. One hand he gives to the Archangel Raphael, who stands by his side; the other is held in the grasp of his weeping mother and of his old, blind

father. In the background is the paternal dwelling, and the maid-servants are weeping at the door.

TABLEAU II. THE FORLORN BRIDE LAMENTS THE ABSENCE OF HER BELOVED.—*Cant. v. 8-17.* The scene is a garden in fairest bloom. The bride is there in her bridal robes. Around her are grouped the daughters of Jerusalem, arrayed in white with girdles of blue, and adorned with wreaths of flowers. In the midst of all this show of joyousness the bride is sad and disconsolate. She looks to the maidens for comfort, and they return her look with glances of sympathy. All the figures remain fixed as marble statues while the choral ode is sung.

“Wo ist ert hin? wo ist er hin,
Der Schöne aller Schönen?
Mein Auge weinet, ach! um ihn,
Der Liebe heisse Thränen.

‘Ach, komme doch! ach, komme doch!
Sieh diese Thränen fließen:
Geliebter! wie Duögerst noch
Dich an mein Herz zu schliessen?

“Mein Auge forschet überall
Nach Dir auf allen Wegen;
Und mit der Sonne erstem Strahl
Eilt Dir mein Herz entgegen.”

“Where is my love departed,
The fairest of the fair?
Mine eyes gush out with burning tears
Of love and grief and care.

“Ah, come again! ah, come again
To this deserted breast!
Beloved one! oh, why tarriest thou
Upon my heart to rest?

“By every path, on every way,
Mine eyes are strained to greet thee;
And with the earliest dawn of day
My heart leaps forth to meet thee.”

The chorus retires, and Christ appears with his twelve apostles, in the village of Bethania, discoursing with them on his approaching passion. He is met by Simon, who invites him to come and sup at his house. The invitation is graciously accepted, and they all go out together. A moment after, the curtain of the inner stage rises, and we are shown a great hall in the house of Simon.

The supper table is laid. Our Lord enters with his apostles, and they take their seats. Martha waits upon the guests; while Mary Magdalen, bearing in her hand a box of precious ointment, softly enters the hall, and glances hastily around. As soon as her eyes fall on the figure of Christ

she throws herself prostrate before him, and then, rising, pours the ointment over his head. Afterwards, breaking the box, she anoints his feet, and wipes them lovingly with her long and flowing hair.

Judas complains of the waste with an earnestness that half reveals his secret lust of money. He argues, with an air of piety, that the ointment might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and given to the poor. Some of the other apostles, too, though with greater composure of manner, condemn the waste, and murmur against Mary Magdalen. Then follows the gentle rebuke of Christ, in the words of Scripture: “Why trouble ye this woman? She hath wrought a good work upon me. For the poor you have always with you, but me you have not always.”

Going forth from the supper-room, Christ meets his mother, who has come, attended by some faithful friends, to bid him a last farewell. The overwhelming grief of the mother, the tenderness and dignity of the Son, were portrayed in this scene with taste and feeling. Nevertheless I could not help thinking that the performance was here, for the first time, inadequate to the occasion. Indeed, the task was too much for human powers; and it is scarcely a censure to say that Franziska Flunger, who acted the part of our blessed Lady, failed to express fully that singular combination of love and grief and reverence which must have filled the heart of Mary when she stretched out her arms to embrace, for the last time, Him who was at once her son and her God.

ACT IV.

CHRIST'S LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

TABLEAU. QUEEN VASTHI REJECTED BY ASSUERUS; ESTHER CHOSEN IN HER STEAD.—*Esther i., ii.* This tableau, which symbolizes the rejection of the Jews and the call of the Gentiles, is chiefly rendered effective by the beautiful chant of the chorus. When the curtain rises, King Assuerus, seated on his throne and surrounded by his courtiers, is seen in

the act of choosing for his queen the humble Esther, instead of Vasthi, whom he spurns for disobedience.

The choristers retire, and Christ is seen approaching with his apostles, on his last journey to Jerusalem. When he comes in sight of the unhappy city, he laments over it, and bewails its future desolation. Peter and John get instructions to go before and prepare the Passover. They set forth at once, having first, on their knees, received their Master's blessing. As the Saviour touches on the subject of his impending passion, Judas impudently asks if he will not make some provision for his disciples; and harps again on the wasteful expenditure of the three hundred pence. The other apostles look at him with an expression of surprise and indignation; the Saviour administers a gentle and tender rebuke.

Meanwhile they approach the city; but Judas lags behind. His fingers clutch the almost empty money-bag that hangs from his girdle; and he murmurs at his hard service and scanty reward. Avarice and discontent are gnawing at his heart. While he is dallying with his thoughts, the money-changers sent by the chief priests come to tempt him. First one, then another, appears upon the scene. For a time he is undecided. A conflict of good and evil is going on within him. He is restless and uneasy: one moment he listens to the insidious promises of the tempters; in the next, he seems to drive them away. He resolves, and he changes his mind. In the end he becomes desperate; he gives his word, appoints a time to appear before the Sanhedrim, and then hurries after his Divine Master to the supper-room. This scene is admirable in every way; in the conception of the author as well as in the performance of the actor. It traces very intelligibly the headlong fall of Judas, and presents a fearful picture of the power which passion exercises when it once becomes dominant in the soul.

ACT V.

THE LAST SUPPER.

TABLEAU I. THE MANNA IN THE DESERT.

— *Exod.* xvi. 4-15. The people of Israel are seen gathered together in the wilderness of Sin. Manna is coming down upon them from heaven, and they are looking up in wonder and thankfulness. Men, women, and children, to the number of about three hundred, clad in every variety of costume appropriate to their condition in life, take part in this living picture, which is not less remarkable for the perfect stillness of each individual figure than for the artistic effect of the whole group. While the spectators gaze upon the scene with admiration, a choral ode explains the type, and reminds the audience that, whereas they who ate of the manna in the desert are dead, they who eat of the Living Bread in the New Covenant shall live forever.

TABLEAU II. THE GREAT BUNCH OF GRAPES CARRIED HOME FROM THE LAND OF CHANAN.

— *Numb.* xiii. 24. The inner stage is again crowded with the people of Israel, while through their midst a monster bunch of grapes is borne on a lever by two of the spies from the land of Chanaan; a beautiful figure of the Eucharist, which in like manner comes to weary wanderers in the desert as an earnest of the far-off Promised Land.

The reality quickly follows on the type. Peter and John, who were sent forward to make ready the Passover, appear in the streets of Jerusalem. They meet the man "carrying a pitcher of water." They accost him; and he takes them to his master. The supper-room is already laid out; and in a few minutes Christ arrives with the rest of the party. When he meets the Goodman of the house he gives him his blessing. "Peace be with thee and with thy whole house." He then sits down to table with his twelve apostles.

The scene that follows exhibits, perhaps more than any other in the play, the deep Scriptural learning, and the rare artistic taste, which seem to have found a home in the valley of Ammergau. Not to speak of the dramatic difficulties that surround such a subject, every one knows that the mere arrangement of the incidents which cluster round the Last Supper has been a puzzle to commentators, from the beginning. It was necessary to make a choice between a great

variety of conflicting opinions; and the choice which has been made shows good judgment, and a minute knowledge of the sacred text. First comes the Paschal meal; towards the close of it, a strife arises among the apostles which of them shall be accounted the greatest; then follows the washing of the feet, in which our Lord gives a signal example of humility; next, the institution of the Eucharist; afterwards, the announcement is made that "one of you will betray me," but so that the apostles remain uncertain which of them it is; lastly, the sop is given, and Judas goes out.

Nothing could be more admirable than the air of majesty and solemn reverence with which the chief part in all these incidents was enacted by Joseph Mair. When he took the bread in his hands, and rising from the table, lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and pronounced those sacred words so familiar to all Christians, the audience was hushed into breathless silence. He distributed the Eucharist to the twelve, beginning on his right hand, and going round to each in succession, until he came back again to his own place. The apostles, though they remained sitting, received it with extraordinary reverence; and when the Christ had passed by, each of them was seen with his head bowed down and his hands clasped in prayer. Judas alone was an exception, who acted his part in the ceremony with a cold formality and a look of conscious guilt.

Soon after the distribution of the Eucharist followed the words of Christ, "Amen, I say to you, that one of you is about to betray me." Grief and alarm are depicted on every face. One after another, they ask, stretching over the table, "Is it I, Lord?" He answers, "One of the twelve, one who dippeth his hand with me in the dish." Even Judas tries to assume an air of concern, and asks, though not with the same earnestness as the rest, "Master, is it I?" The answer is given to himself, and

is not perceived by the other apostles, at least not by all of them, "Thou hast said it." Then John, leaning on the bosom of Christ, asks, at the suggestion of Peter, "Who is it, Lord?" He receives, but only for himself, the answer, "It is he to whom I shall give the morsel of bread when I have dipped it." And the sop is given to Judas with the words, "What thou dost, do quickly." Judas receives it, and hastens out of the room, with a desperate resolve depicted on his countenance to finish the deed of evil he has begun.

The apostles, still uncertain who the traitor is, are startled at the sudden departure of Judas, and their suspicions are aroused. Thomas at once asks, "Where is Judas gone?" Various suggestions are made, but the subject is not pursued; for Christ takes up the discourse with the words, "My little children, yet a little while I am with you. You shall seek me, and as I said to the Jews, 'Whither I go you cannot come,' so I say to you now. A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another as I have loved you. By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, that you have love one for another." Then Peter cries out with great earnestness, "Lord, whither goest thou?" The Saviour answers, "Whither I go thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt follow hereafter." Hereupon Peter protests, "Why cannot I follow thee now? I will lay down my life for thee." But Christ replies, with a look of admonition, "Thou wilt lay down thy life for me! Amen, amen, I say to thee, before the cock shall crow thou wilt deny me thrice." After these words they say a prayer in common, and all go out together on the way to Gethsemane.

ACT VI.

TREACHERY OF JUDAS

TABLEAU. JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.
Gen. xxxvii. 25-31. The wilderness of Dothain is again before us. Joseph has been drawn out of the pit, and is standing

in the background, imploring for mercy by his looks. But he implores in vain; he has been sold by his brothers for twenty pieces of silver: a fitting type of the Saviour of the world, sold for money by his chosen disciple. The Ismaelite merchants are seen in the act of paying down the price of blood. On one side are their camels laden with merchandise; on the other some of Joseph's brothers are staining his many-colored coat in the blood of a kid. The chant of the chorus is simple and touching.

“Was bietet für den Knaben ihr?
So sprechen Brüder, 'wenn euch wir
Ihn käuflich übergeben?'
Sie geben bald, um den Gewinn
Von zwanzig Silberlingen hin,
Des Bruders Blut und Leben.

“Was gebet ihr? wie lohnt ihr mich?
Spricht der Iskariot, 'wenn ich
Den Meister euch verrathe?'
Um dreissig Silberlinge schliesst
Den Blutbund er, und Jesus ist
Verkauft dem hohen Rathe.

“Was hier sich uns vor Augen stellt
Ist ein getreues Bild der Welt:
Wie oft habt ihr durch eure Thaten
Auch euren Gott verkauft, verrathen!”

“What will you give us for the lad?
So Joseph's wicked brethren said,
'Him at our hands receiving?'
Soon on the sum they are agreed,
For twenty silver pieces' meed
Their brother's life-blood giving.

“What will you give for my reward,
Isariot saith, 'if I my Lord
Betray to you for gold?'
The bond, the bond of blood is signed,
And Christ is to his foes consigned,
His precious life-blood sold.

“A scene of woe; yet much I fear
A picture of the world is here:
How oft have ye in deeds denied him,
How oft betrayed and crucified him!”

When the music has ceased the curtain rises, and we find ourselves again in the presence of the high court of the Sanhedrim, with the chief priests and the Pharisees assembled in council. Judas is brought before them. After some debate a bargain is agreed to; and he engages to deliver Christ into their hands for thirty pieces of silver. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus raise their voices against this iniquitous proceeding. But they only bring down upon themselves the angry maledictions of Caiphas; and finding that their protest is of no avail, they leave the court.

In the mean time the money is brought in by one of the scribes, and counted out to Judas. Nervously he clutches each coin as it drops on the table, and counts the whole over again with an eagerness that forcibly portrays the absorbing passion of his soul. A time and place are appointed for the deed of treachery, and the wretched man, buckling on his money-bag to his girdle, hurries away from the scene of his guilty compact. The Pharisees, however, too wise in the wisdom of the world to trust a traitor's word, appoint one of their number to keep him in sight. Congratulations are now exchanged between the members of the council on the success of their plans for the capture of Christ; and as the curtain falls the cry is raised on every side, “To death with him, to death with him, the enemy of our fathers!”

ACT VII.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

TABLEAU I. ADAM TOILING FOR HIS BREAD IN THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW. — *Gen. iii. 17-19.* This picture is intended to shadow forth the agony of our Lord on the Mount of Olives. As Adam was condemned, in punishment for sin, to eat his bread in the sweat of his face, so too, in punishment for sin, the Redeemer was covered with a sweat of blood in the Garden of Gethsemane. When the curtain rises, Adam, clothed in sheepskins, is seen laboriously tilling the earth. In one hand he holds a spade, with the other he wipes the sweat from his forehead. Eve sits mournfully by with a baby in her arms. Two of her children, in the background, are tearing up thorns and thistles; two others, of more tender years, are playing with a lamb; and one holds an apple in its hand. The chorus interprets the type and points the moral of the scene.

TABLEAU II. JOAB, ON PRETENCE OF EMBRACING AMASA, PLUNGES A SWORD INTO HIS BODY. — *2 Kings xx. 8-10.* Joab, captain of the host of David, is seen near the rock of Gabaon, greeting Amasa with a kiss, while at the same time he basely murders him; a striking type of Judas, who by a kiss delivers up Christ into the hands of his enemies. This tableau gives occasion to a highly poetical address to the rocks of Gabaon.

When the choral chant is ended the garden of Gethsemane is disclosed to view on the inner stage. From behind the scenes Christ advances with

his apostles, and the agony begins. Leaving the rest of his apostles behind, he takes with him Peter, James, and John, and he says to them, "My soul is sorrowful even unto death; stay you here and watch with me." Then going to a little distance, he prays, "Father, thou canst do all things: if it be possible let this chalice pass from me. Nevertheless, not my will be done, but thine." Three times he repeats this prayer, and three times he falls to the earth, worn out with suffering and fatigue. In the depth of his bitter agony an angel comes from heaven to comfort him. But when at length he rises from the earth, drops of blood stand out upon his face and trickle down upon his purple robe. All this time his chosen apostles sleep, and when awakened they sleep again.

But Judas, who sleeps not, comes now with a crowd of soldiers and attendants, and saluting his divine Master, betrays him with a kiss. The soldiers are seized with a sudden awe; at the sound of the Saviour's voice they start back and fall prostrate to the ground. Peter, with characteristic impetuosity, draws his sword and cuts off the ear of Malchus. For this he is reproved by Christ, and the wounded man is made whole. Then the soldiers, gathering courage from the gentle words and looks of the Saviour, surround him, bind his hands behind his back, and lead him off captive to the city. The terrified apostles fly in all directions; but after a little, Peter and John cautiously venture back, and follow the procession at a distance.

This scene, in which the figure and face of Joseph Mair presented, in a surprising degree, that air of serene majesty and patient resignation which has been already noticed, brought home to every mind the utter loneliness and desolation of our Lord in the Garden of Olives. The vast audience was deeply and sensibly affected. None could behold without emotion that sad, pale face bedewed with blood, and that stately form bowed down to the

earth from intensity of suffering. For a few minutes the time and place were forgotten; the theatre and the stage disappeared from view, and the sad reality itself was alone present to the mind, and pictured on the imagination.

At this point an interval of an hour was allowed for rest and refreshment. It was a quarter to twelve o'clock, and the play had gone on continuously for nearly four hours, without the slightest hesitation or failure on the part of the performers, without any symptom of lassitude or inattention on the part of the audience. A change of scene was welcome to every one, and a release from the hard benches of the theatre. In a few minutes the streets of the village were filled with busy groups of men and women; greetings were hurriedly exchanged; and many availed themselves of the opportunity to snatch a hasty repast.

ACT VIII.

CHRIST BEFORE ANNAS.

At half past twelve the great multitude was again pouring into the theatre, and before the hour had expired all were in their places, as eager and attentive under the fierce glare of the meridian sun, as they had been six hours before, when his first joyous rays shone out above the hills on the east. We had not long to wait. In a few minutes the boom of a gun announced that the second division of the play was about to begin; and while its echoes still lingered among the mountains, the chorus advanced from either side and sang a plaintive ode, bringing back to our recollection the last sad scene of Gethsemane.

TABLEAU. MICHAEL, THE PROPHET, STRUCK ON THE CHEEK FOR SPEAKING THE TRUTH BEFORE KING ACHAB. — 3 Kings xxii. 10-24. The curtain rises, and a royal court is disclosed to view. Achab and Josaphat are seated on thrones and clothed in royal apparel. Before them is a crowd of courtiers and false prophets. The chief of these, Sedecias, is seen in the act of smiting on the cheek Michael, a prophet of the Lord, because he had ventured to speak unwelcome truth. This picture foreshadows the coming scene, in which the Saviour is

smitten on the cheek before the tribunal of Annas.

As the curtain falls shouts are heard in the distance. Annas appears on the balcony of his house, impatiently looking out for his expected victim. Judas enters hurriedly, with a guilty and unquiet air; he pauses before the house of Annas, looks up for a moment, and hears from the old man words of commendation, which must have fallen on his heart as the sentence of his doom, "Thy name shall stand for endless ages at the head of our annals."

Judas passes on, and the shouts of the populace are heard nearer and more violent. Presently Christ is dragged in by a band of soldiers, surrounded by an infuriated rabble. He is at once conducted into the house of Annas, and immediately after appears on the balcony, in the presence of his judge. His bearing is calm and dignified as before; his face still wears the same expression of patient endurance.

The crowd from below make their accusations against him with great uproar and violence. His enemies are determined not to be satisfied; when he is silent he is blamed for not answering; when he answers he is struck on the cheek by a time-serving attendant. In the end, Annas, worn out by his patience, resolves to send him to Caiphas. As he is led away by the soldiers, Peter and John are seen in the distance, still timidly following their Master.

ACT IX.

CHRIST BEFORE CAIPHAS.

TABLEAU I. NABOTH STONED TO DEATH ON THE TESTIMONY OF FALSE WITNESSES. — *3 Kings* xxi. 8-13. The innocent Naboth is here represented as a figure of our Lord before Caiphas. For, like Him, he was wrongfully accused of blasphemy, and like Him too, he was condemned on the evidence of hired witnesses. He is seen on his knees in the middle of the stage. Round about him the people stand in various attitudes: one, with his arm up-lifted, is in the act of throwing a great stone at the innocent victim's head; another is picking up a stone from the ground; others are preparing to lend their aid; others are looking on with approval.

TABLEAU II. THE SUFFERINGS AND PATIENCE OF JOB. — Job is seated on a dunghill, the living picture of human misery and of patient submission. His friends are close by, deriding him for his misfortunes; even his wife is scoffing at him, and seems, with parted lips, on the point of telling him to "Curse God and die."

Christ is now arraigned before Caiphas, who is seen enthroned in the hall of his palace, surrounded by the chief priests and the elders of the people, with the scribes in attendance. Witness after witness comes forward to give evidence against him. But they contradict one another, and seem to agree only in declaring at the end, with great vehemence, "He has blasphemed God, he has deserved death." At length Caiphas adjures him in the name of the living God to say who and what he is. The Saviour answers with serene dignity, "I am Christ, the Son of God." Then the High Priest rends his garments, and exclaims with ill-suppressed delight, "What need have we of any further witnesses? You yourselves have heard the blasphemy. What think ye?" And they all declare with one accord, "He is guilty of death."

As soon as the judgment is passed the Redeemer is led away, and by a change of scene the outer court of the palace is before us. Two maids have kindled a fire, and some of the soldiers are gathered round it, warming themselves and talking over the events of the night. Peter and John come timidly from without towards the entrance of the court; John goes in first, and after a short conference with one of the servants, comes back and brings in Peter. The soldiers make room, and Peter, with a stealthy and suspicious air, takes his place at the fire, which is now burning feebly, and tries to warm himself.

While he is leaning over it, one of the maid-servants comes up behind and scrutinizes him all over, with a look of something more than curiosity. She goes round a little to get a better view; she whispers for a moment to her companion; they exchange significant glances; and at last she comes

up boldly and asks him if *he* too was not "with Jesus of Galilee." This little bit of acting may be noticed as an example of the conscientious care expended even on the most minute parts of the Passion Play. The maid-servant who identifies Peter appears but a few minutes before the audience; she has but a few words to say: and yet her part is performed with as much dramatic skill as if the success of the play depended on it alone.

After the third denial of Peter the cock crows. At the same moment Christ is led out from the inner hall, bound in fetters. He casts a look of mild reproach on Peter, who remembers his master's warning, and turns away from his glance full of shame and sorrow. Just before the scene is brought to a close, Judas, tortured by a guilty conscience, comes to the house of Caiphas to find out how the dreadful affair that he has set in motion is going to end. When he sees his master in bonds, the mockery and the sport of the Roman soldiers, he is filled with remorse, and is heard muttering to himself as the curtain falls, "Accursed be the deed I have done."

ACT X.

DESPAIR OF JUDAS.

TABLEAU. ABEL KILLED BY HIS BROTHER CAIN. — *Gen.* iv. 3-16. In the middle foreground, Cain, with a club in his hand, is standing, conscience-stricken, over the dead body of his murdered brother. The chorus deplores the crime of the murderer, and depicts the tortures of his guilty conscience. Restless and unhappy, he flies from place to place; but he cannot fly from himself. Within his soul the image of his sin is always present as in a mirror; and it is the contemplation of this image that constitutes his ever-enduring anguish. So it is now with Judas,

"Who rushes wildly here and there,
Until at last, in wild despair,
He flings away the life that he no more
can bear."

What has been foreshadowed in the tableau, and portrayed in graphic language by the chorus, is now presented to the audience in its vivid reality. On the inner stage the High Court of the Jews is sitting once again in coun-

cil, confirming the sentence of death pronounced on our Lord by Caiphas. Judas, in an agony of remorse, rushes into the midst of the hall and wants to have the judgment revoked. His vehement expostulations are received with cold indifference by Caiphas and the priests. When he exclaims, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood," they scornfully ask him, "What is that to us?" adding that he has had his reward, and that his guilty conscience is his own affair. The miserable man, no longer able to bear the thought of his crime, seizes the money-bag which hangs at his side, flings it violently on the floor at the feet of the High Priest, and rushes headlong from the hall.

A change of scene now brings us to the open country. Judas is there alone. He cannot venture to approach his divine master again; he has been ignominiously spurned by the chief priests; he has no friend to comfort him; he is alone with his guilty conscience, the very picture of despair. As he wanders restlessly about, his wild ravings fall distinctly on the ear, in the perfect stillness that now prevails throughout the audience, and bring out with great force the significance of the gospel saying, that Satan had entered into his soul. Again and again he groans under the torture he is suffering, and repeats the words, "For me there is no hope, no pardon, no redemption." A tree in the distance attracts his notice; he comes nearer to it, glances uneasily upwards, and as the curtain falls he is seen in the act of loosening his girdle to make the fatal noose.

ACT XI.

CHRIST AT THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF PILATE.

TABLEAU. DANIEL CONDEMNED TO BE CAST INTO THE DEN OF LIONS. — *Dan.* xiv. 27-30. The king of Babylon is on his throne. Around are the heathen priests, who accuse Daniel of impiety towards the gods, and demand that sentence of death be passed. The king, who at first had sought to save him from their malice, yields to their wishes when they threaten to destroy himself and his house. He is

seen in the act of handing over Daniel to be cast into the lions' den. This picture is set forth as a figure of Christ before the tribunal of Pilate. He is accused of blasphemy by the Jewish priests, who call for the sentence of death. Pilate for a time resists their clamorous demands; and would save Christ, if he could do so without loss to himself. But when he hears the threat, "If thou settest this man free thou art not Cæsar's friend," he yields, and delivers up Christ to be crucified. The chorus, as usual, explains the figure and adds a moral.

"O Neid, satanisches Gezücht!
Was unternimmst, was wagst du nicht,
Um deinen Groll zu stillen?
Nichts ist dir heilig, nicht zu gut;
Du opferst Alles deiner Wuth
Und deinem bösen Willen."

"Weh dem, den diese Leidenschaft
In Schlangenkettten mit sich rafft!
Vor neidischen Gelüsten,
O Brüder! bleibet auf der Hut:
Nie lasset diese Natternbrut
In euren Busen nisten."

"O Envy, born of hell's own brood!
To feed thy hate, thy thirst of blood,
What wilt thou not essay?
Naught will thy rage and malice spare;
Naught is so holy, naught so fair,
But it must be thy prey."

"Ah! woe to them, and bitter curse,
Who in their breasts this serpent nurse,
His chains around them binding!
O brethren, guard your souls with care:
Let not base Envy enter there,
Room in your bosoms finding."

A procession is seen advancing down the streets of Jerusalem. As it comes near we recognize the Saviour in fetters, conducted by a band of soldiers, and followed by a motley crowd of people. Conspicuous in the crowd are the chief priests, the scribes, and the money-changers. Pilate comes out, with his attendants, on the balcony of his house, and looks down with an air of haughty indifference, almost approaching contempt, on the surging multitude below. A conference ensues, in which the calm dignity of the Roman governor is brought out in striking contrast with the wrath and fury of the Jews. The chief priests recite the list of their accusations: "We found this man perverting our nation; forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar; calling himself a king." Pilate turns to Christ and says, "Hast thou nothing to answer

to these charges? You see in how many things they accuse thee." But the Saviour is silent; and Pilate, wondering at his silence, and struck by the majesty of his deportment, desires an audience with him in the judgment hall. The audience over, he comes out again on the balcony, and declares that he finds "no guilt in this man." This announcement is received with fierce clamor by the people. A tumultuous scene ensues. The chief priests repeat the charge, saying, "He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Judæa, beginning from Galilee even to this place." When Pilate hears of Galilee, he asks "if this man is a Galilean"; and being told that it is so, he sends him to Herod, the governor of Galilee, who has come up to Jerusalem for the Feast of the Passover.

ACT. XII.

CHRIST AT THE COURT OF HEROD.

TABLEAU. SAMSON IN THE HOUSE OF DAGON, THE SPORT OF THE PHILISTINES. — *Judges* xvi. 23-30. Samson, the deliverer of his people, having fallen into the hands of his enemies, is brought up, in their midst, at a great feast in the house of Dagon; an object of mockery and derision. He is seen in the act of grasping the pillars which support the house, and pulling down the building on the princes of the Philistines; thus obtaining a triumph in the moment of his death. So, too, as the chorus explains, Christ is derided at the court of Herod; and like Samson, by his death he triumphs over his enemies.

Herod is seated on his throne, and is evidently much pleased when the Saviour is brought before him; for he has heard a great deal of the wonders wrought by Jesus of Nazareth. He asks him many curious questions; but the Son of Man is silent. He calls on him to work a miracle; but in vain. Then, as if to save his kingly dignity, which has been thus humbled in the sight of his courtiers, he delivers him up to the mockery of the soldiers. They clothe him in a purple garment; they put into his hand a reed for a sceptre; and they hail him, with derisive laughter, as a king.

Meanwhile the multitude cry aloud with savage fury, "To death with him! to death with him!" But Herod can find in his conduct nothing deserving of death, and sends him back again to Pilate.

ACT XIII.

JESUS IS SCOURGED AND CROWNED WITH THORNS.

TABLEAU I. JACOB LAMENTING OVER THE BLOOD-STAINED GARMENT OF JOSEPH.—*Gen.* xxxvii. 31-35. This tableau brings us back again upon the history of Joseph, whom we have already seen sold to the Ismaelite merchants for twenty pieces of silver. His brethren now appear in the presence of their aged father, presenting to him the many-colored coat of his favorite son, stained with blood. Jacob stands in the background, in an agony of grief; while the chorus sings a lamentation, and discovers, in the blood-stained coat of Joseph, an image of the Redeemer bleeding from many wounds under the lash of the Roman soldiers.

TABLEAU II. ABRAHAM, ON MOUNT MORIA, SEES A RAM WITH ITS HEAD ENTANGLED IN THORNS.—*Gen.* xxii. 9-13. This picture is a symbol of Christ crowned with thorns, who is chosen by God as a sacrifice for sin, in the place of mankind, already under sentence of eternal death. Isaac, his hands bound behind his back, is laid out on the altar for sacrifice; whilst Abraham, with an expression of mournful resolution, already holds the knife in his uplifted hand. An angel checks his arm, and points to a ram with its head entangled in a thorn-bush.

It must be admitted that at this part of the play the *tableaux vivants*, considered as types of the Passion, are rather fanciful, and sometimes almost puerile. But this is a defect much more striking in the description than in the actual representation. These pictures are very useful to relieve, at intervals, the feelings of the audience, which, in the more tragic scenes, are often strained to an almost painful degree of tension. Besides, however fanciful they may be thought as types, they are, with few exceptions, beautiful as pictures, from the artistic grouping of the figures; and are made still more attractive by the graceful music of the orchestra and the religious chant of the chorus. There is much reason to fear that in the description they

may be found dull, if not wearisome; but all who have seen them will agree that they help very much to embellish the play.

As the curtain falls on the second tableau the shouts of the people are heard behind the scenes, "To death with him! to death with him!" Immediately after, Christ is led in, and brought up before the house of Pilate, who again appears on the balcony. A long and stormy scene ensues, in which the Roman governor is divided between his sense of justice and his fear of losing favor with the multitude. At length, in the foolish hope of ending the matter by a compromise, he gives Jesus up to be scourged; and the Saviour is led away amidst the shouts of the multitude still calling for his death.

In a few minutes the sound of the lash is heard behind the curtain of the inner stage; and as the drop-scene slowly rises, the figure of the Redeemer is seen bound to a pillar, with blood trickling down from his many wounds. The scourging being finished, he is released from the pillar; the purple cloak is again thrown over his shoulders; the reed is put into his hand; and he is derided as a mock king. One thing only is wanting—a crown; so the soldiers make a circlet of sharp thorns, and press it down upon his head with two cross sticks, causing the blood to spurt out over his face. Throughout this scene the roughness and insensibility of the Roman soldiers are faithfully represented. But this only tends to make the effect more impressive, and not less devotional; for the spectators have learned to feel, as they never felt before, how great were the sufferings endured by the Saviour of the world.

ACT XIV.

CHRIST CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

TABLEAU I. JOSEPH HONORED AS THE FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE.—*Gen.* xli. 41-43. Seated on a triumphal car, and clad in silken robes, with a chain of gold about his neck, Joseph is surrounded by a

countless multitude of people, who hail him with shouts of joy as the saviour of his country. So, too, the Saviour of the world will soon be presented to his people; to be received, however, not like Joseph, with shouts of joy, but with shouts of hatred and derision.

TABLEAU II. THE SCAPEGOAT SET FREE TO WANDER IN THE WILDERNESS. — *Levit.* xvi. 7-10. Moses is kneeling before the altar. The goat that has been slain by Aaron for the sins of the people lies bleeding on one side; while the emissary goat is on the point of being dismissed, to wander free in the desert. In like manner, as the chorus sing, interpreting the type, Barabbas is set free, and Christ is offered in sacrifice for the sins of mankind. The chant of the chorus is, at intervals, interrupted by the cries of the populace behind the scenes; and a fine effect is produced, which may vie with the greatest triumphs of dramatic skill. The German text of this passage has been turned into English by a distinguished writer, who brings out, with great felicity, the spirit as well as the sense of the original words.

CHOR. "Ich höre schon ein Mordgeschrei!"
VOLK. "Barabbas sei
Von Banden frei!"
CHOR. "Nein, Jesus sei
Von Banden frei! —
Wild tönet, ach! der Mörder
Stimm!"
VOLK. "Ans Kreuz mit ihm! ans Kreuz
mit ihm!"
CHOR. "Ach, seht ihn an! ach, seht ihn an!
Was hat er Böses denn gethan?"
VOLK. "Entlassest du den Bösewicht,
Dann bist des Kaisers Freund du
nicht."
CHOR. "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Das Blut des Sohnes rächet noch
an euch der Herr!"
VOLK. "Es falle über uns und unsre Kind-
er her!"
CHOR. "Es komme über euch und eure
Kinder!"
CHORUS. "I hear approach a murderous cry:"
PEOPLE. "Let Barabbas be
From his bonds set free!"
CHORUS. "Nay, let Jesus be
From his bonds set free! —
Wildly sounds the murderers' cry."
PEOPLE. "Crucify him! crucify!"
CHORUS. "Ah, look on him! Behold the
Man!
Oh, say, what evil hath he done?"
PEOPLE. "If thou settest this man free,
Cæsar's friend thou canst not be."
CHORUS. "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Woe, woe
to thee!
The blood of Christ by God
avenged shall be!"
PEOPLE. "His blood on us and on our chil-
dren fall!"
CHORUS. "Yea, upon you, and on your chil-
dren all!"

The shouts of the people come near and nearer as the choristers

retire; and soon the stage is filled with an angry and excited multitude, clamoring before the house of Pilate, for the death of Christ. Pilate appears on the balcony, and with him appears the Saviour, clad in his purple robe, with the reed in his hand, and the crown of thorns on his head. Some hope still lingers in the breast of the Roman governor that he may move the multitude to compassion; and pointing to the suffering, but still majestic form of the Redeemer, he presents him to the people with the well-known words, "Behold the Man." But he only provokes the fury of the rabble, who cry aloud with ever-increasing violence, "To death with him, to death with him! crucify him, crucify him!"

One expedient yet remains. Even a condemned criminal may be released by the people on occasion of the great festival that is now at hand. Surely this clemency may be exercised in favor of Christ. To make the appeal more effective, Barabbas, an outcast of society, is brought up from his prison cell, and set before the people. Poor old Johann Allinger, who represents this character, manages to assume the look and bearing of a low-bred ruffian. As he stands beside the Christ, and the people are called upon to make a choice between them, it is impossible not to feel a new sense of the infinite depth of humiliation to which our Lord descended for the sins of men.

The multitude demand to have Barabbas set free and Christ condemned to death. Pilate hesitates. A message comes from his wife, warning him to have no share in this evil work. But the chief priests, who have been busy, all along, among the people, now come to the front, and, with wicked ingenuity, remind him that Christ had set himself up for a king; adding the significant threat, "If thou settest this man free, thou art not Cæsar's friend." This is decisive. The refined and courtly Roman, who loves his own ease and dignity more

than he loves justice, will not risk the Emperor's displeasure to save an innocent man. Nevertheless he seeks, by a flimsy sophistry, to clear his soul from the appearance of guilt. He calls for water and a basin; washes his hands in the presence of the crowd; and then pronounces sentence of death, declaring, at the same time, "I am innocent of the blood of this just man: look you to it." And the exulting shouts of the multitude rend the air as they cry, "His blood be upon us and on our children."

ACT XV.

THE JOURNEY TO CALVARY.

TABLEAU I. ISAAC CARRYING THE WOOD FOR THE SACRIFICE.—*Gen. xxii. 6-8.* Isaac, devoted to death by God's command, is seen climbing the hill of Moria by the side of Abraham, his father, and bearing on his back the wood for the sacrifice of which he is to be himself the victim. Thus, too, the chorus tells us, will Jesus carry his cross to Calvary.

"Betet an und habet Dank:
Der den Kelch der Leiden trank,
Geht nun in den Kreuzestod
Und versöhnt die Welt mit Gott.

"Wie das Opferholz getragen
I-aak selbst auf Moria,
Wanket, mit dem Kreuz beladen,
Jesus hin nach Golgotha."

"Adore and bless the Lord; for He
Who drank the cup of agony
Treadeth now death's painful road
To reconcile the world with God.

"As Isaac bore the fire and wood
Whereon he must a victim die,
So, laden with the bitter Rood,
Jesus goes to Calvary."

TABLEAU II. A BRAZEN SERPENT IS RAISED ALOFT BY MOSES IN THE DESERT.—*Numb. xxi. 6-9.* The Israelites, encamped in the wilderness of Sin, suffer great torment from the bites of fiery serpents. Moses, by command of God, raises on high a brazen serpent,—a type of Christ raised up on the cross for the salvation of men. The chorus interprets the type in song.

TABLEAU III. THE ISRAELITES LOOK AT THE BRAZEN SERPENT, AND ARE HEALED.—*Numb. xxi. 6-9.* This picture exhibits again the same group of men, women, and children. In the midst of them is a great wooden cross, round the arms of which is coiled the brazen serpent. Moses points to it as the remedy for their sufferings; and the eyes of all the people are fixed on it. So, too, the chorus sings,

they who look up to the Redeemer on the cross will be healed from their sins.

The sound of many voices is now heard from afar; and presently a noisy and excited crowd is seen filing down the street, on the right-hand side of the stage. At the head of the procession appears the Christ, his pale face bedewed with drops of blood, and his stately form bowed down under the weight of a heavy wooden cross. Around him are the Roman soldiers, men of stalwart limbs and unfeeling hearts, who urge him on with stripes when he pauses, for a moment, from utter weariness and exhaustion. The captain of the band is on horseback, and bears aloft a standard, the symbol of Roman authority.

Next come the two thieves, attended by their executioners, and laden, in like manner, each with the cross on which he is to suffer. But they are fresh and vigorous, and swagger on with an air of careless indifference. Lastly come the chief priests, the Pharisees, and the money-changers of the Temple, with a countless multitude of men and women, old and young.

At length the Saviour totters and falls to the ground. The chief priests are angry at the delay; and Simon of Cyrene, who happens to come up at the time, is roughly seized hold of and compelled to carry the cross. A group of pious women, shortly afterwards, meet the procession with wailing and lamentation. The Redeemer turns to them, with a countenance of love and compassion; and, breaking at last the silence he has kept so long, he says, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children." The voice is low and weak; but so solemn and distinct is the utterance, so still the audience, that every syllable is heard throughout the vast assembly, and silent tears flow fast. As the procession advances, Mary the Mother of Christ, with Mary Magdalen and St. John, approach towards it from one

of the side streets. The mother exchanges glances with her son, and follows in mournful silence. And all move on to Calvary.

ACT XVI.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

As the procession disappears in the distance, the choristers enter, as usual, from each side of the stage. But they have laid aside their brilliant robes, and now appear in garments of deepest mourning. There is no tableau; but the leader of the chorus, in a plaintive monologue, calls on the audience to come with hearts full of compassion and gratitude to Calvary, where the Redeemer, "silent, patient, and forgiving," is crucified for the sins of men. As he proceeds, the dull, heavy blows of a hammer are heard behind the curtain of the inner stage; and he describes the scene, which, though out of view, is by those sounds made vividly present to every imagination.

Passing, at length, almost imperceptibly, from monologue to chant, he sings of Christ's love for man; and then, joined by the whole chorus, he calls on all present, in return for this love, to bring with them love and devotion to the altar of the cross.

"O bringet dieser Liebe
Nur fromme Herzenstriebe
Am Kreuzaltar
Zum Opfer dar!"

"Oh, then, His love returning,
Bring hearts with true love burning,
An offering meet
To Jesus' feet."

The chorus retires; the curtain rises. Two crosses are standing erect, one on either side, to which the two thieves are already bound by strong cords passing round their arms and legs. In the centre of the stage a third cross, on which is seen the figure of the Christ, is stretched along the ground. At a given signal it is raised in the air, bearing its victim aloft; with a perceptible jerk it falls into a socket prepared for it: and the scene of the

crucifixion is before us in living reality. To all appearance the body of Joseph Mair, which is covered with a tight-fitting, flesh-colored garment, and has a cincture of white linen, loosely folded round, at the waist, is fastened to the cross by large rough nails that pierce his hands and feet. The arms are stretched out almost horizontally, as in the picture of Guido Reni; the feet are placed one above the other, with a slender support beneath, and are fastened by a single nail; the head, which still wears its crown of thorns, is slightly bowed down on the breast. Blood oozes from all the wounds, and trickles slowly to the ground.

All the details of the gospel history are minutely and faithfully reproduced. The excited and turbulent crowd is there, with its blasphemies and shouts of derision. The chief priests and the scribes stand by, full of triumph and scorn. The Roman soldiers, rough and unfeeling, divide among themselves the garments of the Man of Sorrows, and cast lots for his seamless tunic. All this time the three bodies are suspended in the air, and one almost begins to fancy it is a picture or a vision, until at length voices are heard from the crosses on either side, above the storm that rages below. One of the malefactors joins in the blasphemies of the crowd; the other rebukes him, and appeals for mercy to the Saviour suffering by his side. Then the Central Figure, on which the sympathies of all are concentrated, is seen to move its lips, and the well-known words are heard, "Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

As time wears on, the Virgin Mother with Mary Magdalen and Saint John come close up to the cross. When Christ sees his mother standing there, and the disciple that he loves, he says to his mother, "Woman, behold thy son," and to the disciple, "Behold thy mother." And so, one by one, those beautiful sentences fall on the ear which once fell from the

Redeemer's lips on Calvary, until, with a great effort, the last words are pronounced, "It is consummated," and his head falls down lifeless on his breast.

A loud crash, as if of thunder, is heard behind the scenes. Presently a messenger rushes in with the news that the veil of the Temple is rent in twain from top to bottom. The chief priests start back in terror and dismay, and eagerly discoursing among themselves, withdraw from the scene. Then come the executioners to examine the bodies. Finding the thieves still living, they strike them violently with clubs on the legs and chest until they expire. They are coming towards the Christ when Mary Magdalen rushes forward, and with outstretched arms presses them back, exclaiming that they have already done enough. Not much do they care for her interference; but seeing that the Christ is already dead, they are content. Nevertheless a soldier, coming up with a lance, pierces the left side, and a stream of blood gushes out. The bodies of the malefactors are now quickly uncorded and carried away by the executioners; the crowd gradually disperses; and the Christ, still hanging on the cross, is left to the pious care of his friends.

Joseph of Arimathea, who had sought and obtained the necessary authority from Pilate, proceeds to take down the body and prepare it for sepulture. In this he is assisted by Nicodemus, who has come provided with spices. A ladder is placed in front of the cross and another behind it. Joseph mounts in front, and having first, with great tenderness, removed the crown of thorns, receives from Nicodemus, who is on the ladder behind, a long roll of stout linen cloth. This he places across the chest and under the arms of the body; the ends are then taken up behind the shoulders, and passed over the arms of the cross, so as to fall down behind to the ground. They are received below and held fast by two men, while the nails

are slowly, and, as it would seem, with difficulty extracted. Then the linen cloth is gradually relaxed, and the body, supported in front by Joseph, is gently and reverently lowered to the ground. Here it is received on a large linen sheet, and stretched out at length with the head reclining on the lap of the Virgin Mother, as we have so often seen represented in pictures and statuary. Nicodemus now applies his spices; the linen cloth is folded round the body; it is carried, with great reverence, to the sepulchre at the back of the stage; and as they roll up a large stone to close the entrance, the curtain slowly falls.

This long and affecting scene, considered merely from a dramatic point of view, seemed to be as near perfection as human acting well could be; and they who have witnessed it will probably have carried away, in their minds, an image of the Crucifixion which will take the place, as a gifted writer has said, of all the pictures they have ever seen, and all the descriptions they have ever heard. The figure of the Christ hung upon the cross pretty much as we are accustomed to conceive it; but, as I thought, with a beauty of outline such as I had never seen equalled in painting or sculpture. The means by which it is fastened to the cross are, I believe, not exactly known. To the audience there is no support visible but the three nails, and the small rest under the feet. It is, however, generally supposed that the body is mainly suspended by means of a stout strap passing round the waist and attached to the cross behind; that a small elastic band round each wrist helps to support the arms; and that a similar band bears, in part, the weight of the legs. The body hung on the cross exactly eighteen minutes: fifteen from the time that the cross was raised in the air until Nicodemus mounted the ladder, and three more while he was extracting the nails and arranging the linen band by which it was lowered to the ground.

ACT XVII.

THE RESURRECTION.

It has been said more than once by English critics that the play should end with the scene of the crucifixion; for at this point the interest of the audience has been raised to the highest degree of intensity. If the object of the play were simply to produce a powerful dramatic effect, this criticism would be perfectly just. But, happily, the pious villagers of Ober-Ammergau never conceived the idea of turning the passion of our Lord into a sensation drama. It was their high and noble purpose to impress upon common minds, in a vivid and enduring way, the doctrine of the fall and redemption of mankind; and this great lesson would have been incomplete if they left out the final triumph of the Redeemer in his resurrection and glorious ascension.

TABLEAU I. JONAS SAVED FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA, AND CAST UP ON DRY LAND.

—*Jonas ii. Matt. xii. 39, 40.* This tableau, though not very effective as a picture, presents a type of the resurrection which was pointed out by our Lord himself. When the Pharisees arrogantly called on him to work a miracle, he rebuked them, and said that no sign should be given them but the sign of the prophet Jonas. As Jonas, after three days and three nights in the depths of the sea, was delivered safe on dry land by the power of God, so, on the third day after his death, would the Son of Man be delivered from the grave. In the background is the troubled sea, with a ship sailing away in the distance. Nearer is seen the whale, with its vast jaws widely distended; and Jonas is just stepping from the waters on dry land. The choristers, who have resumed their bright robes of many colors, explain the type in song.

TABLEAU II. THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

—*Exod. xiv. 13-31.* In the foreground stand Moses and the children of Israel, who have passed in safety. Farther off, Pharaoh and his hosts are seen struggling with the waves. So, too, the chorus sings, does Christ come forth triumphant from the grave, and so, too, are his enemies overthrown.

Four soldiers are holding guard round the sepulchre in which the Christ was laid. An angel appears, shining brightly, and rolls away the great stone from the entrance; the rumbling

noise of an earthquake is heard; and Christ, encompassed with light, comes forth from the tomb, passes through the group, and quickly disappears. The soldiers, terrified by the noise and dazzled by the light, fall prostrate to the ground, as dead men. After a little they recover, and hurry off to bring the news into the city. Mary Magdalen and the pious women come to the sepulchre with spices and precious ointments. Finding the tomb empty, they are filled with consternation. But an angel consoles them, announcing the joyful tidings: "Fear not; for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, for he is risen, as he said. Come and see the place where the Lord was laid. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and behold, he will go before you into Galilee; there you shall see him." And they went forth quickly with great joy to tell the disciples.

Then the chief priests come back with the soldiers, and seeing that, in truth, the stone was rolled away and the body gone, they offer them money, saying, "You must say his disciples came at night and stole the body while you were asleep." The soldiers take the money, and all consent but one, who stoutly holds out and protests, "By my honor, I'll tell everything just as it occurred." Next come Peter and John, who look into the tomb and go away. Lastly, Mary Magdalen comes again; and to her the Christ appears. At first she takes him for the gardener, and scarcely looks at him: her eyes are fixed on the empty sepulchre. But when she hears from his lips the single word "Maria," she turns quickly round, glances up for a moment, and sinks down at his feet.

CLOSING HYMN OF TRIUMPH.

WITH ALLEGORICAL TABLEAU OF THE ASCENSION.

The choristers enter for the last time, and sing, in joyous strains, a chant of praise and triumph.

" Ueberwunden, überwunden
Hat der Held der Feinde Macht;
Er, Er schlummerte nur Stunden
In der düstern Grabesnacht."

" Singet Ihm in heil'gen Psalmen;
Streuet Ihm des Sieges Palmen;
Auferstanden ist der Herr!
Tauchet Ihm ihr Himmel zu!
Sing' dem Sieger, Erde, du!
Halleluja Dir Erstandner!

" Preis Ihm, dem Todesüberwinder,
Der einst verdammt auf Gabbatha!
Preis Ihm, dem Heiliger der Sünder,
Der für uns starb auf Golgotha!"

" Conquering and to conquer all
Forth He comes in all His might;
Slumbering but a few short hours
In the grave's funereal night.

" Sing to Him in holy psalms!
Strew before Him victory's palms!
Christ the Lord of life is risen!
Sound, O heavens, with anthems meet;
Earth, with songs the Conqueror greet!
Hallelujah! Christ is risen!

" Praise be to Him who conquers death,
Who once was judged on Gabbatha!
Praise be to Him who heals our sins,
Who died for us on Golgotha!"

The curtain rises and a brilliant scene is before us. High in the centre of the background is the Christ, encompassed with a halo of light. His glorified face is turned towards heaven, to which he is about to ascend. His right hand is raised as if to bless; in his left he carries the banner of victory. The wounds in his hands, his feet, and his left side are distinctly visible, and shine with a peculiar radiance. Close to him stand his blessed Mother and his apostles, while around are grouped the saints of the Old Covenant: the patriarchs and prophets, Moses with the Tables of the Law, and David with his harp. At a little distance, on lower ground, are his enemies, humbled and prostrate: the chief priests and the money-changers, Pilate and Herod, the soldiers and the rabble.

All the various figures are motionless except the Saviour, who slowly rises in the air, still looking up to heaven; and the curtain only falls when he seems on the point of passing out of view. Meanwhile the hymn of triumph proceeds:—

" Bring Lob und Preis dem Höchsten dar,
Dem Lamm das getödtet war!
Halleluja!

Das Siegreich aus dem Grab hervor
Sich heb'et im Triumph empor!
Halleluja! Halleluja!

" Ja lasst des Bundes Harfe klingen,
Dass Freude durch die Seele bebt!
Lasst uns dem Sieger Kronen bringen,
Der auferstand und ewig lebt.

" Lobsinget alle Himmelsheere!
Dem Herrn sei Ruhm und Herrlichkeit!
Anbetung, Macht, und Kraft, und Ehre,
Von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit!"

" Praise Him who now on high doth reign!
Praise to the Lamb that once was slain!
Hallelujah!

Praise Him who, glorious from the grave,
Comes forth triumphantly to save!
Hallelujah!

" Let Israel's harp with gladdening sound
Joy through every spirit pour;
He with the conqueror's crown is crowned,
Who died, and lives forevermore.

" O praise Him, all ye hosts of heaven!
To Him all praise and glory be!
To him be adoration given,
Through ages of eternity!"

And so, at a quarter to five in the afternoon, when the summer sun was already sinking to the west, ended the Passion Play which had begun at eight in the morning. The feelings of the audience, for so many hours carefully suppressed, broke forth in a loud murmur of admiration. But there was no clapping of hands, no noisy applause; for every one seemed instinctively to feel that such demonstrations, however natural and well deserved, would be at once unsuited to the sacred character of the play, and unwelcome to the high spirit and the religious earnestness of the performers. The great multitude, as if under the influence of some potent charm, quietly broke up and melted away. A few groups only lingered behind, and with a sort of awe, mingled with curiosity, watched the village actors as they emerged from the rear of the theatre, and modestly wended their way to their rustic homes.

I have endeavored, in the foregoing pages, to give, with very little com-

ment of my own, a plain account of what I saw and heard at the Passion Play; believing that my readers would much prefer to learn exactly what it was, than to hear what I thought about it. But now that my task is nearly done, it will not be out of place to record the effect produced on those who were present, and the impression carried away when the play was over. Nothing is more remarkable than the unanimity with which men of every variety of character, and of widely different positions in society, have expressed themselves on this subject. With very few exceptions, they all agree in saying that the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, as a religious spectacle, is instructive and edifying, while, from an artistic point of view, it is a drama of great power and of absorbing interest.

Here are a few sentences hastily gathered, almost at random, from writers who, to say the least, are free from every suspicion of undue prepossession in favor of the play:—

The "Times" correspondent writes, "I have never seen so affecting a spectacle, or one more calculated to draw out the best and purest feelings of the heart. It is, of course, impossible to answer for the feelings of others; but I can say for myself, and for several other spectators of the play whom I have consulted, that there was nothing from the beginning to the end that need shock the most sensitive religious instinct."

An article in "Macmillan's Magazine," which is commonly ascribed to an eminent divine of high position in the Church of England, bears witness that from this play the "German peasants carry away, graven on their memories, the chief facts and doctrines both of the Old and New Testament, with an exactness such as would be vainly sought in the masses of our poorer population, or even, it may be said, with some of our clergy."

An Englishwoman, writing home, says, "The simple grandeur of the Christ was almost awful. I forgot

all but the wonderful story of our salvation, and cried all day."

"The effect upon all who were present," says a writer for the "Graphic," "was solemn to an extraordinary degree; there was nothing to shock the most sensitive religious instincts, and little for the most critical to disapprove of."

From the same writer we have the following:—

"There was one figure sitting near us during the day,—a well-known face and a well-known name in London society,—whose customary place at that hour in the afternoon was the bow-window of a West End club, who was literally bathed in tears."

An Oxonian gives a striking account of the struggle in his mind between the influence of prejudice and the influence of the play: "All through the play I kept repeating to myself, 'This is a primitive, mediæval, half-civilized peasantry, still sunk in the trammels of priestcraft; it has never known what it is to have an open Bible and a free press; it is deprived of the blessings of the electric telegraph, and is about three hundred years behind the present age.' But it would not do. I could not but confess that I was witnessing not only a beautiful, but a most subtle and delicate and thoughtful rendering of the gospel history."

Even the "Saturday Review" forgets its wonted asperity, and speaks with kindness of the Passion Play, which it regards as "a means of decided moral and intellectual improvement."

And a favorite novelist, the author of "Quits," tells us that her heroine felt that the play "would take the place of all the pictures and statues she had ever seen, and remain indelibly impressed on her mind forever."

To these interesting testimonies I may perhaps be allowed to add the evidence of my own experience. I went to Ober-Ammergau with a prejudice against the Passion Play. It seemed

to me, though I could not exactly tell why, that a certain irreverence was involved in the very idea of such a representation. And, moreover, I greatly feared that, from want of skill on the part of village actors, events the most sacred in the eyes of all Christians would be brought into unpleasant contact with grotesque and ludicrous associations. But no sooner had the play commenced than my prejudices were dispelled. It became at once manifest that a spirit of deep religious reverence pervaded the performance, and that with this was combined a degree of artistic taste which could not fail to win the respect and admiration of every cultivated mind. I was more sensibly impressed than ever I had been by any sermon, however eloquent; and when I left the theatre, I felt that the history of our Lord's passion had been stamped on my mind in a series of vivid pictures which could not easily be effaced.

Nevertheless, I am no advocate for the more frequent repetition of the Passion Play, nor for its extension beyond the village of Ober-Ammergau. The peculiar combination of circumstances which, in the course of many generations, has brought it to its present perfection in this mountain hamlet, could not, I think, be found elsewhere in the world; nor could they long subsist even here without the protection which is afforded by its rare recurrence. The curiosity of visitors would easily degenerate into irreverence, and the simple piety of the people would inevitably suffer from frequent contact with an ever-changing concourse of tourists. The most that I can venture to hope is, that the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau may long continue to be surrounded by the safeguards which have hitherto protected its religious character; and that, as each ten years come round, it may still be repeated in the same earnest spirit of devotion, and with the same artistic taste, from which so many thousands have drawn edifica-

tion and instruction in the summer of 1871.

PETITION ON BEHALF OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

It is with feelings of unmixed pleasure that we hear that the Milanese Society for promoting Catholic Interests has succeeded in obtaining the adhesion of no less than five hundred prelates to a petition, drawn up for presentation to the Holy See by Monsignor the Archbishop of Udine, the object of which is to solicit the extension to Catholic priests in general of the privilege already enjoyed by the clergy of Spain and Portugal, of celebrating three masses on all All Souls' Day in behalf of the souls in purgatory. Amongst the supporters of this most important petition are many Italian, French, German, and English bishops, and it is believed that the names of several others will ere long be added to the list. There is therefore reason to hope that the fondly cherished wish of the late Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., will speedily be fulfilled, and the faithful will shortly have the consolation of knowing that more is to be done to alleviate the sufferings of the holy souls. They are now more than ever in need of our help on account of the lamentable spread of unbelief in the present day, and the misapplication of so many pious legacies caused by the promulgation of laws contrary to religion. The petition mentioned above cannot, therefore, fail to commend itself to every Catholic; and we earnestly entreat our readers to further its success as far as possible by their charitable prayers, and by bringing it under the notice of all who are not insensible to the pains endured by the souls in purgatory.

THE worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

FATHER BURKE.

WE are pleased to inform our readers, that the renowned Rev. THOMAS BURKE, O. P., is again restored to health. The feast and fifth centenary of St. Catherine of Sienna was celebrated with the usual solemnity in the Church of St. Saviour, Lower Dominick Street, Dublin, a solemn Triduum preparatory to the feast having been observed during the week. The announcement that that distinguished member of the Order and prince of Irish preachers, Father Thomas Burke, O. P., whose eloquent tongue has been so long silent in consequence of his severe and protracted illness, was to preach the sermon on the occasion, had the effect, as might have been expected, of filling the church to overflowing with a congregation largely representative of the wealth and the intelligence of the city of Dublin. We are happy to say that the great Dominican, of whose unrivalled genius and power as a pulpit orator his fellow-countrymen at home and abroad are so justly proud, is almost himself again. He looks as strong and as capable of unlimited endurance as ever. His fine, manly voice, with its rich and racy Connaught brogue, is every whit as powerful and flexible as ever, his tall, muscular figure every whit as commanding, and his incomparable style of delivery as forcible and impressive. That his recovery may prove complete and permanent, and that he may be spared to the Church for many a long year to come in the noble fulfilment of his important mission, will be the prayer and the aspiration, we feel assured, of the bulk of those who read these lines.

Father Burke, wearing the habit of his Order, which seems rather to increase his stalwart proportions, entered the pulpit and pronounced an eloquent and interesting panegyric on the life and labors and superhuman

achievements of that remarkable woman of God, St. Catherine of Sienna, who has always been regarded as one of the especial glories of the Dominican Order. He spoke with the earnestness and the ardor of a devoted son, and in glowing and animated language set forth as in a picture the austerities and mortifications of her early life, the struggles and trials through which she had to pass, and finally, the triumphant issue which crowned her supernatural efforts. Among the many blessings and favors of Almighty God to his saints were those that their memory should be remembered, that their name should never be forgotten, that their glory should never perish on this earth. To attain to this was the highest ambition of man in this world. How few there were who attained to this, was attested by the fact that the highest and the greatest names in history, even for 6,000 years of the world's history, were easily counted. To live not merely as a remembrance but as a living body, to live not only as a memory but in the hearts of the people, — this highest immortality was reserved for the saints of God. Their name and their glory and their glorious deeds never pale; their name shall live for generations and generations. They fled from the notice of men; they tried to rid themselves from the gaze of the world; they kept the secret of their sanctity and their grace most jealously; they seemed in no manner to court or countenance the notice of men, much less their admiration; they fled from the world; the things that men sought they gave up and renounced; the things that gave pleasure to the children of their age gave them but pain: and yet, strange to say, this very modesty and retirement of disposition wrought the most wonderful influence upon the world, purified society, and conferred the most last-

ing blessings upon all men. Dying, the saints left behind them an immortal name. They gained immortality by dying daily. They lived in fame because they fled from fame. How strange a way to achieve undying immortality! A thoroughly singular example of this they had to consider that day. On April 29, 1380, five hundred years ago to a day, Catherine of Sienna died at Rome. She was a purely illiterate woman, without any phase of remarkable beauty, with scarcely any perceptible element of merely human power or accomplishment, and only enriched with the grace and the glory which Christ himself had given her; and yet to-day, after five hundred years had elapsed, her name was in the minds and on the lips of hundreds of millions of the faithful of the Catholic Church. Loving hearts by the thousand contemplated her. Curious and pious minds examined her life that they might conform their own lives to that high standard. We would find it our advantage to study somewhat a life which was enriched by so much grace, and rewarded with so much glory; but we could not enter into the life nor appreciate the character of this wonderful, saintly woman, unless we contemplated the circumstances of the age in which she lived. He confessed that nowhere in the records of history was there so dark or so terrible a page as that which recorded the history of Italy at that very time. The whole country was broken up into small, independent, warlike, and turbulent republics, and distracted by the sanguinary feuds of dukes and princes. There was no security for life or property. In addition to these public evils there was another evil which affected the social and domestic life, and that was the spirit of faction. Disunion came in amongst the people, dividing every family, every village, every city, into opposite camps. They fought amongst themselves with the bitterest determination and cruelty. The father was slain by his own son according as they embraced different fac-

tions. There was not a spot of the land that was not stained with blood. But in addition to all these evils that sprang from the perversity and wickedness of man, heaven was angry. A terrible famine came upon the land, and was succeeded by plague and pestilence which carried off the people in thousands. But there was another evil which was counted by many the greatest of all. The pope was no longer in Rome. Forty years before, the Papal See had been removed from the Eternal City; and for seventy years the pope was exiled in Avignon, until at last Catherine of Sienna brought him back in triumph. The distinguished preacher told the entire story of St. Catherine's eventful life, from the day on which, when six years of age, by a perpetual vow, she consecrated her virginity to God; described the domestic persecutions to which she was subjected, her spiritual trials, her miraculous conversions, her public preaching among the rebellious people of Florence and neighboring cities, the grand success of her divinely directed mission, and her happy death. He referred in conclusion to the glorious title of Protectress of the Holy See, conferred upon her by the illustrious pontiff Pius IX., alluded to the present occupation of the Eternal City by hungry wretches and usurpers who cursed the hour that they had left Florence, and expressed his confident belief that the day would come — not perhaps in our generation — when perhaps another Catherine of Sienna would arise, bring back the pope to his throne in the Vatican, and bring Rome to her knees.

EDWARD YOUNG tells us, "Death loves a shining mark," "A fool at forty is a fool indeed"; but alas for his knowledge of human nature when he tells us, "Man wants but little, nor that little long."

CHEERFULNESS makes the mind clearer, gives tone to thought, and adds grace and beauty to the countenance.

LOUGH DERG AND ITS PILGRIMAGES.

CHAPTER XI.

DREADFUL TRAGEDY AT LOUGH DERG —
RAYMOND, COUNT DE PERILLEAUX — THE
DUTCH MONK — SUPPRESSION OF THE CAVE
ON SAINTS' ISLAND.

In the year 1397, King Richard II. granted a safe-conduct to Raymond, Count de Perilleaux, Knight of Rhodes and Chamberlain to the king of France, who came on pilgrimage to Lough Derg, accompanied by a retinue of twenty men and thirty horses. In connection with this event a thrilling story is told in the "Dublin Penny Journal" of June 25, 1836. It is there narrated how Count Raymond and another knight, named Ugolino, had been serving in the wars against the Moslems; that Ugolino had been the means of saving his life, and that at the close of the Crusade, Raymond persuaded Ugolino to accompany him to his home. Whilst there, notwithstanding the disparity of rank and family, a close intimacy sprung up between Ugolino and Raymond's sister, Madoline de Perilleaux. Raymond, happening to find that they were pledged to marry, in a fit of passion plunged his dagger into his sister's breast, thus putting her to death for the honor of his house. Ugolino, when he found that she had been killed, vowed that he would never rest until that same poignard should pierce the breast of her murderer.

Count Raymond, tortured in conscience for his crime, proceeded on pilgrimage to Lough Derg, in order to appease the wrath of heaven. The story graphically proceeds:

"It was a beautiful evening in the autumn of 1397, and the flood of rich yellow light from the setting sun bathed the wooded shores of Lough Derg, tipping with gold the waves on its surface. At this time the naked hills,*

* In a visit which the writer paid to Lough Derg, on the 4th September, 1877, he observed on a portion of the mountain in the possession of a family named Gallagher, the stems and wide-spreading roots of two enormous fir trees, from above which the peaty surface had been

which now surround the lake, were covered with majestic woods of oak and beech, and fringed with a thick copse of brushwood to the water's edge.

"The little island on which was situated St. Patrick's Purgatory† lay about a mile from the shore, resembling some dark spot in the midst of flowing silver.

"The ferryman was reposing on a grassy knoll at the verge of the lake, waiting to ferry over the pilgrims as they made their appearance. While he thus lay, with his *bairéad* (cap or hat) thrown over his eyes, to keep off the rays of the sun, a pilgrim, toil and travel stained, arrived at the bank, and stood beside the unconscious ferryman. He was a fine, tall young fellow, clad in the usual garb of a religious wanderer of the period. His face was thin and pale, but full of life and animation. He was clad in the humble garments of a palmer, yet his mien and motion were those of one used to associate with the proud and noble. After a little the pilgrim pointed with his staff towards the island, as if indicating a wish to be ferried over; on which the ferryman directed his attention to the setting sun, as an intimation that the hour had passed, and then pointed to a cottage at the end of the wood,

cut. This is evidence that at a remote period, when our climate was much more temperate, large trees grew among these mountains, which are now so bare and barren.

† As an instance of the fame of the Purgatory during the fourteenth century may be noticed the following letter, to which my attention was drawn through the kindness of Mrs. Atkinson, of Fairview, Dublin, a literary Catholic lady of great ability. Mrs. Atkinson writes: "This is a letter of St. Catherine of Siena, addressed to a certain *Don Giovanni*, a monk in the Certosa at Rome, who was sorely tempted and in great trouble of mind, because he could not obtain permission to make a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory in Ireland. The letter is a beautiful discourse on obedience and patience, and is of considerable length. In the end she strongly counsels the troubled religious to surrender his own will in everything, but especially in the matter which she has heard of from the visitor. The editor of 'Le Lettere di S. Caterina da Siena' (Firenze, 1860) gives a short account of the legend of St. Patrick's Purgatory in a note to this letter, which is in Vol. III., and numbered 201."

plainly intimating to the pilgrim that he should be content with a share of the shelter and hospitality of his humble roof till morning.

"The stranger bowed in thankfulness, laying the forefinger of his right hand impressively on his lips, and raising the other towards the blue vault of heaven. He then crossed both with an expressive gesture on his breast, and hung down his head in silence.

"*'Ay, ay!'* uttered the boatman, in an undertone, 'a vow to hold his peace—some terrible crime to be atoned for by the severity of the penance—and in one so young too'; and with a glance upwards of astonishment and thankfulness to heaven, he led the way to his cabin. The evening sun had gone down behind the western hills, and the gloom of coming night was darkening the deep brown woods. The song of the robin and the thrush was hushed, and the pilgrim was seated beside the cheerful hearth of the ferryman, silent and motionless, and wrapt up in the shadowy stillness of profound meditation.

"On a sudden, however, the ferryman was startled on hearing the notes of a bugle-horn, which came pealing from the woods. He started to his feet, for such sounds were seldom heard on the peaceful shores of the Lake of Penance; and on going out, he observed a rain of horsemen issuing from the woods.

"The person who rode in front, and who appeared to be the chief, was mounted on a beautiful charger of the true Arabian breed. He was dressed in black. A mantle of velvet, lined with silk, depended from his shoulders, under which he wore a doublet of fine cloth, braided with twisted cords of silk, and fitting closely to the body. He also wore a broad-brimmed hat, from which drooped a solitary black feather, shadowing features proud, stern, and repulsive in their expression. The rest of the attendants were clad in much the same fashion, except a few, who were fully equipped and

armed. They appeared as if after a long journey. They were evidently men from a foreign land, for they used much gesture, and spoke in a strange tongue. Tents were immediately pitched on the shores of the lake, and fires lighted, and a hurry and bustle continued among the strangers till a late hour, and a strict guard was placed on the pavilion of him who appeared to be their chief.

"Shortly after, the noble chieftain embarked for the island, and without an attendant; on reaching which, he hurried for the cell at which Raymond de Perilleaux was making his devotions. He advanced with a quick and rapid movement, till he came within a few feet of the holy shrine, at which he found him. He then called out in a loud exclamation:—

"*'We have met here alone, and face to face at last, Raymond, Count of Perilleaux. Can you pray to heaven? You, with the blood of innocence crying to that heaven for vengeance against you! Can you ask for pardon, or hope for mercy, whose heart was closed against the pleading of the virtuous and the innocent? Can you hope for peace while my vow of revenge is unpaid, and the dagger yet unstained with thy blood? Raymond of Perilleaux, know you not that while I lived, my life was devoted to your destruction? Now, say your last prayer,'* and he drew his blood-stained dagger.

"*'Mercy, mercy, Ugolino!'* uttered Raymond, in a trembling and distressed voice. It was all soon over; he raised up the dagger, and buried it to the very hilt in the heart of the wretched count.

"The murdered victim never groaned—his lips were seen to move in prayer; he staggered forward a few paces, and fell heavily against the steps of the little altar, where he expired."*

According to a pretty general opin-

* I have transcribed the abridged account of this tragedy as given in that highly interesting "Handbook of Southwestern Donegal," the author of which is one of the most accomplished and esteemed parish priests in "Old Tyrconnell."

ion, or popular superstition, which prevailed amongst the peasantry of Ireland down to recent times, wherever a murder or other tragic event occurred, the spot where such murder was committed was supposed to be haunted for long after by the ghost or spirit of the victim. Hence, such ghost stories are generally the most reliable traditional evidence respecting the commission of certain dark deeds, even at a remote period, and often indicate the scene of such crimes with the greatest precision.

The tragic death of Count Raymond also gave rise to a ghost story at Lough Derg. The local residents relate that, down to modern times, a ghost, habited in the garb of a pilgrim of the olden time, used to pace up and down the island during the still hours of evening twilight.

This dreadful tragedy cast a gloom over Lough Derg; and it would seem as if it were but the forerunner of a train of evils which were to fall upon this sanctuary, and which were to avenge the outraged majesty of God for the desecration of his holy place.

Such repute did this Western Purgatory acquire, that about the period at which we have arrived, its bequests and revenues had so increased as to afford ground, not merely for grave responsibility in their administration, but also for considerable jealousy as to their allocation. Raymond Maguire, an Augustinian, was prior of the Purgatory in the year 1455. Donald M'Grath, who was probably coarb of the termon lands, and Thomas M'Creanyre, abbot of SS. Peter and Paul's at Armagh, probably on account of his monastery having been the mother-house of the establishment at Lough Derg, strove to prevent Raymond Maguire, its prior, from disposing of the proceeds from the Purgatory. Maguire appealed to the metropolitan and to Rome, with the result that the community at Lough Derg were confirmed in their title to the religious offerings at the place, and the others were ordered, under pain of

excommunication, to give no further annoyance.

Under the year 1462, the "Four Masters" relate that "the prior of Devenish, *i. e.*, Bartholomew, the son of Hugh O'Flanagan, died at Lough Derg." This was the prior who repaired or rebuilt the great abbey church of Devenish, as appears from the celebrated inscribed stone of Devenish, a full description of which will be found in that highly interesting and valuable handbook, Wakeman's "Guide to Lough Erne."

While the fame of St. Patrick's Purgatory had spread abroad, an incident occurred which for a time tended to mar its celebrity. A monk from Eymstede, in Holland, hearing of the fame of this Western pilgrimage, and of the visions vouchsafed to the pious votaries at that retreat, as related in the poetic tales of the period, came to the determination of going thither, and of testing the accuracy of the sensational stories related of it. Having arrived at the island, the prior, before admitting him to the cave, required that he should first obtain the bishop's permission. The bishop, in granting leave, required that he should pay the customary fee for admission. These fees were to be expended on keeping the churches and other buildings on the island in a suitable state of repair. The monk, now rendered doubly censorious and querulous, at length gained admittance to the cave, and expected, as a matter of course, that he should be favored with the self-same visions with which others were said to have been privileged. His expectations, however, were not realized. The every-day painful exercises of penance were all the sights to be witnessed in this earthly Purgatory. Disappointed and chagrined, he went straight to Rome, and laid a most damaging report of the Purgatory before the pontiff then reigning, Alexander VI. He represented the exactions of the prior, prince, and bishop of the island, — "*Omnes enim petierunt pecuniam.*" He mentioned his own experiences of

it, — that he had not been favored with those glimpses of future punishment and bliss which were ascribed to it. His words added force to prejudices already forming against it over the Continent, and thus its temporary suppression was determined upon, until such times as the abuses complained of should be remedied.

In the “Annals of the Four Masters” there is found no allusion to the closing of the cave on Saints’ Island by order of the pope; mention is made of it, however, in the “Annals of Ulster.” The reason assigned by the Bollandists and the “Annals of Ulster” for the suppression of the cave are quite different. The Bollandists say it was ordered to be closed because it had become “an occasion of shameful avarice.” It would appear as if they grounded their opinion on the report of the monk of Eymstede; and however it may have precipitated the action of Rome in the matter, we have yet to learn whether it was the only cause to draw forth that decision. The reason for its suppression, as set forth in the “Annals of Ulster,” I hold to be much more tenable; namely, “that it was not the Purgatory which the Lord had shown to St. Patrick.” On this subject no better authority could be adduced than the compiler of the “Annals of Ulster,” the celebrated Cathal Maguire: for he was not only deeply versed in his country’s lore above all his contemporaries, but was also, at the time of the edict in question, a high dignitary and official of the diocese in which the Purgatory is situated; and over and above all this, he was appointed by the pope to assist in carrying out the papal decree, and hence we may reasonably presume that he was fully acquainted with the causes which led to this decree.

In the words of the “Annals of Ulster”: “A. D. 1497. The cave of Patrick’s Purgatory in Lough Gerg was destroyed about the festival of St. Patrick this year, by the Guardian of Donegal and by the representative of the bishop in the dean-

ery of Lough Erne” (*i. e.*, Cathal Maguire), “by authority of the pope, the people in general having understood from the history of the knight, and other old books, that this was not the Purgatory which St. Patrick obtained from God, though the people in general were visiting it.”

Now, as this Cathal or Charles Maguire was one of the most illustrious sons of the diocese of Clogher, and one of the most distinguished Irish ecclesiastics in any age, I will be pardoned for giving his obit as recorded by Roderick O’Cassidy in the “Annals of Ulster,” which were brought by Maguire from A. D. 444 down to 1498, the year of his death, and continued by O’Cassidy to the year 1541. O’Cassidy writes: “Anno Domini 1498. A great mournful news throughout all Ireland this year, viz., the following: Cathal Oge MacManus Maguire died this year. He was canon chorister at Armagh, and in the bishopric of Clogher, and dean of Lough Erne, and pastor of Inniskeen, in Lough Erne, and the representative of a bishop” (*i. e.*, vicar-general) “for fifteen years before his death. He was a precious stone, a bright gem, a luminous star, a treasury of wisdom, and a fruitful branch of the Canon; and a fountain of charity, meekness, and mildness; a dove in purity of heart, and a turtle in chastity; the person to whom the *literati*, and the poor, and the destitute paupers of Ireland were most thankful; one who was full of grace and wisdom in every science to the time of his death, in law, physic, and philosophy, and in all the Gaelic sciences; and one who made, gathered, and collected this book from many other books. He died of *Galar Breac*” (the small-pox) “on the tenth of the calends of April, being Wednesday, *lwo. anno ætatis sue*. And let every person, who shall read and profit by this book, give a blessing on the soul of MacManus” (*i. e.*, Cathal Maguire).

In the decree of Pope Alexander

VI., we can observe the vigilant care with which the Church guards her holy places against even the least infringement of the established and authorized discipline. "Holy Church," says one of our great writers, "neither admits nor encourages, even by silence, anything contrary to truth, virtue, or piety." Hence, in the case of Lough Derg, she did not hesitate to interrupt that pilgrimage until the abuses complained of had been removed. But, as the interval during which it was closed was only of short duration, we may conclude that Rome soon after lent its sanction to the place; and thus the pilgrimage, without further let or hindrance from the ecclesiastical authorities, has ever since maintained its salutary influence throughout the long ordeal of persecution which swept over and laid desolate most of the other religious institutions of our country.

CHAPTER XII.

REOPENING OF THE PILGRIMAGE—SITE OF THE CAVERNA PURGATORII—CHANGE OF PILGRIMAGE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY—ITS JURISDICTION, IN WHOM VESTED—THE COURSE OF PENANCE AND DEVOTION THERE PERFORMED DURING THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

THAT the pilgrimage of St. Patrick's Purgatory remained closed but for a brief period seems certain. It is stated that George Cromer, Archbishop of Armagh, made a strong appeal to Rome in favor of its reopening; and that, acceding to his solicitations, Pius III., who succeeded to the papacy in 1503, recalled the bull of Pope Alexander, and issued another, granting indulgences to the pilgrims and certain faculties to the community of Lough Derg, which bull has ever since continued in force. Messingham (*Florilegium*, p. 125) states that, on the nature of its devotions being explained to the Holy See, indulgences were attached to this pilgrimage before the close of the sixteenth century.

So soon after the closing of the cave as 1504 we find that the prior in

charge of it was the Rev. Turlough, or Terrence, Maguire, of whom the following notice is recorded in the "Annals of the Four Masters": "1504. Turlough Maguire, who had been canon chorister at Clogher, pastor of Derryvullen, and prior of Lough Derg, fell down a stone staircase at the town of Athboy, about the festival of St. Patrick, and died of the fall, and he was buried in the monastery of Cavan."*

Nor did the edict of Alexander VI. deter foreign pilgrims from visiting this sanctuary as of old, as we may fairly deduce from the following notable instance, taken from the Annals already referred to:—

"Anno 1516. A French knight came upon his pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory on Lough Gerg, and on his arrival and at his departure he visited O'Donnell, from whom he received great honors, gifts, and presents; and they formed a great intimacy and friendship with each other, and the knight, upon hearing that the castle of Sligo was defended against O'Donnell, promised to send him a ship with great guns."

The question as to where the purgatorial cave was originally situated remains as yet surrounded with a good deal of uncertainty. By writers on the subject it is generally supposed to have been on Saints' Island; but I am inclined to hold that, before the Augustinians became occupants of the place in the twelfth century, this cave was situated on the "Island of the Purgatory," now called Station Island. This opinion is supported by the authority of Giraldus Cambrensis, who, soon after Henry of Saltrey's narrative had appeared, wrote an account of this country, in which he referred to Lough Derg. From this account it would appear that the cave was not in his time on Saints' Island, but on the smaller island, evidently the present Station Island. Other

*In 1480 this was chosen as a burial-place by his kinsman, Thomas Oge Maguire, an illustrious pilgrim.

writers, also, inclined to the same opinion, though they may have rested their authority on Giraldus' statement. This conjecture is strengthened by the reason assigned in the "Annals of Ulster" for the closing of the cave, — namely, that "it was not the cave shown by God to St. Patrick," — as well as by the fact that, after the decree of suppression, Station Island was thenceforward chosen as the place of pilgrimage. Hence we may fairly argue that the place of purgation or penance may have been originally, as at present, on Station Island; here, too, St. Patrick may have prayed and done penance; and here those visions regarding the future state of suffering and of bliss may have been witnessed. By accepting this opinion it would follow that the Canons Regular had established another *Caverna Purgatorii* on Saints' Island, for the twofold purpose of having it convenient to their monastery, and of saving themselves and the pilgrims from the difficulty and danger of the lake passage.

The Most Rev. Peter Lombard, archbishop of Armagh, who wrote his *Commentarius de Regno Hibernie* in the year 1600, — about a hundred years after the edict of suppression, — says that in his time the guardianship of the Purgatory remained in the hands of the Augustinians, but the pilgrimage was conducted on Station Island. His words are: "On the other island" (Saints' Island) "is a convent of St. Augustine, subject to the abbot and monastery of SS. Peter and Paul, situated in the see of Armagh. Yet he, who on this lake is chief of the monks, is honored with the title of Prior of the Purgatory. Two of these monks always reside in turn on the Island of the Purgatory, to receive and instruct, as spiritual fathers, those pilgrims who come there to expiate their sins."

And speaking of the Island of the Purgatory, the present Station Island, the same Dr. Lombard writes: "In it

are situated the following holy places, which are thus separate respectively from each other: In the first place, an elegant church, surrounded by a cemetery; in which church, along with certain other relics of St. Patrick, is preserved in the wall the stone on which the saint used to repose his head instead of a pillow. Secondly, a grotto a few paces to the north of the church, which is variously termed the Cave of the Purgatory, the Purgatory of St. Patrick, and even St. Patrick's Pit, which, though it is now almost on a level with the ground in its vicinity, was formerly of very great depth; but in the lapse of time and on different occasions, as tradition has it, both by the ordinance of successive bishops, and with the approval of the Roman pontiffs, it has thus become gradually raised to the surface of the earth about it. Its length, width, and height are such as to admit of twelve, or at most fourteen persons, arranged two and two in order, not standing erect, but profoundly inclined. Its walls and roof are of stone. At one side there is a small window, at which those bound to read the canonical hours are placed; and at its extreme end lies a stone, on which St. Patrick used to pray on bended knees, and which still retains the impression of his knees. This stone covers the mouth of that dread abyss, which is said to have been formed at the prayers of the saint. Thirdly, beyond this cave, and facing the north, are seven cells or stations, in memory of the more distinguished saints of Ireland, which cells are called *lecti ponosi*. Fourthly, on the opposite side of the church, towards the west, stand some inns or cottages for the accommodation of the pilgrims." Dr. Lombard then proceeds to describe the penitential devotions of the pilgrimage, which substantially correspond with accounts given by later writers, hereafter to be noticed. His information regarding the place he received from persons who made the pilgrimage a few years previously. And he adds that

the form of penance there observed was practised by such numbers that the English deputy could neither prevent them nor attempt to desecrate the place itself.

In this description, as given by Dr. Lombard, we have a fair outline of Station Island as it was about three hundred years ago. Allowing that the church of the pilgrims stood where St. Mary's Church now stands; that the cave was situated convenient to the present campanile (and this is confirmed by the remains of a narrow building, corresponding with the dimensions of the cave, which may be seen at either side of the campanile, and which tradition points to as part of the cave), which would be certainly "a few paces to the north of the church"; that the penal beds held the same position they now occupy, "beyond the cave, and facing the north"; that the inns or cells stood where the presbytery and line of lodging-houses now stand, "on the opposite side of the church, towards the west,"—we are thus enabled to indentify Dr. Lombard's outline and references. In his description what perplexes us most is his reference to a cemetery, seeing that the cemetery is situated on Saints' Island. Dr. Lombard, however, may have borrowed his phraseology from the situation of the church and cave in former times on Saints' Island, and to have drawn in this instance on the language of Henry of Saltrey, who describes the cave as being *in cœmeterio extra frontem ecclesiæ*. Besides, it is worthy of note that in opening the foundations of St. Mary's new church in 1870, human bones, some of which I have lately seen on the island, were discovered. These remains, which are in a remarkable state of preservation, would sustain the statement made by Dr. Lombard, that the church on Station Island had in his time a cemetery attached to it.

The topography of the Island of the Purgatory during the early part of the seventeenth century is also pretty accurately given in Sir James Ware's

Antiquities of Ireland (London, 1654), where we find a description of St. Patrick's Purgatory, together with a map of the island on which the pilgrimage was then conducted. The island marked on his map must be Station Island; for he describes pretty accurately its extent as being scarce three quarters of an Irish acre, whereas Saints' Island is fully ten times as large. This island is represented on his map as somewhat circular, whereas Station Island is in form an oblong strip of rock; but this may be accounted for by the circular appearance which it certainly presents from the shore of the lake. Ware thus describes the island, the church, the cave, and the circles or "beds":—

"It is to be noted that the circles, commonly called 'beds,' enclosed with stone walls scarce three feet high, were the places where the pilgrims performed their penance. As to the cave itself, it was built of free-stone, and covered with broad flags, and green turf laid over them. The door being shut, there is no light but what enters at a little window in the corner. It is in length, within the walls, sixteen feet and a half, and in breadth two feet one inch. And as the cave itself is small, so likewise is the island, which is scarce three quarters of an Irish acre. The church of the island was heretofore called *Regles*:* whether so from the relics there preserved, or because inhabited by Regular Canons, let others inquire."

On Sir James Ware's map are marked the Regles, or church,—a cruciform building, the exact model and on the site of the old St. Mary's Church; St. Patrick's Cross; the *Caverna*, near it to the left; "*circulus vel lectus S. Brigidæ, lectus S. Catharine, S. Columbe, S. Brendani, lectulus S. Abogi et Molasri et sti Patrickii*"; and there are also seven little lodging-houses represented round the margin of the island.

It would appear that the place of

* A church erected by St. Columbkille at Derry was known as the *Duibh Regles*.

pilgrimage on Lough Derg, although territorially surrounded by the parish of Templecarn, formed in itself a distinct and separate jurisdiction from a very remote period. Originally, indeed, the community at Lough Derg may have ministered to the spiritual wants of the district known as Termon-Magrath; but in the thirteenth or fourteenth century a parish church was erected at Templecarn, and a pastor appointed to the benefice, thus leaving the monks undivided charge of the monastery and of the pilgrimage. That this conjecture is well founded would appear from the fact that in 1504 Turlough Maguire, who was prior of Lough Derg, was then pastor of Derryvullen, which clearly suggests that the priorate of Lough Derg and the pastorate of Termon-Magrath were two distinct offices and jurisdictions. Again, it is stated in the "Memoir of Most Rev. Peter Lombard," by the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, that Hugh O'Neil, earl of Tyrone, claimed and obtained from the Holy Father, in the year 1609, the restoration of the right of appointment to certain benefices, in the list of which Termon-Magrath is included. It is most unlikely, however, that the right of nominating the prior of Lough Derg was included in that concession; whence it would seem to follow that Lough Derg was then, as now, a distinct jurisdiction. Nor can I find any record in ancient or modern times of any pastor of Templecarn* having been prior of Lough Derg, or of having exercised any parochial jurisdiction there, or of having exercised any spiritual jurisdiction there, except under the sanction and delegation of the bishop of the diocese. The Au-

gustinian canons conducted the pilgrimage till their expulsion in 1632. Next, Franciscan friars had charge of it till towards the close of the last century, when the bishop of Clogher (in which diocese Lough Derg lies) appointed one of the secular clergy of his diocese to officiate as prior. Since that time a prior and assistant confessors for the pilgrims are annually appointed by the bishop of the diocese. And it is but just to add that, under the paternal care of the bishop and clergy of Clogher, Lough Derg has flourished as a pilgrimage, maintained its hold on the affections of the faithful, braved triumphantly many obstacles and enemies, and, after centuries of persecutions, still continues to be the proudest heritage of Ireland's faith and piety.

That Lough Derg was visited by great numbers of pilgrims during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is put beyond doubt by the testimony of the Bollandists (March 17, p. 590), who say that in the sixteenth century it was visited by 1,500 pilgrims at the same time; and Archbishop Fleming, of Dublin, tells us that in 1625 many had to return without finding room to land on the island. I here insert the account of this pilgrimage, written by Dr. Fleming to the Internuncio at Brussels, on the 20th of August, 1625, from which we may infer what the course of penance at this pilgrimage then was:—

"The pious and innumerable pilgrimages of the faithful this year are a pledge of great fervor; for, like bees to the beehive, there daily flock such numbers from every corner of the kingdom, for penitential purposes, to a certain island, which is called the Purgatory of St. Patrick, and which is situated in the centre of a lake, that many have been obliged to return without satisfying their pious desire, there being no room for landing on the island. This pilgrimage, though, through the bitter persecutions of heresy, it has been almost abandoned for many years, was once so celebrated

*The only instance I can find of a parish priest of Templecarn having been also prior of Lough Derg is that given by the Rev. Mr. Hewson, who visited the island in the beginning of August, 1701. He states: "On the ninth day (about two in the morning), the titular priest of the parish (whom they call Prior) puts them into the caves, one of which holds thirty, another sixteen, and another fourteen persons, the men and women separately."

throughout the Christian world, that many from the most distant parts even of the continent visited it in a spirit of devotion. The manner of performing the pilgrimage, as it is now observed from ancient tradition, is as follows: Each person, from the day he arrives on the island till the tenth following day, never departs from it. All this time is, without intermission, devoted to fasting, watching, and prayer. If they wish to give rest to their body they must sleep on the bare ground, and for the most part under the broad canopy of heaven. They receive but one refec-tion, and that consists of bread and water. It is incredible what severe austerities and bodily mortifications females, as well as men, and persons of every age and condition, endure whilst they perform this penitential course. During twenty-four hours they are shut up in certain caves like unto prisons, where they pass the whole day and night, entirely absorbed in prayer, and receiving nothing to eat or to drink.

"I have thought it well to mention this fact, for I am sure your Excellency will be rejoiced to see that the natives of this island, by this so great and so unparalleled an impetus of devotion, seek to appease the anger of God; and we may confidently hope that by their fervor He will be appeased, who listens to the prayers of those who have recourse to Him in their afflictions."

The contemporary writer, Messing-ham (p. 95), describes the course of penance, as then performed on Lough Derg, more in detail: "During the nine days of the pilgrimage," he says, "a rigorous fast was observed on oaten bread and water of the lake. The pilgrim was first conducted bare-foot to the Church of St. Patrick, around which he moved on his knees, seven times inside and seven times outside, repeating all the while stated prayers of the Church. He was then conducted to seven places, or stations, known as *lecti poenosi*, which were

formerly small churches, or sanctuaries, dedicated to various saints; and at each of these he repeated the visit as above. The next station was around a cross in the cemetery, and subsequently at another cross that was fixed in a mound of stones. Thence he proceeded, over a rough and rocky path, to a spot on the border of the lake, to which tradition pointed as the place on which St. Patrick had knelt in prayer. Here also certain prayers were appointed to be recited. All this pilgrimage and prayer was repeated three times each day — morning, noon, and evening — during the first seven days; on the eighth day it was repeated six times; confession and communion followed on the morning of the ninth day; and then the pilgrims entered the cave, where twenty-four hours were devoted to fasting and meditation. Any that chose not to enter the cave passed these twenty-four hours in solitude at one of the former stations."

Carve states that, besides their fasting, watching, and other bodily austerities, the pilgrims offered prayers to God for the common welfare of the Church, and for the preservation of true peace and concord amongst all Christians.

But the darkest day in the history of Lough Derg is drawing near, when the Calvinists, under government orders, desecrated and demolished this sanctuary, on which Primate Lombard bestowed the distinguished title of being "the most celebrated and holy place in Ireland"; when the apostate English determined to destroy that shrine of religion, where their forefathers in the Ages of Faith had done penance, where King Aldfred of Northumbria had prayed to St. Patrick before his return to England from the schools of Mayo and Lisgoole, and where Harold, afterwards king of England (not to speak of many other princes and nobles of that country, who had done likewise), made pilgrimage about the year 1050 to the "miraculous cave of St. Patrick." Of

the doom which awaited Lough Derg at the hands of the Calvinists, let the following chapter bear evidence.

To be continued.

GLADSTONE.

Dublin "Freeman's Journal."

GLADSTONE is again Prime Minister of the Queen and Premier of England. Like Lord Beaconsfield, who is five years his senior, Mr. Gladstone will then have been twice what is called Prime Minister; and like his predecessor, and indeed rival too, it is curious that he had held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer three times, the last time filling it conjointly with the Premiership. Here, however, the parity ceases; for while Mr. Gladstone is the ablest and most brilliant financier that England ever saw minister, Mr. Disraeli was as unquestionably the most superficial and incapable. "Loyalty to conscience" has been, we think, truly divined to be the leading principle in Mr. Gladstone's character. Every one knows that he entered on political life as a Tory, and during his earlier campaign in Midlothian he himself tellingly recalled the principles sustained by the great Sir Robert Peel, showing that the men who go by the name Tory or Conservative nowadays are still further estranged from the doctrines of the old, dead chief than he who had become liberal leader. We have, perhaps, before narrated how one day, more than forty years ago, it is told that a servant handed a new book to Sir Robert Peel in the library at Drayton Manor, and in the presence of some of the statesman's friends and guests Sir Robert turned over a few of the leaves and then flung from him the book, exclaiming, "Confound that young fellow; if he goes on writing stuff of this kind he will ruin his future. Why can't he stick to politics?" The book was "Church and State," and the youthful author — the new Prime Minister. Since that time he stuck to politics indeed; but he found time, too

(we were about to say too much time, perhaps), for literature, even of a polemical kind. His amazing grasp, industry, and versatility are said to be derived with his descent, which blends the emotional blood of the Highlander with the severe self-restraint of the Lowlands. He was born in Liverpool, but his father, Sir John Gladstone, of whom he is the fourth son, was originally a ship-owner and merchant of Leith; while on his mother's side he is of the Mackenzies of Kentail, who had at different periods intermingled in their veins the royal blood of Plantagenet and Bruce. Mr. Gladstone's political career is the history of the half-century from the Repeal of the Corn Laws to the Disestablishment of the Irish Church and the Land Act of 1870. In each and every reform he took a prominent part, whether in abolishing the taxes upon knowledge, removing religious disabilities, sweeping away purchase in the army, purifying elections by the ballot, extending the franchise of the people, introducing a national system of education, — in all he was towering in the thick of the fight, and in all heading the battalions of liberty. He has now, after an exile from office of six years, been borne into power again by even a greater and more powerful and more enthusiastic multitude than when in 1868 he reigned supreme over the liberal host. His programme now, too, let us hope, will be a fit continuation of the career whose most salient incidents we have cursorily recalled.

YOUNG man, don't waste your energies in attempting to wear too delicate a shade of clothes; the girls don't care for them. Their own finery occupies their attention.

DRYDEN says, "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are children of a growth," and "Through thick and thin." "No pent-up Utica contracts our power," declared Jonathan Sewall.

ICELAND ORIGINALLY SETTLED BY IRISH CATHOLICS.

In an able paper in the New York "Herald" of Jan. 14, by George Edwin Emory, he thus alludes to the first settlement of Iceland by Irish Catholics:—

"Iceland, the wonderful island of snow and volcanoes, having been a grand stepping-stone in northern exploration and colonization as well as western world discovery, must be here mentioned. The island, whose names have been stripped from it by time until it appears at last to be known only as Iceland, has borne several other titles, as Thule, Snowland, Garder's Holm, and Frisland. The island was known to the ancients as Thule. It was known to the Swedes as Garder's Holm after 864. The Norwegians called it Snowland for a while after 860. From about 865 the island was called Island (Iceland) by the Norwegians. After the Frieslanders made their visit to Iceland in the year 900, it was called Frisland, Brisland, and Frislanda by navigators, geographers, and authors in Southern and Western Europe down to the sixteenth century. It was nearly forgotten by Southern Europe, at least during the greater part of the ages, from its discovery by Pytheas, the Greek navigator, to the latter part of the eighth century. The popular belief at the present day, that Iceland was first settled by the Norwegians, is incorrect. Current opinion upon this matter has been shaped largely by the prejudices of certain Northern antiquarians, who have not given due prominence to the facts regarding the earliest settlement of Iceland by the Irish. Some enterprising Irish people or refugees appear to have settled at Iceland, and been followed by monks, a little before the year 800. In the eighth century the Norsemen ravaged the island of Iona, in the Hebrides, where St. Columba, with some of his followers, established a monastery in 563. It is not unlikely

that some of these monks sought Iceland, and with other people who fled with them to the mountain resources of the Geyser Island, established Christianity there at least eighty years before they were driven from the island. Dicuil, the famous Irish monk and geographer, who wrote the work entitled "De Mensura Orbis Terræ," about A. D. 825, mentioned Iceland, and declared that certain monks went there in 795, and that he had seen and talked with some of them.

EARLY CHRISTIANITY IN ICELAND.

Ari Frode, an Icelandic author of great repute, who died in the twelfth century, stated in one of the Norse sagas, or relations, that when the Pagan Norwegians went to Iceland in 874, to settle, the island was found to be occupied. "There were here Christian people whom the Northmen called 'Papas,' but they afterwards went away, because they would not be here among heathens, and left behind them Irish books and bells and crosiers, from which it could be seen that they were Irishmen." In "Landnama Bok," one of the earliest Icelandic sagas, it is further said that when the Northmen went to the island the Christian people lived at Kirkjubui, since called Kirkebar, southeasterly from Mount Hecla. The island off the southeast coast of Iceland, called "Papa" or "Papey," is believed to have derived its name from its early occupancy by the Papa, or Irish. The cluster of islands lying south of Iceland, called Monaco in the Middle Ages, also Westmana-eiar in 1585, Oestmonoe later, and Westmana by Hondius on his map of the island in 1625, was the residence of the same Irish Christians mentioned in the ancient saga. The name of this group of small islands, now inhabited, and constituting a kind of county, is from their early possession by the "west men," as the Irish and

some others were called by the Norwegians.

WHAT BECAME OF THE CHRISTIANS?

Where the few Christian inhabitants of Iceland went who escaped from the battle-axes of the fierce and heathen Northmen, has never been settled. No account of their having reached Ireland, Scotland, or any of the islands north of Scotland, is known to exist. It is not improbable that they embarked for some of the southern islands, and were driven by storms to the island of Icaria, west of St. Kilda, long occupied by people who had priests among them. This island, which was destroyed, partly by submarine depression and finally through denudation by the action of the sea, is now represented by the cliff "Rokal" and the great Rokal Shoal. A part of the island appears to have remained down into the last century. In the latter part of the fourteenth century Henry Sinclair, a Scotch navigator and adventurer, visited the island, and found the people exceedingly suspicious and inhospitable, from their fear that he designed to plunder their country.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

CARDINAL NEWMAN made his first public reappearance at the Oratory, since his accident, and preached from the pulpit the sermon at Hign Mass, according to his invariable custom on Easter Sunday. His Eminence looked remarkably well, considering his recent suffering and seclusion, and it was noticed by the congregation that his voice was stronger and his delivery more fluent than had been habitual with him of late. In his sermon, which was devoted to the festival of Easter, Cardinal Newman dwelt chiefly upon the difference observable in the religious and the worldly views of the festival. People were so absorbed in the concerns of this world that they paid little heed to the claims of the higher or spiritual life, and it

was scarcely to be wondered at that many should be called yet few be chosen. Acts of philanthropy and benevolence, promoting merely the ease and comfort of mankind, were all very well in their way, but to gain eternal life other virtues were needed, such as faith, hope, and the love of God.

CHEERFUL PEOPLE.

CHEERFUL people are impervious to the hurts and stings of daily life. Nothing takes their happiness from them. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend them if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have should escape out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present for the evil that is to come. The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.

FROM Bacon comes "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southerne reminds us that "Pity's akin to love." Dean Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life." Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is from Keats. Franklin said, "God helps them who help themselves," and Laurence Sterne comforts us with the thought, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

MORE APPARITIONS AND VISIONS AT KNOCK.

Munster "News."

THESE wonderful and glorious miracles which are vouchsafed to the faithful who flock in myriads to the holy shrine at Knock, and which are fraught with such blessings to hundreds, are at length beginning to be accepted by those who do not believe in the manifestation of heavenly beings in this world, or only when the fact can no longer be doubted. The cures miraculously witnessed, and the parties who are the happy recipients of these blessings, are swelling to thousands. They are confined to no class or nationality, as visitors from other lands have witnessed the heavenly favors, and the opulent, as well as numbers in the humbler walks of life, all bear testimony to the one fact: they have been cured, they have seen the heavenly visions. The latest miraculous cures in connection with this city are as wonderful as those which have been recorded in your pages some short time since. A religious young resident whose sight was almost gone, and who had expended a large sum of money in London and elsewhere in the vain effort to effect a cure, at last repaired to Knock, after hearing of the wonderful cures in cases like his own; and after having been there for some time, performing the required devotions with implicit faith that if it were the will of Heaven he would be cured, what were his joy and gratitude to find his sight gradually restored, and after a short time longer, fully recovered! But in connection with him, more wonderful mercies were still further exemplified. When he had been some time in Limerick after his return, his mother was laid on a dying bed, with no hope of restoration. He immediately returned to Knock to supplicate merciful intercession for his dying parent, and deep and heartfelt were his prayers, which were not in vain, for his parent was restored again to health. It was while thus engaged in

supplication for his mother that the blessed Virgin appeared to numbers in the chapel, clad in robes of white, with gold stars studding her mantle. Amongst those in the thronged edifice was a young clerical student, about to be ordained for the priesthood, and who chanced to kneel next the young man, and also an American suffering from paralysis of the right side. The student asked him if he saw anything; he replied "No," and then the young student told him to pray. After a short time elapsed he again addressed him in the same words, but received the same answer, and again the same command was given, "to pray." The young student asked him again the third time, and received the sorrowful answer, "I do not"; and then, grief overwhelming him, he burst out with the exclamation, "O my God, am I then so great a sinner?" But the young student told him with a loud voice "to pray," and the whole congregation taking it up as if addressed to them, prayer resounded in a most audible and fervid manner throughout the church. Then, amidst a sudden silence, a beautiful star was seen to cross by the stained glass window and gradually float till it rested near the banner lately presented by the Confraternity of Limerick, and almost immediately the vision of the blessed Virgin was seen. This was the cause of a startling effect on the rapt congregation, for the American was suddenly seen to rise and attempt to rush through the congregation to where the blessed Virgin rested near the banner, perfectly restored to the use of his side. Numerous other instances could be enumerated of the divine favor and mercy bestowed on those who visited Knock.

On recalling to memory the various places throughout the world that it has pleased Heaven to so greatly favor and bless, the fact stands plainly

forward that the humblest persons, and most out-of-the-way and seemingly the more desolate places, have always been selected. In the fourteenth century we find it recorded that the blessed Virgin appeared to some poor shepherds while in the act of tending their flock. Those humble people lived close to the Pyrenees, at a place called Batharram. They were a class of peasantry who were always remarkable for their honest devotion, and the result of the vision of the blessed Virgin was that a church was afterwards erected there and a pilgrimage established; and though it passed through some very severe trials, it stands to the present time a monument of that most remarkable and blessed period. Again we find that the blessed Virgin appeared at the French side of the Pyrenees, to a person of most humble position in life, and later still at Lourdes, to humble and innocent children; and now, glory to God on high, poor Ireland is made the honored repository wherein shall dwell the humble but exalted sanctuary of Knock, which will still further prove to scoffers that the Almighty watches over the destinies of the Irish people as he has ever done, and to show to those whose only god is wealth that he will otherwise comfort our countrymen in their hour of sorrow and suffering.

A respectable native of Limerick, who, having had relations with a religious community in another country, was obliged to return for the restoration of health to his own, visited Knock during the past week, and beheld a blind man, a native of Tipperary, recover his sight while making the rounds of the stations of the cross within the church. The afflicted man was led about by an assistant from station to station; and at the eighth, whilst offering up the appropriate prayers, he appeared to be struck with sudden emotion, and he suddenly uttered an exclamation indicating that his vision was restored. He threw out his arms as if to reach objects

before him, and seemed fascinated, remaining rooted to the spot, — entranced, as he afterwards stated, by the vision of the blessed Virgin, whom he beheld encompassed with a halo. The man manifested the perfect restoration of his sight, dispensing with his guide, and walking about like other persons, as if he had never been suffering from blindness. A woman who had lost the use of one of her lower limbs, whilst beseeching relief through the intercession of the blessed Lady, and making the devotions of the stations of the cross, felt life returning to the palsied limb, — an artificial support to which it was connected, falling away and enabling her to plant her foot on the ground, and walk with a little difficulty. This she was convinced would cease after a few other visits to the sanctified scene of mercy and relief. The Limerick man himself went with crutches to Knock, disabled by rheumatism, and entered his house on his return carrying only a handstick, and evidently renovated in bodily constitution; his face bearing a complexion, and his manner manifesting the freshness of health. The commercial representative of an enterprising and successful Limerick trader, some time after the divine apparition first became manifest, saw a disabled man recover the power of one of his limbs within the church, and was a witness to his restoration, from the moment when he felt a creeping sensation proceeding through the withered member, a portion of which had lost flesh and shrunk to the bone, until it acquired the healthy proportions of its fellow-member, and the man could walk *pedibus suis*.

Numbers of English and other Protestants of both sexes are amongst the pilgrims, and they perform the same acts and breathe the same prayers, if they do not entertain the same implicit faith as the Catholic thousands, whose discarded crutches and other contrivances of aid to decrepitude are increasing enormously.

"The Nation," Dublin.

We have received the following narrative from a well-known dignitary of the Irish Church, whose name we are prepared to give privately, though not allowed to publish it. We may assure our readers that there is nothing less likely than any shade of credulity in our very reverend correspondent's character or temperament; and this is one reason why we look upon the document which we publish below as one of the most remarkable we have ever read. The very reverend gentleman, writing to the "Weekly News," says: As your paper may well be esteemed "the gazette of our Lady of Knock," I send you this marvellous narration. I have the most entire confidence in the good sense and high virtue of my dear child, Bridget Hough. I have known her since her infancy, and I can attest that one more reliable for truth and judgment could hardly be found in the country. She is just twenty years old. The only changes I have made in the dear child's manuscript are in italicizing portions of two or three sentences that appeared to possess a striking demonstrative value. Continuity of view and unchanged impressions for hours together, objects remaining visible and unvarying at different distances and different times, numbers of persons on some of the occasions beholding precisely the same appearances at the same moments, — if you make all the things beheld to be simply *unreal*, and yet be obliged to *attribute to them all the effects of reality*, in the identity of impressions, constancy of impressions, and harmony of testimony, the miracles performed on the senses and minds of the multitude must be greater and more numerous than those every day recorded as happening at Knock. Here we speak of the impressions of the mind, and say nothing of the unquestionable facts of the cures. In fact, human testimony is not worth a straw if so many could have a uniform delusion regarding obvious manifesta-

tions. I may add that a companion of Bridget Hough, who went to Knock at the same time, worn away with three running sores, came back with her, and came back *perfectly cured*.

LETTER.

VERY REV. DEAN, — To comply with your wishes, I undertake to give you, reverend father, a true and exact account of the visions I saw at Knock, as far as I can remember. The first vision I saw, and the first time, was on Good Friday, about twenty minutes past three o'clock. I saw our blessed Lord, nailed to the cross with the two thieves, one at each side of him; his blessed Mother at his right side, with her hands and eyes lifted up and turned towards the people as if she was praying for them; Mary Magdalen, at the foot of the cross, with her hands raised as if she was trying to put them round the feet of our dear Lord. At the head of the cross was a lamb; away from the lamb, at the other side of the cross, were two moons-like (I mean the very shape), but of the purest white; I could not describe them better. I saw that vision the rest of the day. I left the church for a little time, and came back in the evening to spend the rest of the night there. About half past eight I saw, on the opposite gable of the church, our blessed Lord as if taken down from the cross. I saw all the wounds opened, with his right hand laid down on his heart; the left hand stretched out from him, with the lamb laid on it, and turned towards the people. At first when I saw him, the crown of thorns was pressed on the forehead and raised a little from the poll. I looked at our blessed Lord in this position for *about an hour and a half*. The next thing I could observe then, was a light getting in through the gable of the church, and immediately a star appeared at the other end of the church. Then the people got awfully excited. Every time I looked at our blessed Lord, I thought his holy eyes were fixed on myself alone, until this time when the people got awfully excited. Then he turned away his head and looked at the people. After looking at them for about five minutes, he turned to me again, and continued to do so (as far as I can remember) about sixteen times successively. When he turned to me again after the first time he looked at the people, I could see the crown of thorns pressed down on the poll, with the blood streaming down from the wound. His heart appeared to me then to be open in two, with the precious blood flowing from it. I could discern also, at the left side, a large, open wound. At about a foot then over our blessed Lord's head a red door appeared; it was closed when first I saw it, and then opened. I could see nothing inside but all darkness. Then outside was something long, but very white. This long thing moved slowly in, until it went inside the door. Then the most brilliant light shone all over his body and on the whole gable, and his sacred body appeared to me to be vanishing by degrees, until I could see nothing but the wounds and face. His sacred face appeared then more plump and joyous-looking than before. He

smiled three times. I should smile myself in return. I then fainted, and was taken out in the air. When I went next day to the church I could see the wounds and shadow as plain as ever. Easter Saturday I saw our blessed Lord and his holy Mother, with the chalice in his hand, as if administering the blessed Sacrament. *I saw that all day.* Then, on Easter Saturday night, nine of us got a privilege to remain in the church all night. We all knelt round the altar of our blessed Lady. All lights were out, except what were on this altar. There appeared on the crown that was on the statue stars going round. We all got excited. At first we thought it might be the reflection of the lights, so we came to the conclusion to quench all the lights and remove the lamp that was burning opposite the altar. Then, immediately, the statue got the most brilliant white, and the crown was removed from her head, and our Lady bent out over us, with her hands joined together, as if she was praying for us. We then put back the lights and lamp again, when immediately the crown was put on again, and the stars appeared the same as before. On Easter Sunday, then, on the same place, appeared to me the blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and the Child — about the age of twelve years, in front of St. Joseph, with the saint's right hand on his shoulder. *I could see that vision all day.* I went out to go round the church to pay my rounds. When I came back I could see them as plain as ever. When I went to the door of the church I turned round again to know whether I could discern it from the door as plain as near the altar, where I had been, and I could just as plainly; but before I could turn round again I fainted, and was taken away. On Easter Monday morning, before I left for home I could see the shadows of each of those visions in each place, where I saw them first plainly. I hope you will excuse any errors you may see in this writing. I may have committed some, for I always get too excited when I reflect on it. I remain, my dear dean, your obedient child,

BRIDGET HOUGH.

We are authorized to state that Miss Hanna Pasley, 9 Grafton Street, Dublin, also witnessed some of the visions described in the foregoing remarkable communication.

CURES IN AMERICA.

Sharon (Pa.) "Times."

It seems that in the parish of Knock, County Mayo, Ireland, the blessed Virgin and St. John at one time appeared in the Catholic church, while the congregation was engaged in prayer, and since then some very remarkable cures have been made of persons afflicted with various diseases, by prayer and the use of the cement from the walls of the church. Mr. P. McManus, who is a native of Knock

parish, sent for a quantity of the cement, and Jeremiah McCarty, the young man spoken of above, made application to Rev. Father O'Brannigan for a season of prayer in his behalf. The congregation of the church was notified of the fact, and the young man's request was complied with. The season of prayer lasted nine days, terminating on Thursday last, during which time the cement which had been procured was applied. On the last day confessions were made, and with thirty others young McCarty took communion. From that time McCarty abandoned his crutches, and is now able to walk with the aid of a cane; and it is said that he is each day recovering more and more the use of his limbs, which had heretofore been almost useless to him.

The Boston "Herald" reported a case in Norwich, Conn., where Mary E. McNamara, aged twelve years, had been paralyzed from epileptic attacks five years, for four years unable to walk or feed herself, but is now almost entirely recovered, having used some of the cement which was sent her by mail from Knock.

AVE MARIA!

Sir Walter Scott.

Ave Maria! Maiden mild,
Listen to a maiden's prayer;
Thou canst hear, though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though vanquished, outcast, and reviled;
Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child.
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled:

The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem with down of eider piled
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled:
Then, Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child.
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled:

Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled:
Hear for a maid, a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child.
Ave Maria!

IRISH SURNAMES.

John O'Hart's "Irish Pedigrees."

MacFetridge: Irish MacFiachraidh.
 MacGauran: Irish MacSamhradhain.
 MacGilmichael: Irish Mac Giolla Michil.

MacHenry: Irish MacInerigh.
 MacHugh: Irish Mac Aodh [mac-ee].
 Macken: Irish O'Machoiden.

MacKeogh, Kehoe: Irish MacCeoch.
 MacMahon, Matthews: Irish MacMathghamhna.

MacMorrow, MacMurrough, Morrow, Murphy: Irish MacMurchada, O'Murchada.

MacNamara: Irish MacConmara.
 MacRogers, MacRory, Rogers: Irish MacRuaidhri.

MacSwiney, Sweeny: Irish Mac-Suibhne.

MacTague, Montagu, Montague: Irish MacTaidgh.

MacTerence, MacTerry, Terence, Terrie, MacTirlogh: Irish Mac-Tirloch.

MacTernan, MacTiernan, Masterson: Irish MacTieghernain (signifying the son of the master).

MacUais, MacEvoy, MacVeagh, MacVeigh: Irish MacUais (signifying the descendants of King Colla Uais [oose], the 121st Milesian monarch of Ireland). From the ancient "MacUais" (uais, uaisle [ooseley]: Irish, nobility, genteel appearance, etc.) were descended the MacUaislaidh, Anglicized Ouseley and Wesley.

MacWard, Ward: Irish MacAnbhaird.
 MacWilliam, Williams: Irish Mac-Giolla.

Madden: Irish O'Madagain or O'Madadhain.

Magauran: Irish MacSamhradhain.

Magee: Irish O'Maolgaioithe.

Magettigan: Irish O'h-Eitigein.

Magreevy: Irish MacRiabhaidh.

Maguire: Irish MacIbhir (see Ivir).

Maher, Meagher: Irish O'Meachair.

Mahony, O'Mahony: Irish O'Mathghamhna.

Malony: Irish O'Maoilfhiona.

Meldon, Muldoon: Irish O'Maolduin.

Mellon: Irish O'Meallain.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May —
 Waiting for the pleasant rambles
 Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,
 With the woodbine alternating,
 Scent the dewy way.
 Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May —
 Longing to escape from study,
 To the young face fair and ruddy,
 And the thousand charms belonging
 To the summer day.
 Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May —
 Sighing for their sure returning,
 When the summer beams are burning,
 Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
 All the winter lay.
 Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May —
 Throbbing for the seaside billows,
 Or the water-wooing willows;
 Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
 Glide the streams away.
 Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
 Waiting for the May;
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings —
 Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings —
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
 Life still ebbs away;
 Man is ever weary, weary,
 Waiting for the May!

THE following words were preached by Monsignor Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, in Paris, April 4, 1860: "What has saved the Church on earth? What has given the Church confidence in the midst of persecutions? It is this: The Church has the *little children* on her side. She has with her millions of little children stammering out their innocent prayers. Poor Church of Christ! Thou hast for thy defenders not a million of soldiers, but millions of little children who lift up their innocent hands to thee!" If you want to be quite certain of the power there is in the prayers of a child, open the Holy Scriptures and read Psalm viii.: "Out of the mouths of infants thou hast perfected praise."

IRISH LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS IN THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

[Commenced in No. 4, Vol. III.]

READING EXERCISE.

1. *Ḃḡ ḡac.* 2. *Ḃḡ ḡá.* 3. *ḡa ba.* 4. *Ḃḡ aḡur ḡá.* 5. *Ḃall aḡur ḡall.* 6. *ḡlar aḡur báḡ.* 7. *Ḃḡ báḡ.* 8. *Ḃáḡ ḡaḂa.* 9. *Ḃac ḡaḡḡ.* 10. *Ḃaḡḡ áḡḂ.* 11. *ḡḡála ḡáḡ.* 12. *ḡar ḡlar.* 13. *ḡá ḡaḂa.* 14. *Ḃá* aḡ Ḃáḡ ḡaḂa.* 15. *Ḃá aḡ Ḃac ḡaḡḡ.* 16. *Ḃá aḡ Ḃaḡḡ áḡḂ.* 17. *Ḃá aḡ ḡála ḡáḡ.* 18. *Ḃá aḡ ḡar ḡlar.* 19. *Ḃá aḡ ḡá ḡaḂa.*

1. The son. 2. The day. 3. The cows. 4. Time and day. 5. Blind and slow. 6. Green and white. 7. A white swelling. 8. A long poem. 9. A weak cat. 10. A high heap. 11. A full bag. 12. A green stalk. 13. A long day. 14. The poem is long. 15. The cat is weak. 16. The heap is high. 17. The bag is full. 18. The stalk is green. 19. The day is long.

Ḃḡ Ḃála CeaḂḂ.

(LESSON II.)

Words in which the vowel *ḡ* occurs:—

<i>bó</i> , a cow.	<i>ḡóḂ</i> , a sod, clod.	<i>ḡoll</i> , a hole.
<i>bóḡ</i> , soft.	<i>ḡob</i> , a beak, mouth.	<i>ḡoḂa</i> , a pot, a vessel.
<i>bol</i> , a poet, a sage.	<i>ḡol</i> , lamentation.	<i>ḡóḂ</i> , a road, way.
<i>bolḡ</i> ,† a belly, a bag.	<i>lonḡ</i> , bare.	<i>ḡór</i> , a rose.
<i>bonḡḡ</i> , the base, sole.	<i>lonḡḡ</i> , a ship.	<i>ḡor</i> , a promontory.
<i>boḡḡ</i> , pride.	<i>ḡo</i> , my.	<i>ḡorḡ</i> , an eye.
<i>coḡ</i> , prohibition.	<i>ḡóḡ</i> , great, large.	<i>ḡo</i> , this.
<i>coḡ</i> , a twist, a turn.	<i>ḡo</i> , or, nor.	<i>ḡocáḡ</i> , a fieldfare.
<i>coḡ</i> , a foot.	<i>ḡór</i> , habit.	<i>ḡop</i> , a wisp.
<i>ḡo</i> , thy	<i>óḡ</i> , young.	<i>ḡor</i> , cessation.
<i>ḡoḡ</i> a bush, thicket.	<i>oḂ</i> , bad, wicked.	<i>ḡoḡḡ</i> , a wave.
<i>ḡoḡḡ</i> , the fist.	<i>óḡ</i> , gold.	<i>ḡoḡ</i> , a tower.

* The learner should take particular notice that when *Ta*, an assertive form of the verb "to be," begins a sentence in Irish, the English translation thereof cannot begin with the verb, as that would make the sentence interrogative. The translation must commence with the definite article, if such is in the sentence; if not, it must commence with the noun (using an indefinite article generally before it) or pronoun, whichever is nominative to the verb; next comes the verb, and the qualifying words after.

† There are certain combinations of consonants in Irish which do not admit of being sounded together, as English consonants do; this necessitates the insertion of a vowel sound between them in the pronunciation; *bg* is one, and *bolg* is pronounced as if written *bolog*. In a future lesson all these combinations will be given.

Ḳaḡḡa ó Ḳpollac̃ Fopur Fēara
Éḡḡeaḡḡ, Ḳoc̃túra Čéḡḡḡ.

Nḡ eḡle a ḡeḡḡ (ḡaḡḡeḡ) 'ḡ
aḡ 24 leac̃ḡac̃, ḡur ab ḡo loč-
laḡḡaḡb ó'ḡ Ḳaḡḡa Fḡoḡḡ ḡḡac
Čúḡḡaḡ; ḡḡeac̃, ḡḡ fḡor ḡó ḡḡḡ,
ḡo ḡeḡḡ aḡ ḡ-ḡeaḡcaḡḡ, oḡḡ ḡḡ ḡo
ḡḡoč̃t Nuac̃ḡac̃ Neac̃t ḡḡḡ Ḳaḡ-
ḡeaḡ é, čáḡḡc̃ ó Éḡḡeaḡḡaḡ, ḡac
ḡḡḡeac̃. ḡ ḡeḡḡ f̃ór, 'ḡ aḡ 25
leac̃ḡaḡac̃, ḡur ab ḡac ḡo ḡḡḡ
Čuac̃ḡḡḡḡḡaḡ aḡ ḡe ḡ'a ḡḡaḡḡḡḡḡ
ḡa ḡ-ḡḡḡaḡ ḡḡollḡḡaḡa, ḡḡḡ Éḡḡ-
eaḡḡ; ḡḡeac̃, ḡḡ leor ḡḡḡ aḡ
ḡḡeac̃ḡḡḡac̃ ḡo čḡḡaḡḡaḡ aḡḡ aḡ
ḡḡó ḡḡḡ Čeaḡa. Saḡḡḡḡ ḡur ab
le f̃oḡaḡḡac̃ čḡḡeaḡ ḡaḡḡeḡ
cač̃ Fḡoḡḡḡḡaḡa f̃or, aḡ f̃oc̃ḡaḡ-
ḡeac̃ ḡo f̃allḡa f̃a ḡa ḡeaḡcaḡ-
č̃aḡb, ḡoḡḡur ḡo ḡ-čḡḡḡeac̃ ḡ
ḡ-čéḡḡ ḡo'ḡ léḡḡčeoḡḡ, ḡac ḡ-fḡḡ
č̃aḡac̃t ḡ ḡeaḡcaḡ Éḡḡeaḡḡ, ac̃t
ḡaḡ cač̃ Fḡoḡḡḡḡaḡa. ḡḡeac̃,
ḡḡ follur ḡac ḡaḡbe ḡeaḡ ḡcaḡḡe
f̃ḡḡḡḡḡḡe aḡ ḡa ḡeaḡcaḡb aḡḡ
cač̃ Fḡoḡḡḡḡaḡa ḡaḡḡ; ac̃t, ḡur
ḡeaḡb leo ḡur ab f̃ḡḡḡḡḡéal f̃ḡḡ-
č̃eac̃ta ḡo čḡḡac̃ ḡaḡ caḡč̃eaḡḡ
aḡḡḡḡḡe e, aḡur aḡ f̃ḡeaḡḡa
č̃eac̃ḡa ḡeḡḡḡ aḡḡ ḡac̃ ḡḡéal eḡle
ḡ' a ḡ-čḡḡḡoḡḡ ḡḡor aḡḡ aḡ
ḡ-f̃éḡḡ.

Nḡ f̃ḡor č̃o f̃ór, ḡaḡ a ḡeḡḡ
ḡo ḡaḡbe Sláḡḡḡe ḡac ḡeala
ḡḡoč̃ac̃ ḡḡaḡaḡ ḡ ḡ-f̃laḡč̃eaḡ
Éḡḡeaḡḡ; oḡḡ, ḡo ḡéḡḡ aḡ ḡ-ḡeaḡ-
caḡḡ ḡḡ ḡaḡbe, ḡ ḡ-f̃laḡč̃eaḡ ac̃t
aḡḡ ḡḡaḡaḡ aḡḡaḡḡ. ḡḡ ḡeaḡḡ-
f̃ḡḡḡḡeač̃ č̃o ḡaḡ aḡ ḡ-č̃eac̃ḡa,
a ḡac̃, ḡo ḡaḡbe čḡḡ ó aḡḡḡḡḡ

EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE TO DR.

KEATING'S "HISTORY OF IRELAND."

This author (Hanmer) observes again, on his twenty-fourth page, that Fionn MacCumhail was of Danish descent; but this is false, according to the annals of Ireland, for he is from Nuagh, king of Leinster, who sprang from Heremon, son of Milesius. He further asserts, on the twenty-fourth page, that the person whom some authors call Gilla-mara, king of Ireland, was son to the king of Thomond; however, it is sufficient for our purpose that we have already confuted this falsehood. It is through ridicule, I suppose, that Hanmer introduced an account of the battle of Ventry; deriding the antiquaries in order to insinuate to the reader that the history of Ireland is of no authority, being all of a piece with the battle of Ventry. Yet, it is evident that our historians never esteemed the account of this battle as a true story, but positively considered it a poetical romance, or Fenian tale, written for amusement; which same answer I give to everything that he relates of the Fenians. It is a falsehood, also, where he asserts that Slany, son of Dala, possessed the sovereignty of Ireland thirty years; since, according to our history, he reigned but one year only.

It is in like manner untrue to say that, from the time of Augustine the monk, the archbishop of

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TRANSLATION.

When smiling fortune spreads her golden ray,

All crowd around to flatter and obey;

But, when she thunders from an angry sky,

Our friends, our flatterers, our lovers fly.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.



THE LITTLE ARTIST.

LITTLE feet like fairies' dancing,
 Movements full of grace,
 Big brown eyes with mischief glancing,
 Sunny, dimpled face, —

That's our artist, little Mabel;
 See her laughing there —
 Sitting by the parlor table,
 Perched up in her chair.

Pencil grasped in chubby fingers,
 Here and there it goes,

O'er the paper softly lingers,
 Shaping grandpa's nose!

Yes, she's drawing grandpa's picture,
 Paper, specs and all;
 Pass it o'er with gentle stricture,
 Let no censure fall.

When she shows her work completed,
 Grandpa nods his head,
 Laughs, and says he's badly treated,
 Then goes off to bed.

ONLY A GUTTER CHILD.

CHAPTER I.

"ONLY a gutter child!" So said a lady, a lady young and rich, as her carriage dashed proudly past, and a little child, struck by one of her horses' feet, went reeling across the stones and fell in the Strand. "Only a gutter child!" she repeated, as she gave a hasty glance from the carriage window. Yet a shudder ran through her frame as she beheld the blood-stained brow, and caught the look of anguish and pain that shot from the large, dark, wistful eyes of the poor, ragged boy who lay on the ground such a pitiful little heap. The lady was to be a bride that day; the bride of an earl's son. Gossip said (but then gossip is so ill natured when an untitled lady wins a titled husband) that this young aristocrat had no higher aim in his union with Miss Wallace, the wealthy distiller's daughter, than the reconstruction of his shattered fortunes.

Onward rolled the carriage, and at last stopped before the door of a cathedral church. For a few minutes a superb company linger round the altar; then, the earl's son and the distiller's daughter being pronounced man and wife, they with their friends hasten to the home of the bride's parents.

Gayly they are wheeled along (over the blood-marks recently made), no sign of thought or care upon their faces; the wedding company seems a fair and harmonious blending of smiles and blushes and jewels and flowers. Choice indeed are the words of flattery, and many the wishes for her future happiness that greet the bride as she sails through her father's gilded halls. Yet dazzled as she is, with all that is pleasant and bright around her, now and then the little bruised face of the gutter child stands out before her clear and distinct. She is annoyed, because her joy is in some measure disturbed; and in her heart she wishes that the little wandering brat, as she is pleased to term him, had been in

heaven, ere he had lived to cross her path on that auspicious day.

CHAPTER II.

WHILE in the home of the bride, with giddy dance and merry song and flattering speech, the precious hours glide past on golden wings, the luckless little child of poverty lies moaning on a hospital bed. A doctor is bending over him, and though his benevolent countenance tells of a tender heart within his breast, assuredly he watches that unfortunate child with more than ordinary interest.

Accustomed as he is to sights of suffering and pain, it is impossible that he could bestow on each little wail that is carried into the hospital so much tender, almost loving solicitude.

That the doctor's manner is more than usually anxious is proved by the surprise with which the young doctor who has just entered watches his movements.

"What!" he exclaims, with a half-tender, half-sarcastic smile, as he looks at the old man with his head bowed low over the little bed, "Dr. Holmes weeping over a little street Arab! Why, my dear sir," he added, looking down upon the child and taking the thin, dirty wrist within his fingers, "the thing is n't so bad, he'll be all right presently."

"Oh! Hall, Hall!" cried the old doctor, as he caressed the child's curls, and softly put them back from his broad brow while his warm tears fell upon the little pallid cheek,— "Oh, Hall, it is just my own little lad. Our darling Willie, come back to us from the better land! There, there, he is opening his eyes; how bright they are, and yet how soft; it is just my own boy, my own dead boy. God bless and spare him! I shall take him home to my young wife; she has never smiled since that dark day when fever entered our home, and stole away our only joy. These are his own sunny curls," went on Dr.

Holmes, softly and tenderly, twining around his fingers the bright golden rings that adorned the boy's head; "and none else ever had that broad bright brow. Hall," he said, turning to the young man, who stood beside him and was not insensible to his grief and tenderness, "he is not so bad but that he may be removed: tell them to put a blanket and pillows in my carriage; see that they place them nicely. I shall take this little wanderer to my home. The little chair that for weeks past has looked so lonely, in its quiet corner by the hearth, shall be vacant no longer!"

CHAPTER III.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years have passed away. A soft autumn sunbeam steals through a darkened room, where a dying woman lies. Beside her kneels a young and beautiful maiden; her white hands have relinquished for a moment the needle with which she earns their scanty bread, and are folded in prayer.

Humble as is this room, and poverty-stricken as are its inmates, they are the wife and daughter of an earl, the widow and child of him whose wedding we so lately witnessed. His was the base career of the drunkard and the profligate: he squandered his wife's large fortune in vice and dissipation; then abandoning her and his child, he died in poverty and loneliness, an outcast from all who had ever known him.

The girl starts from her kneeling posture, a bright flush overspreading her fair face as a well-known footstep sounds upon the stair; she knows who is coming,—Dr. Holmes' adopted son, the young, handsome, and talented physician who has so kindly and carefully attended her mother during her long sickness.

But the patient was not the only thing that drew Dr. Holmes so often to this humble abode. A sincere attachment had sprung up between him and this beautiful girl; he had

loved her from the first moment he beheld her. The love and tenderness which she showed for her sick mother, her unceasing toil in order that she may have all things that she needed, strengthened the attachment, and latterly they confessed their love for each other. The eyes of both brighten as the doctor enters, and he quietly presses the little cold hand held out to him; neither speak, but the girl watches him with a painful anxiety as he bends over her mother.

"No," he said, looking down into the little white face and soft eyes upturned with such an imploring look, "no, my darling, I dare not bid you hope; it is near the last."

A low moan was the only token of the distress which the daughter felt; but the patient caught the words, low and soft as they were spoken.

"Near the last," she murmured. "I'm so glad—so glad; for I am weary—wearied."

Then she seemed to recollect that she was leaving her only child alone and unprotected in the cold world. She turned her head and fixed her eyes upon her with a look that was more eloquent than words.

"Ah!" said the doctor, reading the poor sufferer's look; "have no fear. I have won this young heart." And as he spoke he threw his arm round the young girl, and drew her nearer to him. "Only let us hear you bless us ere you go, ere you leave this world for a happier shore."

As those words fell upon her ears, all the light and color of life and health seemed for a moment to flash into the countenance of the dying woman. She looked up at the doctor, half incredulous.

"No, he cannot be jesting," she murmured, as if speaking to herself; "this is neither the time nor the place. What!" she cried in a hoarse, feeble voice, "you, rich and young and handsome, talented and beloved; you marry my poor penniless darling, the outcast child of a drunkard, a gamester?"

"Well," he said, "it may be that I am really all you say I am; but," he added, taking her wasted hand within both his own, and looking down upon her with a good-natured smile, "I am only a gutter child."

The dying woman started, and fixing her eyes upon him, stared into his face for full two minutes. She recognized him; the little blood-stained face seemed to rise up before her, and she saw again the look of anguish in the dark eyes. A crimson blush suffused her face and neck, and tears trembled in her eyes. She looked round the humble apartment as if to draw a comparison between the past and the present. Then, taking her daughter's hand, she placed it within that of the doctor, and murmured a blessing upon them. This done, she turned her face to the wall, weeping softly.

"Forgive me," said the doctor, "if I have caused you pain. I am sure I did not mean that. I only meant—"

He stopped suddenly; the patient's breath came in short, quick gasps, and a mist was gathering on the once bright eyes. Bending down, he kissed her cheek, and she heard him call her mother for the first and last time.

PLAIN TALK TO GIRLS.

YOUR every-day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or a sloven in the morning is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz.: a mirror, wash-stand, soap, towel, comb, hair, nail and tooth brushes. Those are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good and free use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over, improve your toilet.

Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" in the afternoon. Your dress may or need not be anything better than calico; but with a ribbon, or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well dressed.

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.

CHILDREN, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by her gentle hand! Make much of it while you have that most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a gentle mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the dark, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice.

Never can I forget her sweet glance cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; and still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

"WHY do you pray to Mary, my little girl?" "Because," she answered, "if our Saviour don't feel like granting what we ask, Mary *teases* him, and *teases* him, and *teases* him, until he'll do what she wants him to!" "Now," said he, "I was quite taken with that answer of the little one."

WHY has a clock a bashful appearance? Because it always keeps its hands before its face.

Useful Knowledge.

THE MOTHS.—A word in season is the one that tells. This is not the month for moths, but it is getting so far along towards the time when the precautions should be used, that in giving them now, many will be saved the trouble of writing to ask what to do with their robes, furs, etc. As strange as it may seem, we meet with intelligent persons who do not understand the changes in insect life. All should know that we have first the egg, then the larva,—some kind of a caterpillar, maggot, or grub, something of the "worm" kind; this then goes into the pupa or chrysalis state, remains quiet a while, then comes out as the perfect insect, either butterfly, moth, beetle, fly, or whatever its kind. In the clothes-moth it is the larva, the caterpillar, that does the mischief; its perfect form is popularly known as the "moth miller," and in due time will be seen flitting about the house. Now the trouble arises from allowing the parent moth to deposit her eggs upon or in the fabric, which afterwards furnishes the food for the young worms. Prevention is thus seen to be the most important remedy. Hence various things that are distasteful to the mother moth, and not injurious to the furs, woollens, etc., are in frequent use to keep the moths away. Of such are camphor gum, cedar shavings, pepper, tobacco, etc., sprinkled on the fabric. But the best and surest method is to put the goods away in a place—a box, barrel, or even paper bag—where the moths cannot enter, and pack the goods in it before there is any chance for the eggs to be laid.

ROUGH IRONS.—If your flat-irons are rough and smoky, lay a little fine salt on a flat surface and rub them well; it will prevent them from sticking to anything starched, and make them smooth.

SOFT-BOILED EGGS.—I. Place the eggs in a warm saucepan, and cover with boiling water; let them stand where they will keep hot, but not boil, for ten minutes. This method will cook both whites and yolks. II. Place the eggs in boiling water, and boil three minutes and a half. By this method the white of the egg is hardened so quickly that the heat does not penetrate to the yolk until the last minute, and consequently the white is hard and the yolk hardly cooked enough. The first method is therefore the more healthful.

HOW TO DEAL WITH RATS.—A writer in the "Scientific American" says: "We cleaned our premises of the detestable

vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with it. In every crevice in which a rat may tread we put the crystals of the copperas, and scatter the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been heard about the house. Every spring a coat of the yellow wash is given the cellar, as a purifier, as a rat exterminator; and no typhoid, dysentery, or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the soap is left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry, and you will soon starve them out. These precautions, joined to the service of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling, they are so liable to die between the walls and produce much annoyance.

POTATO SOUP.—Take a turnip and two good carrots, clean and divide; put them into a goblet with cold water and a pinch of salt, set to boil for two hours; take about the third part of a peck of potatoes and boil in a separate pot; mash till they are quite smooth, add to them the contents of the goblet, keeping back the carrot and turnip where they are not liked in the soup; add some minced onion and parsley and a seasoning of pepper and salt, also a little curry powder; boil all together for ten minutes, and an excellent soup is made at a trifling cost, which will be found sufficient for husband and wife and four children.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.—Take cold roast beef, cut it into thin slices about an inch and a half long. Take raw potatoes, peel them, and cut them into thin slices. Have ready a deep dish, lay some of the potatoes at the bottom, then a layer of beef, and so on till the dish is filled. Season it as you would chicken pie, fill it with boiling water, cover it with a crust, and bake it.

COUGH REMEDY.—The "Rural New Yorker" gives the following as a cough remedy: One ounce of elecampane root, one ounce of wild cherry bark, one ounce of comfrey root, one ounce of horehound. Boil well in two quarts of water and one pound of brown sugar; strain and add one pint of best spirits. Take a wine-glassful three times a day.

The Humorist.

A FIRM advertises "raw silk stockings." Good gracious, who wants them cooked?

It's a very curious thing that the Nihilists have n't tried a kerosene lamp on the Czar.

EDISON has had LL. D. tacked to his name by Rutgers College. Do these letters mean light long delayed?

WHEN we see XX or XXX on a liquor cask, we always think of the amount of cris-cross walking condensed inside of it.

A SHREWD trader says that there are two reasons why we don't trust a man; one because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

IN front of some of the furnished apartments in Paris are the words, "English taken in here"; and a notice in a shop window runs, "English spiked within."

Two doctors were performing a delicate operation. The first, who used the scalpel with consummate dexterity, whispered his colleague, "It is done." But the other very indignantly remonstrated, "What! And won't you let me at least give him a dig of the lancet? If we don't make him suffer, we never shall be paid our fees."

"A cow needs as much currying as a horse, and the result will be found in the milk pail." Of course it will, if a man is fool enough to set the milk pail under a cow while he is currying her. The best way is to turn the pail bottom up, or leave it at the house till you are done currying.

"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent. "But, ma, I like her; she is a good little girl, and I am sure she dresses as pretty as ever I do, and she has lots of toys." "I cannot help that, my dear," replied the foolish mother, "her father is a shoemaker."—"But I don't play with her father, I play with her; she ain't a shoemaker."

A SAD-LOOKING man went into a Burlington drug store. "Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections?" And the druggist nodded, and put him up a little dose of quinine and wormwood and rhubarb and Epsom salts, and a dash of castor oil, and gave it to him; and for six months the man could n't think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.

THE prisoner being asked whether he struck the man in the heat of passion, replied, "No, I struck him in the pit of the stomach."

A DUBLIN car-driver made a very happy and characteristic reply the other day. A gentleman had replied to Pat's "Want a car, sir?" by saying, "No, I am able to walk"; when Pat rejoined, "May your honor be able, but seldom willing."

JOHN went home the other night a little "off"; and as his wife opened the door for him, his breath smelled as if it was composed of all the spices of Arabia. "John, what odor is that?" she asked. "Cloves, love."—"But that other?"—"Allspice, my beloved."—"But is n't there another?"—"Yes, apples, belovedest."—"Just one more?"—"Raisins, my most belovedest."—"Well, John, if you'd only drink just a little brandy now, I think you would make a good mince pie."

A SON-IN-LAW complained of his wife to his mother-in-law, "Madam, your daughter is insupportable."—"Oh! nonsense."—"She gets an attack of the nerves about three times a day."—"Well?"—"She is a flirt, extravagant, and ill-tempered."—"Anything else?"—"Well, this ought to be enough." The mother-in-law drew herself up and smiled contemptuously at him: "And do you imagine for a moment, if she had not a few little faults of this kind, that I would have parted from my dear daughter, the only companion left me?"

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE BISHOP TIMON. When deacon, he was resting awhile at St. Mary's settlement, Arkansas. One day he turned up missing. No one could give an account of him. Father Odin, Father Ball and others became alarmed. It was in the days of bears and wolves. A grand search was instituted. Towards evening the Rev. John Timon was discovered at a small cabin, several miles distant, sleeves rolled up, axe in hand, and beads of sweat upon his brow. It seems that he had heard of the poor and lonely old widow living there, with no one to chop her winter's wood. Having stolen away unawares from his companions, he was finishing his first cord, when the hunting party came upon him with horns and rifles. They did not exactly take up a subscription for the widow. Each one gave a turn till the wood-pile disappeared.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1880.

A Talk with our Readers.

THE glorious Fourth is celebrated on the fifth this year. Let the eagle scream, the cannons boom, and the boys and girls, large and small, holler! Hurrah!

\$1.00. To any of our subscribers wanting last year's numbers (12), we will send them for \$1.00. Twelve hundred pages of good reading matter for \$1.00.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. — Mr. Donahoe continues to display, in his entertaining monthly, his old talent as an editor. The bill of fare is always large, choice, and diversified. As we have said before, he avoids those long, learned, and heavy essays, which form no part of his plan. The reading is light and healthy, and ranges over vast ground. Occasionally the pith is extracted from notable sermons by distinguished divines, because there can be no more impressive instruction than a good sermon will impart. We are happy to learn that Mr. Donahoe's enterprise is meeting with the liberal reward it undoubtedly deserves. — *Liverpool Catholic Times*.

WE have received DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for May, and, like its predecessors, it is an excellent number. The magazine has already secured a large place in the hearts of Irish and Catholic readers, and as each succeeding number brings renewed evidences of its worth, it is easy to predict for it a long and prosperous career. Its selections, culled from the choicest literature, and the vigorous pen tracings of the editor, make it a most valuable addition to the household literature. The current number contains an illustrated sketch of the famous "Father Prout," who left a strong impress on the literature of his age, and whose fanciful and deeply impressive production, the "Bells of Shandon," has enshrined him deep in the hearts of all lovers of true poetry. The magazine is sold at the low rate of \$2.00 per annum, or 20 cents for single copies. — *The Hibernian Record*.

It is stated that Texas is capable of sustaining 50,000,000 of people.

BUFFALO, N. Y. — Mr. William Naughton, 290 Louisiana Street, is appointed our agent. He will call upon those in arrears. We trust they will pay promptly for our magazine.

RT. REV. BISHOP HEALY. — The bishop of Portland, Me., celebrated the fifth anniversary of his consecration on the 2d of June. He performed the ordinations at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., on the 22d of May. We are pleased to see that the bishop is in good health.

A CATHOLIC protectory is to be built on Fair Haven Heights, near New Haven, Conn., to cost \$100,000. It will have two workshops, in which boys will be taught trades.

Just what the Catholics want in the vicinity of Boston. Who will give \$100,000 to establish such an institution? What say our rich men?

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for May, with its ingeniously illustrated green cover and its thirty odd miscellaneous selections, maintains its prestige as one of the neatest, most interesting and instructive periodicals in existence. Such original articles as that of Rev. Father O'Connor on "The Exiled People" cannot fail to inspire all readers with renewed hopefulness and even confidence in the ultimate happiness of a race who have been so useful to the world as the Irish. The "Irish Language Department" of this magazine is, after all, perhaps its most useful feature, since it conveys instruction not found in any other American periodical known to us; and we fancy a knowledge of one's mother-tongue is among the strongest of patriotic influences. — *The Morning Star and Catholic Messenger, New Orleans*.

MR. MURPHY, OF BALTIMORE. — We are pained to hear that Mr John Murphy, the distinguished Catholic publisher, typographer of the Holy See, is very dangerously ill. Multitudes of friends, who have known his excellent qualities, will unite with us in prayers and best wishes for him. — *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

Mr. Murphy died on the 27th of May.

A GOOD PROSPECT FOR IRELAND. — Correspondents state that no better seed-time has been experienced in Ireland for many years than now. The crops are healthy and well advanced, and an unusual area has been sown to potatoes, which come up well, as new seed has been extensively used, and it is hoped the crop will be sound and plentiful.

BISHOP RYAN, of St. Louis, declares that the following persons, whose united subscriptions amounted to \$30,000, are entitled to be styled founders of the Protectorate: John D. yle, John Withnell, Joseph O'Neil, J. B. Ghio, and Mrs. Winifred Patterson.

There are more than five wealthy Catholics in Boston who could pay the debt on the Home for Destitute Catholic Children. Will they do it? The debt is \$40,000.

TOM MOORE'S BUST IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK. — Thousands of people witnessed the unveiling of the memorial bust of Tom Moore in Central Park, afternoon of the 28th of May. The bust is of bronze, three feet high, and the features are a facsimile of correct portraits of the poet. It is mounted on a granite pedestal nine feet high. After the introduction of the sculptor, Dennis B. Sheehan, to the people, Hon. George Shea presented the bust to the city in a brief address. Mayor Cooper responded in appropriate terms.

THE veteran Thurlow Weed said in a recent letter: —

"What Ireland most needs now is level-headed statesmanship, and I earnestly hope she will, in some of her recently chosen members of Parliament, find it. Ireland wants, and I hope she will find, a successor to Daniel O'Connell. He was, in the broadest and best sense of the term, a liberator. He demanded and obtained reforms. He did not, by asking for too much, lose all. I speak understandingly of Ireland's illustrious statesman; for I not only listened to him in the House of Commons, at his monster meetings at Tara Hill and Donnybrook Green, but heard him converse calmly and wisely at his mansion in Marion Square, Dublin."

THE "Catholic Tribune" and the "Catholic Banner," both of Kansas City, Mo., have doubled their size. They are good papers.

THE WILSON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR. — We call the attention of our readers to the Wilson adjustable chair, with its thirty changes of position, advertised in our columns. It fully commends itself to the favor of every family, being superior in its construction to any reclining chair now before the public. Same chair constructed with wheels as a self-propelling chair for the comfort and convenience of invalids, or persons afflicted with rheumatism, or whose limbs may be paralyzed; 'tis to all such invaluable. These various styles of chairs are finished and upholstered to order and at prices to meet the wants of every one, and beyond question are the cheapest, strongest, and most desirable adjustable chairs now in use. Wareroom 535 Washington Street.

PERSONAL.

CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY is only seventy.

ARCHBISHOP KENRICK, of St. Louis, is seventy-four.

RT. REV. BISHOP McLAUGHLAN, of Brooklyn, N. Y., left for the Eternal City, on the 2d of June.

MRS. TYLER, the wife of the Ex-President, is now living quietly at Georgetown. She is a devoted Roman Catholic.

A. M. SULLIVAN has been returned unopposed for the seat in Meath vacated by Mr. Parnell, in his election to sit for Cork in Parliament.

KENMARE. — The Earl of Kenmare is the first Catholic since the time of Henry VIII. who has been appointed Lord Chamberlain of the English Royal Household.

THE new viceroy of Ireland is the twenty-first since the union, and of his predecessors four are still living. — Lord Spencer, Lord Kimberley, and the Dukes of Marlborough and Abercorn. In rank and dignity Earl Cowper is inferior to none of his predecessors. He belongs, indeed, to what the French call the "noblesse of the robe," as distinguished from the "noblesse of the sword" The founder of the house was the great Whig lawyer of Queen Anne's day, who was twice lord chancellor of England. The new earl is also, through the alliances contracted by his ancestors, the representative of the famous soldiers, the great Duke of Ormond and Prince Maurice of Nassau.

Events of the Month.

THE Jesuits have resolved, it is said, not to leave France until they are actually forced to go, and not to desist from teaching, if by any legal means they can evade the operation of the obsolete laws, now revived for the gratification of the infidel faction.

THE Paris "Univers" says: "Catholic France is now presenting a grand and consoling spectacle. Our bishops are publishing their calm, dignified, and eloquent protests; all our religious orders are inseparably united, in spite of promises and threats; even the people are praying. At all points of France millions of *Ave Marias* are daily being recited to beseech God, through the Virgin Mary, for the preservation of our religious orders. A hundred thousand communions will be celebrated with this intention during the month of May. Every day fervent Christians will make the sign of the cross, will impose on themselves fastings and penances, and will distribute abundant alms."

In his May Pastoral, the archbishop of Dublin says: "And, very reverend dear fathers, perhaps there were not many periods in the history of our country when Mary's prayers were more urgently needed. In other days dangers to religion came from without; to-day the disguised enemies are sowing the cockle within the vineyard itself. Doctrines destructive of mutual confidence between man and man are laid down by some public speakers as first principles of morals. Patriotism is invoked as a spirit of disunion between priests and people, and the evil genius of communism, which has brought such fearful woes on other lands, is only watching the opportunity which that disunion may give it to try and establish its hideous throne amongst us. Our people have yet many wrongs to complain of. Our educational system is far from perfection, and our land laws, though reformed, can still be employed as instruments of great injustice. We must use every means on which God's blessing can be invoked to redress these wrongs, but we must bear in mind the warning of the Psalmist: 'Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it.' And unless God's blessing be upon the means we employ to attain an end, no matter how good, our exertions must terminate in disappointment, perhaps in ruin."

A MARRIAGE, which took place a few days ago at Paisley, caused such an excitement that the newly married couple had to be escorted to their place of abode by a detachment of police. The bride (who has already buried four husbands) is aged eighty-four, while the bridegroom is only thirty-six, a disparity of which the populace by no means approved.

A DELEGATE from Ireland to the national Methodist conference lately held at Cincinnati charges that the money asked for to alleviate the sufferings of the Irish peasants is intended for the pockets of the priests and the coffers of the "Romish Church." When Mr. James Redpath lectured in Boston, Mr. Boyle O'Reilly publicly asked him if this was the truth. Mr. Redpath impressively replied, "No, Mr. Chairman; it is not only not the truth, it is a wicked and cowardly lie."

ILLEGITIMACY IN SCOTLAND.—Of the 125,736 births registered throughout the country during the year 1879, 10,638 were illegitimate, being a percentage of 8.46. The largest contribution to this unsatisfactory state of things was from the north-eastern and southern divisions. In twenty-eight counties it ranged as high as between 17.4 per cent and 6.1 per cent. In Banff it was steady at 17.4 per cent. This shows an appalling laxity of morality on the part of our Scottish brethren, into the causes of which, with a view to their removal or amelioration, their clergy and philanthropists might not unreasonably begin to inquire.

THE O'CONOR DON.—Mr. James W. Kavanagh, writing of the late election in Roscommon, says: The O'Connor Don, thus rejected, is the head of the only one of the five regal bloods or families in Ireland that has not apostatized from the Catholic faith, — O'Neills, O'Briens, O'Melaghins (broken down), M'Murroughs, all gone. Arthur M'Murrough, Kavanagh's father, was the first head of his race who became a Protestant. I witnessed his funeral when a boy. Since the burial of Dathi, the last Pagan king of Ireland, in Rathcrogan, in Roscommon, in the year 428, to the close of the seventeenth century, the O'Conors ruled royally over Connaught, and frequently over Ireland. So that in Ireland, as in Parliament, the O'Connor Don was the Catholic of highest lineage, far transcending that of the Duke of Norfolk, and "all the blood of all the Howards."

No less than four thousand people emigrated from the Province of Quebec to the United States during the month of April.

THE societies in Philadelphia have contributed \$18,924 to the relief of the distress in Ireland. It will be made the clear *twenty thousand*, says the "I. B. C. U. Journal."

THE "Amico del Popolo," of Palermo, relates that a few days ago a priest was assassinated in Roccadifalco. As he issued from the church where he had been celebrating, two shots were fired at him, and he fell dead upon the road. The murderers and the motive for the crime are yet unknown.

TWENTY THOUSAND EXILES OF SIBERIA!—The Russian Minister of the Interior has received nearly the whole of the lists from the provincial authorities of persons awaiting exile at the depots at Moscow, Nijni Novgorod, Samara, and other places. From these it is evident that the number of exiles to be despatched to Siberia in June and July this year will exceed twenty thousand individuals, and possibly even reach twenty-five thousand.

ONE of the noblest and most zealous sons of St. Ignatius, Rev. Father Fulton, the late president of Boston College, has taken his departure for Loyola College, Baltimore. On the 12th of May a farewell banquet was given at the St. James Hotel in his honor, and speeches full of tenderness and regret for the loss of so good a priest were made by many prominent gentlemen of Boston. Boston has lost an invaluable citizen, and Boston College a good father and guide. Twenty-one years ago he came to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, which at that time was encumbered with a debt of \$140,000. He came to carry out the good work begun by Fathers McElroy and Bapst. During those twenty-one years he has labored with untiring zeal, and has established Boston College on a firm basis,—making it a decided success,—founded twenty societies, and to-day goes to a new field of labor, leaving them all behind him, and a church, the handsomest in the diocese, free from debt. In his own words, "I came to Boston a Virginian, a Jesuit, and nine tenths an Irishman"; and he goes universally beloved and respected by all people. His successor, Father O'Connor, is a man of his own choice, and it is fair to expect that the good work of the beloved Father Fulton will be continued with undiminished zeal for the time to come. According to the rules of the Society of Jesus, no one is allowed to remain long in office, and hence it is that Father Fulton goes to a new field. We wish him a God-speed.

SCOTCH BIGOTRY.—The Inverness Free Presbytery resolved to send to the members of the Cabinet a communication to the effect "that the Presbytery strongly disapproves of the appointment of the Marquis of Ripon, a Roman Catholic, and a recent pervert from Protestantism, to the office of Viceroy of India."

IN Germany the Catholics have commenced a constitutional agitation for the restoration of their rights. They have held an open-air meeting, which was attended by 25,000 persons. If they follow closely the example of O'Connell, who taught the world the value of moral force properly employed, they will yet succeed in extorting justice from Bismarck, or in dethroning him.

AFTER a long lapse of years—since the days, indeed, of Henry the Eighth, first Defender of the Faith—mass has once more been said within the precincts of the Tower of London. The reason why a practice so long in desuetude has been revived is that a number of the guardsmen profess the Catholic religion, and have gained permission to practise their faith according to their own consciences even when on guard in the ancient keep on Tower Hill.

MR. J. C. CURTIN, for many years editor in chief of the New York "Tablet," has severed his connection with that journal and taken position on the staff of the New York Daily "Star." Mr. Curtin is an accomplished scholar and writer, and the loss of our esteemed weekly contemporary will be a great gain for Gotham's daily press. We regret to part with Mr. Curtin, and wish him prosperity in his new position. There would seem to be a general spring moving along the whole line of Catholic journalism.—*The Western Watchman*.

IRELAND has now sixty-five Home Rulers in the English Parliament, with three constituencies claiming Mr. Parnell. Their first move should be to repeal the law requiring the Lord Lieutenant of Catholic Ireland to be a Protestant. Break down Protestant ascendancy.—*Western Watchman*.

Our contemporaries will see by the following notice that a movement is being made to repeal this obnoxious Act:—

In the Commons Mr. O'Shaughnessy intimated that on an early day, in Committee of the whole House, he should ask leave to introduce a bill to remove disabilities on the ground of religious belief affecting certain of our home subjects, with reference to the holding of the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

FOUNDLINGS — The gray nuns who keep a foundling hospital at Montreal received seven hundred and nineteen infants abandoned by unnatural parents, last year. Of these, four hundred and twenty-one belonged to Montreal, ninety-six came from Ontario, forty-seven from the United States, forty-four from Ottawa, seventy-one from Quebec, thirty-seven from districts near Montreal, and three were represented as being born in Europe.

THE DISTRESS. — Dublin "Freeman," May 10: At the present moment, on the one hand, the distress is, to say the least, as acute as ever. No one would accuse Archbishop (Protestant) Trench of exaggeration, and the testimony offered to Mr. Forster by that revered and benevolent prelate was a remarkable one. He assured the Chief Secretary that the distress was, if not increasing, "certainly not abating"; that the suffering of the people was as intense as before; and that there were no grounds for expecting that it would be abated for a long period to come.

The London "World," speaking of Cardinal Newman's presence at the Brompton Oratory on Sunday, remarks that "In his crimson silk and white lace, John Henry Newman looked every inch a prince and priest. It was the remark of the heretics present in the church — and there were a good many — that they never imagined there could be so much dignity in the outward bearing of the man. Feeble as was his voice, it was unusually sweet in the intonation of the Vespers and the prayers; and the musician might have marked that not a single note or inflection was missed in the utterance of the Gregorian chants by the tremulous voice of the celebrant."

The Liverpool "Catholic Times" says: Only in England, among all European nations, do we now find statesmen publicly acknowledging their responsibilities, not merely to their government and their monarch, but also to their God; and among English statesmen, none, we are glad to add, has done this so emphatically, yet so modestly, as the Catholic Lord Ripon. In answer to a deputation from Yorkshire, congratulating him on his new dignity, the marquis said, "He was aware the position he was appointed to was one of great responsibility, and that his own shortcomings were so great that he feared he could not adequately discharge the duties of his office. He could only do so by humble dependence on a Higher Power for guidance, and in this spirit, he trusted it would please God in his mercy to enable him to do his duty."

AMONG the latest converts to Catholicism in England are the Rev. Horace S. Wilcocks, of Plymouth, and the family of the Rev. Leonard Fish, a city clergyman. Mr. H. C. Cobbold, a leading Suffolk gentleman, has also with his wife and family come over to the Catholic Church.

FRENCH TRAGEDIES. — The "Standard" Paris correspondent states that a tragedy was enacted at Cachan, where a young couple have been living together for some time. Recently the woman announced her intention of marrying, and left her lover. The young lover tried to dissuade her, and failing to do so, he shot her in the heart, and then blew out his own brains. A youth named Tapissier has been arrested at Narbonne for poisoning with arsenic his aunt and uncle, with the object of inheriting their property. The victims had already been buried before suspicion was aroused.

THE LAND QUESTION IN IRELAND. — The "Statist," a new English paper, holds that there is one task to which the new government is irrevocably committed, and that is to "attempt the settlement of the vexed question of the Irish land." In Ireland, the "Statist" adds, the existing land system did not arise in the course of the natural development of the country; it was arbitrarily "imposed by superior force upon a hostile population." The "Statist" adds that it has in consequence been the ungrateful task of a government sprung from popular suffrage to "rivet round the necks of the luckless Irish peasantry a bondage against which they are constantly revolting."

A TRAGIC termination to an amusing incident was witnessed a few days ago at Massegros. A man with a dancing bear arrived in the evening, and begged a lodging of a farmer for himself and his charge. The bear was accordingly turned into the pigsty after the pig had been removed to another shelter. In the middle of the night three malefactors appeared on the scene, with the intention of stealing the farmer's pig. The result can easily be imagined. The bear gave the men a warm reception, promptly flooring the two who ventured into the sty before they discovered the substitution of the animals. The third robber was petrified with fright at the fate of his companions, but managed to shout for help, and the farmer and bear-keeper were soon on the spot. They found the first man quite dead; the second is still dangerously ill, and it is feared that the pig-stealing adventure has destroyed the reason of the other.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set: but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

THE death of Rev. T. J. O'Reilly took place at the house of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, in Kingstown, on the 10th of May, aged forty-seven years. He was a native of Dublin.

THE REV. MR. MECAN, vicar-president of the Kilmore Diocesan Seminary, departed this life a few weeks since. He had been only a few years a priest, but had given great promise, if health had been vouchsafed him, of a useful and active ministry.

REV. RICHARD FLANAGAN, C. C., died on the 11th of May, at a very advanced age, at his brother's residence in Termonfeckin. For upwards of thirty years curate in Termonfeckin, failing health obliged him to relinquish his charge about ten years ago.

ON the 10th of May the obsequies of the Very Rev. Thos. Canon Monaghan, P. P. of Mullahoran and Loughduff, took place. To few priests has it been given to reach the patriarchal age attained by the venerable old canon. It fell short of a century by less than a decade; his years in the sacred ministry were fifty-four.

FATHER JAMES HASSON, pastor of St. Augustine's Roman Catholic Church, Sing Sing, N. Y., died suddenly of bronchitis, at the home of his niece, Mrs. John McCormick, No. 674 Hancock Street, Brooklyn, on May 28, at the age of fifty-nine years. He had been the pastor of St. Augustine's Church since June 9, 1871. He was educated at All Hallows College, Ireland.

WE sincerely regret to announce the death of the brother of the venerated Bishop of Elphin. The Very Rev. T. Gillooly, D. D., the president of the well-known College of Summer Hill, Athlone, died on Saturday, May 15, deeply and deservedly lamented. The deceased clergyman, Dr. Timothy Gillooly, succeeded the Very Rev. Dr. Coffey in the presidency of the seminary, where he had up to that time been professor.

ON the morning of May 13, at his residence, Sandymount, Dublin, the Very Rev. Thomas Leahy, P. P., peacefully passed away. His death did not come unexpectedly. Indeed, for some years past his health has been gradually giving way; and when, some weeks ago, he was

seized by the attack which has terminated thus fatally, his friends made up their minds for the worst, though they still hoped it might please God to spare him yet a little longer. Father Leahy was a native of St. Andrew's parish. He was born in the year 1825, and was therefore only fifty-five years of age. He was educated in Maynooth College.

ON Monday, 23d of May, Rev. Thomas Corry breathed his last at Meeme, Wisconsin, fortified by all the sacraments of the Church of which he had been for fourteen years a faithful priest. Father Corry was born in Drumlane, County Cavan, Ireland, March 10, 1836. When young he came to America, and feeling called to the ministry, he entered the seminary of St. Sulpice, at Baltimore, to prepare himself for the priesthood. Sickness for a time prevented the accomplishment of his wishes, and for a period he returned to Madison, Wis., the home of his parents. Subsequently he continued and completed his studies at the seminary of St. Francis, where he was ordained by Archbishop Henni, on Dec. 31, 1866.

SISTER.

ON the 17th of May, at Granard, Rev. Mother Teresa (O'Meara), Presentation Convent. The respect in which her memory was held was strikingly manifested by the number of priests and people who attended her funeral.

LAYWOMAN.

WE announce with sincere regret the death, on the 12th of May, at 91 Haddington Road, Dublin, of Mrs. O'Gorman, widow of the late Richard O'Gorman, of 23 Pembroke Road, at the advanced age of eighty-four. In this great city of active benevolence, few among us for over half a century had taken a more unostentatious yet practical part in all works of true Christian charity than the good lady who has now passed away, to the deep sorrow of her old surviving friends, to reap the rich reward of a long life well and wisely spent in God's holy works. The deceased lady was the mother of Richard O'Gorman, the eminent lawyer of New York, once a prominent member of the Young Ireland party, and of late so prominent in organizing American aid for Irish distress.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

STUMBLING BLOCKS MADE STEPPING STONES ON THE ROAD TO THE CATHOLIC FAITH. By the Rev. James J. Moriarty, A. M., pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Chatham Village, New York. Price thirty cents.

A capital book for general circulation. But why double-lead and spread out? In place of two hundred and eighty pages, the book might be put in good type in half the space and sold for a quarter, and in quantities for fifteen cents a copy.

A. Williams & Co., Boston

ROLLO'S JOURNEY TO CAMBRIDGE. With illustrations and illuminated cover. By Francis G. Attwood.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

DALARADIA; OR, THE DAYS OF KING MILCHO. By William Collins Author of "The Wild Geese," "Desmond, or The Two Flags," songs, poems, and ballads, etc.

Robert Coddington, New York.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF IRELAND, from 1688 to 1691; including Limerick and Athlone, Angham and the Boyne.

This is a very interesting book to the Irish student. We will give a chapter from it in our next issue.

Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST AND OF HIS BLESSED MOTHER.

Parts 31 and 32 have been received. The illustrations are—two beautiful steel engravings—the Resurrection and the Ascension. We again thoroughly recommend this work to every Catholic family who can afford to purchase it.

John B. Piet, Baltimore.

THE MIRACULOUS MEDAL. Its origin, history, circulation, results. By M. Aladel, C. M. Translated from the French by P. S., graduate of St. Joseph's, Emmetsburg, Md.

This is a book that will be sought after by every child of Mary in the country. We are surprised that it has not been published before. Mr. Piet has brought out the book in fine style, with some excellent illustrations: consisting of Sister Catherine Labouré, the Daughter of Charity favored with the vision of the Miraculous Medal in 1830, died Dec. 31, 1876; First Apparition of the Blessed Virgin; Second Apparition; Apparition

of the Miraculous Medal to M. Ratisbonne, Jan. 20, 1842; etc.

The work makes a book of 320 pages, is well got up, and is sold for \$1.50.

Messrs. Noonan & Co. can furnish all the above books.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MISS ELEANOR C. DONNELLY has very generously donated to the Irish Relief Fund of Philadelphia a collection of her beautiful poems, not hitherto published. P. O'Shea, 37 Barclay Street, New York, has given his services as publisher. The work will be ready early in June. The style of the publication will be "Legend of the Best Beloved and other Poems, in Honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

POLLARD & MOSS, New York, announce a new book by Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, entitled "St. Angela Merici and the Ursulines."

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY'S history of the 1848 movement in Ireland will be soon published.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "The Huntsman's Song," Quartet (Melody, Turkish Patrol), arranged for male voices by J. P. Weston. "The Lass on Shore," words by George Cooper, music by J. L. Gilbert. "Which Road is you Gwine to Take," Song and Chorus by Frank Dumont. "The Petrel's Cry," Duet, words by Geo. Cooper, music by J. L. Gilbert.

Instrumental: "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," Waltzes for four hands, by C. D. Blake. "Mechanics' Temple March," arranged for violin and piano, by Burrill. "The Lass on Shore," March, arranged by A. E. Warren. "Sweet Sabbath Bells," Fantasie de Concert, by A. W. Holt. "13, 15, 14, puzzle," Galop by François C. Cramer. "The Batt Waltz," by A. E. Warren. "Chasing the Butterflies," Caprice Elegante, by A. E. Warren.

MUSIC BOOKS.

THE MUSICAL WREATH, a Choice Collection of Vocal Music.

This work consists of two hundred and twenty-four handsomely printed pages, and contains some eighty-five choice Vocal Selections suited for home use. The songs are for the most part fresh and new, and will please. The book is handsomely issued, and is a credit to its enterprising publishers, Messrs. White, Smith & Co.

SIR DOMINIC CORRIGAN.

E. D. Mapother, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Irish Monthly.

It has been thought fitting that he who in these pages sketched "Great Irish Surgeons" should offer a tribute, however humble and hasty, to the memory of the greatest Irishman who ever practised physic. Mine will be simply a record of events in the order of their occurrence, and a commentary on great thoughts bestowed during a long life on his profession and his countrymen. A full and philosophical biography must needs be written, for the name of this typical Celt is already classic.

Pre-eminence may be claimed for Graves and Stokes; but illustrious as were their talents, and popular and enduring as are their writings, these well-born men owed much to fortune and to the aid they generously gave each other. Graves was the son of one leading Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and nephew of another. Graduating there in 1818, he was, after a visit of two years to the Continental schools, appointed to the Meath Hospital. Stokes was the son of a Fellow and Professor in the same University, where also his grandfather and grand-uncle had held similar rank. A few months after he had taken his degree, he succeeded his father in the Meath Hospital, and in 1845 followed him in the Regius Chair of Physic. Corrigan was a merchant's son and the follower of a then oppressed faith.

On December 1, 1802, he was born at 91 Thomas Street, Dublin, where the Augustinian Church and St. John's Lane Distillery now touch, and

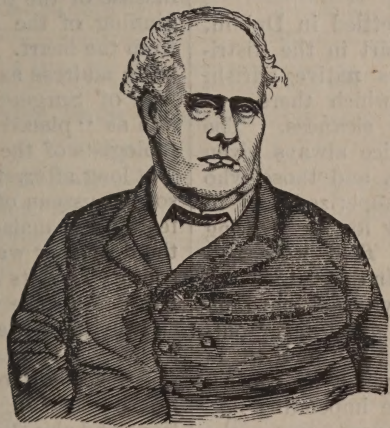
where the late Sir J. Power was also born. The baronetcies in these families, as well as in those of Guinness, O'Brien, Ennis, and others had their origin in the genius or commercial enterprise and munificence of natives of this portion of the city.

The Irish Parliament had established a lay as well as an ecclesiastical department in Maynooth College. Richard Lalor Sheil and Woulfe were among its earlier pupils; and there young Corrigan spent many years. Amongst his school-fellows were the

Very Rev. Dr. Ffrench Whitehead, R. M. Bellew, Lord Fingall, Dean Meyler, Daniel Clancy, Francis Codd, and Drs. Fleming and Lentaigne, of whom the three last named alone survive. He became thoroughly versed in Latin, as it was known that the lectures he should attend in Sir Patrick Dunn's Hospital were delivered in that language; and of Natural Philosophy he acquired from Dr.

Denvir a knowledge and a love which lasted through life. His writings, even the earliest, and his speeches were remarkable for a terse and vigorous style of English; and the origin and history of words and phrases were always favorite subjects of discussion with him.

Having been apprenticed to Dr. O'Kelly of Maynooth, he mastered the rudiments of medical practice and pharmacy. That respected practitioner, early recognizing the energy of his character, foretold the highest success. Living until about ten years ago, he often rejoiced at the fulfilment



of his predictions, and Corrigan was his consultant at the college from 1831 to 1866.

The Dublin School of Medicine had at this time little renown, the University and College of Surgeons having each but some forty students; and Corrigan, together with William Stokes, repaired to Edinburgh, where they both graduated in 1825. All through life these renowned men maintained the warmest friendship, and each had not more willing themes than the greatness of the writings of the other, and the progress of the Dublin School. To estimate the latter in a commercial way, £90,000 are annually spent by medical students amongst our lodging-houses and shop-keepers.

In 1826, having settled in Dublin, Dr. Corrigan took part in the distribution of food in his native parish, St. Catherine's, in which there was much distress and sickness. The food was by his advice always given in the cooked state, and those who were not wholly pauperized had to pay one penny daily for it. During the first six months £227 were collected in this way. In the "*Lancet*," 1830, he very forcibly urged that famine always precedes great fever outbreaks as their cause; and in 1846, in a very famous pamphlet, he warned the authorities of the impending epidemic. For a hundred years the story had been the same, usually owing to the failure of Raleigh's gift, which has been to poor Ireland a root of much evil. In the epidemic of 1817-18, one quarter of the population (then six millions) took fever. Corrigan always felt that there should be hospitals for the self-supporting, and remarked that "sickness should not be made a chain to drag a man into a poorhouse." Another favorite axiom of his was, "The health of a city very often bears a direct ratio to its prosperity"; and of no city is it more true than of Dublin. He was rather sceptical of the disinfection then in vogue, asking what was the use of

whitewashing the rooms of a poor fellow who had no fuel to dry them? In later years he took much interest in sanitary matters, and enthusiastically aided Sir John Gray's efforts for getting the Vartry water supply, by evidence before the House of Commons committee. He was most anxious that children should be taught the outlines of physiology and health, and gave me many a hint for my little school-book, "*The Body and its Health*." He lately revised one of the National Education reading-books.

Dr. Corrigan's earliest and ablest medical essay was given to the "*Edinburgh Journal*," 1832, there being no similar periodical in Dublin. It described the effects which follow disease of the three valves at the beginning of the aorta or main vessel from the heart. Sir Philip Crampton, in an address as president of the College of Surgeons in 1838, described him as "placed among the ablest pathologists of the day" by this essay. Not long after, the renowned Professor Trousseau of Paris named the affection "*la maladie de Corrigan*." As the discovery was made nearly half a century ago, its author has been supposed in the remote Continental schools to have long since passed away.

An account of a peculiar contraction of the lung following inflammation, and also the ravages of consumption, essays on heart maladies in the "*Dublin Medical Journal*," several articles on skin diseases in the "*Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*," and short descriptions of cases before the Pathological Society, were contributed within the following twenty years. His largest work is "*Lectures on Fever*," and it is remarkable for its pleasant, pithy style and sound practical advice.

It is often said that he owed his success to the study of morbid anatomy; but he himself did not over-estimate this science, and has observed that an architect could ill judge of an

Concluded on page 103.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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BOSTON, AUGUST, 1880.

No. 2.

A CHEERFUL wife makes a happy home, because the emotion is contagious; almost unconsciously the household is happy in response, because every member of the family is cheerful by the genial influence of the wife and mother.

"MEN talk too much about the world. Each one of us here, let the world go as it will, and be victorious, or not victorious, has he not a life of his own to lead? One life; a little gleam of time between two eternities; no second chance to us forevermore."—CARLYLE.

"IN the spoliation of the Sovereign Pontiff, a new principle of government, public action, and law was announced and accepted,—the fatal principle that power and force justify the wrong and establish the right,—a principle of which the world, and Europe in particular, have yet to see the terrible results."—FATHER BURKE.

"DECORATE the brow of labor with the crown of sovereignty, place the sceptre in the blistered hand of the mechanic, and I'll be the subject and the soldier of the plebeian king."—THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

CATHOLIC IRELAND.

THE FEALTY OF THE IRISH TO THE FAITH AND FATHERLAND.

Thomas De Cantillon Church.

THE sad story of Ireland's sorrows for centuries is, alas! only too familiar to the people of our race, all the world over; and to the student of Irish history, who is conversant with the long and gallant struggle of the Celt against the Saxon, battling against fearful odds, the only wonder is that the great old island that sparkles three thousand miles away, on the crest of the blue Atlantic wave, has not become, long ere now, what an ancient English historian—a bitter enemy of the Irish people—once exultingly designated it, "A howling wilderness." For centuries the penal laws of England, cunningly devised to blot out, not so much the people of Ireland, as the faith they professed, did their worst to undermine that ancient faith; but as the Green Isle would never forswear her fealty to Rome,—the peerless, spotless bride of Jesus Christ,—so, in after times, when Irishman and Papist became synonymous terms, so intimately were the harp and shamrock twined round the keys of Peter, the brutal Saxon determined to make a "clean sweep" of the entire Irish race. In conformity with this policy, many attempts were made to drown the island in blood. The penal laws hounded on the people unceasingly against each other all the time. The mingled ingenuity of blood-thirsty men, and laws more blood-thirsty still, made many a fell swoop on the devoted island; but thanks to the God of Erin, the holy but unequal struggle was maintained "through good and evil report," through the rain and shine of the centuries, and God's blessing was with the people, and they increased in numbers under worse than Egyptian bondage, and they grew stronger in their faith,—aye! the while their hatred of the cruel and heartless stranger

daily grew also. And now, to-day, on this broad and glorious continent there is no people about whose welfare all Catholics are so much concerned as the Irish race; for in the first place, if there is on the face of the earth to-day an English-speaking Catholic Church, we owe it to Ireland alone. No nation succeeded in destroying the faith and in separating from the church so much as England. But, as we have shown, the devoted Irish people cling to the olden faith as tenaciously as the ivy that clusters round the gray old towers of their land; wherever the English language is spoken, be it in these United States (where people of our old stock most do congregate), in South America, in Canada, in Australia, even in England itself, the Catholic Church lives and flourishes in vigor. Yes, indeed, from Indies to either pole our people are scattered — the children of St. Patrick are still found,

“Climbing the hills — crossing o’er the expectant prairie,”

in the name of God and the glorious Virgin Mary, and unfurling the banner of the cross from wherever they meet, whether by old Shannon’s sheeted flood, or by the bearded Father of Waters that bounds in silver glory to the sea! Away on this side of the world of waves we meet the priests and people of the Irish nation. They build log-houses and raise altars “deep in Canadian woods” throughout this broad and peerless continent, as well as in that far-off Southern land where the starry symbol of redemption nightly gleams above the troubled wave.

As Thomas D’Arcy McGee said, “The sun never sets on the Irish race!” And if the Catholic Church lives and flourishes to-day wherever the English tongue is spoken, it is because the Irish people have clung to the old faith with a courage, a perseverance, and an indomitable will, to which history gives no parallel. They clung to it and they cherished it to the last in their warm hearts, in spite of the worst persecutions brought to bear against them. So, in all parts of the world where the English language is spoken, those Catholic glories are Irish glories, because the children of the Church in those places are for the most part either Irish or of Irish descent. The Sons of Green Erin of the Streams, who are the children of St. Patrick, are more numerous represented than any other. To the Irish people almost exclusively belongs the credit of propagating the faith in America. The English Catholics lost faith and hope when Lord Baltimore came over. The German Catholics came later. But from the time the Irish Catholics came, the Church progressed. Wherever the Irish faith or Irish blood is, there is particularly noticeable the progress of the Church. And now, from Castle Garden in New York City — where emigrants bound for the great port first press American soil — to California’s Golden Gate that o’erlooks the immense Pacific with its thousand verdant isles, and all over this broad land wherever our people are found, in their midst you’ll find the hallowed house of prayer and the school-house also.

When English laws and grim famine, made hideous by the studied bungling of English statesmen, hunted two millions of the Irish people into famine graves, and as many millions into exile, a cry of fierce, deadly exultation went up from the Anglo-Saxon, and the editor of the London “Times,” with the leaden lips of his iron-hearted journal, shrieked out in an agony of happiness, — “The Celt is going with a vengeance.”

“‘They are going with a vengeance,’ so shrieked the London ‘Times,’
The organ of the stranger, who would gladly toll the chimes
Of the death-knell of our country, the extinction of our race,
The merging of our nationhood in serfdom and disgrace.”

Yes, God be blessed! despite another artificial famine in 1879-80, the Celt is *growing* with a vengeance.

The Irish are a kindly-hearted race; they may have defects, — and what people are without them? — but they are defects of the head rather than of the heart.

It was Thomas Davis, the immortal bard of the young Ireland party, who sung of the Tipperaryman, — and the gallant Tip is a genuine type of the stalwart Irish peasant: —

“Meet him in his cabin rude,
Or dancing with his dark-eyed Mary;
You’d swear they knew no other mood
Than mirth and love in Tipperary!”

And another national poet sings: —

“Oh! love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
He loves all that is lovely — loves all that he can,
With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green!”

And still another Irish bard: —

“You may travel the wide world over,
And search every land ’neath the sun;
Not a soul will you ever discover
But an Irishman, fighting for fun!”

Yes, indeed, fighting for fun! The Irish were once a clannish people. They had to be so when warring to death for their fatherland.

With the bard of the Irish nation we might say: —

“By ‘Mac’ and ‘O’ you’ll always know
True Irishmen, they say;
For if they lack both ‘O’ and ‘Mac,’
No Irishmen are they!”

The love and affection that the Irish bear into exile for “the old folks at home” are undying, and form one of the most pleasing characteristics of our people. “One in name and one in fame are the sea-divided Gael.” We find in that valuable book, “The Irish in America,” by the late John Francis Maguire, M. P., that the Irish in exile, and principally in the United States and Australia, sent home from time to time, — and for the greater part since the famine years, — £18,000,000 sterling, or considerably more than \$90,000,000. We need only allude to the very recent generosity of the Irish servant girls of Boston, — God bless them, — whose munificent remittances to their friends in the old land, through the proprietor of DONAHOE’S MAGAZINE, amounting to nearly *thirty thousand dollars in one month*, evoked the warmest praise of the press on both sides of the Atlantic.

The fealty of the Irish people to their native land has been one of the wonders of history. And why should they not love that peerless gem of the ocean? Yes, and they love it all the more because it is set in the empire-crown of the stranger! Ireland is a country almost consecrated by a divine sorrow. Every ruin in the Old Land is a burning insult to the whole people. They speak of Cromwell and Ireton, those mouldering abbeys and great old monasteries, those ruined churches and rifled fanes! They speak also of Ireland’s glories, — the round tower, the broken arch, and the ivy-mantled oratories where Christian anthems full often pealed on Pagan ears. Were I to write of Ireland’s antiquities, I might mention that the old cathedral of Ard-fert, in the county Kerry (O’Connell’s native county), erected by St. Brendan, fourteen hundred years ago, still remains in pretty fair preservation. Out of the

eighty-three round towers built so long ago, — up in the morning twilight of our Irish history, — built so quaintly that John Philpot Curran said they were erected to “puzzle posterity,” twenty are still as perfect as when they received the finishing touch from the native architect.

The Celtic poet-priest of the sunny southland, Father Ryan, beautifully says, “A land without ruins is a land without memories; a land without memories is a land without history. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see; but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land barren, beautiful, and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and of history. Crowns of roses fade; crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixions take deepest hold of humanity: the triumphs of might are transient; they pass and are forgotten: the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicle of nations.”

And again, the Soggarth-minstrel, wielding a quill like Circe’s, apostrophizes our “Land of Ruins,” in tones strong as Niagara’s awful roar: —

“Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just.
Yes, give me the land where the battle’s red blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past;
Yes, give me the land that hath legends and lays
That tell of the memories of long-vanished days;
Yes, give me a land that hath story and song,
Enshrine the strife of the right with the wrong;
Yes, give me a land with a grave in each spot
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot;
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb, —
There is grandeur in graves, there is glory in gloom:
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool of liberty’s throne;
And each single wreck in the war-path of night
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right.”

With eternal hills, and silver streams, and golden vales, the brightest that e’er the sun shone on; with lakes and islands gemmed with arbutus glories as in world-famed Killarney, — a piece of scenery flung out of heaven, — and diademed with abbey ruins as O’Darney and Rattoo, in Kerry, within sight and sound of Shannon’s flying wave, the great old island is marvellously beautiful. Every nook of the country is peopled with legends of the past, and this is the fruitful nursing-mother of my race! Oh, Land of Sorrows, and of ten thousand glories! Land of the broken harp, and of the shamrocks bedewed with tears! Land of Patrick, of Bridget, of Columba, and of Brendan! Fairest isle of Atlantic’s thundering wave! May your sorrows be soon removed forever; may your tears be wiped away in the blazing noon of prosperity’s and of freedom’s brightest day; may your children, scattered in the ends of the earth, soon join with their hands on their hearts and their faces to the sky to hail thee, indeed, —

“Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,” —

and to re-echo in thunder-tones their nation’s fervent prayer of **GOD SAVE IRELAND!**

SIR DOMINIC CORRIGAN.

intricate building by examining the ruin. His peculiar *forte* was a wondrous, almost intuitive power of rapidly distinguishing diseases. This quickness, his decided treatment, and highly honorable dealing, of which the demanding of a full fee was an essential part, — for juniors must be let live, — made him a most favorite consultant.

Corrigan's first appointment was to the Sick-Poor Institution, Meath Street. He became successively physician to Cork Street Fever Hospital, Jervis Street Hospital (1831), and the House of Industry, which last-named he attended from 1840 to 1866. To his death he held the offices of Consulting Physician and of Governor.

In 1843, before the Medical Charities Committee of the House of Commons, he testified to the exclusion of Catholic medical men from most of the Dublin hospitals, and defended the system of gaining office in others by payment towards the charity and to the retiring officer. At the Statistical Society, June, 1869, the purchase of hospital offices was under discussion, and an extract on each side of the question may not be out of place : —

"You will be surprised to hear that the buying of hospital places has defenders who believe the system to be good. Foremost amongst such is the great leader of the profession, Sir D. Corrigan. Before the Medical Charities Committee he urged that a young surgeon who thus invests his money will work earnestly to repay himself by winning eminence and public confidence; but surely there is no reason to suppose that the man whom merit, not money, has qualified, will be less zealous. Have men born rich been the great ones of our profession? May not a rich but incompetent man buy a hospital through pride? for notwithstanding all that has occurred to depreciate it, a surgeoncy is an honored post; or may he not covet ten or twelve per cent? for such is the interest of some hospital stock. Of course there are men above such sordid views; for instance, Sir D. Corrigan bought a hospital, as it was the only way he could get one. After twelve years' tenure, so far from

having got good interest, he had paid £10 more for supporting beds than he had received in pupils' fees. He also urged that as skill is the result of hospital work, a surgeon entering cannot be qualified; but such is an argument for assistant surgeoncies, or promotion from the smaller to the larger hospitals. Sir Dominic's last reason is, that there is no test of merit, and that the electors will be influenced by personal and political feelings. Such is an appeal for the Paris *concours* system, or the London plan of election by a committee of governors, the medical board giving well-grounded recommendations."

Sir Dominic said : —

"His first entrance into the medical profession was as a candidate for a dispensary in Dublin, where he followed Abraham Colles. He asked a shopkeeper in the Liberties for his vote, and he asked him his qualifications. Just as the conversation was going on, he begged to be excused, as he had to attend a lady. The 'lady' was his (Sir Dominic's) mother's cook. As soon as he had attended the lady in buying kitchen-stuff, he attended him. He obtained that man's support, but he would not say by what agency. The next election was at Jervis Street Hospital. The election rested with three hundred governors, and a number of his friends subscribed two guineas each to become governors. Where the money came from he was not bound to tell; but whatever might be the evils of a contested election in large popular bodies, whether in regard to politics or hospitals, it was most curious, the development of latent philanthropy that came out. It was a very extraordinary thing that on the eve of a parliamentary election men went about seeking whom they might deliver from prison; and on the eve of a medical election men rushed in to subscribe their money for the good of the public. Now he would come to the oligarchy, where a certain election was vested in a small body: a single vote became of the greatest consequence, and of all the tribunals in the world, the one that most discovered his aptitude for the place was the Chamber of Commerce. He went in there and told a friend that so-and-so would vote against him. The friend said he would not, and writing his name on a piece of newspaper said, 'Give him that and tell him to vote for you.' He said, 'Oh, I could not, for I was speaking to him, and he was not inclined to.' However, he went to him, and the voter said when he saw the magic name, 'Since yesterday I have inquired into the relative

merits of the candidates; your qualifications are of such a high order that I must break my promise to the others.' He was told afterwards, 'That man who sent the bit of paper discounts for the other.'

In 1853, Dr. Corrigan joined the school, 15 Digges Street, as lecturer on medicine. One colleague, the late Dr. Churchill, speaking of that exact period, said: "Such acute intelligence, such power of observation and generalization, such fine practical tact, combined with a strong will and unflinching courage, were sure to gain the highest success." Another, Professor Bevan, of the College of Surgeons, speaks with equal warmth. Those who knew him longest honored him most. It was my privilege to attend his lectures in 1851-2. Although he rarely spoke for more than half an hour, he told us more practical facts and portrayed disease more strikingly than others would in five hours. He frequently used the microscope, an aid to the investigation of disease only just adopted. Many of his illustrations were homely; for instance, to satisfy ourselves that the impulse of the heart against the left side of the chest is not solely due to its apex, he would tell us that night to take the cat on our lap and feel the impulse on both sides, as the chest is so narrow in that animal. A favorite anecdote was that soldiers had tried to persuade him that certain round scars of skin disease were bullet marks; he retorted that as they are never found except on the back, they did not attest to the glory of facing the enemy.

His studied addresses were eloquent and beautifully clear, such as those delivered on zoölogy in the Dublin Society about 1849, and that given in 1837 as president of the Students' Surgical Society. The latter portrays the pleasures which reward the physician's combat with disease, and ends in quoting the refusal of the sage of our profession (Hippocrates), when tempted to the court of the voluptuous king:—

"Ask him if these, the pageants of a king,
Can ever to his thoughts such rapture bring
As that I feel, when, as I journey on,
The pale youth rises from the wayside
stone,
With health-rekindling cheek, and palms
outspread
To call down bliss on my unworthy head;
As that I feel when some fond mother
shows
Her cradled infant lovely in repose,
And tells me that the scion of her heart,
Preserved to bless her, by my timeous art,
Taught by parental precept, will repair
To lisp my name amid his earliest prayer."

He was essentially a practical teacher, and his inaugural addresses in the Richmond Hospital, 1858 and 1863, are almost wholly devoted to an attack upon the "grinding" or "cramming" system. Having taught in this way from 1854 to 1866, I must assert that it is a most admirable means of supplementing other sources of education. When the British Association met in Dublin, in 1835, he was invited to join the "Heart Committee," of which Dr. E. Kennedy is the sole surviving member. He declined, and "on the first day of meeting," he says, "I at once stated that the view I had put forward was erroneous, and arose from the mistake into which I fell of experimenting on the hearts of cold-blooded animals (fishes and reptiles), and arguing from them to the hearts of warm-blooded animals. And how was my avowal received? By passing a vote of thanks to me for my communication. I do not know any other profession in which a similar avowal of error could have been as safely made, and would have been as well received."

He had great aptitude for practical devices: his bed of straps for fever patients, and the heated button, always called by his name, are most useful; but his ventilating pane—a piece of zinc with the holes pierced outwards—was soon superseded. The Zoölogical Gardens were his favorite place of recreation, and for forty years he was the warmest support of the society which directs it. An original member, he became vice-

president in 1841, and in 1858, president, on the death of Sir P. Crampton.

In the latter year an accident occurred which might have endangered life but for his ready tact. A man having foolishly tried to stroke a wolf's head, had his whole hand seized by the ferocious brute. On Dr. Corrigan's arrival he found the victim doing his utmost to tug out his hand, which the wolf firmly held, although stoutly belabored by a policeman with his baton. Taking this weapon, he thrust the narrow end between the animal's teeth, used it as a lever to force asunder the jaws, and thus he set free the hand.

For many years he supplied the Aquarium with marine animals from Dalkey, and rarely returned from his annual Continental tours without some interesting donation.

For several years following 1826, when Corrigan settled in Dublin, he resided on Ormond Quay, in the house of the late Mr. Littledale, who remained always an attached friend. In 1833, having bought his well-known house in Merrion Square, he quickly gained consulting practice. No Dublin practitioner ever made so large an income; for, about 1860 it exceeded £6,000 yearly, a six-weeks' holiday and evenings spent at Dalkey notwithstanding. At this place, in 1846, he purchased a plot of ground along the shore, and built in the native granite one of the most picturesque residences in the kingdom. Boat harbors and aquaria, by which he could gratify his enduring tastes, were soon added. Inniscorrig has been more than once visited by viceroys, and scores of times by the leaders of Irish society and distinguished strangers visiting Dublin.

From 1847, the unequalled merits of Corrigan were recognized by the state, or rather the Liberal party, of which he had ever been a staunch, because convinced, supporter. During that year he was appointed physician in ordinary to the Queen in Ireland,

in addition to Sir Henry Marsh, and until 1852 was the friend and adviser of the Viceroy (Lord Clarendon) and Chief Secretary (Sir W. Somerville). With Crampton and Marsh he served four years on the Board of Health. On the passing of the Medical Charities Act, 1851, they urged him to accept the Medical Commissionership. He consented to do so, at a salary of £2,000, although his income then had reached nearly twice that amount. He was, however, fond of public life, and felt he had it in him to largely serve his country. The Treasurer refused to grant more than £1,200 for this post of vast public importance, — the only one in Ireland, moreover, open to the medical profession. No other country in the world is more lavish of dignities and emoluments to the legal, military, and political professions; more sparing of them to their poor, ever-toiling sister, the profession of medicine.

Next come professional distinctions. In 1832, he was chosen as an original associate member of the Surgical Society, and would have become a licentiate of the college, except that he had not been apprenticed to any of its members. This monopoly Carmichael broke down in 1828. It has been said that he bore ill-will to my college: I have only evidence to the contrary; for instance, in 1878, when it was unjustly aspersed in the Medical Council, London, I happened to hear his able speech, supporting Mr. McNamara's forcible refutation. In 1853, he passed the London College of Surgeons, the examination consisting of the single question, "Are you the author of this paper on disease of the aorta?" Some tell this in relation to the Dublin College of Physicians, of which he got the license in 1855. The charter of this body, in force up to 1866, excluded from its Fellowship all but graduates of Dublin, Oxford, or Cambridge. The University of our city having given Corrigan the honorary degree of M. D., in 1849, he sought

the Fellowship of the College of Physicians shortly after, but was black-beaned in the ballot. He took this in no revengeful spirit; nor, indeed, was the college wanting in offering an *amende*. He was elected for the five years 1859-63, — an unprecedented reign; and they, by his exertions and generosity, were enabled to remove from rooms in Sir Patrick Dunn's Hospital to the splendid hall in Kildare Street, of which the first stone was laid by Lord Lieutenant Carlisle on July 7, 1862. The money was raised by debentures, Corrigan subscribing to the amount of £2,000. The Fellows testified their gratitude by having his portrait, by Catterson Smith, hung in the hall, and he bestowed a valuable stained-glass window, by Barff, then living in Dublin. It displays the arms of the college, and the Irish harp and shamrock. No Catholic had presided over this college for sixty years. In the College of Surgeons, where the Fellowship is obtained by examination, not by ballot, the fewness of Catholics who have gained a similar post depends on the fact that many remain satisfied with the lower rank of licentiate, which very properly does not qualify for the highest offices. The public and the profession subscribed for a statue; and one of Foley's noblest works commemorates, in the College of Physicians, the greatness of the subject of our notice. It was presented by the subscribers June 3, 1869, with enthusiastic remarks from the leaders of the profession and eminent public men. It is surprising that only one foreign decoration was bestowed on him; but that was a great one, — the corresponding membership of the Paris Academy of Medicine. In March, 1874, he was unanimously chosen, although a candidate from London and another from Liège were proposed. Since 1842, when Carmichael was elected, no other Irishman has held this distinction. The care of lunatics in public asylums always occupied Corrigan's attention,

and from 1856-58 he gave much time to the Asylums Commission, of which he was the medical member. In reporting, a majority, all now deceased, denied him the right of giving his opinion that there should be always an extern physician, whose daily visits would prevent there being suspicion that harshness or cruelty was practised by the members. Mr. G. Hardy (now Lord Cranbrook) moved for his written statement, and such officers were consequently appointed.

His visits to the Continent were often utilized for the profession and the public in notices of valuable health-resorts. Thus, in 1860, he popularized Arcachon, a place thirty-five miles southwest of Bordeaux, whose mild sea air, dry soil, and pine forests render it so desirable a residence for pulmonary invalids. The following year his largest book of travel, "Ten Days in Athens," appeared. Our space allows but the barest mention of the topics in this interesting volume. He talks of some busy men passing their holidays lolling on a sunny bank, others noting everything new to them, and owns that the latter gives him greater pleasure. He suggests that our Zoo should copy the gardens in the Bois de Boulogne, and acclimate waterfowl. I may note that an attempt is being made by our Zoological Society to Hibernicize some hundreds of American catfish, which, during life, are great river-scavengers, and afterwards, nasty though the thought be, splendid food. He asserts that a recumbent posture for twenty minutes before the vessel starts and during the voyage is a certain preventive for sea-sickness, and expresses wonder at seeing infants swaddled in Florence. He was always stern on the tight dressing of children, and for them as well as adults often advised a flannel sack closed below by tapes as a night-dress. He tells us much of the amiable Sir Thomas Wyse, and that he presented to the queen of Greece "Petrie's Collection of Irish Music." It is said that he tried on the ancient Greek helmets in the Acro-

polis, but not one was large enough to fit him.

His last foreign sketch was that of Aix les Bains, where, in 1875, he stayed some weeks. In his wittiest vein he tells of the sedan chairs, like old Dublin cholera cots, in which all bathers are carried from their beds to the baths and back; of the piscines, where scores congregate in the warm sulphur water; and of the douches localized for every part of the human frame. A short visit there, in 1878, and my knowledge of the experience of Drs. Macé and Berthier, have proved to me that this health-resort excels all others.

The year 1866 was an eventful one for the subject of this brief sketch. On Feb. 5 patents were issued creating baronetcies for Dominic John Corrigan, "in recognition of his very distinguished professional position, and also his great and gratuitous services connected with the health and education of Ireland"; for Simpson of Edinburgh, the discoverer of chloroform; and for Fergusson, the first surgeon in London.

The medical subject which during this year most interested Sir D. Corrigan was the question whether the cholera, then raging, was catching or not. He stoutly maintained the negative, and republished his cholera map of 1849. A dinner at my house was arranged for the discussion of this grave subject, and Dr. Benson (who only predeceased Corrigan by ten days), being the senior present, was in the chair. Sir Dominic's opinion that "general infirmaries should be open to cholera indifferently with scarlatina, measles, typhus and typhoid fevers, etc.," was hotly contested, and the weight of authority tended towards the view that contagion was needed to bring in cholera, those disposed by ill conditions of residence and habits being liable.

The British Medical Association met in Dublin in 1867, and Corrigan was chosen to give the address in medicine. In it he proposed many measures with

regard to the education of those who seek to become medical students, and others for the government of the profession, which have been since carried out.

On the foundation of the Queen's University, Dr. Corrigan was placed on the Senate; and in 1871, on the death of Sir Maziere Brady, he was appointed Vice-Chancellor. With six other Catholic members of the Senate, he supported the Supplemental Charter of 1866, which was to have enlarged the University's powers so as to allow those who demanded the right of separate education to present themselves for degrees. Of the nine who opposed this charter, three were officials of Trinity College, and three presidents of Queen's Colleges. On this subject we shall only quote the statement made by the "Tablet" in a short but appreciative obituary of Sir D. Corrigan: "He did not adopt in their fullness the views on education generally held by Catholics." On the 30th of last December, the day his fatal illness began, he received an invitation to join the Senate of the new Royal Irish University.

For the twenty-one years he had a seat on the Medical Council, a meeting was never missed, although his going to London caused much pecuniary loss. By the English and Scotch medical men there assembling, he was held in the highest esteem and regarded as the best of debaters. His favorite project was the reform of the Council, so as to allow it to be elected by the profession, urging that taxation should always secure representation. Before a committee of the House of Commons, which has just been reappointed, he convincingly showed this.

His parliamentary career must be here very briefly noticed. In October, 1868, it occurred to several medical men that the then approaching general election might give an opportunity of sending to the House of Commons a member of the profession who would advocate their interests and advance public medicine. Sir Dominic con-

sented to stand for Dublin City, and Drs. Lyons and M'Donnell and I acted as treasurers of a purely professional fund. Over £1,200 was quickly subscribed, although a strong protest was signed by Conservative doctors, on the grounds that the destruction of their church was then threatened. It was urged that a single vote could not influence the inevitable disestablishment. But political convictions have always outweighed professional interests. So it was in Manchester, when Mr. Mitchell-Henry failed to gain the votes of his medical brethren who were of the opposite party. During the canvass Corrigan made many remarkable speeches in a slow, impressive manner, in which he followed the Liberator.* He often said to me, "I want to let one idea take root before I try to plant another."

The greatness of the man was never so fully recognized as during these election meetings. At one of them, Mr. (now Baron) Dowse said a renowned German professor had warmly praised Dublin to him, and being asked why he did so, said, "Your city contains Corrigan."

He was defeated by the freemen, although getting the votes of 5,095 general electors. In August, 1870, he gained the seat, which had been rendered vacant on petition, and held it till the general election in February, 1874. While in Parliament, he worked earnestly upon such subjects as vaccination, superannuation of poor-law medical officers, and the registration of deaths. With respect to the last-named subject, he urged, by able argument and striking cases, that the medical attendant should be only asked to certify as to the ailment, for as to actual decease and the time it took place, he was often not cognizant. No one had stronger views with regard to the betrayal to insurance companies of information regarding patients, of

which some have been guilty. Had he lived, there would have been no more scathing protester against the recent job of superseding the illustrious Dr. Farr, the greatest vital statistician in the world, in favor of a retired captain of the Horse Guards.

By Sir D. Corrigan's exertions the Irish Pharmacy Act, which provides for the supply of trained compounders, was passed, and he was chosen president. He was not the man to keep offices he could not do justice to; and in 1874 he resigned this position and his seat on the Dublin Hospitals Board, which he had held for twenty-two years. In both instances most laudatory resolutions were passed.

His darling bill was that for the closing of public-houses on Sundays; and notwithstanding pregnant notices from its opponents, some of his most potent electors, he gave it untiring support. On this and other subjects Corrigan would not waive his convictions for elector or premier, and no politician ever differed more from the First Lord we so often hear sung of, who "never thought of thinking for himself at all."

In February, 1874, the pronouncement of the vintners and the demands of the Home Rulers made his candidature hopeless. Had he yielded either point, his dearly wished-for re-election would have been certain. In the following month, the Sunday-closing Association presented him a grateful address for having been "in Parliament the pioneer of their hallowed object." His sacrifices in becoming a member of Parliament were often wondered at; but he took it after forty-five years of routine work as vacation, which his pocket, body, and mind could afford. Scores of times I have rejoiced to see him breakfast on Saturdays with the Council of the Zoölogical Society as heartily as any there, although he had only left the House of Commons the night before.†

* In 1878 he showed his ever-enduring love for O'Connell in his strife to have the cloak removed from the figure in the anxiously expected Foley monument.

† During his parliamentary career his ablest speech was on the second reading of Mr. Gladstone's University Bill, in which he forcibly

Corrigan's last year was by no means the least in mental activity. On Jan. 11, 1879, he published* in the "British Medical Journal" most interesting "Reminiscences of a Medical Student prior to the passing of the Anatomy Act." The Burke and Hare atrocities, body-snatching in Dublin, and the style of education and examination for surgeons in war times, are graphically described. We have only space to summarize two paragraphs. The well-known sign of "The Grinding Young," public in Harold's Cross, was the basis of a famous caricature. The celebrated Surgeon Kirby was the miller. At one side rough, country chaps, with hay-rope stockings, entered the hopper, and appeared at the other side as full-blown army and navy doctors.

Sir Astley Cooper, examining for an army surgeoncy a candidate (the place of whose nativity will appear by the sequel), asked: "What is a simple, what a compound fracture?" He replied: "A simple fracture's when a bone's broke; compound, when it's broke into smithereens." "I ventured to ask him," adds Sir Astley, "what was 'smithereens'; he looked at me with an intense expression of sympathy, exclaiming, 'You don't know what is 'smithereens'! Then I give you up.'"

Corrigan's constitution was one of extraordinary vigor. So late as his fortieth year he became one of the boldest followers of the Ward hounds, and his daring leap over the lough of the bay is often talked of. For the past twenty years he was frequently afflicted by gouty attacks, but otherwise age touched him lightly. In November, at a consultation to which I

called him, his mental powers were as conspicuous as ever.

His figure was full and erect, and his countenance strikingly intellectual. Many thought he bore a close resemblance to O'Connell. He, however, always wore a single coat, saying that the putting on of an overcoat in the patient's hall led to unnecessarily protracted inquiries. The Foley statue and the Catterson Smith portrait in the College of Physicians best call to mind the man, when his well-deserved honors had reached their height. A good lithograph was published in 1859, by J. B. Black, of London; but the portrait in the "Illustrated News" of March 17, 1866, conveys a poor notion of the baronet just then elected. Of his domestic life I must only observe, that that essential of public or professional success, a happy home, was most truly his. Further, his stainless life, his bright honor, and kindly heart had made all who knew him friends.

On the 30th of December, 1879, his left side became palsied, and considering his age, it was at once regarded as a fatal condition. For over a month he lingered, with kind physicians, loving relatives, and holy priests constantly around him. Their attention, affection, and ministrations secured a happy death, which took place during the first hours of February.

Many of the public bodies with which he was connected adjourned their meetings, and resolved to attend the funeral officially. All passed resolutions of condolence with his family. His interment took place on the 5th of February in the vaults of St. Andrew's Church, Westlandrow, after a procession which for many years had not been equalled in extent or in the rank of those attending. The church was filled by persons of every creed, while the solemn services were being conducted by his brother-in-law, the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh. Some public memorial, or, what would exemplify his career more

urged the endowment of Catholic colleges. In another department we may refer here to the address which he delivered at St. Mary's Hospital, in July, 1873, and which for eloquence and force has perhaps no equal among similar productions.

*"Chambers' Journal," 27th September, 1879, contains an interesting article by Sir D. Corrigan on Somnambulism, in which he tells us he has found that confining the limbs in a flannel sack as a night-dress has broken this dangerous habit.

fitly, an endowment in favor of strugglers in the profession he loved so well, is certain at no distant day to be established. This sketch, so unworthy of its subject, will end with the reflection which concludes an eloquent notice in the "Freeman's Journal" of the morning following his death:—

"For the people of Ireland at large he had a character of which, perhaps, he was not himself altogether conscious. They regarded his career with peculiar interest, and his success with gratified pride, because they saw in him evidence of a Catholic rising against all opposition to the highest position possible. This feeling was nowise sectarian, it was rather racial and national: they felt that intellectual triumph was their noblest vindication against the contumely which had fallen on them, in consequence of the ignorance enforced by the penal laws. And certainly no man dared vilify the people who, at such a period, gave such chiefs to the three learned professions as Dr. Doyle, O'Connell, and Corrigan."

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D. D.

ALAS! o'er Erin's lessening shores
The flush of day is fading,
And coldly round us ocean roars,
The exiled heart upbraiding.
It tells of those whose pining love
Must cross the seas to find us,
And of the dead at peace above,
Whose graves we leave behind us.

Ah! we shall meet no green like thine,
Erin! where we are going:
No waters to our eyes can shine
Like Shannon proudly flowing;
No sea-bays we can love so well
As that round Cove extending,
No fragrance like the peat-fire's smell
In evening's calm ascending.

Poor heart! God knows how sore and long
The fight hath been within it;
The battle lies not with the strong,
Or our love of home might win it:
We could not bear from wife's dear eyes
Each day to miss the shining.
As oft she strove to hush the cries
Of babes in famine pining.

The very joy of all this earth,
The blessed name of Jesus,
They turned what was our holiest mirth
To Satan's snare to tease us.

He sent his troops, with food in hand,
To their false faith to woo us;
To take the blessing from our land,
And eternally undo us.

'T was hard to watch the wasting child,
Nor take the bribe thus given;
Ah me! a father's heart, gone wild,
For earth might barter heaven:
The men of stone, they watched their
hour,—
Darkness and light were striving;
But Jesus tempered hunger's power,
We conquered and are living.

And now into that sunset far
Across the western waters,
Freedom of faith and plenty's star
Lead Erin's sons and daughters.
Dear friends at home! whene'er ye grieve,
Prayer o'er the sea can find us,
And to our native land we leave
Blessing and love behind us.

MONUMENT TO THE LATE POPE.

It is said that the Holy Father has the intention of opening an international competition for the erection of a monument to the memory of Pío Nono in the Basilica of St. Peter's. The body of the late pontiff will of course be interred, according to his own injunctions and wishes, in the Basilica of San Lorenzo, outside the gates, where a monument of the simplest kind is to be raised to him. But the present pontiff not unnaturally desires that the memory of his predecessor should be consecrated by some great work of art in the grand Vatican Basilica; the long pontificate of Pius IX., and the multiplicity of important events and changes in his lifetime, are a fitting subject for the execution of some grand work of art, and the competition of artists is to be international. There are many young artists and masters in Rome and in Italy who would consider it the highest title to fame to be allowed to produce a monument designed to stand beside others linked with names such as Bernini, Michel-Angelo, Canova, Thorwaldsen, Tenesani, Amici, and other famous sculptors. It is said that the Pope has already named a commission of cardinals to propound the question.

HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XX.

RELEASED.

BURNET had lain in the Tower for more than two months, in utter seclusion. Visitors were strictly forbidden to have access to him; debarred from all intercourse with the outer world, and seeing no one day by day but the jailer, he seemed immured in a living tomb.

The excitement attendant upon his escape had subsided; and the lieutenant, having dismissed the unfortunate Jennings, who expected nothing less than life-long imprisonment for his involuntary share in the matter, appeared satisfied with regaining his prisoner, and troubled himself no more about him.

To guard against the possibility of another attempt, the Jesuit was confined in the inner part of the fortress, and deprived of all the little indulgences he had formerly enjoyed. No more walks upon the ramparts; not even so much as a glimpse of the Tower green, nor of the almost equally melancholy patch of garden ground attached to the lieutenant's lodging, where some poor flowers, surrounded by a thin belt of stunted shrubs, led a miserable existence, pining for something more invigorating than the heavy air of a prison.

His new jailer was not unkind; but he had an air of constraint that attracted Burnet's notice, and somewhat amused him. He never remained in the cell a moment longer than was necessary; brought in the food in silence, and gave short, unwilling answers to any remark that the priest ventured to make. He refused absolutely to procure books for the prisoner, and the bare mention of writing materials appeared to terrify him, and caused him to beat a hasty retreat. He seemed perpetually haunted by the apprehension that the Jesuit would

elude his vigilance, and be spirited out of his charge in some mysterious and magical way.

"Why will you not speak to me?" one day inquired the priest. "I am chained hand and foot, and could not do you any harm. You seem to fear me."

"To say the truth, sir, I am afraid to listen to you," said Whiston, with dogged reluctance. "If I did I might be easily tempted to forget my duty. I know you have some powerful friends outside, and I am a poor man. My situation here is all my living, and I should forfeit that and my liberty, too, perhaps, if I let you escape, as Jennings did."

The fears of the man seemed unaffected; and although Burnet eagerly welcomed his occasional visits, which afforded a little relief from the dull monotony of his confinement, he did not attempt to engage him in conversation again.

The approach of Gower's trial, however, served to remind the Privy Council of the existence of his brother priest, and their suddenly awakened sense of responsibility induced them to issue stringent orders to the lieutenant to institute inquiries into his recent escape; grave doubts of the fidelity of the Tower officials being at the same time forcibly expressed. It was plain that Burnet must have had some assistance, — the rope left suspended from the roof of his prison was evidence of that; and to elicit the truth, the lieutenant was empowered to apply the usual torture, if no other means would serve his purpose.

Burnet found an opportunity after his recapture to send a message to Lord Aston, warning him on no account to venture within the Tower for the present; and it was fortunate that he did so, for the peer was deeply implicated in the escape, for the promotion of which he had supplied Pouch with all necessary means, and would not have failed to arouse the suspicion of the lieutenant by a display of intimacy with the prisoner, and thus have

brought severe consequences upon himself.

Nothing daunted by failure, Lord Aston sought an interview with the king, to whom he detailed very feelingly the hardships that the offender had already undergone, and offered to carry the obnoxious Jesuit beyond seas, and bind himself in heavy penalties to prevent him from re-entering the kingdom; but arguments and entreaties were alike fruitless.

During the early part of his reign, James had displayed great antipathy towards Catholics, the result probably of his education: but after the death of Cecil, the prejudices which that wily minister had carefully fostered, softened down so considerably that the attempts of his son, the Prince of Wales, to gain the hand of the Infanta of Spain met with his warm encouragement; and upon the failure of that match, he entered into negotiations himself for the hand of another Catholic princess, Henrietta of France, who subsequently became queen of England. And had he been free to gratify his own wishes, it is more than probable that he would have accorded to his persecuted Catholic subjects a very considerable measure of toleration.

In what esteem he held his useful minister, whom he detested, and to whose sinister counsels he attributed the judicial murder of the hapless Queen of Scots, may be judged by the contemptuous remark he made upon hearing of Cecil's death: "Our ears will now be rid of lying tales."

His strong aversion to the shedding of blood had many times prevailed to commute the sentence of death into that of banishment, and the number of expatriated priests in his reign contrasts favorably with the number executed.

To Lord Aston's appeal he lent a willing and gracious ear: but he was just then engaged in one of his periodical contests with his unruly Commons, who, in their desire to limit his prerogative, had dared to question his right to pardon criminals; and as his coffers

needed replenishing, he was not disposed altogether to break with the powerful body who held his purse-strings in their inexorable grasp.

With profuse apologies for his inability to interfere, he dismissed Lord Aston; hinting, however, that Cecil might be able to assist him.

But from the Secretary he obtained hardly bare civility. The priests had given considerable trouble recently. The clemency of the king in condemning them to simple banishment had been grossly abused; and with evident annoyance, Salisbury reminded Lord Aston that they still persisted in returning hither, and continuing their illegal practices, as if determined to brave the law to the uttermost, by endeavoring to withdraw his Majesty's subjects from their allegiance. It had been consequently determined that some examples should be made, and the Secretary remarked significantly that the person for whom Lord Aston pleaded could regain his liberty if he chose,—his life was in his own hands.

All that Lord Aston was able to extract from the minister was a warrant giving him access to Burnet; and armed with this, he betook himself once more to the Tower.

He found the cell empty; and the jailer, with apparent embarrassment, informed him that Burnet was then undergoing an examination.

"What a miserable place to spend one's days in!" said Lord Aston, looking round at the massive walls and the mean, scanty furniture. "Yet I doubt if the condition of a prisoner is much worse than your own. Your present office can be none so pleasant. But you are doubtless well paid."

The man said he had but ten pounds a year, and but for the prisoners' fees, and other little matters, he would scarce be able to live at all. It was a thankless occupation.

"Allow me then to pay my fee," said the peer, drawing a piece of gold from his purse; "although I shall expect you to connive at my escape

by and by. Prisoners give you the slip now and then — eh, friend?"

Whiston shuffled and looked awkward; such a matter was no subject for jesting.

"Now, supposing that your prisoner had a mind to escape — there, sit still," he said, laying his hand on the man's wrist, and speaking in an undertone; "wait till I have finished. It would be an easy matter for a jailer to walk out of the place if he chose with his prisoner; not that I ask you to do anything of the kind. But there is a snug cottage on my estate that wants a tenant, and I reserve it for a man who would be willing to do me a small service. A cottage rent-free, and sufficient means to maintain him for life, would tempt some jailers to let a prisoner go scot-free, would it not?"

The man plucked nervously at his beard, but made no reply.

"Well, just think it over," continued Lord Aston. "You know me, and that I am able to redeem my promise. My place is a hundred good miles away, and once there you would be perfectly secure. I did not forget Jennings, although he had nothing to do with Master Burnet's escape; and whoever shows a disposition to assist my poor friend shall not go unrewarded, I promise you."

He had not time to say more, for voices were heard outside; and the jailer, as if glad of the interruption, flung open the door.

There was a scuffling noise in the corridor, and as Lord Aston rose in surprise, he met on the threshold two men who were supporting the almost inanimate form of Burnet.

"You may kill me if you will," said the Jesuit faintly, as they laid him on his wretched pallet. "but I will answer none of your questions."

The jailer hurriedly fetched some cordial and poured it into the sufferer's mouth, and then bathed his head with water, while Lord Aston stood by, mute and indignant.

"He will be better presently," said Whiston, as some signs of animation

became visible in the wasted, haggard countenance of the priest. "This is the fourth time they have put him on the rack."

"What hideous cruelty!" muttered the peer, seating himself beside the couch. "The state religion must be in sore straits, when it seeks to make converts in this fashion."

And in his own mind he could not help feeling a little annoyed that the priest, and those who shared his opinions, would persist in clinging to an obsolete and decidedly unfashionable religion, — he did not care to inquire whether it were true or false, — which was clearly at variance with the laws by which all citizens were bound.

"Can nothing be done for you, Burnet?" he asked as the Jesuit, looking up with a smile, tried to return his friendly pressure. "Is there no way of avoiding this terrible suffering?"

Burnet slightly shook his head.

"Nothing, good and true friend," he said feebly. "The end cannot be far off."

"But could you not make some trifling concession, some promise that would satisfy them?" urged the peer. "I saw Lord Salisbury to-day, and although he hardly condescended to give me fair words, he hinted that you might make your peace with the king if you were willing."

"By denying my faith," said Burnet. "But we are no cheats or lying impostors; we cannot barter our hope of future reward for a few years of life or comfort. What we believe, that we preach; and if it be false, then there is nothing true on earth. We suffer here, it is true; but how miserable and wretched would be our condition, if we had not a sure and certain hope of reward hereafter!"

Lord Aston was puzzled. To meet the foe, hand to hand and steel to steel, in defence of homes and altars, for country and for king, was intelligible enough to the old soldier; but to waste the best years of one's life in the vain attempt to bring back the nation to a faith it had forsworn and

proscribed, to live an object of ridicule and hatred, to die the felon's death,—what could compensate for all this? And Lord Aston, gazing sorrowfully at the hapless Jesuit, could find no satisfactory answer to his query.

He reverted presently to the offer he had made the jailer. It had some prospect of success, and as he was about to quit London shortly, there would be little probability of his share in the transaction being discovered.

"I have surely had enough of escapes for the present," said Burnet. "And if I were disposed to make another attempt, my condition forbids it. Do not waste your kindness upon me, dear Lord Aston. If you are bent upon getting a Jesuit out of prison, there is one who is well known to you now lying in the clink, whom you would, I think, be glad to serve. The name by which he is known is Paul Gower."

Lord Aston was slowly making his way through the crowded streets near the Tower, feeling much disheartened by Burnet's rejection of his plan, when some one at his side addressed him; and looking round, he was much gratified to find that the speaker was Pouch. Grasping his hand cordially, he related what he had just witnessed.

"And the poor priest is alone!" said Pouch. "I would I might be permitted to attend him."

"And why not?" ejaculated the peer sharply. "I will try Master Secretary again. Not that I have much hope that he will consent; he has little feeling for the sufferings of others. But see me to-morrow. I will do what I can."

Burnet had been so weakened by repeated racking that the surgeon feared for his life, and urgently advised that a short respite from his sufferings should be granted. No one seemed to care overmuch whether the Jesuit lived or died; but the anxiety of the lieutenant not to deprive the gallows of a prospective victim induced him to submit to the surgeon's advice, and the torture was consequently suspended for a few days.

Thanks to the assiduous care of Pouch, who was not, however, allowed to pass the night in the Tower, Burnet seemed to recover a little; although the close, confined air of his cell, which the lieutenant declined to allow him to quit, even for a single hour, gave little hope of his restoration to health.

One day Pouch ventured to hint at the escape suggested by Lord Aston.

"Do not speak of it," said Burnet. "I shall escape in time, doubtless; but it will be by the way common to most of us. I grow weaker day by day. When does Father Gower's trial take place?"

"Next week," said Pouch. "He is lodged in Newgate at present. That is a bad sign; the worst, in fact."

"He will not say so; the martyr's crown will soon be his. Yet I have an inward presentiment that we shall not be long apart. Has he any desire to live, I wonder?"

"All men have," said Pouch. "I have heard it said that the last moments ever seem the most precious, and I can well believe it."

"Yes," said the priest thoughtfully, "we part with life unwillingly, however dark and cheerless it may be. As its days grow few, we cling to it the more fondly; not entirely out of fear of death, but because we are about to exchange certainty for uncertainty. We know what this life is, its hopes and joys, its trials and pain. But standing on the brink of the dark river, and seeking to penetrate the cloud that overhangs it, what can we know, save by our weak and wavering faith, of the opposite shore, and whether a welcome or a doom awaits us there? And our courage may well be tried when judgment is so near. Yet the severity of the judge obscures but momentarily, and can never hide entirely from our sight, the gracious, loving face of the Saviour."

Pouch was silent, and the Jesuit, gazing upward through the prison bars at the thin strip of bright blue sky, flecked with silvery cloud, was carried

miles away. The material prison was as naught; his soul was free.

It is precisely those objects that are all but unattainable, and farthest from our grasp, which excite our keenest desires. Men perishing of unquenchable thirst in the burning sands of the desert straightway dream of fountains and streams of cooling waters flowing beneath the shade of palm-tree groves; the beggar's visions are of untold wealth; the captive's, ever of freedom.

In the Tower at that moment a man sat writing busily. Not the history of a city, nor even of an empire, nothing less than a "History of the World" could satisfy the mental cravings and boundless aspirations of Walter Raleigh. Yet the only world he had known for seventeen long, weary years was a dingy cell, and a strip of garden ground wherein he was permitted to take the air.

So, too, had Sir Thomas More, impoverished and disgraced, and lying beneath the very shadow of the axe, written of another world which existed only in his bright fancy; a world wherein suffering and crime were strangers, and all was happiness and content.

The priest's thoughts took wing. He was at home again amid the Welsh mountains. In a broad, deep valley stood his father's farm, — a smiling homestead with fragrant honeysuckle trailing over the rustic porch; stack-yards beyond, where grain was piled in mighty heaps; and barns with the horseshoe — charm against the powers of darkness — nailed conspicuously above the door. At a respectful distance the cottages of the farming men and their families appeared; a flourishing community, proud of the stalwart, handsome yeoman who called the place his own, and which his race had held from sire to son for many a generation. How often, too, had that little shaggy Welsh pony carried the light-hearted boy, at the head of a throng of peasants, armed with hedge-stakes and forks, in quest of the wolf that had worried the flocks the night before, or

the subtle fox that had fluttered the hen-roost, and left half its occupants torn and bleeding!

In the river that flowed peacefully through the meadows he had laid his nets for fish, or bathed in its translucent waters. All was tranquil solitude. To the boy's fervid imagination, the view of hill and dale, of meadow and woodland, seemed boundless, until it blended with the distant line of mountains, whose summits seemed to touch the clouds.

It was in the early days of the persecution, and the lonely spot was to all appearance forgotten by the champions of the new faith. Many a time had he witnessed the household and farm servants assembled in the spacious hall, while the priest, upon an improvised altar, offered the holy sacrifice.

It gave him a sharp and sudden pang to recall the ruin that came upon his home, when the ruthless orders of the commissioner were carried out by rough, savage men, who took possession of the recusant's house and goods in the name of the Queen, and for the sake of the religion she had established.

In the course of a few months, we are told, four hundred families were driven out upon the world by this zealous commissioner. He was bishop of Hereford, besides, and may have believed that he was doing God a service.

Then came a wretched, weary time of wandering, of hastening from place to place, and hiding themselves from their persecutors, until his father, broken-hearted, but stanch and unswerving to the last, lay down to die. The boy and his mother were alone in the world, accepting with gratitude the alms and shelter of those they once had fed.

Exhausted by suffering and terror, and sick unto death, the woman bethought herself that far away in a Catholic land there lived one of her kin, a priest in voluntary exile for conscience' sake; and with her last breath she commended her child to the care of a kindly stranger, who, sharing her faith

and pitying her sufferings, accepted the charge, and gently closed her eyes.

And after many years this bread cast upon the waters came back again to the land that had given it birth, scattering its seed abroad, too often in stony places, and crushed persistently beneath the iron heel of persecution, but ever guarded and cherished by the watchful Sower, and destined to bring forth abundant fruit in days yet to come.

The prison was not devoid of its consolations, stolen though they were. Pouch contrived to smuggle into the cell a book or two, and one by one the articles necessary for the celebration of mass; and more than once the Jesuit, worn down with pain, had, like the martyrs of primitive days, said mass while prostrate on his couch, using his breast for the altar, and with hands that trembled so that Pouch was fain to hold them fast between his own lest the chalice should slip from the Jesuit's feeble grasp.

Then came more torturing. He was again stretched upon the rack, and the questions were repeated with the former result. He fainted several times during the first day, and being brought back to his cell in a state of insensibility, remained for the greater part of the night in so profound a stupor that the compassionate jailer who watched beside him thought that he would never awaken again.

On the morning following the trial of his friend, Lord Aston was at the Tower almost as soon as Pouch. He found Burnet's faithful servant alone in the cell, for the Jesuit had again been carried to the rack, although unable to stand.

The peer was greatly distressed. His knowledge of Burnet had gone far to soften the prejudice with which he regarded the Popish creed, — a very good one, perhaps, for foreigners, but unsuited to English tastes and habits. He had seen for himself the miserable injustice wreaked upon these unhappy creatures; and while he could not help sympathizing with them, and respect-

ing their courage, he had almost, in spite of his own convictions, felt disposed to question the right of the law to brand Papists with rebellion and treason, and further, to consider seriously whether it were not, after all, quite possible for a man to be a good subject and yet refuse to accept the religion provided for him by the state.

And now to discover at the foot of the gallows a dear friend, lost to him for many years, in the person of a Jesuit: a name associated in his simple mind with all that was disloyal and dangerous, and that was held in fear and abhorrence by all his countrymen! It did seem rather hard.

"They will murder him before he yields," he said dejectedly. "And after all, who will credit him with suffering for his religion? The law calls him traitor, and every one takes up the same cry. The hangman is at his elbow, waiting only the judge's nod to dismember him, and set his head on Temple Bar beside poor Frank Vaughan's."

"Whose?" said Pouch, with a sudden start.

The peer, with evident pain, recounted his friend's story. He had visited Vaughan the preceding night, received his final instructions, looked upon his face for the last time, and taken a solemn farewell.

"Francis Vaughan!" repeated Pouch, turning aside in the vain endeavor to control his feelings. "I was a tenant of his, down there in Yorkshire in times of old. I brought his child to you, — that same Hilda Vaughan whom you have adopted; carried her a babe almost from Gilbert Laugton's dismantled roof, when he and his children were sent to prison. I have met him here in London, and many a time when his face and voice, that seemed so strangely familiar to me, awoke some buried memory of the past, I failed to recognize him. Fool that I was! And he suffers on Monday, you say? Please God, I shall see him then."

Their conversation was interrupted

by the jailer, who entered excitedly. An accident had happened, he said, to Master Burnet. One of the ropes that bound his wrists to the rack had given way, and the sudden jerk had caused the attendant to tighten the other by a turn of the wheel. Burnet's exhausted frame sank under the strain; the blood gushed from his nose and mouth, and fearing that they had killed him, the men hastily carried him back to his cell.

The surgeon followed closely at their heels, and after directing them to put wet cloths on the sufferer's head and chest, turned on his heel, muttering indifferently, —

“He is a dead man!”

The light waned, the stars came out one by one, gleaming palely through the prison bars. Beside the Jesuit's couch, listening fearfully to his labored breathing, that grew fainter and fainter every moment, knelt Pouch. Lord Aston had bribed the jailer to let him pass the night in the dungeon; and the man, alarmed by the profound silence that reigned within, softly opened the door and looked in.

The prisoner seemed to sleep peacefully. His slumber, although the jailer knew it not, was deep and painless: a slumber that knew no waking, save in the regions where sorrow and suffering enter not, and the weary are at rest.

Within a stone's throw of the Tower, in a densely populated district, where railways, docks, and warehouses, and England's royal mint denote the affluence with which the city teems, — a district also comprising as much misery, squalor, and crime as can well be confined within its area, — there rises a stately church, incomplete as yet, dedicated to the English Martyrs: not in a spirit of vainglory, still less of resentment towards those whose unfounded prejudice enacted the penal laws, but to honor those priests and people who, under sore discouragement, strove manfully in the thickest of the conflict; who with unflinching courage and heroic endurance bore witness to truths that came from God, and which he,

having once planted in our midst, has never suffered wholly to be taken from us.

And if that church serve no other purpose than to rebuke our lukewarmness, and quicken our flagging zeal; if it teach us no higher or more enduring lesson than to esteem more highly the privileges that we enjoy so freely, but that were denied to our fathers for many a long, bitter year, — the martyrs whose names it perpetuates will not have suffered and died in vain.

CHAPTER XXI.

TYBURN.

“You may leave the prison if you will; there is none to hinder you. It will be too late a few hours hence. Why hesitate? Life is still sweet, is it not? You do not hanker after the distinction the gibbet confers?”

“I am at a loss to understand your motive for making such an offer. If it be for gain, I have nothing to give you; I am penniless.”

“I seek no reward; least of all from you. Decide quickly. I am in charge only for an hour or two, and the chief warder may return at any moment.”

The speakers were Father Gower and Rookesby; the place, a dimly lighted cell in the strong jail of Newgate. The door stood partly open, and from the corridor beyond there flowed in the hot, pestiferous air, laden with the oaths and curses of the occupants of the common prison below. It was Sunday evening, and the hour was drawing very near indeed for the last scene of all. Many visitors had come and gone that day; the sufferer for conscience' sake had held quite a grand reception. He was alone now with the strangest visitor of all.

“You may well distrust me,” said Rookesby, “after what has passed. But I speak in good faith; and should you be retaken, they cannot add much to your punishment.”

“I do not distrust you,” said the priest. “I would I knew what moves

you at this moment. Is it regret—repentance? Oh! Rookesby, if a ray of grace have touched your heart at last, quench it not. Retrieve the past; it cannot be long before you, too, will be summoned to judgment, and all eternity will be too short to enable you to regain one lost opportunity of making your peace with Heaven!”

Rookesby laughed bitterly.

“Do you know what I am, and how I have lived for years? Let me remind you, if you have forgotten it. There is hardly a priest who has found his way to banishment or to the gallows during the last four years in this accursed city, but has added something to the black debt I owe yonder.” He pointed upwards as he spoke. “I have gained my living—a wretched one it has been, God knows!—by ensnaring and betraying to the law all who have trusted me; yourself among the number, Francis Vaughan, but your death will lie heaviest of all upon my soul, when Satan takes me home.”

“You may have sinned deeply: I am not your accuser. But see how little God asks of you in return for pardon; one act of sincere contrition—a penitent confession—”

“I came not here to talk of myself,” interposed Rookesby impatiently. “Think you that I have had no opportunity within these twenty years for repentance? I know all you would say to me; be it therefore unsaid. Let a man strive to the uttermost to blot the terrors of death and judgment from his mind, it is hopeless for one reared as I was, in the faith for which you suffer, to forget utterly the truths that faith ever teaches. I believe, aye, and tremble too, like the lost spirits; but as I have lived, so shall I die. Enough of me. Take your liberty and life, while there is yet time.”

“No, Rookesby,” said the priest, calmly. “Your unhappy condition forbids me to relinquish the faint hope that your despairing words inspire. I will not avail myself of your offer. You know me, it appears; have some desire, although I am ignorant of the

cause, to do me a kindness at possible risk to yourself. But if Heaven vouchsafe me the consolation in my last hours of reclaiming an erring brother, will it not be a source of gratitude to each of us, that you, like St. Paul, betrayed your brethren to death?”

“I have read the story somewhat differently,” said Rookesby, with a sneer. “Saul was the persecutor, if my memory serve me in such matters, and not the Apostle Paul.”

Long and earnestly did the priest strive with his companion. Now and then he thought he detected some faint glimmering of compunction in the saddened countenance of the spy; some slight trace of emotions long since dead, but called into momentary existence by his words: but it passed away almost as suddenly as it came, and all was blank and hardened as before.

Rookesby listened in silence; and when the priest paused and cast an appealing glance upon him, he turned away and sought the door.

He stood there irresolutely for a moment, gazing vacantly down the corridor, and then returned to the priest’s side.

“You were puzzled just now,” he said, “to account for my knowledge of you. Look at me; try to carry back your thoughts to an early friend, a hunted recusant, as you were in those days, when we were young and ardent, and unbowed by persecution.”

His face was haggard and careworn, and deeply furrowed; his sunken eyes were feeble and lustreless; his hair, that had once been fair, was grizzled and scanty; and he had a lowering, sidelong expression unpleasant to behold, that had become habitual to him, and that contrasted curiously with the bold, well-defined features, that must have been handsome when the prematurely aged man was in his prime.

The priest looked at him intently, and doubtfully shook his head.

“Years of misery, of sin and shame, have blotted out the traces of what I was once. Yet you should have recognized me. It is strange! I knew you

from the first, but could not recall your name. I thought that Francis Vaughan had perished years ago. You suffered, too, in those days: but had you undergone my trials, our positions might have been reversed; and instead of being the wretched apostate you now behold, I, too, might have retained my innocence and my faith. It took them years to crush me. I was strong and proud, but they were stronger still, and struck at me through my dear ones,—my—my wife and children. Oh, God! where are they now?"

His voice shook, and he clinched his hands passionately with a gesture of mute despair.

"Am I to blame for what I have done,—for being what I am?" he went on defiantly, but quailing, notwithstanding, before the calm, pitying eye of the priest. "My home was taken from me piecemeal. I gave the robbers what they demanded, so they might only let me live. My endurance but increased their exactions, stimulated their rapacity; and when they had taken all, I was bidden to prison. My wife,—ah! I can see her pale, suffering face still, that grew thinner and paler day by day, while her loving heart was slowly breaking at her separation from all she loved. And I was powerless,—I who would gladly have died for their dear sakes. She sickened in the vile air of the dungeon and the vile companionship of outcasts, devoid of the commonest feelings of humanity. She died in my arms; they suffered me to witness her last pangs, thinking it would shake my resolution,—died blessing me and praying for our little ones. My children were sent I know not whither, to learn to curse their unhappy parents and blaspheme their religion. I have never seen them since; all my efforts to discover their retreat were fruitless. Still I was firm and unyielding. When at large, and enjoying the wretched pittance the exactions of my persecutors had left me, I took the oath of allegiance,—shared their false wor-

ship; but in prison I would do none of these things. I had no humility, I was not resigned; on the contrary, I gloried in my defiance of their inhuman laws, taunted them to do their worst. But they found a way to break me in at last. They chained me to a block in the castle yard, and day and night for months I sat there, in cold and heat, in rain and snow, shelterless, and all but starved, until I submitted.* I did not recover the use of my limbs for a long time after my release. Then I became their creature, body and soul; their spy, the treacherous betrayer of ancient friends and brother sufferers. There is a limit to all endurance. I had reached mine. All, all was lost to me,—my wife, my children, my faith, my very soul."

"I know you now," said the priest softly, taking the other's unresisting hand. "Unhappy man! Yet you speak truly; such might have been my fate had God not dealt more gently with me. But, oh! Gilbert Laughton, because you have fallen, do you therefore despair? You cannot undo the past; but He who came to call sinners and not the just to repentance has waited for and watched over you during all your wanderings —"

"It may be so," interposed Rookesby. "My story is a common one in these cruel times. But breathe not my name again. It is dead, like all else that I once owned. Trouble yourself no more for me. I came hither to do you a service; a poor one, I fear, but the last that is in my power. I could not see you die unjustly without making this effort to save you."

"You will not heed me, then," said the priest mournfully.

"Hark! what is that?" said Rookesby, starting up. "The chief warder has returned; I hear his voice. The time is past, then, and I am useless now. But before we part, I would crave your pardon for the share I have in your death. Nay, do not speak," he continued, checking the priest,

* A literal fact, with this difference, that the sufferer was a priest.

"let forgiveness come only from your heart; remember me in your prayers, if you can mingle with them a name so hateful and sin-stained as mine. I think that is all," he went on drearily. "Nay, do not look at me with such pitiful tenderness: it unmans me. I could bear your curses better. You have wrung from me the first complaint my lips have uttered for twenty years; and I *have* suffered,—great God in heaven, thou knowest how bitterly!" He clasped his hands in uncontrollable anguish. "I say not that I do not repent, nor that my soul is not filled with unavailing remorse. The remembrance of what we were both once forces itself upon my heart. You have triumphed in your sufferings, while mine have crushed my soul to the lowest depths of hell."

He pressed the Jesuit's hand to his hot, dry lips, with a passionate affection strangely at variance with his rough speech, and as if afraid to trust himself further, rushed hurriedly from the cell.

The priest heard him lock and bar the door; and when the echoes of his footsteps along the corridor had died away and all again was silent, he sank upon his knees and buried his face in his hands.

It was not for himself he prayed, albeit eternity's threshold was but a step from him, nor for his child, but for a lost, despairing soul that grovelled in the mire, upon whom Heaven's wrath lay heavy, but whom Heaven's pitying hand perchance might reach.

Amid a busy, jostling throng, and under a strong guard, the procession, marshalled by the sheriffs, set forth at early dawn upon the road to Tyburn.

His car was a rough hurdle, upon which he lay securely bound; and, unmindful of its painful jolting and of the fervid exhortations of the minister who walked beside him, endeavoring, in a shrill voice that was audible above the surrounding din, to convince him of the soul-destroying errors of Popery, the priest, step by step, neared the

spot whereon he was to expiate his treason.

In the open space at the foot of the gallows stood the executioner with his arms bared, waiting to complete his hideous task; and beside him were ranged in grim order the dread paraphernalia of his craft,—the butcher's knife, the board for the disembowelling and quartering, a huge caldron, steaming above a crackling fire, wherein the dismembered portions of the traitor's body must be parboiled before they were suffered to ornament the city gates.

Unmoved by the sickening show, the priest composedly ascended the ladder, and standing in the cart over which dangled the fatal rope, gazed calmly upon the multitude below.

The air was bright and balmy; trees and hedge-rows, glistening with the morning dew, emitted their sweet fragrance; beyond the confines of the crowd, cattle were grazing peacefully in the verdant meadows; and high amid the clouds, the joyous song of the lark came fitfully and sweet upon his ear. Never had nature seemed to wear so tranquil and inviting an aspect in his eyes as when he looked upon it for the last time.

Far away on the outermost edge of the crowd there stood a man bare-headed, his features painfully convulsed. He had followed at a distance, and cowering behind a tree, as though he feared the accusing eye of the priest, lingered there spellbound.

The priest was speaking; but although the sound of his voice did not reach the lonely watcher, he could see the lips move, and the pale, bright face, radiant with earnest faith, in which the terrors of death reflected not themselves.

With a cry of agony he saw the rope adjusted about the martyr's neck, and heart-sick and stricken with overwhelming remorse, he turned away.

A low, hushed murmur, a short, quick gasp that sounded like a groan, burst forth unrestrainedly from the assembled throng, and he knew that

one who had endured to the end stood at last before his Judge.

Go thy way, poor spy. Who shall say that Heaven's mercy is too narrow to embrace even thee, and that pitying angels may not rejoice over thy repentance, although it come to thee at the eleventh hour?

* * * * *

Many eventful years had passed away. England had at length ceased to shed Popish blood; she had undergone a revolution; a Catholic king, the last of the Stuarts, whose religion subsequently cost him his crown, sat upon the throne; recusants emerged timidly from their obscurity and basked for a brief time in the sunlight of royal favor.

The old lord, stricken in years, had long since been gathered to his fathers. His end was peaceful, and not the less so for the presence by his bedside of one Sir John Coniers, who brought with him a stranger whom rumor identified as the "little man with the red beard," better known in Yorkshire and thereabouts as Father Richard Holtby, once provincial of the Society of Jesus.

Master Mandril, too, had made an exceeding good end, leaving to his numerous progeny the well-earned fruits of a busy, eventful life. He had lived for the world, fattened upon the misery and sufferings of others; and undisturbed by his victims' groans, and satisfied with having done his duty to his country, his family, and to himself, he slept beneath a gorgeous tomb, surmounted by his recumbent effigy handsomely carved in marble, and glorified to all posterity by a lengthy inscription, setting forth his titles, his virtues, and his manifold services to the state.

What eventually became of another equally deserving hunter of priests, worthy Timothy Cuffe, we know not. He may have been hanged or died in jail; but in all probability he followed his vocation to the last, and found a pauper's grave.

Mention is made of one George

Reynolds, who died abroad some years after the martyrdom of the Jesuit, a lay brother in the Order which he had so well and faithfully served.

In a convent chapel at Bruges there knelt a tall and stately lady, with unwrinkled front and dark, unfathomable eyes. She had long ago reached the threescore years and ten, the assigned limit of human life; and among the names of those she had known in the days of her youth, none was more frequently on her lips than that of a Jesuit, of whose execution she had heard, and who, it was hinted, had been of her kin. Among the treasures that little chapel contained was one that had especial value in her eyes, — a cloth soaked with blood, enshrined in a massive casket, the sole relic that remained of her martyred parent.

If it had been permitted to that aged nun to pierce the veil that shrouded England's future, she might have seen her native land, after centuries of estrangement, returning with slow and faltering steps to the faith of which it had been deprived; have seen that church erected on the ruins of the old one shaken to its very base by the desertion of some of its best and noblest champions, and hastening to atone for their fathers' sins by full and frank admission of the authority of eternal Rome; strangers to her no more, but loving, grateful children.

And uninjured by the storms that have from the beginning surrounded it, living on through times of persecution and hatred, the great Society of Jesus still looks placidly down upon the seething, furious waves of distrust and insult that ever threaten to engulf it, — still, as of yore, the right hand of God's Church, its wisest and ablest counsellor and support, — pursuing steadfastly, with patient, undeviating fidelity, the path of simple duty, and bearing upon its front the holy and unsullied motto, —

"Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam."

THE END.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

"CHANGE KINGS, AND WE'LL FIGHT THE BATTLE AGAIN."

THE Boyne, which finds its headwaters near Carbery, in the county of Kildare, takes a meandering course towards the west and north until it enters Meath, through which it flows in a northeasterly direction through Trim, Navan, Slane, and Drogheda, four miles below which it falls into the Irish Sea. At tide-water it is navigable to Navan, a distance of nineteen miles, for barges of fifty tons' burden; but at low water, from Navan to Slane, it is a shallow stream, brawling over a rocky bottom of a few yards in width, and from that to Old Bridge it is fordable by horse and foot at almost every rood of its length. Below Slane, its course is due east for nearly a mile, when, dipping abruptly towards the south, it takes a semicircular sweep of nearly three miles to Old Bridge; and the curve so formed embraces its memorable battle-ground. The northern bank, for nearly half a mile back, is high and firm down to the water's edge, while the opposite one is low and sedgy and the ground behind it broken back to the base of Donore, which is over a mile from its mid-current. The chord of the arc indicated is nearly two miles, and the distance from Old Bridge to Slane, in a direct line, is somewhat under three.

On the evening of the 29th, when James crossed the river, the distance between his rear-guard and William's advance was about eight miles; and on the morning of the 30th the latter appeared and halted his army facing the concave bend of the river, behind a line of hills which partially concealed it from observation, while awaiting his artillery, which was still some miles in his rear.

With that promptitude which characterized all his movements since his arrival in the country, he immediately ordered an examination of the river from Old Bridge to Slane, and proceeded himself with a detachment of

cavalry to reconnoitre the position of the royal army. While so engaged he was struck by a cannon-shot that grazed his shoulder and drew a little blood. This caused a report of his death to be spread throughout the camp, and created the greatest alarm among his followers; but, calling for a napkin, he stopped the blood, and putting on another coat passed through the ranks to restore the confidence of his soldiers, and then completed his reconnoissance.* Towards noon he moved his army forward to the river, when, his cannon having arrived, he established his batteries along the heights, ordered a heavy cannonade to be kept up against the Irish centre, and retiring within his lines summoned his generals to receive his plan of action.

It was the intention of William at first to cross the river at Slane during the advanced hours of the night, and falling on James by surprise, to strike his left and turn it from the road to Dublin. The Duke of Schomberg, with characteristic caution, would

* The many conflicting statements of this trifling affair are set at rest by a letter which may be seen in the Dublin "Nation" for May, 1865. It was written by Lord Meath, who was present at the battle, is dated July 5, 1690, and is a rare specimen of epistolary correspondence. Enlarging on the affair, Pinnock, in his "Catechism of Irish History," says, "Burke, an Irish gunner, having grazed the arm of William with a cannon-shot, and having taken a fresh aim, on which he might depend, James desisted him 'not to make his child a widow.' It is also asserted, and with apparent truth, that having seen his own troops overcoming those of William, he cried out repeatedly, 'Oh, spare my unfortunate subjects!' and having turned the tide of battle against himself by gross mismanagement, he fled precipitately to Dublin, leaving his Irish subjects behind him." Inadequate artillery and gross mismanagement on the part of the king were, no doubt, the causes of the final result of the battle; but such exclamations, even by this "most Christian king," would be either too saintly or too infamous, and on his own authority the statement is here rejected. It was he himself that ordered the battery down to fire at William. (See "Berwick's Memoirs," Vol. IX. p. 396.)

have opposed this proposition, on the ground that though James's army appeared small from the English line of sight, he might have large reserves behind Donore. But the Duke was again rebuked by the prince, and notified to retire, which he did deeply mortified, and received his orders afterwards in his tent, with the querulous remark that "they were the first that had ever been sent him!" Bating this, the utmost harmony pervaded the council of William, and confidence reigned supreme throughout his camp.

But notwithstanding the discourtesy shown by William to the Duke of Schomberg, the advice of that old veteran had its due weight in his council; the determination to assail the Irish left during the night was abandoned, and the following plan of action was adopted: Of the 40,000 men of which the prince's army now consisted, about 13,000, composed of the Dutch Guards, the Enniskillen infantry, and the Brandenburg and Huguenot regiments, under the command of Duke Schomberg and Caillemotte,* formed his centre, opposite to the same division of the royal army. His right, 10,000 horse and foot, under Count Schomberg and General Douglas, respectively, was extended in the direction of Slane; and his left, about 12,000 strong, comprising the Dutch, Danish, and Enniskillen horse and the British and Scotch infantry, was drawn up towards Old Bridge, and to be commanded by himself in person. His immense train of artillery, variously estimated at from fifty to sixty pieces, including several mortars, was portioned out to each division, the weight of it being placed against the Irish centre; and his reserves, about 5,000, were stationed in the low ground to his rear, within easy supporting distance of his right and left, and not more than a mile from either. The Count of Schomberg was to open

the battle at daybreak by forcing the pass of Slane, and turning the Irish left; when this should be accomplished, the Duke was to cross at the centre, and carrying the intrenchments opposite, press them back from the river. Biding these results, the prince himself would cross at Old Bridge, and flanking their right, cut off their retreat to Dublin. Thus, by a general movement, the royal army would be completely overthrown, and the war terminated by a single blow: the chances of defeat had no place in his calculation.

As William had the advantage of ground, — that is to say, the northern bank of the river was steep and firm down to its margin, while the southern side was low and broken, — James had thrown his army well back towards the hill of Donore, and during the interval had made the following disposition: His centre, about 8,000 men of all arms, was arranged in two lines; one, comprising the musketeers and pikemen, under Major-General Dorrington and the Marquis de Hoquincourt, was placed in the intrenchments along the river, and the other, composed of the exempts, under General Nugent and Taaffe, Earl of Carlingford, in the broken ground behind it. For the support of these the infantry regiments of Tyrconnell, Parker, and Gordon O'Neil, and the dragoons of Lords Clare and Dungan, were held between a small village and the hill of Donore, as the ground nearer to the river was low, and commanded by the enemy's artillery. His right wing, about 3,000 men, of whom but eight battalions were infantry, rested near the town of Old Bridge, opposed to William's left, under the command of Lieutenant-General Hamilton and the Duke of Berwick. His left, composed of the French troops under the Duke de Lausun and M. de la Hoquette, stood about a mile from his centre, in the direction of Slane; while that important pass, which he tells us in his memoirs he expected to be William's first point of assault, and which

* Caillemotte was a brother of General Ruigny, and Count Schomberg was a son of the duke of that name.

lay three miles from his centre, by the course of the river, was entirely neglected until late at night, when, at the urgent request of his generals, it was occupied by Sir Neale O'Neil and his regiment of dragoons. A strip of moorland, extending from Old Bridge to the pass of Slane, ran behind his right and centre, traversing the base of Donore round to the southeast; and behind this, but well drawn up against the hill, he held a reserve of nearly 3,000 infantry and cavalry, the former under Sir Charles Carney, and the latter under Sarsfield and Brigadier-General Maxwell.

How little soever conversant in military affairs, one cannot fail to see the almost insuperable disadvantages of the Jacobite army. Lying on the convex of the river, with an army scarce half the number of the opposing force; its supporting distance to the pass of Slane treble to that of the enemy; the ground near the river unsuited to the action of cavalry, which was its main dependence; and its ordnance miserably inferior in number and calibre,—it was barely possible to repulse the enemy, but almost impossible to turn a repulse into a victory. To an ordinary observer the chances of battle would thus present themselves: by intrepidity and superior valor, James might hold his ground until the return of the tide, which would suspend it; or if the enemy succeeded in crossing without his ordnance, he might draw up all his force on the heights, and by one of those desperate and sudden efforts that man is sometimes capable of, hurl him back into the river. There was no other alternative between him and defeat; the vast numerical advantage of the Prince of Orange rendered the former improbable, and the lack of military ardor in the king himself was not calculated to evoke the latter.

With a will concentrated on the object of his mission, exultant in power, and personally brave and enterprising, William's plan was simple, bold, and aggressive. Weak in numbers and

straitened in resources, that of James was tortuous, cautious, and weakly defensive. Fortitude and military capacity he is said to have possessed, and they would seem not to have entirely deserted him on this occasion; but in that desperate daring which alone could wring success from the surrounding disadvantages, he was utterly deficient. His army was gallant, and even eager for the conflict, and a rival whose persistent malignity would have roused the meekest spirit confronted him; but the blood did not course warmly in his veins at the devotion of the one, nor did vengeance steel him to action at the sight of the other. Trepidation was manifest in all his motions, and he had not even the self-control to hide it from his soldiers. The pass of Duleek, in his rear, claimed more of his attention than the enemy on his front; for while ordering the battle, he was devising a retreat, and had in their sight despatched one half his artillery in the evening for the defence of the capital. It therefore mattered very little how he disposed of the remainder,—six pieces, on a line of four Irish miles.*

So stood the hosts on the night of June 30, 1690, prepared to deliver battle on the dawn of the morrow; and as darkness settled down and hid each from the view of the other, the feelings that swayed them may be easier felt than depicted. One feeling, that in such moments pervades every bosom alike, from the private to the king, must have been theirs in common,—the hope to survive the carnage; in all else their thoughts must have been as different as the causes they represented. The merce-

* Seeing the superiority of William in numbers and artillery, he was now as eager to avoid as he had been before to court a battle. The French generals also wished to decline an engagement. The Irish declared themselves ready to fight. Under these circumstances, a kind of half-measure was adopted. It was determined to hazard a partial battle, and to retreat without risking a general engagement. To this strange determination James in all probability owed the loss of his kingdom. (Taylor, Vol. II. p. 148.)

nary can have but one passion and one object, — to slay and to dominate. The patriot has many, and all are sacred. The poetry of emotion is his, and over none does it exert a more boundless influence than over the race of which this king's army was mainly composed. The memories of the past, standing out like the immemorial hills; the voices of futurity, coming up the long vista of time; and all pleading the reversal of a fate more cruel than Egyptian bondage: while clearer to the ear and nearer to the heart come the pleadings of kindred, and the anxious household lifting up their prayers to heaven for the devoted hearts that shield them from ruin, death, dishonor. All these speak to them, and a thousand fancies, taking the form of life, pass in solemn review, till the hardiest soldier, with moistened eye, and heart full to breaking, grasps his sword, compresses his lip, looks out for the dawning, and sighs for relief in conflict.

But did not the Irish of that day deceive themselves? This king, whose cause they had espoused, was not their king. His restoration would still leave their country an appanage of the British Crown, and his house was a name of woe and desolation throughout the land! Would her future, under it, be much brighter than her past? There was no doubt many a thoughtful mind in that Irish army that had all those misgivings; but this was not the time to indulge them. Nor should we of the present day be hypercritical. Royalty was then something more than a name, and we should not judge the events of the seventeenth century by the light of the nineteenth, nor the Ireland of untoward circumstances as the nation of her people's will. To the memory of this unhappy king this truth should be generously conceded: He could have retained his throne had he violated his conscience. He could have ruled the Irish people as his predecessors had done, and at that time they

had no power to stay him; for the Catholic descendants of the Palesmen were firm in their allegiance to the English throne, and the native race was destitute of means to strike for separation. He had forfeited his crown and jeopardized his power, for right. He had emancipated them from a bondage servile to mind and body. He was the first royal champion of civil and religious liberty. He had offered them justice in his power, and appealed to their loyalty in his adversity. His cause was their cause. He was banished by his own people, outraged by his own family; he came to them in his bereavement, and, to their honor be it recorded, they did not forsake him. His very injuries threw a sacred influence around him, and as he sacrificed to justice, they paid him the homage of their blood!

Yet in truth he was not their king; not the ideal king of the Irish race. That should be a native king; one infusing nationality through every hamlet in the land, and defending its liberties against a world in arms. Six hundred years had failed to eradicate the hope of such a king from the hearts of every successive generation, and every outrage of the invader only rendered it the more indelible. The place, too, was historic. Every hill and valley from Drogheda to Clonard, in rath and ruin, bore ample testimony of their aspiration for native rule. Tara and Skreen, now plainly visible in the soft moonlight of summer, stood out in relief against the southern sky, and it is no stretch of the imagination to say, from that same pass of Slane, the ancestor of Sir Neale O'Neil had, nearly nine hundred years before, reconnoitred the Danish host and marked it for destruction. Many a chief and many a clan of his martial house had, since then, crossed the Boyne to do battle with the invader; but never a braver soldier than he, nor a more devoted following than that which now counted the moments by the reverberation of the enemy's can-

non along its banks, and looked through the night for the eventful dawning.*

The night wore slowly away, and as its shadows were blending into the gray dawn of morning, the cannonade which had been kept up since the preceding noon from William's batteries ceased for a time, and the beat to arms was distinctly heard on the heights of Donore. It was promptly answered by a roll from the Irish camp, and the troops on each side were immediately in motion, and deploying down towards the river. An hour of hurried preparation now passed on, when the waters of the gentle river were again startled from their short repose by a heavy peal along the whole English line; the smoke of which having cleared away, William's left, the cavalry in advance, was seen doubling the curve in the river, and advancing steadily towards the pass of Slane. The firing thus resumed was now kept up incessantly from the English left and centre; and as the sun appeared above the hills, and both armies stood out bolder on the foreground, William himself, accompanied by Prince George of Denmark, the Prince of Nassau, and the Duke of Wurtemberg, and surrounded by a grand calvacade, was observed reviewing his army; and by word and example infusing hope and courage through all its ranks.

King James saw all that was passing from the heights of Donore; and as Count Schomberg and Douglas moved in the direction of Slane, he ordered De Lausun to move his troops in the same direction. Then, after

* Nial-Caille, the last monarch of Ireland of the house of O'Neil, after having defeated the Danes and Normans in several engagements, was drowned in the river Callan, in Kilkenny, while engaged in raising the country for their total expulsion. One of his attendants having fallen into the river, he was trying to save him, and in the attempt, lost his own life. The crown of sovereignty passed from the house of O'Neil, and it was not until the reign of Bryan, more than a century after, that the Danes were finally extirpated. (See McGeoghagen's "History of Ireland.")

seeing the remainder of his baggage on its way to Dublin,* whither the half of his artillery had already been sent, he stood to watch the issue of the day, with much composure of manner and much Christian resignation, but none of that military ardor by which a gallant general often imparts a spirit and energy to a small army that render it invincible in the hour of battle. Not so, however, with the Duke of Tyrconnell. Though bowed by age, and broken in health, he moved from rank to rank, exhorting all to bravery; and it is very questionable which felt most solicitude at that hour, — that king for the fate of his crown, or that patriot for the cause of his country. As for Sarsfield, he had little to do in the affairs of that day; for both he and General Maxwell were in continual attendance on the king's person, and his attention, with the exception of one visit to his right, was entirely divided between the reserve on Donore and the French troops on his left. Hamilton and Berwick were at their post on the right; and well had it been for James and his cause had he tarried in Dublin and committed the marshalling of his army to those generals, and the issue of the day to the King of battles.

Apprised of the design of the enemy on his position, O'Neil had made such preparations as time allowed for his reception. Around the pass on both sides of the river he had drawn intrenchments, and as the morning dawned had thrown forward a small detachment to impede his progress. The ground over which he approached was favorable to defensive operations, being much broken and interspersed with hedges: these natural impediments and the weight of his artillery rendered his movements slow and irregular; the fire of the skirmishers met him at every step as he neared

* On seeing this, the king gave orders for his left to move in the same direction, and sent the remainder of the baggage to Dublin. ("Memoirs of Berwick," Vol. I. p. 397.)

the pass, so that it was eight o'clock before he had forced them back within their intrenchments.

Here the fight was renewed with great stubbornness, and continued for two hours longer, when Schomberg, with the loss of two hundred men, forced the position; and the dragoons retired with the loss of one fourth their number, bearing away the body of their leader, mortally wounded, and renewed the contest on the other side of the river. Schomberg immediately commenced to cross, and the king, apprised of the state of affairs here, sent Sarsfield, with sixty dragoons and a piece of artillery, to oppose him; but these succors only arrived in time to see the defenders driven from their intrenchments, and the troops of Schomberg drawn out on the southern bank to receive them.

All further attempts to check the progress of the assailants were now futile: the dragoons retired on their supports; the gun brought down by Sarsfield got "bogged," and had to be abandoned, and Schomberg, his artillery being got over, deployed by his right on the outer side of the marsh, to turn the left of the king's army. He had, however, scarcely got clear of the river, when the troops of De Lausun appeared on the inner side of the marsh to oppose him. The force of the latter was six thousand men, within support of a reserve of three thousand; it was fresh, finely appointed, and the marsh at this place was narrow and practicable to horse and foot: but he showed no disposition to engage, although Schomberg halted and drew up to offer him battle. After some time the troops on both sides were put in motion, Schomberg still moving by his right, and De Lausun by his left in the same direction, the marsh gradually widening round towards the rear of Donore, until nearly a mile intervened, when an engagement became impracticable, and the Irish left was flanked.

In the mean time, King James, seeing that Count Schomberg had

crossed the river, believed that the other division of William's army would also move in the same direction, and that the entire battle would be finally transferred to his left. He therefore determined to withdraw his own right and centre from the river, to the support of De Lausun; and with this intention he now proceeded to his right. There, seeing that William's left and centre were still drawn up on the opposite bank, and being opposed in his design by Tyrconnell, he returned to his left, where Count Schomberg and De Lausun were still confronting each other. Posting his reserves on the right of the latter, and riding up to him, he ordered him to charge the enemy across the intervening ground; but the order was disobeyed, although Schomberg halted again and formed to invite an action. In this state of perplexity the king rode back to the reserves, placed the infantry at the edge of the marsh, supported on each side by his cavalry, with the foot dragoons filling up the intervals, and approaching M. de la Hoquette, "*whispered him*" to lead on the French infantry. The latter was about to comply with this request, when he was checked by De Lausun. At this time Sarsfield and Maxwell, who had been out inspecting the ground in front, returned and pronounced it impracticable to cavalry, it being traversed by two double ditches with a rivulet flowing between them. So the king was convinced, and De Lausun was relieved from his impotunity. In this manner the two wings continued to manœuvre, the situation each moment growing more critical, as Schomberg neared the end of the marsh, where the road turned towards Duleek, and led on to the capital.

Thus, through some motive of De Lausun, never after explained, and through the absence of control in the unfortunate king, never forgiven, the French auxiliaries, and with them the Irish reserve, — a body of 3,000 men, — were neutralized; the Irish left was completely turned, and the remainder

of the army, not exceeding 11,000, was left to contend with 30,000 under William and the Duke of Schomberg.

In the mean time a considerable change had taken place in William's left and centre. The Duke of Schomberg had discovered another ford in the direction of Slane, and when that pass was carried, had moved by his right to avail himself of the advantages it offered, while William had moved by his left somewhat nearer to the town of Drogheda. These changes necessitated corresponding movements in the Irish line. A greater extension was the consequence, and some regiments of its rear were extended to oppose the Duke of Schomberg; but still they offered a good front, and awaited the enemy in confidence.

It was well on to noon, and the tide was on the return, when the firing ceased on Duke Schomberg's front, and the Dutch Guards, accompanied by their band, detached themselves from the main body and moved down to the river. Here the music of the band ceased; the guards formed in compacted columns, twenty abreast, and commenced the passage of the river in the face of a well-directed fire.* When they had all got below the level of their own artillery, its fire was again directed against the Irish intrenchments, and compelled the men there to lie close in their works until the guards got beyond the mid-current and began to ascend on the opposite side, when they quitted their defences and advanced into the river to meet them; and as they closed, Major Arthur, of the Irish Guards, singling out the leader of the enemy, passed his pike through his body. This stimulated his men to action; a desperate conflict ensued; the Dutch Guards were held in check for a considerable time, and many fell on both sides and were trampled beneath the current.

The Dutch Guards were the household troops of the Prince of Orange,

* The water at this time was low, not reaching the drums of the band which accompanied them. (Haverly's "History.")

were fighting under his eye, and formed a compact body of 5,000 men; while the Irish were mostly raw levies, inferior in number, and indifferently armed with pikes and muskets. The result was doubtful for some time, until Major Arthur was wounded and conveyed to the rear; disheartened and borne back by the weight of numbers, his troops gradually gave ground, and the Dutch troops advanced and effected a landing. As they reached the firm ground above the river they were charged by the dragoons of Clare and Dungan, and wavered; but Lord Dungan being slain, the dragoons became panic-stricken and retreated, nor could they again be brought to the charge. In this state of indecision the Dutch renewed their assault, and established a position in the broken ground behind the Irish line. The position was a strong one, and at once laid bare the intrenchments on the river, while it afforded a protection against the Irish cavalry; and here they remained during the succeeding events of the day, suffering severely, but defying every attempt to dislodge them.

William, who witnessed this, felt deep concern for the fate of his household troops. They had accompanied him in all his campaigns, and his care for them, in peace and war, was that of a patriarch for his household. From his point of view, their condition was now perilous in the highest degree, they being surrounded by the enemy on all sides, and in danger of total destruction before relief could reach them. To him the movements of Schomberg, always slow and measured, seemed now painfully so; and, suspending his advance against the Irish right, he rode down to the centre to precipitate the troops forming there for the relief of his famous guards. Two regiments of the Huguenot troops and one of British infantry were immediately formed, and under the leadership of Caillemotte, commenced the passage of the river.

Hamilton, from the right of the

Irish line, had followed these events with a feeling akin to that of William. He believed, like him, that the fate of the Dutch troops was sealed, could the re-enforcements of the enemy be held in check or repulsed; but he also saw that the intrenchments at the centre were partially abandoned from the effects of the enemy's fire on their rear, and that all now depended on intrepid action. He therefore detached two regiments of infantry from the right to march close by the river and throw themselves before Caillemotte, while he hastened himself, by a more circuitous route, with the cavalry, to sustain them.

The troops of Caillemotte advanced rapidly to the mid-current, where they were met as the Dutch Guards had been, and like them, were forcing their way against the Irish infantry, when Hamilton reached the scene of action. As he appeared, the infantry opened to the right and left to make way; and with unchecked impulse, he rushed to the onset. The effect was instantaneous. In a moment the enemy were helplessly broken, trampled, and dispersed. Caillemotte, two colonels, and two lieutenant-colonels were slain, more than half his command were either killed or wounded, and the remainder fled to the opposite side, pursued by the victorious cavalry. As they pressed the fugitives up to their lines, the Danish horse were precipitated against them, but were instantly broken, hurled back in confusion, and closely pressed on the columns now forming under the Duke of Schomberg. Rushing on wildly, and crying out, "Horse! horse!" in great alarm, they created a panic, which was near ending in a total rout, when William again appeared among them, restored order in the ranks, and the Irish cavalry leisurely retired.

William now collected all the infantry of the centre, while Schomberg, placing himself at the head of the cavalry, entered the river, and advanced with the same coolness and caution that had hitherto characterized

all his movements. The Irish horse had just returned from the pursuit, and were drawn up on the river to oppose him. They did not wait for his whole force to get in motion, but as he approached the middle of the river, they bore down on him with their wonted impetuosity. The effect was the same as before. Schomberg, and Walker, of Derry, were slain; dismay and inextricable confusion was the consequence, and all retreated to the northern side to re-form. Taylor, in his short but life-like portraiture of this battle, says of the event just detailed, "Had James chosen this moment to place himself at the head of his troops for one general charge, or had the French auxiliaries attacked the Dutch in flank, the event of the battle would certainly have restored his crown." The poor king—he was at that very moment concerting a retreat on his left, outraged by his French general; and even his reserves were two miles from the scene of action.

This was the crisis of the day. The tide was now making fast; the water was nearly waist-high in the river, and half an hour more would render a crossing impossible for that day. William could no longer delay his movements on the left; and so, ordering Sir John Hanmer and the Prince of Nassau to re-form his demoralized troops at the centre and lead them on for the relief of his guards, he hastened to the left to make a last effort to restore the battle.

Had Sarsfield and Maxwell now appeared with the reserves, and left De Lausan to watch Count Schomberg, the battle had been won, or at least suspended; for at this moment the balance leaned to the Jacobite arms, and delay would have been tantamount to a victory. During the approaching night, the division of Count Schomberg, cut off from support, and lost in the intricacies of the ground behind Donore, could have been totally destroyed; there were 3,000 troops within a few hours' march of the field, and

the morning would have opened with fairer prospects of success.* But all these chances were lost by the fears of the king for his capital: no support appeared for the centre; and Hamilton, after performing prodigies of valor, was forced to retire again to the right to oppose the passage of the Prince of Orange.

William, whose design through the day had been to strike the Irish army in the rear of its right, turn it from the direction of the capital, and form a junction with Count Schomberg, was now compelled to abandon that project, and lead his left to the support of his centre. For this purpose he marshalled a force of about 12,000 infantry and cavalry. The Danish and Dutch horse, bearing the standard of Nassau, were placed in the advance; after them came the foot; and the Enniskillen horse brought up the rear. Placing himself between the cavalry and infantry, he entered the river, the water rising to the flanks of the horses as they reached the mid-current. Hamilton, who had just returned from the Irish centre, watched their approach with great anxiety, until they began to ascend the southern side and had gained a surer footing; when, ordering his infantry to retire, he withdrew the cavalry also, to reform for the charge. William, on seeing this movement, believed that they were abandoning the field, and urged his cavalry more hastily forward. He was soon undeceived: the Irish horse had but withdrawn for greater impulse; in another moment they dashed forward; the Danes were scattered right and left, bearing back the prince among them, and the flanks of his infantry lay completely exposed. The Irish cavalry had, for the third time that day, asserted their superiority.

William's situation was now desper-

ate. His Danish and Dutch horse were scattered and swimming in the river; his infantry were hardly able to bear up against its current; the Irish cavalry lay on his front, and their infantry had opened with effect on his flanks. But he was equal to the emergency, and his gallantry at this trying moment would go far to erase a very dark record. Making his way to the head of his Enniskilleners, now about to advance, he asked promptly "what they would do for him?" They cried out with one impulse that they would follow where he led; and hastening forward after him, they threw themselves between their infantry and the Irish cavalry, now re-formed on the bank above them. The sight of these troops, their own countrymen, protecting the foreign mercenaries of William, roused the spirit of vengeance in the breasts of the Irish, and wheeling as before, they swept forward in one compacted mass. The Enniskilleners did not await the shock, but turned and fled across the river, deserting their general at his greatest need; nor could they again be rallied until the battle was decided.*

William, on being deserted by the Enniskilleners, again rode through his infantry and re-formed their disordered ranks. The Danish and Dutch rallied, and formed round his person; and with the desperate resolve to do or die, he pressed resolutely forward.

The scene along the whole line was now terribly grand and exciting. The entire left and centre of the English army were in motion, and, stirred to the highest daring by the danger of their prince and the exigency of the hour, were pressing through the river simultaneously. Hanmer led the

* This force actually arrived next day, and narrowly escaped being captured by the victors. Two of them were taken and hanged as spies, and the rest retired after the Irish army. Had these been in the battle, the Irish army would have been 23,000, according with the estimate of the Duke of Berwick.

* Taylor, after commenting in indignant terms on this conduct of the Enniskilleners, adds: "Their apologists say that they misunderstood their orders, and returned again. However this may be, it is certain that William, ever after, viewed this part of his force with contempt, not unmingled with hatred." (Vol. II. p. 151.)

cavalry of the centre, and the Prince of Nassau the infantry, each vying with the other for precedence. The latter was crossing at the ford lately attempted by Caillemotte and the Duke of Schomberg, and the former at one hitherto neglected, which lay nearer to Old Bridge, and offered more immediate support to the Prince of Orange. This disposition nearly connected the English left and centre, and caused another derangement of the Irish lines opposite. The Dutch Guards, too, who still held their lodgment on the side of Donore, rallied as their succor approached, and drew a portion of their fire from the compacted masses of Nassau on their front. Three regiments of the Irish Guards, — those of Tyrconnell, Parker, and Gordon O'Neil, — the Exempts under Nugent, and a few squadrons of cavalry, were thrown against Hanmer, and, animated by Tyrconnell and Dorrington, were opposing a most deadly resistance; while Berwick and Hamilton still disputed the passage of William, and held him in check on the right.

But the balance of the day was inclining, and the fates were again propitious to William. Nassau pressed fiercely on. The Dutch Guards assumed the offensive, and their fire became destructive. The Irish generals exhausted every effort to animate their troops, but in vain. Attacked in front and rear by superior numbers, they at last broke, abandoned the river, and withdrew in good order towards Donore. The command of Nassau, on ascending from the river, were joined by the Dutch Blues, and both turned their attention to where the Irish Guards were still offering a stern resistance to Hanmer.* The position of these troops now became critical in the extreme, and a short time would see them either all slain or

captured by the enemy. There was scarce an alternative, when Berwick arrived with a portion of the cavalry of the right, charged vigorously, and held the enemy in check until the remnant of these famous guards retired. This was the most destructive conflict of the day to the Irish; "for," says King James in his memoirs, "the greater part of the Exempts and brigadiers in both corps were killed, likewise the Earl of Carlingford, M. d'Amande, and several other volunteers that served with him. Nugent and Casanova were wounded in Tyrconnell's, Major O'Meara and Sir Charles Tooke were killed, and Bada wounded. In Parker's, the colonel was wounded; Green the lieutenant-colonel, Dodington the major, and several officers were killed; and in both squadrons there remained but thirty men unhurt.

Hamilton, with the remaining cavalry, no longer able to offer an effectual resistance on the river, retired before William, who crossed, wheeled to his right, and pressed on towards his centre. As the English forces united, the Irish horse also converged, and formed on their front for the protection of their infantry, forming in line of battle on the hill. A series of conflicts now ensued between the Irish cavalry and the converging forces of the English left and centre, which are described by the annalist Story as of the most desperate character. For more than half an hour, during which all "were completely enveloped in dust and smoke," neither gained or lost an inch; and when no longer able to withstand the overwhelming force against them, the Irish cavalry retired, re-formed, charged the enemy again and again, "ten times in succession," and at last fell back to the flanks of their infantry, to make another effort to redeem the day. William advanced boldly on the position now assumed by the Irish army; but astonished at the imposing front they still presented, he halted to array his troops, when the Irish infantry, taking advan-

* Sir John Hanmer crossed the river nigh a place where, the day before, the enemy had a battery of six guns, but now they were gone, as most of their artillery, etc. (Story's "Imp. History," Vol. I. — The Boyne.)

tage of this hesitation, bore down on him. The first and second lines gave way; but their force was spent against the Dutch Guards, and they retired. The cavalry now charged again and broke the guards; but, the wings closing on them, they were completely surrounded. A terrific struggle took place; General Hamilton was wounded, unhorsed, and captured; Berwick had his horse killed, but was saved by a trooper; Colonel Sheldon cut his way through at the head of the cavalry, and again re-formed them on the front; and while the two armies stood thus, neither advancing nor receding, the order for a general retreat sounded along the Irish line.

While the events just described were transpiring on the river, Count Schomberg continued to hold De Lausun inactive, wearing slowly round by his right; and as the Irish centre retreated on Donore, he had reached the termination of the lowland, and thrown forward his cavalry on the road leading to Dublin. King James, on seeing this, got alarmed for the safety of the capital should Schomberg get the start of him; so, directing De Lausun to defend the road, he issued an order for a general retreat, and taking the regiments of Brown and Purcell as an escort, withdrew from the field and pursued his way to Dublin. On receipt of this order, "the Irish army retreated" from the hill, bringing off all their standards and artillery; * they crossed the lowlands to the north of Donore; and the Boyne was lost.

It was six o'clock in the evening. The infantry soon reached the town of Duleek, the French bringing up the rear, and formed in line of battle behind the river Nanny. The cavalry arrived soon after, and had just crossed the river as Count Schomberg drew up and formed on the other side. Both armies then remained facing

each other for over an hour; the Irish, seeing that the enemy did not advance, began to retire, and Schomberg followed. The Irish halted and re-formed again, in a long ravine, near the village of Neal; the enemy also halted, but did not attack; and in this posture night settled down on the two armies. It was now nine o'clock; the Irish resumed their march, and, the enemy following no farther, they continued their way unmolested towards Dublin. William remained on the field. Some say that sorrow for the death of Schomberg was the cause of his not pressing the foe. It might have been caused by a lack of artillery, as his train had not crossed the river. Perhaps he might have been apprehensive that the garrison of Drogheda would issue out and capture or destroy it in his absence, as they might have done during the latter events of the day; but whether it was one of those causes, or a combination of them, now matters but little: he had won the Battle of the Boyne, and it was enough for a day.

The principal personages killed in the Jacobite army were Lord Dungan, Taaffe, Earl of Carlingford, Sir Neale O'Neil, and the Marquis de Hoquincourt; in that of the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Schomberg,* Caillemotte, and Walker of Derry, who commanded a regiment of Enniskilleners. Besides these, several officers of distinction fell on both sides; among whom were two colonels, two lieutenant-colonels, in the division of Caillemotte, and Sir Charles Tooke, Majors Arthur and O'Meara, and the Chevalier de Vaudry, in Tyrconnell's. The number of officers of subordinate rank killed and wounded on each side was very great, considering the loss in private soldiers, which did not exceed 1,000 in either. The number of the wounded in the army of William is not known; and, excepting Hamilton,

* They brought off five pieces. The other got bogged near the pass of Slane, and was abandoned.

* Schomberg was shot by O'Toole, an Irish officer of the Exempts, who took him, from the blue ribbon which he wore, to be the Prince of Orange. ("Memoirs," 398).

there is no mention of prisoners being taken on either side.

Such was the Battle of the Boyne; memorable for the extinction of the Stuart dynasty, for the politico-religious government it entailed on England, and for the wrongs innumerable it bequeathed to Ireland; but for nothing more memorable than as a well-contested and long-doubtful battle. It was one fought by 20,000 men,* indifferently armed, with only six pieces of artillery, and under a king whose conduct would have disconcerted the best army in the world, from six in the morning until six in the evening, on a river fordable at every rood of its length, against an army of 30,000 † veteran mercenaries, with experienced leaders, cannon at will, and a prince of great military skill and daring. From the beginning their temerity seemed almost madness to the bravest and most experienced, and their king was besought to relinquish it. Yet three times through the day the battle seemed equally poised, and once victory was assuredly within their grasp, had their king but displayed one half the courage and intrepidity of his rival. Through the loss of this field the future was foreshadowed. There the Irish army lost prestige abroad — and at home everything but their manhood; yet seldom was that better vindicated than on that “ill-fated river”: and as they turned their last look on it, and saw the long lines of William winding up to Donore, well might they exclaim in their anguish, “Change kings, and we’ll fight the battle again!” The kings were changed, but not for them. On that river their web of destiny was woven; and though they battled on

bravely for a time, patriotic devotion and heroic sacrifice were in vain.

CONTENTMENT WITH OUR LOT.

HIS Eminence, Cardinal Manning, having pointed out that every one of us has been called by Almighty God to conform our will to his will, said that one of the ways by which we could show our compliance with that call was to be perfectly satisfied with our lot in life, accepting that lot as the manifestation of his will in our regard. The lot in which we are is the revelation of the will of God to us. If a man be rich, it is the will of God; if a man be poor, it is the will of God; if a man be in sickness, it is the will of God; if a man be in joy, it is the will of God; if a man be in sorrow, it is the will of God. There is one exception only: the state in which we are is the revelation of the will of God to us, except only in so far as we mar it and wreck it and ruin it by our own wilfulness. If our will were more perfectly conformed to the will of our Heavenly Father, there would be fewer broken hearts and ruined homes; there would be less sorrow in the world, because there would be fewer sins. Why is it that homes are wrecked and that hearts are broken? It is because the will of man is so often at variance with the will of God. A home is ruined because the anarchy that belongs to the outer darkness, rising up through its foundation, finds its way into the hearts of some who dwell under its roof. If in poverty, in sickness, in pain, and in trials of every kind, our will were perfectly conformed to the will of our Heavenly Father, — if in the midst of our sorrows and our anguish we conformed our will to the will of Him who chastiseth them that He loveth, for their perfection, — then in the moment of our greatest suffering we would possess a peace which surpasseth understanding, and a sweetness which none can know but those who taste it.

* If the French auxiliaries, 6,000, and the Irish reserves, 3,000, which performed no service throughout the day, save watching the movements of Count Schomberg, be deducted, the number actually participating in the action was only 11,000 men.

† This force is exclusive of William's right, which consisted of 10,000 men under Count Schomberg and Gen. Douglas, with ten pieces of cannon and two mortars.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

THE Catholic Union of Great Britain held their first half-yearly meeting for the present year at Willis's Rooms. The Duke of Norfolk presided, and was accompanied by Cardinal Newman, who attended in compliance with the invitation of the Union, and wore the dress of a cardinal. His Eminence was very cordially welcomed.

On the motion of the Earl of Ashburnham, seconded by Lord Arundell of Wardour, the Duke of Norfolk was re-elected president, and proceeded to call on the Cardinal to read his address.

Cardinal Newman said: When I say to you, gentlemen, that the question to which I shall ask your attention bears upon the subject of the conversion of England to the Catholic faith, you will think, perhaps, I am venturing without necessity upon difficult and dangerous ground,—difficult because it relates to the future, and dangerous from the offence which it may possibly give to our Protestant brethren. But a man must write and speak on such matters as interest and occupy his mind. At the time when you paid me the great compliment of asking me to address you, you were aware who it was you were asking. You were aware what I could attempt and what I could not attempt; and I claim, in consequence,—and I know I shall obtain,—your indulgence in case you should be dissatisfied, whether with my subject or with my mode of treating it. However, I am not going to consider the prospect of this country becoming Catholic, but to inquire what we mean when we speak of praying for its conversion. I cannot, indeed, say anything which will strike you as new, for to be new is to be paradoxical; and yet if I can bring out what is in my mind, I think something may be said upon the subject. Now, of course it is obviously an act of both simple charity and religious duty on our part

to use our privilege of intercession on behalf of our own people: of charity if we believe our religion is true, and that there is only one true religion; and of strict religious duty in the case of English Catholics, because such prayer has been expressly enjoined upon them by ecclesiastical authority. There is a third reason, which comes to us all accompanied with very touching and grateful reminiscences. Our martyrs in the sixteenth century, and their successors and representatives in the times which followed, at home and abroad, hidden in out-of-the-way nooks and corners of England, or exiles and refugees in foreign countries, kept up a tradition of continuous fervent prayer for their dear England down almost to our own day, when it was taken up as if from a fresh beginning. It was a fresh start on the part of a holy man, Father Spencer of the Passion, himself a convert, who made it his very mission to bring into shape a system of prayer for the conversion of his country; and we know what hardships, mortifications, slights, insults, and disappointments he underwent for this object. We know, too, how, in spite of this immense discouragement, or rather I should say by means of it (for trial is the ordinary law of Providence), he did a great work—great in its success. That success lies in the visible fact of the conversions that have been so abundant among us since he entered upon his evangelical labor, coupled as it is with the general experience which we all have in the course of life of the wonderful answers which are granted to persevering prayer. Nor must we forget, while we bless the memory of his charity, that such a religious service was one of the observances which he inherited from the congregation which he had joined, though he had begun it before he was one of its members; for St. Paul of the Cross, its founder, for many years in his Roman monastery

had the conversion of England in his special prayers. Nor, again, must we forget the great aid which Father Spencer found from the first in the zeal of Cardinal Wiseman, who not only drew up a form of prayer for England for the use of English Catholics, but introduced Father Spencer's object to the bishops of France, and gained for us the powerful intercession of an affectionate people, who in my early days were considered this side the channel to be nothing else than our natural enemies. The experience, then, of what has actually come of prayer for our country in this and the foregoing generation is a third reason, in addition to the claim of charity and the duty of obedience, for steadily keeping up an observance which we have inherited. And now, after this introduction, let us consider what it is we ask for when we ask for the conversion of England. Do we mean the conversion of the state, or of the nation, or of the people, or of the race, — of which of these, or of all these together? for there is an indistinctness in the word "England." And again, a conversion from what to what? This, too, has to be explained. Yet I think that at all times, whether in the sixteenth century or the nineteenth, those who have prayed for it have mainly prayed for the same thing. So far our martyrs and confessors, and their surroundings of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and nineteenth centuries, are at one with each other; but so abstract an object is hardly all they prayed for. They prayed for something concrete, and so do we; but as times and circumstances have changed, so has what is possible, desirable, assignable changed as regards the objects of their and our prayers. It must be recollected that the sixteenth and following centuries have been a period of great political movements and international conflicts; and with those movements and conflicts, and their issues, religion has been intimately bound up. To pray for the triumph of religion was in times past to pray for the success in political and civil matters of

certain sovereigns, governments, parties, nations. So it was in the fourth century, when Julian attempted to revive and re-establish Paganism. To pray for the church then was to pray for the overthrow of Julian. And so in England, Catholics in the sixteenth century would pray for Mary, and Protestants for Elizabeth. But those times are gone; Catholics do not now depend for the success of their religion on the patronage of sovereigns, — at least in England, — and it would not help them much if they gained it. Indeed, it is a question if it succeeded here in England even in the sixteenth century. Queen Mary did not do much for us. In her short reign she permitted acts, as if for the benefit of Catholics, which were the cause, the excuse, for terrible reprisals in the next reign, and have stamped on the minds of our countrymen a fear and hatred of us, viewed as Catholics, which at the end of three centuries is as fresh and keen as it ever was. Nor did James II. do us any good in the next century by the exercise of his regal power. The event has taught us not to look for the conversion of England to political movements and changes, and in consequence not to turn our prayers for it in that direction. At a time when priests were put to death or forced out of the country if they preached or said mass, there was no other way open for conversion but the allowance or sanction of the government. It was as natural, therefore, then to look for political intervention, to pray for the success of dynasties, of certain heirs or claimants to thrones, of parties, of popular insurrections, of foreign influence on behalf of Catholic England, as it would be preposterous and idle to do so now. I think the best favor which sovereigns, Parliaments, municipalities, and other political powers can do us, is to let us alone. Yet, though we cannot as sensible men, because times have changed, pray for the cause of the Catholic religion among us with the understanding and intention of those who went before us; still, besides what they teach us

ethically as to perseverance amid disappointment, I think we may draw two lessons from their mode of viewing the great duty of which I am speaking,—lessons which we ought to lay to heart, and from which we may gain direction for ourselves: and on this I will say a few words. And first, they suggest to us that in praying for the conversion of England we ought to have, as they had, something in view which may be thrown into the shape of an object, present or immediate. An abstract idea of conversion—a conversion which is to take place some day or other, without any conception of what it is to be and how it is to come about—is, to my mind, very unsatisfactory. I know, of course, that we must ever leave events to the Supreme Disposer of all things. I do not forget the noble lines,

“Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.”

But this great precept does not interfere with our duty of taking pains to understand what we pray for,—what our prayer definitely means; for the question is not what we shall get, but for what we shall ask. The views of our predecessors were clear enough; on the other hand, a want of distinctness is not only unjust to our object, but is very likely, very apt to irritate those for whom we pray, as if we had some secret expedients and methods against them, or else as if we were giving expression to a feeling of superiority and compassion for them, and thus betray ourselves to the resource alone left to men who have been beaten in argument. Certainly those who prayed for the accession of Mary Tudor or Mary Stuart to the throne of England did not lay themselves open to this charge. They were definite enough in their petitions, and would have been quite satisfied with ordinary acts of Providence in their favor, such as are the staple of the world's history. And this is the point as to which, I think, they give us a second lesson for our own profit. I consider, then,

that when we pray we do not ask for miracles, and that this limitation of our prayers is neither a prescribing to Divine mercy nor any want of faith. I do not forget the displeasure of the prophet Eliseus with the king of Israel, who smote the ground only three times with his arrow instead of more times. “If thou hadst smitten five, six, or seven times,” says the prophet, “thou hadst smitten Syria, even to utter destruction; but now three times shalt thou smite it.” But in this case there is no question of miracles. Nor will it be to the purpose to refer to the parable of the importunate widow, for that has nothing to do with miracles either. What I would urge is this: the Creator acts by a fixed rule, which we call a system of laws; and ordinarily, and on the whole, he honors and blesses his own ordinance and acts through it, and we best honor him when we follow his guidance in looking for his presence where he has lodged it. Moreover, what is very remarkable, even when it is his will to act miraculously,—even when he oversteps his ordinary system,—he is wont to do honor to it while overstepping it. Sometimes, indeed, he directly contradicts his own laws, as in raising the dead; but such rare acts have their own definite purpose, which make them necessary for their own sake. But for the most part his miracles are rather what may be called exaggerations, or carrying out to an extreme point, of the laws of nature, than naked contrarieties to them; and if we would see more of his wonder-working hand, we must look for it as thus mixed up with his natural appointments. As divine aid given to the soul acts through and with natural reason, natural affection, and conscience, so miraculous agency, when exerted, is in many—nay, in most—cases a co-operation with the ordinary ways of physical nature. As an illustration, I may take the division of the waters of the Red Sea at the word of Moses. This was a miracle, yet it was effected with the instrumentality of a natural cause, acting accord-

ing to its nature, but at the same time beyond it. "When Moses," says the sacred writer, "had stretched forth his hands over the sea, the Lord took it away by a strong and burning wind blowing all the night, and turned it into dry ground." The coincidence that it happened at so critical a time, and in answer to prayers, and then the hot wind's abnormal and successful action, — all this makes it a miracle, but still it is a miracle co-operating with the laws of nature, and recognizing them while it surpasses them. If the Almighty thus honors his own ordinances, we may well honor them too; and indeed, this is commonly recognized as a duty by Catholics in medical cases, — not to look to miracles until natural means had failed. I do not say that they neglect this rule in regard to their prayers for conversions, but they have not it before their minds so consistently and practically. For instance, prayers for the conversion of given individuals, however unlikely to succeed, are, in the case of their relations, friends, benefactors, and the like, obviously a sacred duty. St. Monica prayed for her son; she was bound to do so. Had he remained in Africa he might have merely exchanged one heresy for another. He was guided to Italy by natural means, and was converted by St. Ambrose. It was by hoping against hope, by perseverance in asking, that her request was gained, that her reward was wrought out. However, I conceive the general rule of duty is to take likely objects of prayer, not unlikely objects, about which we know little or nothing. But I have known cases when good Catholics have said of a given Protestant, "We will have him," and that with a sort of impetuosity, and as if, so to say, they defied Providence, and which have always reminded me of that doctrine of the Hindoo theology represented in Southey's poem, — that prayers and sacrifices had a compulsory force on the Supreme Being, as if no implicit act of resignation were necessary in order to make our intercession

acceptable. If, then, I am asked what our predecessors in the faith, were they on earth, would understand now by praying for the conversion of England, as two or three centuries ago they understood by it the success of these political parties and the measures with which that conversion was bound up, I answer that they would contemplate an object present, immediate, concrete, and in the way of Providence; and it would be, if worded with strict correctness, not the conversion of England to the Catholic Church, but the growth of the Catholic Church in England. They would expect, again, by their prayers nothing sudden, nothing inconsistent with the free-will of our countrymen, nothing out of keeping with the majestic march and slow but sure triumph of truth and right in this turbulent world. They would look for the gradual, steady, and sound advance of Catholicity by ordinary means, and issues which are probable, and acts and proceedings which are good and holy. They would pray for the conversion of individuals, and for a great many of them, and out of all ranks and classes, and those especially who are in faith and devotion nearest to the church, and seem, if they do not themselves defeat it, to be the objects of God's election; for a removal from the public mind of prejudice and ignorance about us; for a better understanding in all quarters of what we hold and what we do not hold; for a feeling of good-will and respectful bearing in the population towards our bishops and priests; for a growing capacity in the educated classes of entering into a just appreciation of our characteristic opinions, sentiments, ways, and principles; and in order to effect all this, for a blessing on our controversialists, that they may be gifted with an abundant measure of prudence, self-command, tact, knowledge of men and things, good sense, candor, and straightforwardness; that their reputation may be high and their influence wide and deep; and as a special means, and most necessary for

our success, for a larger increase in the Catholic body of brotherly love and mutual sympathy, unanimity, and high principle, rectitude of conduct, and purity of life. I could not have selected a more important subject to bring before you; but in proportion to my sense of its importance is my consciousness that it deserves a treatment far superior to that which I have given it. I have done as well as I could, though poor is the best.

At the conclusion of the lecture a vote of thanks to the Cardinal was moved by the Earl of Gainsborough, seconded by Mr. Langdale, supported by Canon Macmullen, who spoke most feelingly of the sermons preached by the vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, more than forty years ago, and of the influence they had had in leading himself and others into the Catholic Church, and unanimously adopted. The vote was acknowledged by Cardinal Newman in a few words.

The Duke of Norfolk said he wished to hand to his Eminence a present from the Catholics of Australia, which had been placed in his hands for presentation. The duke handed the present, a massive golden salver, to the Cardinal.

Cardinal Newman, in reply, said: It has been a great and most welcome surprise to me to find that I, dwelling in England, should have succeeded in gaining friends at the other end of the earth, friends so many and so warm, friends whom I seem to myself to have done so little to deserve, yet who have been so resolute in making known both their warmth and their numbers to the world at large. Besides the address which high and low have with such wonderful unanimity joined in sending to me, they have made me a beautiful, costly, and singularly artistic present, which speaks of their country by virtue of the rich indigenous material of which it consists, and of their own kind hearts in the flattering and touching words which are engraven upon it. And that these words might be the more grateful to me,

the donors have been at pains to gain in the choice of them the aid of a well-known and highly distinguished scholar, who had known me years ago, when he was an inhabitant of the great metropolitan centre in which my lot was cast. I must make a further remark. It is well known that in conferring on me my high dignity, the sovereign pontiff, in consideration of my age and delicate health, suspended in my case the ordinary rule, and condescended to allow me, by a rare privilege, to remain, though a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, in my own country,—nay, in my place in the Oratory. This being so, I notice as a happy coincidence that, as if in anticipation of his Holiness's indulgence to me, his Australian children have engraven on their gift, with a true instinct of what would please me as regards it, and as if looking on to the time when others must be owners of it, not only my own name, but the names of those fathers whom, by search into one of my publications, they found to have been for so many years my intimate friends and brothers in the Oratory at Birmingham. There was just one other act of kindness open to them, and they have not let it slip. When the time came for my receiving their gift, they did not choose that it should be presented to me by the mere mechanical appliance of the steam vessel and the railroad van; but it is now placed in my hands by a great person, by one whom I have been allowed to know, love, and take interest in, even from his childhood, whom the Catholics of England recognize as their hereditary chief, and whose participation in this act of grace associates in my honor the fresh life and bright future of colonial England, with the grand memories of the past and the romance of its mediæval period.

At the request of the Duke of Norfolk, the Cardinal gave his blessing to the audience, which soon after separated.

NOTICES of motion, — time-tables.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IRISH HISTORY.

John O'Connor Power, M. P.

THE character of the child depended upon his teachers, the character of the man depended upon himself; and if his career was to be ever useful or distinguished, he must, on the very threshold of life, make himself the architect of his own fortunes and mould his destinies with his own hand. From what he knew of the St. Kevin's branch of the Catholic Union, of Dublin, he believed it was not a very controversial body, that it was a body which believed that this was the latter end of the nineteenth century, and that therefore it was a practical and common-sense organization; and he believed that its efforts towards infusing this spirit of self-reliance and self-exertion amongst young men were well worthy of the heartiest encouragement and the warmest support from all who were laboring honestly and sincerely for the elevation of the people of Ireland. Now, to invite their attention to the subject set down for their consideration this evening, he started with the simple proposition that there was a moral law governing the lives of nations as of individuals. The operation of this moral law in the history of the Irish nation was what he meant by the philosophy of Irish history. Now Ireland had established a certain position amongst the nations. They would see what that place was by reference to some of those great periods of the past which illustrated Irish character and the condition of the Irish people. The people of Ireland could certainly not be accused of having been false to their convictions. He would like to fix attention upon a few great events which appeared to have had a most powerful influence on the character and condition of the Irish people. It was not merely because of her unexampled sufferings that Ireland's history was a study of much interest to foreigners, but also

because in this island home of ours all the great issues which lay at the root of human action in public affairs, and which controlled the destinies of mankind, had been fought out, — the issues between church and state, between authority and freedom, between class and class, between creed and creed, between party and party, had been brought into conflict; and while it is universally said by writers at both sides of the Channel that Ireland had never been wanting in allegiance to legitimate authority, her distinguishing mark in history was her unconquerable, unpurchasable devotion to faith and to freedom. Yes, the divine spirit of religion and the patriotic sentiments of nationality, which the bribe could not conquer, and which the bayonet could not subdue, had given Ireland the name which she possessed to-day in the literature of the civilized world, a name inseparably associated with Christianity, with patriotism, with self-sacrifice for conscience' sake; aye, and with public liberty and with national honor. The conversion of Ireland by St. Patrick, and his admission into the Christian republic, stood out for all time as the greatest event in Irish history. Compared with it, other events, however fruitful in great consequences, were only like shadows quivering on the stream of time. For it was the source of all the power and glory which Ireland enjoyed in the age of sanctity and learning, and its mighty consequences were traceable in every subsequent stage of her career; traceable throughout the fierce wars of the Danish invasion, traceable through all the duplicity and hypocrisy of the Anglo-Norman invasions, but more gloriously than all in the days of religious persecution, when our fathers cheerfully laid down their lives in defence of the sacred rights of con-

science. All historians united in testifying that the ancient church made Ireland the university of the world, and her light shone bright and pure above the dark clouds of ignorance which enveloped the greater part of Europe; for the golden tongue of Dupanloup and the diamond pen of Montalembert had both been employed to preserve in shrines of precious eloquence the records of the labors and achievements of the monks of the West. And if the Church of God was powerful to-day in England itself, and in every spot of that wide dominion through which English power had been able to extend, unquestionably it was owing to the scattered children of the Irish race, who had carried with them the seeds of faith, and by their missionary zeal had converted many desert lands into blooming vineyards of that one true church which had withstood the storms of fourteen hundred years, and which we Catholics believed and knew was destined to continue till time itself should be no more. It was impossible to form an adequate idea of the spirit or the meaning of Irish history without noticing the extraordinary military ardor which had always characterized the Irishman. Spenser, no friend of Ireland, gave his testimony to Irish courage. "I have heard," says he, "some great warriors say that in all the services they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more homely man than the Irish man, nor one that cometh on more bravely to his charge." An Irishman who served in the Franco-Prussian war, and was now one of his honored colleagues in Parliament (Finigan), told a story of the joy which inflamed the hearts of the Irish section of the foreign legion when the commander on one occasion placed them in the post of honor leading a charge on the enemy's lines. They acquitted themselves bravely, and the commander subsequently delivered a speech thanking them for their noble conduct. One brave fellow who stood

with his arm in a sling, and who did not understand the French language, inquired what the commander was talking about. "Oh," said his friend, "he is returning us thanks"; to which the wounded hero replied: "Ah, to the devil I pitch his thanks, will he let us have another charge!" Why was it that a brave, courageous, and patriotic people were subject to a foreign yoke? He was not speaking as a politician, but as a philosopher, and he said that a race endowed with such qualities as these should never tremble at the thought of being free, and should never have forfeited its freedom. Truth compelled him to say that, except at intervals which had been far too rare in our history, we had been a divided people; and there could be no doubt that the same spirit of sectional isolation had often since the days of the Normans been a fruitful source of our national weakness and our national misfortune.

From one point of view divergence was inseparable from progress, for if they could not advance together they must advance in fragments; and to that extent he did not pass a sweeping condemnation upon everybody who struggled for an opinion exclusively his own. He would point to the battle of Clontarf, the glory of which dimmed the disgrace of all the miserable feuds and jealousies of the previous two hundred years. Brian proved on that occasion what united Ireland could accomplish when given a fair field for the exertion of its power; and just as the fierce waves which were driven by the hurricane were broken into spray on some rock-bound coast, so came and perished the last waves of the Danish invasion on the shores of Clontarf. Later on, a flag which bore the motto "Faith and Fatherland" concealed every provincial distinction in its ample folds; and he need not tell them that Ireland was united with Grattan and the volunteers in 1782, and that she was united still later in 1829, when O'Connell won Emancipation. He was

anxious to be impartial, and he was not afraid to be truthful in his references to Irish history. He had mentioned that the characteristic defect of Irishmen in Ireland presented itself historically to every one sincerely studying the question to get at the meaning and spirit of the annals of our country. But if the great moral law which he assumed to have always existed had been interrupted or suspended in its operation by circumstances for which they themselves were responsible, it had been interrupted and suspended in a far larger degree by the law of force imposed upon Ireland from without. And to this fact philosophy would attribute, rather than to any or all of the weaknesses of the Irish character, the defects of the Irish civilization. He was far from saying that Irish civilization could not be benefited by external influence. The founders of the Christian Church in Ireland employed external influences on the Irish mind. St. Patrick was an invader as well as Henry II.; but there was this difference between the two, that the Roman missionary appealed to the moral force of the nation. He came to call the people to a nobler life and a higher civilization, not like the English monarch, with the lie of hypocrisy on his lips, with the rancor of national hate in his heart, with the weight of physical force in his hands. They ought to be impartial and very free from prejudice in talking about St. Patrick and Henry II. There could be no greater contrast in the same sentence than the mention of these two names; but he said that in that contrast and in the lesson of their respective merits they might behold the philosophy of Irish history. He contrasted the modes of invasion adopted by the two, and said that if St. Patrick was an invader, at all events he was the only invader whose sway had been universally acknowledged by the Irish race. The apostle's successful mission made Ireland a nation of saints. It was destined also to make her a nation of

martyrs. The heart sickened in contemplation of that mighty struggle; the pages which record it were steeped in blood and tears; and he did not wish to dwell upon it at too great a length, to arouse passions which, though noble and grand, might perhaps, be reserved for other times and other occasions, if Ireland should ever once again be called upon to prove her fidelity to conscience. It was only in the year 1793 that they were permitted to see the glimmering of the dawn of a brighter and a better day, when the law of the land might sanction the act of every man worshipping God according to the dictates of his conscience, for in that year a Protestant Irish Parliament so far recognized the civil existence of Catholics as to confer upon them the privilege of voting for the return of Protestant members of Parliament; and so the farce went on until one man arose in Ireland whose life contained the very largest and greatest compendium of the philosophy of Irish history. Need he say that he referred to the illustrious patriot and statesman, Daniel O'Connell? who united the eloquence of Grattan with the courage of Wolfe Tone, the intrepidity of Lord Edward Fitzgerald with the wisdom of Edmund Burke, and the genius of Swift with the wit of Sheridan and the enthusiasm of Emmet. If they were to read something of the philosophy of Irish history in the lives of Ireland's great men, then, he said, this was to be noted particularly in the life of Daniel O'Connell: though always scrupulously constitutional in his movements, though always exuberantly loyal to the sovereign in his addresses, they must never forget that O'Connell was the very last man to believe that the path of servility and obsequiousness was the surest road to Emancipation. Having reviewed the political career of O'Connell and the history of that period, he said that the world had been taught by those events that whatever statesmen might do, they could not make any man worship

God according to the dictates of another man's conscience. The Lord Mayor might just as well try to climb the North Pole or to darn a stocking with the Egyptian monument called Cleopatra's Needle. He must be a cold-blooded reader of the past — he cared not what the amount of his prejudices — who did not see that Ireland had, by her adherence to moral principle, to national honor, and above all, to religious truth, maintained for herself a reputation more glorious and enduring than might could ever conquer or gold could ever buy. The exiled Irish carried with them to the remotest parts of the earth the same dual fidelity to the two true sentiments which contained in themselves the philosophy of Irish history. Having briefly referred to the history of the Irish Brigade, he said he believed that the glories of the past would pale, as the moon paled before the light of day, in the glories of the future, which should be written by the Muse of History in describing what even we have been able to accomplish for the glory of our native land. He need hardly say that he took a patriotic pride, that he gloried in the sacrifices of the men who were not of the Catholic faith, and who proved by the ready sacrifice of their lives the sincerity of their devotion to Ireland. He thanked God that Ireland should possess men who were not of the Catholic faith, and who were filled with the spirit of an unswerving and unpurchasable devotion to their country. Having passed an eloquent eulogy upon the labors of the Irish historians, the honorable gentleman concluded as follows: The hour is fast approaching when slavery's crown of thorns shall be taken from the brow of Ireland, and replaced forever and and forever by the unsullied diadem of national independence.

GLADSTONE ON EMIGRATION.

IN view of the fact that Mr. Gladstone and his party are come to power again in England, the following pas-

sage from Mr. Gladstone's famous speech on the Irish Land Bill will be read with interest, especially by such American friends of Ireland as have thought emigration the remedy for Ireland's misfortunes. Mr. Gladstone does not think so, as will be seen in the following language, used in this historic speech of his: —

“Then there is another remedy, emigration, which landlords have in many instances been sedulous to promote. Emigration, when it is voluntary and free, is the process which the Almighty has ordained for covering and cultivating the waste places of the earth; but that is when the emigrant is one whose wish it is to go. When, on the other hand, he is one whose wish it is to stay, who is truly, strongly, passionately attached to the soil on which he was born, then to say, ‘We cannot insure to you the possession of your holding; we cannot even give you a reasonable probability that you will be able to exercise your industry with confidence: but there is a way across the Atlantic, and there are the wide plains of America open to receive you,’ — do not let us conceal from ourselves that, under such circumstances, emigration is another word for banishment, and that the country whose laws inflict that punishment and cause that banishment cannot expect and does not deserve the affection of the people.”

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PREVOST, 1st Battalion 23d Foot, has retired, and he will, we believe, be succeeded by a gallant Irishman, Lieutenant-Colonel O'Connor. Lieutenant-Colonel O'Connor has served with the most brilliant distinction in the Crimean, Indian, and Ashantee campaigns, and on his breast blaze the Victoria Cross, Sardinian and Turkish decorations, and a great number of medals. The Lieutenant-Colonel fought his way up from the ranks, and his well-merited advancement will give great delight to all Irishmen in the Queen's army.

THE REVIVAL OF GAELIC.

The "Highlander."

THE revival of Gaelic is making another development in Ireland. We have received a circular signed by U. J. Canon Bourke, P. P., M. R. I. A., and John E. Nolan, O. D. C., in which there is a much-needed move made in the direction of cheaper Gaelic literature. Might we suggest in passing, that this end would be much more easily gained if the friends in Ireland gave up the old type, and used the Roman as we do?

Certainly, the high price of Gaelic literature has been a great stumbling-block. We have often written on this subject, and urged some self-sacrifice on our people to overcome it.

The method proposed by these gentlemen and those behind them is to establish a "Gaelic Union." After referring to the propriety and advantage of having the young taught to read and write Gaelic, and having young men of more than ordinary ability induced to devote themselves to Gaelic literature, the circular goes on to say that "The Gaelic Union will direct its attention in an especial manner to the production of a literature suitable to those districts, and if adequately supported, will establish a system similar to that which has not only saved the Welsh language from extinction, but placed it in the position of being the spoken language of that country." Further on, the circular states: "The Gaelic Union, therefore, proposes to establish 'a publication and prize fund,' and in the mean time they have decided on offering thirty pounds, at least, to be distributed as prizes amongst those students who shall obtain the highest number of marks in 'Celtic' at the next summer's intermediate examinations."

Then we are told if more is received, more will be given in prizes; and that the Gaelic scholars of the Union give their labors gratuitously in

producing a suitable literature, whilst a number of gentlemen, also members of the Union, will give their services gratuitously too, in other departments of the movement suited to them. It is proposed, further, to make an effort to establish a medium of communication between classes and associations cultivating the Gaelic language; and arrangements are being made to establish a cheap periodical, which will contain partly information on the progress of the movement, and partly be devoted to the cultivation of the Gaelic.

This is as it should be, but we must bring before these gentlemen once more the desirableness of getting into the way of using Roman type. If they do this, they will reach a vastly greater number of their own people in Ireland and elsewhere, and they will command a considerable constituency among Scotch and Welsh. The longer we live and the more we know of the spoken Gaelic, the more do we see the folly of allowing such barriers as this of the old type to stand in the way of a real Gaelic Union in regard to all literary and linguistic efforts. Naturally, the Irish dialect, or rather the Irish dialects of Gaelic, are just like our own, some of them coming very close to some of ours; and it is both curious and encouraging to find how some of those local peculiarities upon which some of us have looked as barbarisms, come up, on further acquaintance with dialects, as positive lights, enabling us to see farther back into the history of our own tongue, and deeper into the riches and power of it. We must confess a preference for the Gaelic spoken away on the confines of Lochaber and Lorn. To our taste it is chaste, musical, and fluent; but what will astonish many is the fact, testified to by competent authorities, that the Gaelic spoken in the southwest of Ireland is much

nearer to that spoken in Lewis, and even in Caithness and Sutherland, than it is to that of Argyleshire. The Gaelic of Argyle and Donegal are naturally and necessarily pretty much the same, although our friend "Mac Fhearghuis" has found it no difficult matter to get at the hearts of the people of Donegal with his Strathardle Gaelic.

There seems to be a pleasant race going on just now between ourselves and our friends at the head of the Gaelic movement in Ireland. If we do not take care, they will get ahead of us fast. Already they have obtained a regular place for their language in the national schools, while we are only begging permission to open our mouths; and so faint are we in our doings that one or two of our paid educational officials do not hesitate to try and put their foot on this Gaelic revival. If we, as a people, are true to ourselves, both Mr. Sime and Mr. Ross will see fit some of these days to eat their own words, as others have done before them in regard to the same subject.

Our own timidity is the chief cause of our backwardness. We, who know whereof we affirm, are somehow afraid or ashamed, in presence of the ignorant, to say what we think, and to demand what we know to be our rights.

In conclusion, we must co-operate with our friends across the water, or else we shall be behind in the race.

THE LATE FATHER SECCHI.

THE municipality of Rome have paid a tribute to the memory of Father Secchi by erecting on the promenade of the Pincio a statue representing the great astronomer in the attire of a member of the Society of Jesus. The fact that this illustrious man was a Jesuit did not deter them from doing fitting homage to his genius. By setting bigotry and prejudice aside, and paying honor where it is due, they have shown that they

truly know how to appreciate greatness. The liberality of mind of which this fact gives evidence is in striking contrast with the narrow-mindedness which is now dominant in Paris and throughout the whole of France, and has led to the persecution of the order of which Father Secchi was a member. He was nothing more or less than a representative Jesuit, — a man of profound ideas but simple manners; a benefactor of mankind. Such have been nearly all the members of the society; some in even a more remarkable, others in an inferior degree. Such are they at this moment throughout the world. And yet these are the men, these disciples of truth, these scientists, these philosophers, these philanthropists, whom the French government desire to crush as they would crush vipers; these are the men for whom no contumely is too great, no cruel enactment too oppressive. It is refreshing to turn from such a picture as that presented in France to the freedom from bias displayed by the municipality of Rome in honoring the memory of Father Secchi, notwithstanding that he belonged to the Company of Jesus. It was sufficient for them that he was, in the words of Emerson, "a definer and map-maker of the latitudes and longitudes of our condition." — *Liverpool Catholic Times*.

THE HOME.—A dark house is always unhealthy, always an ill-aired house. Want of light stops growth and promotes scrofula, rickets, etc., among the children. People lose their health in a dark house, and if they get ill they cannot get well again in it. Dr. Edwards, of Paris, says the action of light tends to develop the different parts of the body in that just proportion which characterizes the species, and that in warm climates the exposure of the whole surface of the body to the action of the light will be very favorable to the regular conformation of the body. Humboldt confirms this in the account of his voyage to the equinoctial regions. He says, "Both men and women (whose bodies are constantly inured to the effect of light) are very muscular, and possess fleshy and rounded forms."

LOUGH DERG AND ITS PILGRIMAGES.

CHAPTER XIII.

DESTRUCTION OF THE RELIGIOUS ESTABLISHMENT ON LOUGH DERG — EXPULSION OF THE AUGUSTINIAN MONKS — GROUND PLAN AND DESCRIPTION OF THE RUINS ON SAINTS' ISLAND — DR. KIRWAN, BISHOP OF KILLALA, PILGRIM AND CONFESSOR AT LOUGH DERG — TESTIMONY OF THE NUNCIO RINUCCINI IN ITS FAVOR — THE BELL OF ST. DABHEOC.

FROM an inquisition taken at Donegal in the first year of the reign of James I., and copied by O'Donovan into his "Donegal Letters," it would appear that the Augustinians were driven from Lough Derg, and their monastery and church pulled down, even before the year 1632. The document in question runs thus: "In the parts of Ulster near the territory called O'Donnell's Countrie, are the walls and monuments of a certain monastery, or priory, late house of the Canonical Friars, called the Priory of Loughdarge, *alias* commonly called 'St. Patrick's Purgatory'; which priory now is very much on the decay, and has these many years past been totally abandoned and dissolved. The aforesaid priory lies and is situate in a certain small island in the middle of a lake, called Lochdarg, about fifteen miles from the village of Donnagall aforesaid. The prior of the monastery aforesaid, at the time of the dissolution and abandoning aforesaid, was seized as of fee, in right of the priory aforesaid, of the site, circuit, ambit, and precinct of the said late house, with the appurtenances, in which are an old church very ruinous, and walls of stone lately levelled, with small piece of land circumjacent, containing one and a half acres of land; and of the whole island aforesaid, containing about ten acres; and of certain lands and hereditaments to the said house and island adjacent, called Termon-Magrath and Termon-McMonghan, containing four quarters of land of the great measure." That the absence of the Augustinians from this

establishment was but temporary, and in consequence of the persecution then setting in against this stronghold of Catholic piety, we may infer from the testimony of Dr. Lombard, as also from the report of Sir William Stewart, who found there an abbot and forty friars in 1632. From the foregoing document we can easily understand how the English garrison at that time in Ireland, well aware of King James's hostility to the Catholic religion, lost no time in visiting with destruction this sacred retreat, in testifying their zeal for the work of the Reformation, and in comforting the royal conscience by sending forward this very favorable report.

We have already seen how, with the troubadours, poets, and romancists of the Middle Ages, Lough Derg had become the theme of poetic tales; and how legends and stories regarding it formed part of the sensational literature of the period. In these tales poetic imagination conducted those who visited the island of Lough Derg, at first to the regions of purgatory,* and afterwards to the abodes of the blessed or of the damned. At the outbreak of the so-called Reformation, Protestant writers seized on these legends and tales, as if they were matters of fact, and made use of them in order to cast ridicule on the pious practices of the Catholic Church. By degrees they began to level their attacks on this time-honored sanctuary. In the beginning of the reign of James I. they demolished its churches and oratories. But, despite their efforts,

* With regard to the mediæval tales related of St. Patrick's Purgatory, and so eagerly seized upon by Protestant writers to justify their attacks against this venerable retreat, the following extract from Frederick Ozanam's work, intitled "*Des Sources Poétiques de la Divine Comédie*," will prove interesting. After praising the perspicacity and erudition of Mr. Wright's work, this writer adds: "Mais pourquoi porter l'amertume de la controverse Protestante et la rancune Anglaise contre l'Irlande dans l'étude d'un innocent tradition qui ne fut jamais qu'un récit poétique, qui n'entra jamais dans les croyances théologiques de l'Eglise, et que les Papes ne laissent pas introduire dans le Breviére Romain?"

the faithful still continued to flock to it in great numbers; which so enraged the enemies of our faith that the lords justices, on Sept. 13, 1632, made a last effort to destroy this pilgrimage. The author of the "*Monasticon Hibernicon*" states that it was in the year 1630 the government of Ireland decided on having it finally suppressed; and he adds, "It was accordingly dug up, to the no small distress and loss of the Roman Catholic clergy."

For some centuries before the period at which we have arrived, the Magraths of Termon-Dabheoc were hereditary guardians of the lands assigned to the sanctuary of Lough Derg. Their family residence was a strong keep or castle, known as the Castle of Termon-Magrath, the ruins of which yet remain a short distance below Pettigo, to the left of the line of railway from Enniskillen to Bundoran. The only portion of the parish of Templecarn and county of Donegal bordering on Lough Erne is close to this old keep of the Magraths. The soil here is very rich; and what with wooded shores, lakes, islands, and lofty mountains, the visitor will here behold the most charming scenery in the Northwest of Ireland. The tradition is still kept that this castle was built by the famous Miler Magrath, the eldest son of Donogh, otherwise Gillamagna Magrath of Termon-Magrath, of which that family had been erenachs. If built by him, it was probably before his apostasy, which took place at Drogheda, on the 31st of May, 1567. During his four or five months' possession of the temporalities of Clogher, as its first Protestant bishop, it is likely he ventured not to revisit the family residence, but took up his abode at Balymacann, (Ferdross?) near Clogher. That this patrimony of Lough Derg escaped the grasp of the so-called reformers down to the reign of Charles I. is certain.

During this reign the representatives of government in Ireland, after

publicly announcing that, in the opinion of the "Papists," there was a passage from this island to the other world, and an entrance to the realms of purgatory, issued orders to have the whole island dug up, and that especially no portion of the cave should remain undestroyed. With this object the Lord Justice Boyle ordered Sir James Balfour and Sir William Stewart to seize unto his Majesty's use the Island of Purgatory.

On Sept. 12, 1632, the very day before the government orders were carried out at Lough Derg, a messenger came from Donegal to forewarn the monks of their impending fate. He communicated to them, as a local tradition has it, what he overheard amongst the military at Donegal; and besought them to escape in time, and thus save themselves from their enemies. The monks, however, determined to remain at their post, and calmly to await the consequence. In the mean time, familiar as they now were with such hostile visitations, they made ready for the worst, having first secreted in a safe hiding-place in the ground the more cumbrous articles of value,—reserving only for removal such articles as they might bring with them without attracting the notice of the greedy soldiery. At length, after a night of sorrow and suspense, the morning of their expulsion dawned; and as the day advanced a company of cavalry from Donegal was observed making their way over the mountains, and advancing quickly towards the lake. In the most summary way possible they ordered the venerable abbot and his community, which consisted of forty monks,—"all fine, able men," as my informant traditionally learned,—to take their departure. A detachment of soldiers was directed to escort the monks as far as Portcreevy Bay, to make sure of their departure, and to prevent them from being eye-witnesses of that ruthless destruction which had already befallen their consecrated abode. The afflicted monks, having taken their last look, and as it

proved, their last farewell of Lough Derg, proceeded, we may suppose, towards Devenish, Lisgoole, and Clones, where flourished houses of their order, and where stood guest-houses or hospices, which for centuries past were chiefly occupied by pilgrims to Lough Derg.

As to the manner in which the government orders were carried out, Sir William Stewart informed the Privy Council that, on proceeding to Lough Derg, "he found there an abbot and forty monks, and that there was a daily resort of four hundred and fifty pilgrims, who paid eightpence each for admission to the island. He further states that, in order to prevent the seduced people from going any longer to this stronghold of purgatory, and wholly to take away the abuse hereafter, he had directed the whole to be defaced and utterly demolished. Therefore, the walls, works, foundations, vaults, etc., he ordered to be rooted up; also the place called St. Patrick's Bed, and the stone on which he knelt. These and all other superstitious relics he ordered to be thrown into the lake, and he made James Magrath, the owner of the island, to enter into recognizances that he should not in future permit the entrance of Jesuits, friars, nuns, or any other superstitious order of popery to enter therein."*

To aggravate the atrocity of this act of vandalism, it is related that Knox, whom James I. dubbed Bishop of Raphoe, witnessed from the shore of the lake and encouraged by his presence the work of destruction; a proceeding which completely casts in shade the sacrilege of the Protestant archbishop who unroofed the buildings on the Rock of Cashel.

But mid weal and woe the Irish heart had entwined round the holy island of Lough Derg. Though the Augustinian canons were not destined to return to Saints' Island, a place of residence for the officiating

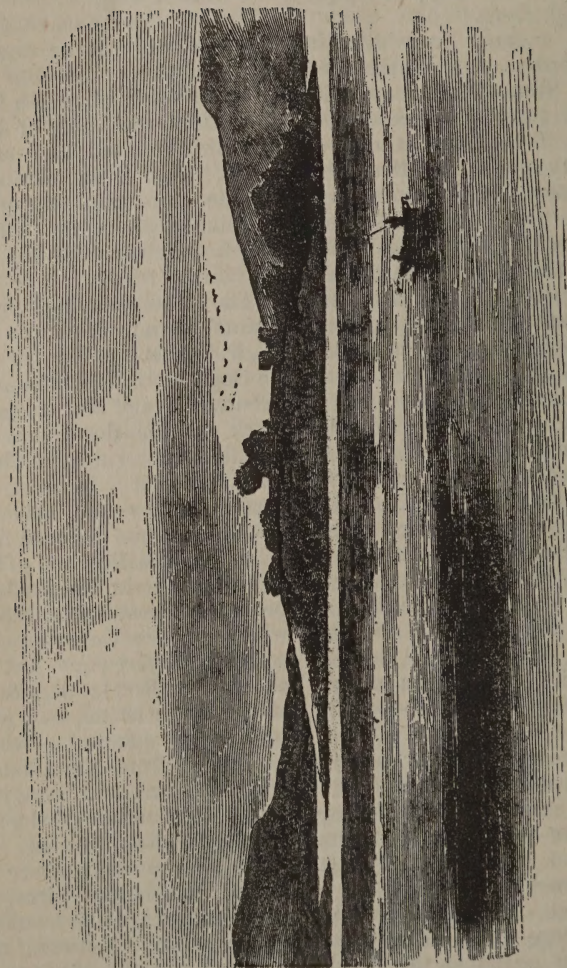
priests was erected on Station Island; the ruined church and crosses and oratories were again put in some sort of repair by loving hands; and the pilgrimage rose again, phoenix-like, from its ashes.

Before tracing the onward progress of the pilgrimage on Station Island, I think it will not be unacceptable to give a sketch and outline of the ruins on Saints' Island, which have suffered little from the hand of man for the last two hundred and forty-six years. And even making allowance for the "wear and tear of time," they remain in much the same state in which they were left by the Puritan soldiers of 1632.

The accompanying engraving of Saints' Island, which was sketched by W. F. Wakeman, Esq., of Enniskillen, on Sept. 4, 1877, will convey a pretty accurate idea of how complete was the work of the destroyer, as neither buildings nor ruined walls are to be observed on it. In order to obtain a favorable view for this sketch we rowed out some distance from Saints' Island, in the direction of Station Island. Here in the background appeared on the one side, Meenanellison, which signifies the *mountain meadow of the little fort* (this fort being still observable there); and on the other side, Croagh Breac, — *i. e., the speckled stack mountain*, — which derives its name from the numerous gray crags that here and there jut out from among the heather, giving it in reality this speckled appearance.

On the southern shore of Saints' Island the stone piers, on which rested a bridge of beams, are still to be seen. Between these piers there is a channel about twenty yards wide, and from twenty to thirty feet in depth; and through this channel flows a strong current from the upper lake. Some twenty yards down this channel a boatman on the lake not long since observed two fir beams, with iron cranks attached; the inference being that they formed part of the old bridge, and were washed down the

* Taken from Rev. Caesar Otway's "Sketches in Donegal."



SAINT'S ISLAND, LOUGH DERG.

bed of the channel by the force of the current.

A short distance to the west of this bridge, on the mainland, and at the very shore, may be seen the foundation-stones of an old building, the enclosure being completely filled with the fallen walls. Tradition points this out as the ferry-house of Teague O'Doherty, whose name yet lives in the folklore of the locality. It is also said that Teague had charge of the ferry from Portreevy to Station Island; remains of his boat-quay at Portreevy being yet in very good order, where a goodly sprinkling of oak, ash, and sycamore trees lends a sylvan charm to this once-frequented harbor. For four or five generations O'Dohertys lived on the slopes of Augh-Keen Mountain; but they are long since extinct in that locality.

On the very summit of Saints' Island a portion of the old lis, which we have already referred to in Chapter V. of this work, may be seen. Immediately adjoining it on the eastern side is the cemetery, which measures thirty-five yards in length, by twenty-seven yards in width. It was surrounded by a strong wall, now very much in ruin. In the centre of the cemetery may be seen the dilapidated remains of a very small structure. It measures externally, as far as I could make out, eighteen or nineteen feet in length, by about twelve feet in width. This was very probably the *Caverna Purgatorii*, though on the Ordnance Map it is marked towards the eastern extremity of the island; for it corresponds with the dimensions of this ancient cave, and agrees also with the description given of it by Saltrey and others, who state that it was situated in *cæmeterio extra frontem ecclesiæ*. About twelve feet west of this structure I observed a circular heap of stones, which may have been the former *situs* of St. Patrick's Cross, hereafter to be noticed. Immediately adjoining this structure, on its northern side, a long flagstone covers what tradition points out as the grave of a

friar. East of the cemetery but quite convenient to it, there are two circular heaps of stones, which may have been saints' "beds" in former times. The space here is enclosed by an earthen fence; and south of this enclosure, what would seem to have been a garden extended, which terminates in a long terrace beside the shore of the lake. Woodbine and willows now fringe this terrace, forcibly reminding us of that striking line in Goldsmith's "Auburn":—

"Near yonder copse, where once a garden smiled."

On the eastern declivity of the island, between the cemetery and the shore, are the ruins of what I suppose to have been the church of the pilgrimage. The walls now remaining are only about two or three feet high, and its measurements are thirty-six feet long by twenty-six in width. Immediately adjoining this church is an open space enclosed by a wall, also in a very ruined condition, which measures sixty-six yards round the enclosure. This wall of enclosure is six-sided, and I strongly suspect that the seven penitential beds of the pilgrimage were within this. Behind this sexangular enclosure, a round hollow may be observed in the ground. It is almost filled up with earth, and is seldom to be seen without water. Tradition states that this was the Pilgrims' Well, and that the pilgrims used here to perform their ablutions before departing from Saints' Island.

At the eastern extremity of the island large quantities of building material have been thrown down the slope of the bank. Here it is said the monastery stood; but everything is in such a ruined state as to baffle identification or trace of either walls or foundations. The trees and bushes, which have here taken such deep root, render it an easy matter for rabbits (here so numerous) to burrow amongst the *débris*, thus adding to the ruin already existing. The natives of Lough Derg relate how treasure-seek-

ers tore up the ruins at the eastern shore of the lake, as it was supposed the monks buried here their valuables. This story may have been occasioned by the search which a certain Frenchman (of whom more hereafter) is said to have made here for the ancient Purgatorium. An underground passage is said to have connected the monastery with the church; and from the church to the cemetery a narrow cloister, which is still quite distinct, extended. Amongst the *débris* referred to, some freestone coigns, door-blocks, and flags, well dressed and chiselled, are to be found; and it is said that many of the ornamental cut stones on Saints' Island were long since carried off by peasants throughout the surrounding mountains, and converted to mean and profane purposes, — a species of vandalism that cannot be too highly reprobated.

A little farther down the bank, facing Station Island and bordering on the margin of the lake, stood a small building, the object of which I cannot conjecture. It measured fifteen feet in width, by twenty-two in length. It should be added that Saints' Island was enclosed all round by an earthen fence; and in addition to this, at the eastern extremity, there was an outer wall of enclosure (the outline of which is still discernible), built a few yards from the shore, out in the shallow water, and reaching round the eastern extremity of the island. This wall, which is of horse-shoe form, has a convenient landing-place at either extremity; and from its extremities a strong earthen fence ran across the ridge of the island, thus securely enclosing the church and monastery. Amongst the natives of Lough Derg the opinion prevails that the purgatorial cave was situated at or near the eastern extremity of Saints' Island, where the large quantity of rubbish lies scattered about. The Ordnance Survey party, strange to say, confounded it with the church of the pilgrimage, which they have marked as the Purgatory. But the

opinion I have already advanced as to its site — namely, that it corresponds with the little ruined structure in the middle of the cemetery — is, I think, the most tenable.

From the outline we have given of Saints' Island, we hope that pilgrims and tourists will be enabled to form a pretty fair estimate of the extent and celebrity of the pilgrimage, whilst here conducted; as also to recognize the singular interposition of Divine Providence, which has enabled it to survive so many vicissitudes and so much persecution.

During the reign of James II. respite was afforded to the pilgrimage. A church with a thatched roof — its dimensions forty feet by eleven feet — was erected, having an aisle on the south side sixteen feet square. This church was ruinous in 1727, when Richardson wrote of it; but he says the aisle was then lately repaired. The presbytery and cabins for the pilgrims were equally humble, and quite in keeping with the church. Hence it does not surprise us to hear that the winter storms each year had such ruinous effect on them, and that at the opening of each station such labor was needed to put them in suitable repair.

In the "Life of Dr. Kirwan," bishop of Killala, by John Lynch, archdeacon of Tuam, and first printed in 1669,* we have a faithful description of the austerities then endured at this penitential retreat, as well as of the motives which induced the faithful to flock thither in such numbers. Dr. Lynch writes: "That he" (Dr. Kirwan) "might not be wanting in any species of piety, he revered in his soul the custom of undertaking pilgrimages. Nor was he satisfied with visiting such places in Connaught as were consecrated by the sojourn of the saints, and above all, the rugged mountain called *Cruagh-Pradrick*, which he was wont to fre-

* This work, called "Icon Antistitis," was republished with a translation in 1848, by Rev. C. P. Meehan.

quent. But often, too, did he go into Ulster, to the far-famed Purgatory of St. Patrick, in which the pilgrims were wont to abstain from meat for nine days, using no food save a little bread, and water from the lake. During one of the nine days they are shut up in the dismal darkness of a cavern, and therein fasting, partake of nothing save a little water to moisten their throats when parched with thirst. At noontide and evening they go on bended knees over paths beaten by the feet of saints, and strewn with sharp stones. In other quarters they walk barefooted over rugged ways, in the olden time frequented by holy men to satisfy for their transgressions. Sometimes walking and sometimes on their knees, they advance a considerable distance into the water. Thus do they spend the day, pouring out their prayers to God, and listening to holy discourses; nor in this sacred place is there to be seen or heard anything scurrilous or ludicrous. When night comes on they lie down, not to enjoy repose, but to snatch a few moments' sleep; their beds are of straw, nor do they use any pillow but their garments. Thrice each day did Francis, with the other pilgrims, punctually perform these duties, and in addition, he diligently applied himself to hearing confessions and preaching sermons."

One of the most favorable testimonies regarding the renown and sanctity of this pilgrimage is that furnished by the papal nuncio, Rinuccini, in the report of his nunciature, made to the Holy See on his return to Rome in 1649. After stating how much he desired to rescue from the hands of the heretics the far-famed Purgatory of St. Patrick, he adds: "The devotions of this deep cave are of great antiquity, though their first origin is uncertain. It is agreed that the saint chose that spot for his holy retreats; and the visions with which he was there favored by God were well known and approved of by succeeding generations. At present the fury

of the Calvinists has levelled everything with the ground, and filled up the cave; and thus they destroyed every vestige of the spot, so do they seek to cancel every trace of its memory. It seemed to me that my mission from Rome should embrace this too, as one of its special objects; and I would have been in part content, could I have planted the cross on that island. But I was not blessed with the fulfilment of this design."*

The Rev. John Richardson, rector of Belturbet, in the year 1727, wrote an account of Lough Derg, entitled "The Folly of Pilgrimages" (a most bigoted and hostile production), in which he relates that a certain Frenchman, named Ludovicus Pyrhus, of Bretagne, came to Lough Derg about the year 1693, for the purpose of discovering the ancient purgatorial cave. Mr. Richardson's words are: "In order to do this he employed laborers to dig and search for it throughout both these islands, the neighboring priests giving their assistance. He continued two summers at this work, and after he had spent all the money he brought with him, fell a trafficking, and applied the profit to the same use. At last, as he was searching among the rubbish of a dwelling-house in the largest island" (Saints' Island), "he found a window with iron stanchers. Mr. Art MacCullen, popish priest of the parish; Mr. Mark MacGrath, and Mr. James Maxwell, a Protestant, who gave me this account, being present. There happened to be a dark cavity under the window, and after digging a little deeper they found it to be a cellar window; whereupon Ludovicus Pyrhus ceased from searching any more, and returned to his native country. Among the rubbish they found a little bell, which is now in the college of Dublin; and an image, which is said to be the image of Caoranach, and is kept on the lesser island for the satisfaction of the pilgrims."

* Nunziatura, p. 414.

Whether this Ludovicus Pyrrhus had been in search of the ancient purgatorial cave, or rather of the valuables secreted here by the Augustinian monks, I cannot say; but it would seem that this incident it was which gave rise to the popular tradition still existing here, — namely, that a good many years ago treasure-seekers had torn up the ruins at the eastern extremity of Saints' Island, but failed to discover the much-coveted treasure-trove.

The bell said to have been found in the ruins on Saints' Island by Ludovicus Pyrrhus was probably the Bell of St. Dabheoc. I have heard that many years ago a square bronze bell, purporting to be St. Dabheoc's Bell, was preserved on one of the altars at Lough Derg; but there is now no trace or record of its whereabouts. If this be the bell found by Ludovicus Pyrrhus, — and it is very likely, — then, if it be true that in Mr. Richardson's time it was preserved in the "College of Dublin" (*i. e.*, Trinity College), I think it may yet be discovered.

The other object of antiquity, namely, the image of Caoranach, found in the cellar on Saints' Island, is still preserved on Station Island. This is an image or representation, cut in stone, of that fabulous monster, called by some Caol, by others Caoranach, which, before its destruction by St. Patrick, is said to have been such a cause of terror to this whole neighborhood. This mythological figure somewhat resembles a wolf with a serpent's tail entwined around it. On the stone on which it is cut Father Anthony O'Doherty, of the order of St. Francis, inscribed the date and purpose of a house which he founded here in the year 1763, for the accommodation of the Franciscan friars then ministering to the pilgrimage. The stone, with this figure and inscription, is preserved in the southern gable of St. Patrick's Church on Station Island; and we shall hereafter have occasion to refer to its inscription.

As we have already described the expulsion of the Augustinian canons, and the destruction of their monastery on the "Holy Island," we shall consider in the next chapter the progress of this pilgrimage under their pious successors, the Franciscans.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FRANCISCAN FRIARS AT LOUGH DERG
— CONFISCATION AND ALIENATION OF
THE POSSESSIONS OF THIS PILGRIMAGE
— WRITINGS AGAINST IT — THE ENACT-
MENT OF QUEEN ANNE — ST. PATRICK'S
CROSS — BISHOP HUGH M'MAHON VISITS
THE SANCTUARY — SERMON OF BENE-
DICT XIII. ON ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY
— DR. DE BURGO AND TURLOUGH O'CAR-
OLAN PILGRIMS TO THIS SANCTUARY.

WHEN the community of the Franciscan monastery at Donegal were forced to abandon their cloisters in 1601, the greater part of them found a home and a refuge in Louvain, Brussels, and Antwerp. Yet some of them preferred remaining in their native country, hoping that the dawn of better days might see them restored to their plundered home by the banks of the Esk. Of these, we may suppose some afforded the consolations of religion to their persecuted fellow-countrymen; whilst others, to supply the void created by the expulsion of the Augustinians, volunteered their services in the difficult and dangerous office of ministering to the pilgrims who still came flocking to the ruined sanctuary at Lough Derg. About the time in question, many of the Augustinian houses in the North of Ireland had passed into the hands of the Franciscans; many of the missionary clergy were also Franciscans, and even some of the bishops. In a *Relation* of the northern dioceses, by Primate Oliver Plunkett, dated March 6, 1675, we find the following reference to Clogher and Raphoe, which fully carries out what we have said regarding the Franciscans: "The diocese of Clogher is about fifty miles long and sixteen wide; it has thirty-five parish priests, two convents of the Franciscans, and one of the

Dominicans. The bishop is Dr. Patrick Duffy, formerly a Franciscan friar." Of Raphoe it is said that it has one Franciscan convent. From these convents we may rightly conclude some of the friars were deputed each season to minister to the spiritual wants of the pilgrims, as down to the time of Father Anthony O'Doherty (1763) the friars do not appear to have had a permanent residence on the island. Towards the latter part of the seventeenth century, amongst the Franciscans laboring at Lough Derg should be mentioned Friar Conway, who was a maternal relative of Mr. Edward Nicholson, of Manchester (of whom more hereafter). It is probable the Rev. Art MacCullen and the Rev. Mark M'Grath, who assisted Ludovicus Pyrrhus in his explorations, were also Franciscans. When Bishop Hugh M'Mahon visited the island in 1714, he found the Franciscans in charge; and later on, in the eighteenth century, we find Father M'Grath and Father O'Doherty, Franciscans, in charge of it.

We have already seen that the church-lands of Lough Derg were vested in the Magraths of Termon-Dabheoc; and that at the expulsion of the Augustinians in 1632, James M'Grath was confirmed in this office under certain conditions and stipulations. It appears that this James M'Grath was friendly towards the pilgrimage, if we are to give credit to Richardson, who states that in 1727 there stood on the southeastern part of Station Island, "St. Patrick's Altar," with an old cross within a circle on it, inscribed, *Jacobus M'Grath fieri fecit, 1632*.^{*} It is stated in the Auchinleck MSS. that this James M'Grath afterwards disposed of his right in these termon lands to Dr. Spottiswood, Protestant bishop of Clogher (who died in 1644). The extract from the Auchinleck MSS. runs thus: "Nowe had the Bishopp" (Dr. Spottiswood) "gott

eight or nyne Townelandes lying contigue to his new howse in Clogher, which he destinat to be a perpetuall Demeasnes for his succeeding Bishoppes, and gott an Act of Estate past thereon. He recovered also other lands his predecessor, Bishopp Montgomerie, was never in possession of; as, namelie, the Isle of Devenish, from the Lord Hastings; the greatest part of the Island of Inishmore, from Sir Ralph Goore, Baronet; the lands of Termongrathe, from James Magrath," etc.* These termon lands thus became part of the see lands of the Protestant bishops of Clogher; and probably at the union of this bishopric with Armagh by Act of Parliament (1834), they were purchased by Mr. Leslie, of Glasslough, County Monaghan (who was the lineal descendant of Dr. John Leslie, fifth Protestant bishop of Clogher), their present owner being Sir John Leslie, Bart., of Castle-Leslie, Glasslough.

The pilgrimage of Lough Derg very much exercised the zeal of the Protestant bishops of Clogher. Dr. James Spottiswood wrote a treatise on it, intituled "St. Patrick's Purgatory." His successor, Dr. Henry Jones, also took it to task in his "Patrick's Purgatory" (London, 1647). Richardson, in his "Folly of Pilgrimages" (Dublin, 1727), acknowledges in his Preface to that work the helps he received from the "present and late bishops of Clogher. The draught of the whole island, and of all the superstitious things (*sic*) in it was sent to me by Bishop Ashe, being made by an ingenious and worthy clergyman, the Rev. Joseph Story, pursuant to his lordship's direction." We also find that the Rev. Philip Skelton, rector of Fintona (in his works, 6 vols., Dublin, 1770), dedicated his "Account of Lough Derg" to the then Protestant bishop of Clogher (probably Dr. Robert Clayton, of Arian notoriety). We may here include the "Description of St. Pat-

^{*}Of this inscription I could find no trace at the island.

^{*}See Rev. W. H. Bradshaw's "Enniskillen Long Ago."

rick's Purgatory," by the Rev. Mr. Hewson, Protestant archdeacon of Armagh (Dublin, 1727).

Of all these and kindred notices written of, or rather against, this pilgrimage in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we are bound in justice to observe that they are all animated by a similar spirit of hostility to this institution of Catholic piety; and they clearly show how the Protestant clergy, not content with seeing its churches and cloisters levelled with the dust, still continued to pour out the vials of their wrath upon its ruins, and sought to hold up to the ridicule of the iconoclasts of 1632 and their sympathizers the devotion and piety of the persecuted faithful, who, albeit their many privations and sufferings, found consolation for their souls in the austere penances of this holy retreat.

From the destruction of the sanctuary of Lough Derg, in 1632, down to the second year of the reign of Queen Anne (1704), the pilgrimage continued each year increasing in the number of its pilgrims, and in its reputation for sanctity. In this year, however, an Act was passed prohibiting pilgrimages in general, but especially that of St. Patrick's Purgatory, in the following words: "And whereas the superstitions of Popery are greatly increased and upheld by the pretended sanctity of places, especially of a place called St. Patrick's Purgatory, in the county of Donegal, and of wells, to which pilgrimages are made by vast numbers at certain seasons . . . Be it further enacted, that all such meetings and assemblies shall be deemed and adjudged riots and unlawful assemblies, and punishable as such, in all or any persons meeting at such places as aforesaid. And all sheriffs, justices of the peace, and other magistrates are hereby required to be diligent in putting the laws in force against all offenders in the above particulars in due execution." And further on in the same enactment it is decreed that a fine of

ten shillings be inflicted on any offender, and, in default of payment, that he be publicly whipped. Also that persons who at such assemblies build booths or cabins for the sale of victuals or any other commodity shall forfeit and pay the sum of twenty shillings, to be forthwith levied by distress. The document thus concludes: "And all and every the said magistrates are hereby required to demolish all crosses, pictures, and inscriptions that are anywhere publicly set up, and are the occasions of Popish superstitions."

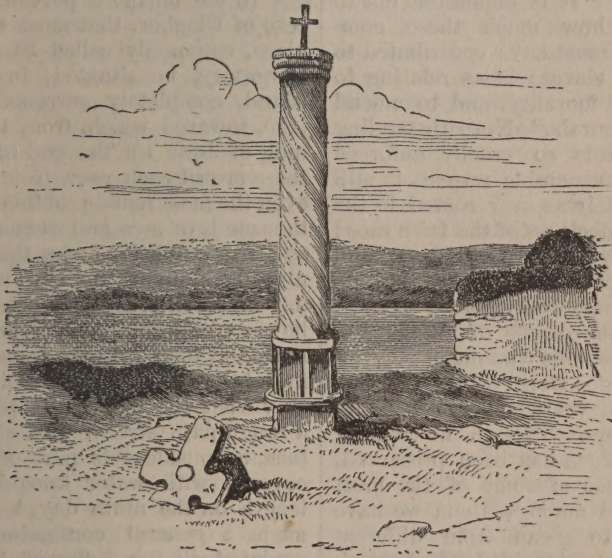
Regarding the numbers making the pilgrimage in the commencement of the eighteenth century, the Rev. Mr. Hewson, who wrote his account of St. Patrick's Purgatory on the 1st of August, 1701, says: "There were near five thousand there last year, as the prior told me who registers their names; but not two thousand had been this year, when I was there, and commonly more men than women." And he afterwards adds: "There were about three hundred of these devotees (sixty of which were in the caves) when I was there." The better to put a stop to the pilgrimage, the mountain district leading to Lough Derg was "planted" by Protestant settlers. In this district, extending from Pettigo to Lough Derg, the posterity of these settlers remain to this day; and though in former times they and their coreligionists in the neighboring counties gave the utmost annoyance to the poor pilgrims, they are now kindly disposed towards the pilgrimage.

One of the oldest relics of the ancient sanctuary of Lough Derg is the Cross of St. Patrick. This undoubtedly stood on Saints' Island when the religious establishment was there; and judging from its style and art, dates as far back as the twelfth century at least, though Mr. Wakeman seems to think it may be as old as the ninth century. The sketch of this cross (which we here present to our readers), drawn on the spot by

Mr. Wakeman, on the 4th of September, 1877, and engraved by Mrs. Millard, includes also the fragment of St. Dabheoc's Cross, described at page 43 of this work.

St. Patrick's Cross exhibits more art, and consequently must be of a later date than the fragment referred to; yet it cannot be questioned that it also is of great antiquity. The shaft of St. Patrick's Cross on Station Island is octagonal at the base and capital; between the base and capital it is circular, with a raised band of

proof of how complete was the work of the destroyer. The cross is set into a mound of stones, or *circulus*, near the southern gable of St. Patrick's or "Prison" Chapel. Clearly this shaft was surmounted by a stone cross, which rested in the hollow space which still remains at the top of it. This was broken, but in its place there is a plain iron cross, made fast by lead. Round this cross the usual *ex votis* shreds and offerings may be seen suspended. The popular legend relative to this cross is that it



St. Patrick's Cross, Station Island.

spiral tracery running round it. Its dimensions are: Height of shaft between capital and pedestal, 3 ft. 7 in.; height of capital, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; diameter of capital, 8 in. The capital is formed by three raised parallel bands and two hollow ones running round it octagonally. A small portion of the capital has been broken off; as also the shaft a little above the pedestal, which, however, is kept together by means of a strong iron band or clasp. Evidently it was thus broken when the iconoclasts invaded Saints' Island, and it still presents the most forcible

proof of how complete was the work of the destroyer. The cross is set into a mound of stones, or *circulus*, near the southern gable of St. Patrick's or "Prison" Chapel. Clearly this shaft was surmounted by a stone cross, which rested in the hollow space which still remains at the top of it. This was broken, but in its place there is a plain iron cross, made fast by lead. Round this cross the usual *ex votis* shreds and offerings may be seen suspended. The popular legend relative to this cross is that it

* This statement has been hazarded in the "Irish Monthly," January number, 1878.

leaning against the side of the Protestant church at that place.

What incalculable good Lough Derg has contributed to religion and morality since its origin, and with what oil of comfort it soothed the bleeding wounds of our persecuted country during the long and dismal penal days, will never be fully realized till the great Accounting Day. The learned Balmez, in his "European Civilization," speaking of the advantage to society of the retreats of the solitaries, and of pilgrimage thereto, justly says: "It is impossible not to understand how much these communications must have contributed to correct and elevate ideas relating to religion and morality, and to amend and purify morals." Notwithstanding the enactments so cruelly enforced against this venerable retreat, it still remaineth firmly as ever rooted in the hearts and affections of the Irish race; it has outlived the penal days, and still continues to flourish with increasing life and renewed vigor.

To give the names of all the distinguished persons who made pilgrimage to Lough Derg within the last two hundred years would, indeed, fill many a page. Though no regular registry of them has been preserved, yet the names of some of the most distinguished amongst them we have been able to glean from different sources. From the "Irish Ecclesiastical Record," Vol. I., No. 10 (a source on which I have drawn for many facts and documents in this work), we learn that Dr. Hugh M'Mahon, bishop of Clogher,* presented to the Sacred Congregation a *Relatio Status* of the diocese of Clogher; and amongst other matters, refers in detail to the pilgrimage of Lough Derg, of which he had per-

sonal experience. He visited the island of Lough Derg in the disguise of a merchant from Dublin; for, owing to the temper of the times, it was not yet safe for a bishop of the Catholic Church to appear in public. I here give a translation of the Latin copy as given in the "Record," from which it will be seen that certain changes had been introduced into the ritual of the pilgrimage since the time when Peter Lombard wrote of it. This most important document runs thus:—

"In the northern part of this diocese of Clogher, that most celebrated place, commonly called St. Patrick's Purgatory, is situated, in a small island, completely surrounded by a lake, towards which, from the beginning of June till the end of August, there crowd each year, from all parts, even the most remote, of this kingdom, thousands of men and women of every age and condition, who there spend nine days, living on one meal each day of oaten bread and water. They lie upon the cold ground, walk barefoot, and their feet are frequently cut and bleeding. Thrice each day do they visit the different stations over a rough path strewn with sharp pebbles, a considerable part of which is covered with water knee-deep. At length on the ninth day, having first made a general confession, having expiated all the faults of their life, and being nourished with the Bread of Life, they enter before twilight a subterraneous pit, which is called the purgatory, and here they remain four-and-twenty continuous hours, all the time awake and engaged in prayer, without any refreshment either of food or drink. When the same hour arrives on the following day they go forth, and dip their heads thrice in the cold water. And thus is completed that pilgrimage, to which idle inventors of fables have added so many exaggerations about spectres and visions, which never had any existence save in the distorted imagination of such story-tellers. For the

* He was appointed to Clogher in 1707, and translated to Armagh in 1715. In Dr. Renahan's "Collections" he is erroneously marked as appointed to Clogher in 1708, and translated to Armagh in 1709. In the same work he is said to have been the brother of his successors in the primacy, Bernard and Ross, whereas he was but their uncle.

three months during which this pilgrimage lasts, masses are celebrated from dawn till midday; confessions are heard; twice or three times each day a sermon is addressed to the people, who, with copious tears, sobs, lamentations, and other marks of penance, frequently interrupt the preacher. And with such sweetness of interior grace does our most merciful Lord enrich this arduous and very austere pilgrimage, that they who before appeared obdurate and plunged in the mire of vice, come to feel the strongest stings of compunction. Nor are they satisfied with approaching this island once or twice; for I have found in this diocese persons who made the pilgrimage as often as fourteen times. The plenary indulgence accorded by the Holy Father, Pope Clement X., to those visiting this pilgrimage (which will soon expire, and requires a renewal), has added no small increase to the fervor of the pious pilgrims. It is regarded by all as little short of a prodigy how this pilgrimage, though prohibited by name, in the foremost place, and under the most severe penalties by Act of Parliament, suffered little or no interruption from the bitter Scotch Calvinists living in the neighborhood and elsewhere. When I myself visited the place, under the guise of a Dublin merchant (for under the disguise of a trader or tradesman the prelates and non-registered priests of this country generally find it necessary to conceal themselves), the minister of that district received me very kindly. Though everywhere else throughout the kingdom the ecclesiastical functions have ceased, on account of the prevailing persecution; in this island, as if it were placed in another orb, the exercise of religion is free and public, which is ascribed to a special favor of Divine Providence, and to the merits of St. Patrick. When I was there, an English Protestant, induced by the fame of the place and out of curiosity, came there; and being moved to compunction at

the example of the penitents, forthwith abjured heresy. The Franciscan Fathers, beyond all the other ecclesiastics who came there, labor the most strenuously. At this pilgrimage I remarked one custom (not to call it an abuse), namely, that they who are about to enter the cave have mass celebrated for them, which is always a *missa de requiem*, just as if they were dead to the world, and ready for sepulture; which when I was anxious to abrogate, at least on Sundays and the principal festivals, on which should be said the mass conformable to the office, they claimed the authority of immemorial possession and of custom to the contrary, first originated, as tradition says, by St. Patrick himself: which, being constantly asserted by learned and scrupulous men, has perplexed me, and therefore I beg to be instructed by your Eminences as to what I am to do thereon."

Soon after Dr. M'Mahon sent his *Relatio* to Rome, supplicating a renewal of the indulgences accorded to this pilgrimage by the sovereign pontiff, the cardinal archbishop of Benevento, subsequently raised to the papal chair under the name of Benedict XIII., addressed a homily to his flock on the subject of St. Patrick's Purgatory. The Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, bishop of Clogher, when attending the sessions of the Vatican Council in 1870, saw in the library of St. Clement's Dominican convent, Rome, a copy of the sermon which Benedict XIII., while yet cardinal, preached in praise of this pilgrimage. The sermon is classed No. 13 amongst several other sermons treating of the various purgatories, or places of purgation, throughout the world. Since the time of Benedict XIII. the devotions of this pilgrimage have been specially cherished and encouraged by the Holy See.

In the year 1748 that learned prelate of the Irish Church, Dr. Thomas De Burgo, author of the *Hibernia Dominicana*, visited Lough Derg, and

in that work gives us his impression of it. "So great," he says, "are the penitential deeds performed there, that they exceed, in my opinion, those of any other pilgrimage in the world." And he adds: "I do not relate mere matters of hearsay, but what I have witnessed with my own eyes; for I had the great happiness to visit, in the year 1748, that island, which was consecrated by the habitation and miracles of the most holy Patrick, and which still affords an illustrious example of the austere penances of the primitive ages of the church" (*Hib. Dom.*, p. 4, *et seq.*). He says that each pilgrim repeats each day the Lord's Prayer and Angelical Salutation nearly three hundred times, the Apostles' Creed about one hundred times, together with the entire rosary of the blessed Virgin three times. He further states that the pilgrims, by going through each station, travelled over the distance of two miles.

Some time before this, — the exact year is not recorded, — another distinguished Irishman came here on pilgrimage. This was no less a personage than Turlough O'Carolan, "the last of the bards," —

"Who erst our halls with melody did fill."*

The remains of O'Carolan (as stated in Hardiman's "Minstrelsy") await the final resurrection in Kilronan, the church of the Duigenan family, in MacDermott Roe's vault. In his youth the bard became acquainted with one Bridget Cruise, but he afterwards got married to Mary Maguire, of the Maguires of Tempo, — once a noble and powerful family, but now quite degenerate. The well-authenticated tradition still lives at Lough Derg how O'Carolan, when old and blind, occupied the pilgrim's boat on his return from the island. At the landing-place a number of the pilgrims were eager to offer their services to the helpless one to land. O'Car-

olan had no sooner touched a hand, which was stretched out to guide him, than he paused for a moment, and exclaimed with emotion, "This is the hand of Bridget Cruise." And Bridget Cruise indeed it was, to whose praise his harp had first resounded, who stood before him, and the clasp of whose hand he had recognized, though they had not met for years! On this subject the late Samuel Lover, of facetious and harmonious memory, has written a charming song, sung to the sweetest of airs, from which I here cull the following stanza: —

"When the minstrel sat alone,
There that lady fair had gone;
Within his hand she placed her own.
The bard dropped on his knee,
From his lips soft blessings came,
In trembling tones he named — her name,
Though he could not see."

OUR CHOIRS.

THE "Catholic Columbian," Columbus, Ohio, gives this gentle hint. Let those whom the cap fits, wear it: Every member of a Catholic church choir is bound to hear mass on Sundays with *attention*, as much as if in a pew in the church. Gossip, frivolous and loud talking, and contention as to who shall "shout" the solo are not acquired rights of members of a choir; and the sooner this fact is realized, the better for devotion and edification. The gallery is very often the critics' quarter; and running comments are whispered about during the sermon, as to this priest and that priest, how this one preaches and that one discourses, with as much indifference as if they were "hired orators." Just two minutes, by a sort of condescension, are given to kneeling during the moments of elevation; and then a general slamming and opening of books begins. Choirs, be thoughtful.

"If religion, with its immortal hopes," said the "New York Herald" some years ago, "is to be preserved in the world, and cold infidelity is not to overrun all Europe and America, there is nothing left but a return to the Catholic Church."

* For an account of his last resting-place see "The Legend of Kilronan," by "Lageniensis" (Dollard, Dublin, 1877).

THE TORCH OF TRUTH, THE ARK OF SALVATION, AND THE SOURCE OF LIFE.

A FEW weeks since a pilgrimage of French Catholics was received in special audience by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., at the Vatican. An address, expressive of French loyalty and affectionate attachment to the Sovereign Pontiff, was read by Count Damas, president of the pilgrimage, and in reply the Holy Father spoke as follows :—

“People have been repeating of late a phrase which we recently made use of in receiving one of your distinguished fellow-countrymen, and that phrase was, ‘We love France.’ Yes, in truth, We love it, and We repeat it with affection in your presence, pious French pilgrims who stand around Us at this moment, for We recognize on the side of your country numerous claims to Our love. Sincerely Catholic in the majority of its children, faithful to the Church, respectfully devoted to the successors of St. Peter, France never ceases in all events from manifesting its admirable activity in sustaining, developing, assuring the triumph of all that is good, useful to souls, and pleasing to God. Always generous, it never hesitates at any sacrifice demanded of it. We rejoice, therefore, dear children, in seeing you here, and We thank you very sincerely for the noble sentiments which you have just expressed towards Us. The renewed demonstrations of your love, your fervor, your faith, and your courage fill Our heart with a sweet consolation. And of that consolation We feel in these days more than ever a pressing need. For how can We be otherwise than profoundly saddened in turning our eyes on what is now occurring in Europe, and seems so ominous to the destruction of religion? Can We do aught but deplore the warfare that is being carried on in nearly every country against the Church? Even as regards your own well-beloved country, We are not without

grave uneasiness in the matter of religion. In such trying circumstances Our soul is filled with bitterness and with anguish; and, with our eyes raised to heaven, We ceaselessly ask of God that in pity and in mercy he will calm the storm, and restore peace and liberty to the Church. But whilst the warfare lasts We shall not, with God’s help, fail in any of Our duties as Pontiff. Exercising over society the divine mission which has been confided to us, We shall protest without faltering, and defend without compromise, as those who preceded Us in this Apostolic See have done before us, the rights of truth and conscience, and We shall maintain the interests of religion, which are at the same time the interests of nations. For, in effect, can it be thought for a moment that the fetters which they are putting on the free action of the Church can tend to the good order and prosperity of nations? As for you, my dear children, open the secular annals of France, and you will see there that the periods in which it shed its greatest glories over the world, and gave to its own children the most abounding measure of internal peace, were precisely those in which the salutary influences of the Church were exercised the more amply and abundantly over souls. Instructed by the memories of the past, by the dangers of the present, and by the teachings of your faith, cling always to the Church and to this Apostolic See, which is, as you have said just now, the torch of truth, the ark of salvation, and the source of life. Love them always with the most tender affection; follow with fidelity its teachings and its laws. In this way you will draw down upon yourselves and upon your country the blessings of the Most High, and you will hasten the advent of less mournful and less troubled times. In this hope, and as a pledge of Our paternal

affection, We accord from the depth of Our heart to your worthy and venerated prelacy, to your clergy, to yourselves, to your families, and to the entire of France, the apostolic benediction."

O'CONNELL.

Dublin "Freeman's Journal," May 15.

THIRTY-THREE years ago, on this day of the week, and on this day of the month, O'Connell died. "On Saturday evening, at thirty-seven minutes past nine," wrote the Rev. Dr. Miley from Genoa to Morgan O'Connell, "the hand of the priest of God, privileged to bind and loose on earth, even as it is done in heaven, was extended over him. There was no struggle, no change visible upon the features, except that, as we gazed, it was plain that a dread mystery had cast its shadow over him." We have before us at the present moment the file of the "Freeman's Journal" of the time. It is, of course, bordered in the deepest mourning. It is filled with the tributes of the press of the world, — French, English, Italian, everywhere, — strewn like immortelles upon the death-bed of the Liberator. The "Daily News" begins its article with the words, "It speaks volumes for the prevailing spirit and tendencies of Europe that Daniel O'Connell is considered almost its greatest name." In the sorrowful announcement as made by the "Freeman's Journal" there is the echo of an almost despairing wail: "Famine is among us — Fever is among us — Discord is among us — and O'Connell is dead." One is tempted to draw attention to the parallel presented to that time in many features of this time, thirty-three years after. We are not delivered out of the jaws of famine; we are not as united as lovers of their country would wish to be; and we are threatened, if not with the fever of pestilence, with the strait-waistcoat of coercion (against which the great Liberator so often struggled), as if

our political fever demanded the restraints of lunacy. It is a notable thing, too, that the very day after O'Connell died, Dublin, Castle was also draped in crape for the Viceroy, — the Earl of Bessborough. The Irish government is now, also, undergoing a change and a metamorphosis, not by the demise of a lord lieutenant, but by the death of an administration. We will not push the parallel. We dare to hope that the after events of 1847, thirty-three years before this, will not be reproduced; no, not even as in a glass, dimly. We only seek to remind the men of this generation that the past is given them for an example to guide them, and that it is the duty of all to strive that history shall not repeat itself except in those instances and events which it is gladness to recall.

ANOTHER notable improvement in the state of things in Prussia is the manner in which the government now deals with the *residuum* of the so-called Old Catholics. Hitherto, wherever there was an Old Catholic minister, he would be set before the Catholic priest of the place. Thus, at Tappian, in Eastern Prussia, there are half a dozen Old Catholics who have a "priest" of their own called Grunert, and under Falk's rule this man was appointed chaplain for the Catholics of the poorhouses and the lunatic asylum of the district. The Catholics protested, but their complaints remained unheeded. Since the accession of Herr Von Puttkammer, however, a change has taken place. At first a Catholic priest was admitted along with Grunert, but of late the provincial authorities have notified the latter that, inasmuch as there were no professed Old Catholics in either of the two institutions, his attendance was no longer required. In the same way, we are happy to say, the Prussian government is beginning to deal with Old Catholics in other places.

IRISH INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Robert J. McGuire.

WITHIN the past few years, there has grown up in England a school of critics who see in English literature nothing great or good or noble, that cannot be traced to "our Anglo-Saxon forefathers." Every other influence that has affected English thought is either entirely ignored by them, or if recognized at all, it is only for the purpose of depreciation or disparagement. A dispassionate study of the language and of the literature will show that any such theory is unsustained by history as well as disproved by philosophy. The language to-day, according to Weiss in his "History of the English Language," is rather Latin and French than Anglo-Saxon. The latter has furnished the groundwork, but from the former comes the superstructure. The Saxon has given us the particles, the connecting words,—the ligaments,—and the elementary terms expressive of the emotions; but for all those terms that show man in his highest dignity, as a thinking being, we are indebted to other sources. If a critical examination of the language proves that only twenty-eight per cent of the words used by modern standard authors are of Saxon origin,* what grounds can there be for the boasted predominance of the Saxon element? No other grounds than national vanity; and if those afflicted by the Anglo-Saxon mania had only exercised a little thought and reflection, they would never have become the victims of so baseless a delusion.

A national literature is the verbal expression of a nation's thought; and a nation's thought receives its tone and coloring from the manners and customs, the religion and laws, of the people who compose it. If the nation be homogeneous, — that is, of one race

and kin, — the literature will be homogeneous. It will be the verbal expression of a people whose habits and thoughts, dispositions and feelings, are the same. If, on the other hand, different races have amalgamated to form the nation, then its literature will reflect, more or less, the various characteristics of these different races. The cool and phlegmatic German differs in temperament and habits from the mercurial Frenchman, and the literature of each country reflects the difference. Let the two races combine, and we shall have a literature that will be neither German nor French, but will have characteristics of both.

The English nation is composite. It was formed from the amalgamation of the Anglo-Saxon, the Briton, and the Norman-French. It is not Saxon nor Briton nor French; it has characteristics of all three. Its language and literature reflect these traits, and he who fails to recognize them must either be blinded by prejudice, or be lacking in critical insight. It were unphilosophical, as well as unjust, to so unduly emphasize the influence of one element, that the influence of the others is forgotten or ignored. There can be no true criticism of English literature without taking into consideration the three great races whose commingling formed the English nation. The Anglo-Saxon element may have contributed to English thought its vigor and steadiness, but without the French vivacity this vigor and steadiness might easily degenerate into dullness and stolidity. Were it not for the nimble fancy and tender pathos of the Kelt, English poetry would be colorless and English sentiment heavy. It is only recently that an attempt has been made to trace the influence that Keltic thought has had

* See Weiss's "Hist. Eng. Language," *passim*.

on the development of English literature. With the pride of conquerors, the descendants of the Saxons have disdained to acknowledge any indebtedness to the conquered; and yet, as Henry Morley says, "But for the early, frequent, and various contact with the race that in its half-barbarous days invented Oisín's dialogues with St. Patrick, and that quickened afterwards the Northmen's blood in France, *Germanic England would not have produced a Shakespeare.*"* This statement may appear too strong to those who have hitherto thought that the only influential element in English literature was the Saxon; but to those who have given any attention to the subject it will seem rather to fall below the mark than go beyond it.

The contact of the Saxons with the Kelts began long before the former had become masters of the island, and after the conquest this contact necessarily became frequent and intimate. It is an historical error to suppose that the Saxons drove the whole conquered race into the mountains of Wales or the Highlands of Scotland. Large numbers submitted and commingled their blood with that of the conquerors. This amalgamation was so complete that now it is difficult to distinguish the two streams; and "many an Englishman," says an author quoted by Matthew Arnold, "who now thinks himself sprung from the Saxons or Normans, is often in reality the descendant of the Britons." The two races that thus amalgamated had few traits in common. The Kelt was mercurial and flighty; quick in perception, rapid in execution, but wanting in steadiness and perseverance. He had an eye for the beauties of nature, an ear attuned to harmony, and a heart overflowing with a profound and delicate sentiment. He was enthusiastic, but was easily discouraged; at home in the ideal world, he was awkward and impracticable in every-day affairs. The Saxon, on the contrary, was dull and

plodding; slow to perceive, but retentive of perceptions; without enthusiasm, but incapable of being discouraged; with a dim perception of the beauty of nature, a keen perception of its utility. He had no fondness for the ideal world, but had rare skill in practical affairs. The two races combined, and to the present day English thought bears traces of the union. "If I were asked," says Matthew Arnold, "where English poetry got these things,—its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic, for catching and rendering the charm of nature in a wonderfully near and vivid way,—I should answer with some doubt that it got much of its turn of style from a Celtic source; with less doubt that it got much of its melancholy from a Celtic source; with no doubt at all that from a Celtic source it got nearly all its natural magic."*

What the English nation would have been without this early infusion of Keltic blood it is difficult to say. One thing, however, may be said with certainty: that without this infusion English literature would have lost its sprightliness, its delicacy of sentiment, and its high ideals. Not that the Saxon had neither sentiment nor ideals; but the sentiment was coarse, and the ideals were of the earth, earthy. They were bound within the narrow limits of the practical, and hence were easily realized; they never soared aloft into the heavens, where the very difficulty of their realization rendered them the greater incentives to a higher and nobler perfection. Would Shakespeare ever have given us Miranda and Perdita, Hermione and Desdemona, if the low and coarse ideal of womanhood entertained by the Saxon had not been refined and elevated by the noble ideal of the Kelt? Taine, in his "English Literature,"† presents us with a typical Saxon heroine: "The daughter of the Danish Jarl, seeing Egil taking his seat near her, repels him with scorn,

* Early English Writers, Vol. I. pp. 1, 188. Italics my own.

* Celtic Literature, p. 135.

† Vol. I. p. 29.

reproaching him with seldom having provided the wolves with hot meat, with never having seen for a whole autumn a raven croaking over the carnage. But Egil seized her and pacified her by singing, 'I have marched with my bloody sword, and the raven has followed me. Furiously we fought; the fire passed over the dwellings of men; we slept in the blood of those who kept the gate.'" Contrast this blood-thirsty maiden with the gentle heroines of Keltic poetry. They love not the bloody battle, nor the raven croaking over the carnage; they love rather to crown themselves with the loveliest flowers of the blooming field, and twine about their marble brows their beautiful golden ringlets. Their heroes are not those who dip the sword in the "blood of those who kept the gate," but rather those who best can sing a lady's charms. Engraft this tender, gentle woman of the Kelt on the coarse but strong woman of the Saxon, and we have the heroines of Shakespeare.

To the Kelts of Britain were the Saxons indebted for this infusion of Keltic blood; to the Kelts of Ireland were they indebted for the first systematic attempts to draw them from the depths of ignorance. It is true that St. Augustine and his followers were the first to preach to them the truths of the gospel, but the seed had not taken deep root, except in individual souls. After the death of the first missionaries, nay, even before, first one kingdom of the Heptarchy and then another fell back into paganism. It was the monks from the great Irish monastery of Iona who restored the Saxons to Christianity, and so thoroughly imbued them with its spirit that for centuries England as well as Ireland was known as the Island of Saints. But the Irish monks conferred another boon, only less valuable than that of the faith. It was they who brought the alphabet into England. To every monastery that they founded (and the land was cov-

ered by monasteries founded by Irish monks) schools were attached, where the Saxon youths were instructed in all the learning of the time. Not only this: thousands of Saxon youths flocked to the great schools of Erin, whose fame was world-wide, and were gratuitously fed and clothed, as well as instructed. And what has been England's return for the priceless boon the land of saints and scholars conferred upon her? No sooner had England attained the mastery in Ireland than the monasteries were suppressed, the monks scattered, and the light of knowledge extinguished. It was impossible for an Irishman to acquire knowledge in his own land, and it was a penal offence for him to seek it in foreign lands. The Englishman of to-day speaks of the "ignorant Irish" (a phrase so common that no one stops to inquire into its truthfulness), forgetting that if the Irish are ignorant, it is owing to the base ingratitude of the English nation.

And yet, spite of the systematic attempts made to crush out the genius of the Irish people, it is remarkable that in every department of English literature some of the brightest and greatest names are those of Irishmen. There is a vitality in Irish genius that refuses to be crushed out. The very efforts made to suppress it only give it strength, and it rises above the obstacles that envious hatred throws in its way, more vigorous and resplendent than ever. Compelled at first to hide away in obscure corners, it gradually gains strength, and in the very land of its enemies shines with a light so brilliant that before it lesser lights pale their ineffectual fires. Within the limits of a short paper, it would be impossible to name all the Irishmen whose genius has shed lustre on their native land, and whose works are the pride and ornament of English literature. Nor will it be necessary to do so. One commanding genius represents a wider and a deeper influence than a host of merely talented men. He is, besides, a better index of the

spirit and character of the people than any number of less gifted men would be. The works of a great genius are the completest embodiment and most perfect expression of the thoughts and feelings, the aspirations and desires, the loves and hates, of a people. What most men feel in a weak and unconscious manner, he feels strongly and consciously; what others see vaguely and mistily, he sees definitely and clearly; what "to others is a vapor is to him a form." This is why we speak of great writers and thinkers as the representatives of their country and of their times. They feel more keenly and see more clearly, and hence express themselves more definitely. And it is this power of expression that is the secret of their influence over their fellow-men. They have followers because they give shape and form to the vague and formless aspirations of the multitude. To estimate, therefore, the influence of Irishmen on English literature, it will not be necessary to speak of all those who are usually counted among English authors. It will serve the purpose equally well if a few great names are singled out and the extent and character of their influence indicated. This will have the advantage of convenience. at the same time that it will be a truer method of gauging the actual influence of the Irish mind on the literature of England. This we shall proceed to do in our next paper.

ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.

THE secretary of the Archbishop of Cincinnati, Rev. J. F. Callaghan, D. D., is now in New York on his way to Europe, where he will spend a year in travel and study. Dr. Callaghan, as many of our readers know, is one of the leading Catholic journalists of America, being proprietor and editor of the "Catholic Telegraph." We were glad to hear from him that the Archbishop of Cincinnati is restored to health and hope, and an activity wonderful for his years and sufferings. Not a little of this res-

toration is due to the relief afforded him by his coadjutor, Bishop Elder, and by the satisfactory appearance of the finances of the diocese, which a year ago were apparently in inextricable confusion and hopeless bankruptcy. Now that experts have put the books in shape, it will be shown that the financial complications of Cincinnati were not as hopeless, and certainly not as discreditable, as was supposed. If we can safely draw an inference from some points collected in a hurried interview, we believe that moderation on the part of the creditors, with unanimity and zeal on the part of the people and priests, will in a few years efface the stain which otherwise would tarnish the commercial honor of the Church in America. When Father Edward Purcell's examination is published, it will be as manifest to the general public as it is now to those who have never lost faith in him, that his honesty and fidelity were never impeachable. There is every reason to hope that the Catholics of Cincinnati will see their way to the end, before Archbishop Purcell celebrates his golden episcopal jubilee in 1883, and that then the diocese, re-awakened to its old spiritual life by the apostolic prelate who has come to hold up the hands of the old archbishop, will once more be on its way to financial prosperity and peace. — *New York Catholic Review*.

EVERY good act is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow-man to virtuous deeds is equal to almsgiving; putting a wanderer on the right road is charity, and removing thorns and stones and other obstructions from the road is charity. A man's true riches hereafter is the good he does to his fellow-men. When he dies people say, "What property has he left behind?" But the angels who examine him in the grave ask him, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

PILGRIMAGE TO KNOCK.

Two hundred and forty young men belonging to the city of Cork, and members of the Sodality of the Angelic Warfare of St. Thomas of Aquin, visited Knock on the 12th of June. As the train disappeared from the spectator's gaze into the tunnel is heard the beautiful mingling of voices in singing the "Pilgrim's Hymn," which was written for the occasion by the spiritual director of the society, Father Rooke, which we subjoin:—

Sing, sing, my soul! our Christian hearts are swelling;

From north to south the news hath spread apace,
Through Erin's isle, lo! every tongue is telling
Of Mary's love for Patrick's faithful race.

Angels of heaven! spirits unseen!

Guard and protect us, the pilgrims of your Queen.

'Tis Knock we seek, the spot of Mary's choosing;

On, brothers, on, for Mary bids us come;

When she invites, our hearts know no refusing,

We'll praise her there, in her self-chosen home.

Angels of heaven! etc.

Cheer up, old land! though want our hearts may sadden,

And dire distress makes felt its misery,

Mary has come, our troubled souls to gladden!

With uplift hands and eyes, she prays for thee.

Angels of heaven! etc.

St. Joseph, too, in prayer, is bending lowly,

And John stands by, before the Lamb divine;

Mayo, rejoice! heaven's Queen thy soil makes holy

And heals the sick who humbly seek her shrine.

Angels of heaven! etc.

Dear angels bright! your faithful watches keeping,

Whisper sweet thoughts, brought fresh from realms above,

While on we speed, our senses lulled in sleeping,

Till morn shall bring God's altar-feast of love.

Angels of heaven! etc.

After arrival at Knock, the second and fifth verses were changed as follows:—

'Twas Knock we sought, the spot of Mary's choosing;

Yes, brothers dear, she willed that we should come.

At Mary's voice our hearts knew no refusing;

Chant loud her praise, in her self-chosen home.

Angels of heaven! etc.

We thank thee, Lord, for this high favor given:

At Mary's feet our act of love to make.

When life is o'er, to see our Queen in heaven,—

The boon we ask, O Lord, for her dear sake.

Angels of heaven! etc.

Pilgrimages have been arranged from Limerick, Dublin, and other places.

A VISIT TO KNOCK.

On the morning succeeding that of my departure from home, I sighted Knock chapel for the first time, having remained over night at Ballyhannis, some five miles distant; and on my arrival I was not slow in seeking out that remarkable gable at the south end of the church, where I soon became lost among a crowd of other pilgrims, many of whom, like myself, had only just arrived to pay their devotional respect to this living memento of true religion in all its sacred bearings. For the present, however, I should content myself only with a cursory glance, as the holy sacrifice of the mass was about to be offered up within; and this being one of our remarkable festivals, commemorative of our Lord's ascension into heaven, I hurried into the church, where it was edifying in the extreme to behold the exterior piety, as reflective of the interior, which pervaded the assembled multitude of devout worshippers, as they knelt in holy prayer, before the high altar of God, on that beautiful May morning. Altogether the scene was one worthy of those other days, when the orisons of prayer were wont to arise from every corner of the land, and such a one as was duly calculated to carry the mind back through the mist of years to that golden epoch in our country's history.

Thus was Ascension Thursday ushered in at the church of Knock, as mass after mass was being celebrated by the pilgrim priests who are to be met with there betimes; but the overwhelming testimony of its sacred character was yet to be confirmed in the miraculous cures that were that day effected. The first of those that I witnessed was in the person of a Miss

Sheehan, who hailed from Mallow : a young woman who seemed to be very religiously disposed, and came here the day previous on this her second visit. For the past thirteen years she had been deprived of the use of one of her legs, which was so contracted that she could scarcely touch the ground with the tip of her boot, and was obliged in consequence to carry a crutch ; but lo ! on this day she got so far recovered that she rested the whole sole of her foot on the ground, and with such perfect ease that she walked about with only the aid of a stick, leaving her crutch behind on the gable as a symbol of her cure. After six or seven other cures had been accomplished, some of which I likewise witnessed, this memorable day set into night ; but with it came no rest for some of the weary pilgrims, whose prayers might be heard in the night air ascending to heaven with the same fervent, increasing devotion that characterized their every act throughout the day. In fact, there was something weird-like in their recitation of the rosary, as they knelt in front of the gable before the altar of the blessed Virgin, which was lit up by tapers ; and this on the stilly night, when so many voices were heard in response, seemed to savor much of the preternatural. Oh, how happy and pleased was I at being one of the motley group who kept the night watch in prayer and meditation on this occasion ! and though every one was on the tiptoe of expectation regarding these extraordinary visions with which some are favored, yet, after all, I cannot say that any such remarkable feature had presented itself to view throughout the night. But morning came on apace, and after paying my devotions to Mary, the Morning Star, I repaired to my inn for breakfast. Having partaken of this, I was about to proceed again to chapel, when I observed a young man pass by, who was so disabled as to be obliged to vault on his crutches, and which led me to remark that *there was indeed a bad case*, since

both his legs seemed to be deformed, — a fact which I afterwards learned under the following circumstances : About midday I was called into the church to witness “ another cure ” (the cry of “ another cure ” being almost as common an expression there, as we would say among ourselves “ another fine day ”) ; and on whom should the invisible hand of God be laid therein, but on this same individual alluded to. Yes, poor fellow, there he was in one of those ecstatic fits that all are seized with whenever the cure sets in ; but in no case did I see it act with such writhings of emotion, or violent contortions of limb or body, as in the present. Two priests come up to his rescue at the time, lest he may injure himself in his efforts at emancipation ; but no, the ways of heaven are so far removed beyond our comprehension, that we dare but look on and await the result. At length, after much exertion on the part of these two young Levites, the scene was changed ; and he who in the morning had come to lay his case before Mary, our Mediatrix, may now be seen walking out of the church with only his stick in his hand, a living example of the divine favors which are bestowed on Christians at Knock.

I shall adduce but one other proof of the Divine power, as shown forth to those who visit Knock, its manifestation this time being confined to an Irish cockney girl who lost the use of her right arm some eleven years ago, through paralysis, and during all that time she was quite incapable of using it even to make the sign of the cross, — nay, more, the hand itself was a shrivelled, deformed thing ; until Almighty God was pleased now, through the intercession of our blessed Lady, to revoke this former decree, by producing once more a perfect limb, where formerly had been one withered and useless.

TEACH your children self-denial, not self-indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

MR. SHAW, M. P., ON HOME RULE.

In the last Parliament, we met a hostile majority. But now the conditions are very much changed. The English people have answered the appeal of the late Prime Minister. The real appeal to the British people by the late Prime Minister was on the Irish Question. Now, I take it that by sending an overwhelming Liberal majority into the House of Commons, the answer of the British people is this: "We do not look on your legislation on Irish questions as final, and we desire to have in power a ministry in sympathy and in friendly accord with the desires and wishes of the Irish people." We now go to meet a majority in the British House of Commons that I hope and trust will listen to our appeals, and will grant those reforms that we long for. But in case they do not? That is the question. Are we to be met by a Whig government with blandishments and small concessions here and there? Are we then to subside into their ranks and become part and parcel of this great Liberal party? I say most decidedly, nothing of the kind. I should be ashamed of myself, representing this great constituency, I should feel a want of earnestness in the cause in behalf of which I am returned to Parliament, if I did not stand as determinedly against a Whig majority as against a Tory majority, if they did not yield to the just claims of the Irish people. We must, of course, act towards them on the lines of common-sense, on the lines of forbearance and reason. We must not take them by the throat and say, "Stand and deliver!" That is not the way to get anything in this world. If we see that they mean to do what is right, we must help them in every way we can. We must remember that they have to contend against a great mass of English prejudice and of Irish prejudice also, and we must endeavor by every way we can — by wisdom, moderation, and common-sense, but by firmness at the

same time — to draw them on towards reform and a settlement of those great questions that lie at the very foundation of Irish prosperity. Now, the question that is immediately before the country, and on which the present election has turned, is above all others the Land Question. I have nothing whatever to say on this question that I have not said often before. I shall work as earnestly as man can work to endeavor to settle that question by every influence, privately and publicly, that a man can bring to bear on the House of Commons and on public opinion. If we do not succeed we shall come to you and report our course and the cause of our non-success; but I have every hope that we shall succeed. If there were anything like reason and common-sense in the landlords of Ireland, — I will not say in the English popular Liberal party or in the English government, — they would be the first men in the world to come forward and say, "By all means settle the question, and lift it out of the region of discussion and excitement. Put the farmer, the man that toils and sweats, the man that has his children and wife to keep in existence, in such a position that life may be endurable, and that they may have a future before them."

A SISTER of St. Vincent de Paul, Sister Reine, has just died in the Versailles, France, hospital, in her ninety-first year. She had served the sick in that hospital for seventy-two years.

At the assizes of Armagh, Ireland, held in 1862, the Very Rev. Canon Quinn, P. P., Tynan, when being examined in the great libel action of *Armstrong v. Quinn*, swore: "When I became parish priest of Tynan, there were no less than fifteen hundred Catholic families in the parish, and owing to the action of the landlords they have been reduced to eight hundred families." Here was weeding out with a vengeance!

CATHOLICS DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

THE Catholics of the Colonies to a man rallied around the standard of independence. You may con Sabine's "Loyalists" from cover to cover, but you will not find a Catholic Tory. Carroll the statesman and Carroll the priest went with Franklin and Chase to Canada to win the Canadians to the American cause; and the project which Catholics did their best to carry out was defeated by the bigotry of John Jay. — "Journal of Charles Carroll."

From the outset of the struggle Catholics did their part on sea and land, in the ranks and in command, in the councils and Congress. Every Catholic hand, every Catholic heart, in the limit claimed by the United States, gave its aid to the cause. The idea of the new government was one that Catholics took to at once, and no wonder: we Catholics have a Bible that praises a republican form of government, while Protestants have not. The government of the United States, as established in 1776, had the complete, instant, continuous support of all Catholics within its bounds. The Catholics in the thirteen Colonies were Whigs; the Catholic Indians of Boston hastened to join the cause; the Catholics on the Illinois and Wabash co-operated with Clarke, and, as Judge Law declares, secured the Great West to the Republic. — "Colonial History of Vincennes," p. 65.

And not only was this government accepted by Catholics at home, but in Europe every Catholic state gave it its sympathy, and Catholic states gave directly and helped indirectly by stopping the levying of troops in Germany. What preposterous folly to arraign Catholics as enemies of a government which they cordially helped to found! There was no exception in their case. Other denominations divided, some siding with the colonies; but with the Catholics there was no division. They were a unit for the Republic.

IRISH SURNAMES.

John O'Hart's "Irish Pedigrees."

Michil, Mitchell: Irish Gíolla Michil, O'Mailmichil.
 Molloy: Irish O'Maolmhuidh.
 Molyneux, Mulligan: Irish O'Maolagáin.
 Monaghan: Irish O'Muinechain.
 Mooney: Irish O'Maenaigh.
 Moore, O'Moore: Irish O'Maolmórdha.
 Morgan, Morrin, Murrin: Irish O'Muiregain.
 Moriarty, Murtagh: Irish O'Muircheartaigh.
 Morishy, Morris, Morrison, Morrissey: Irish O'Muirfios or MacMuirfios (muir, Irish, the sea; fios, Irish, Lat. visus, knowledge), signifying the son of the message from the sea.
 Mulbrasil: Irish O'Maolbreasail.
 Muldory, Mulroy: Irish O'Maoldoraigh.
 Mulfoharty: Irish O'Maolfothartaidh.
 Mulhall: Irish O'Maolfabhaill.
 Mulholland: Irish O'Maolchallain.
 Mullen, Moleyns, Moylan: Irish O'Maollain.
 Mulrooney, Rooney, Rowney: Irish O'Maolruanaidh.
 Multully, Tully, Flood: Irish O'Maoltuile.
 Mulvany: Irish O'Maolmagna.
 Mulvey: Irish O'Maolmhiadhaigh.
 Murdoch: Irish O'Muiredach.
 Murray: Irish O'Muiredhaigh.
 Naghten, Norton: Irish O'Neachtain.
 Newell, Nihell: Irish O'Neill.
 Nolan, Nowlan: Irish O'Nuallain.
 O'Brien: Irish O'Brien.
 O'Byrne: Irish O'Broin.
 O'Callaghan, Callaghan: Irish O'Ceallachain.
 O'Carroll: Irish O'Cearbhoil.
 O'Clery: Irish O'Cleirigh.
 O'Connell: Irish O'Conaile.
 O'Conor: Irish O'Conchohair.
 O'Dea, Day: Irish O'Deaghaidh.
 O'Dempsey, Dempsey: Irish O'Diomosaigh.
 O'Donel, O'Donnell; Irish O'Domhnaill.

IRISH LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS IN THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

[Commenced in No. 4, Vol. III.]

READING EXERCISE.

1. bó ós. 2. Féo bóis. 3. boim mór. 4. An bol ašur an col. 5. Col ašur sol, ašur hor olc. 6. Ór ašur poll ašur pota. 7. Ror lom ašur an mór ro. 8. Tá an togh mór. 9. Tá an dor lom ašur an doim mór. 10. Sob ho cor ho an poris. 11. Do mór ašur an boim. 12. Socán ašur rop ašur bolis mór. 13. An cor ro ašur an ror. 14. An hó ašur ho mór. 15. An tor mór ašur an doim bois.

1. A young cow. 2. A soft sod. 3. Great pride. 4. The poet and the prohibition. 5. Prohibition and lamentation and a bad habit. 6. Gold and a hole and a pot. 7. A bare promontory and this rose. 8. The wave is large. 9. The bush is bare and the fist large. 10. A beak or a foot or the eye. 11. Thy road and the sole (of the foot). 12. A fairfield and a wisp and a large belly. 13. This turn and the cessation. 14. My habit and my rose. 15. The large tower and the soft fist.

An Trear Ceacht.

(LESSON III.)

Words in which the vowel u occurs:—

au, an ear.	úú, the ear.	muc, a pig.
bu, the bottom.	úúda, steel.	mú, an axle-tree.
bu, swelling, anger.	úúóó, box on ear.	mú, a wall.
bú, a clown, boor.	úú, an excursion.	nu, until.
cú, a hound.	úúda, a pin, a peg.	púca, an elf, hobgoblin
cú, the back.	úú, dull, stupid.	pú, a point.
cúda, indifferent.	úú, dust.	pú, a pound.
cúda, a valley.	ru, under.	pú, a lip, a cat.
cúda, strength.	úúda, a lie.	pú, a dear friend.
cúda, friendship.	úú, an egg.	pú, a secret.
cú, when.	úúda, skilled.	pú, before.
cú, coin, money.	úú, weight, force.	pú, mirth, joy.
cúda, a cup.	lu, little, small.	púda, a blanket.
cú, power.	lú, a loop.	tú, you, thou.
tu, land, a place.	lú, an herb.	tú, beginning.

ԵԱՐՄՈՅՈՅ ԾՈ ԵՐՈՊԱԾ ԺՕՅԽ, ԱՅԱՐ
 ԲՕՐ ԲԱՐՄԻՐԵ ԾՈ ԵՅԷ ԱՅ Ա ԲՐԻԷՅՈՒ,
 ԱՅԱՐ ԱՅ Ա Բ-ԲԵԱՐԱՆԱՅԽ, ԱՅԱՐ ԱՅ
 Ա Բ-ԲԵԱՐԱՆՈՅ. ԱՅ ԲՈՄԱՐ Ա ԾԵՐԻ,
 ԱՅ ԼԱԶԱՐԻՍ ՕՐԻԱ: “Ա ԵԱ ԱՅ ՆԱ
 ԲԼԱՅԵԽ-ԲՅ Ա Ն-ԾԼՅՅԵՕՅՈՅԻՅ ԲԵՆ
 ԾԱ Ն-ՅԱՅՈՅԾ ԵՐԵՇԵԱՆԱՅՈՅ, Ա
 ԲԵԱՐԻՇՅՈՅԻՅ ՈՅ ԲԵՐՍՅՈԶԱԾ Ա
 ՆՅՈՅՈՅ, Ա ԼԵԱՅԱ, Ա Բ-ԲԼԵԱԾԱ ԾԱ
 ՆՅԱՅՈՅԾ ԵԱՅՈՒ, ԱՅԱՐ Ա ԼԱԷՇ
 ԲԵԱՆՄԱ ԵՆՆԵ ԾՈ ՅԱԷ ԶՈՆ ԺՅՈԻ
 ԲՈ, ԱՅԱՐ ԵԱԾ ԱՅ ԱՅԵՆՅԱԾ Ե Ն-Ա
 Բ-ԲԵԱՐԱՆՈՅ ԲԵՆ. ԱՅԱՐ ՅԱԷ ԶՈՆ
 ԺՅՈԻ ԾՈ ԵՐԵՅԽ ԵՆՆԵ ԲԱ ԲԵԱԷ;
 ՄԱՐ Ա ԵԱ ՆԱ ԵՐԵՇԵԱՆԱՅՈՅ ԾՈ
 ԵՐԵՅԽ ԱՅԱՐ ԾՈ ԲԼՈՅՆԵԱԾ Ծ'ԱՅՈՒ-
 ՅՅԵ, ՆԱ ԲԵԱՆԷԱԾԱ ՆՈ ՆԱ ԲԵԱՐԻ-
 ՇՅՈՅԻՅ ԾՈ ԵՐԵՅԽ, ԱՅԱՐ ԾՈ ԲԼՈՅ-
 ՆԵԱԾ ԵՅԼԵ, ԱՅԱՐ ՄԱՐ ԲՅՈՒ ԾՈ ԵԱԷ
 ԵՅԼԵ Օ ԲՅՈՒ ԱՄԱԷ, ԾՈ ԲԵՈԼԱԾԱՐ
 Ա Յ-ԵԼԱՆՈՅ ԱՅԱՐ Ա ՆՅԱՕԼԵԱ, ՅԱԷ
 ԶՈՆ ԺՅՈԻ Ե Ն-Ա ԵՅՈՒ ԲԵՆ, ԱՅԱՐ
 ԵՅՈՒ ԼԱԷՇ Ա ԼԵԱՆԵԱ ԲՅ ՆԱ Ե-ԵԱԼԱԾ-
 ՈՅԽ ԲՅՈՒ ԾՕՅԽ ԲԵՆ ԾՈ ԲՅՈՒ.” ԱՅ
 ՆԱ ԵՐԱԷԲԼԱՅԽ-ԲՅ ԵԱՄԾԱՆ ԲՅ ԲՕԼ-
 ԼԱՐ, ՅԱՐ ԱԵ ՄԱՅԷ ԱՆ Ե-ՕՐԵԱՅԱԾ
 ԾՈ ԵԱՅՈՒԾԱՐ ԵՅՈՅՈՅՆԱՅՅ ԲՅՈՒ,
 ՈՅ ԵՅՈՅՆԵԱԾ ՆԱ Ն-ԵԱԼԱԾԱՆ; ՕՐԻ
 ԵԱՅԱԾ ԲԵԱՐԱՆ ՕԼԼԱՆՆԱԷԼԱ ԾՈ
 ՅԱԷ ԶՈՆ ԵՐԵՅԽ; ԵՅՈՅՈՅ ՅՈ Ն-ԵՅՈՒ
 ԵՕԷՅԱԾ ԱԵԱ ԲԵՆ ԼԵ ԲԱՕԷՐԱՅԱԾ
 ՆԱ Ն-ԵԱԼԱԾԱՆ, ՅՈ ՆԱԷ Յ-ԵԱՆԵԱԾ
 ԵՕԷԼԱԷ ԾԱ Ն-ԵՐԱՅՈՅ ԵԱԾ; ԱՅԱՐ
 ԲՕՐ ԲՅ Է ԱՆ ԵԵ ԵԱ ԵԱՐԻՅՈՅԻՅ
 ԲՅ ԱՆ ԵԱԼԱԾԱՆ ԾՈՆ ԵՐԵՅԽ ԲՅ,
 ՆՈ ԾՈՆ ԵՐԵՅԽ ԵՅԼԵ, ԾՈ ՅԵՅԵԱԾ
 ՕԼԼԱՆՆԱԷՇ ՆԱ ԲԼԱՅԵ ԲԵԱՐԱՅՈՅ ԾՈ
 ԵՅՈՒ ԱՅԵ, ԱՅԱՐ ԾՈ ԵՅԵԱԾ ԵԵ
 ԲՅ ՅԱԷ ԶՈՆ ԺՅՈԻ ԾՈ ԵԵԱՆԱՆ
 ԺՅԵՅԼԼ ԱՅՈՒ ԵՅԷ ՈՅ ԵՕԼԱԷ Ե Ն-Ա
 ԵԱԼԱԾԱՆ ԲԵՆ, Ե Ն-ԾՕՅՅ ՈՅ ՅԵԱ-
 ՄԱՅԱԾ ՆԱ Ե-ՕԼԼԱՆՆԱԷԼԱ ԵԱՐ ԱՆ
 Յ-ԵԱՅՈՒ ԵՅԼԵ Ծ'Ա ԵՐԵՅԽ.

Camden affirms that the Irish
 nobles have their own judges,
 antiquaries, poets, physicians,
 and musicians, whom they endow
 with lands, and that their prop-
 erty, persons and patrimonies
 are free. He says: “These no-
 blemen have their own lawyers,
 whom they call *brehons*, or
 judges; their historians, to record
 their exploits; their physicians,
 their poets, whom they style
 bards, and their musicians, and
 certain lands assigned to each,
 and each in his own district, and
 of a separate and distinct family,
 viz., the *brehons* of one tribe and
 name, the antiquaries or histo-
 rians of another, and so of the
 rest, who instruct their children
 and relations, each in their own
 science, and they always have
 successors in their several pro-
 fessions.” From these words
 of Camden it is manifest that
 the Irish established good insti-
 tutions for the preservation of
 their liberal arts; for to every
 tribe was assigned collegial land
 as a provision for those who ap-
 plied themselves to science, in
 order that they should not be op-
 pressed by poverty; and, more-
 over, he who was most eminent
 in science, of this or another
 tribe, was always the person on
 whom the chief bestowed the
 lands; hence it came to pass that
 every one endeavored to arrive at
 eminence in his art, in hopes of
 obtaining the professorship be-
 fore the rest of his tribe.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A MIDSUMMER STORY.

It was a midsummer's day — warm, glowing, gladsome. The heavy perfume of the lilies filled the motionless air; the flowers basked in the grateful heat; the butterflies sailed lazily about on their gayly painted wings; the unclouded summer sun shone brightly overhead, making lilies gleam, and water shine, and all nature smile in the joyful light of the merry summer season. What a glorious day it seemed to little Ernie Venderven, as leaning through the open window he called Minnie, the fat, sleek kitten, — which, by the way, at that period of her existence was wellnigh grown into a cat. Miss Minnie, however, was too lazy, or too deeply absorbed in her own cat-like reflections, as she lay enjoying the charms of the day, to pay immediate attention to the repeated calls of her troublesome little master. At last, when it suited her own good pleasure to acknowledge the continued interruption of her repose, she looked up, and emitting a few piteous whines, as a sort of protest against the disturbance, condescended to make some ineffectual attempts to reach the window, — a height quite inaccessible to poor pussy. Ernie was much amused at Minnie's vain efforts; and as if to reward her for her flattering, if tardy, anxiety to join company with him, he bethought him of his mother's ball of wool, which she had laid aside the previous instant, to go, as she remarked, to lave her hands in hot water lest the unusual warmth of the day might cause them to injure the delicate tint of the wool. Without once reflecting that if his mother's white hands might damage its hue or texture, surely pussy's claws, not to speak of the contact with the gravel and earth and grass, should do it infinitely more harm, Ernie deliberately broke

the thread to detach it from the piece of work in which his mother was so deeply interested, and holding one end of it in his hand, threw the ball down to Minnie, who caught it with admirable dexterity between her claws. Over and over rolled pussy with her precious treasure; now she tossed it up in the air, and intercepted it in its descent; now she pushed it along the gravel walk; again she projected it through the grass and through the flowers, letting it go and seizing it, and ever and anon soiling it and tearing it, to the utter destruction of shade and fabric, but to the intense delight of the mischievous boy.

"Oh, Ernie," said Mrs. Venderven in a tone of alarm, "did you see my ring?"

Ernie, by this time tired of his play, was lying on a couch examining a picture-book, and without looking up, he replied, "Oh, no, mamma, I never touched them."

In an instant the bell was rung for the servants, and the whole house was in commotion. No answer could be given to the general query below stairs, "What is the matter?" until the nurse came down looking flurried. "The mistress," she said, "cannot find her diamond ring. It is gone. She laid down her knitting and took off her rings to go cool her hands, and when she returned the other rings were as she left them, but the diamond ring is nowhere to be seen; and there was no one in the room but Charlie Brown and Master Ernie. I am going now for Charlie."

She soon returned, leading Charlie, a lad who had been lately employed to help in the capacity of messenger, and to make himself useful in every department of the household work.

Charlie looked frightened and anxious when nurse peremptorily ordered him to appear before the mistress, adding with a minatory gesture, "Won't

you catch it!" He did not know what to think, and involuntarily shrank from her rude grasp.

"Charlie, were you in this room in my absence?" inquired Mrs. Venderven.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "Jane sent me for the vases of flowers."

"But the vases were at the other end of the room; did you come near this table?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did you see any rings?"

"No, ma'am, I did not wait; Jane told me to hurry."

"Think, now; perhaps you came here to look at the nice bright stones of the ring and dropped it somewhere. Tell me, like a good boy, and I shall say no more."

Charlie saw that the case was growing serious, and his cheeks grew red and pale alternately, as he faltered, "I declare, ma'am, I did not see the ring. I did not go near that side of the room. Master Ernie can tell you the same."

"Master Ernie? Was he here then?" inquired Mrs. Venderven.

"Yes, ma'am, he was here looking out of the window all the time."

"Oh, if so," said Mrs. Venderven, hopelessly, "he could not know whether you approached the table or not."

The examination was over, and Charlie was detained a prisoner in the library until the return of the master of the house, who was to decide, on the merits of the case, what would be best to do. Charlie was sobbing bitterly. He had not been long from his village home, where he had learned, day after day, in the school presided over by the good Christian Brothers, that it was sinful to lie or steal; and after all his care and anxiety to avoid these sins, they were even now laid at his door.

"I steal?" soliloquized Charlie, growing more and more indignant as he thought of it. "For a hundred diamond rings I would not tell a lie, let alone steal."

The midsummer sun with a sudden

gleam shot through the windows so brightly and strongly that it startled the sorrowing boy, and jumping to his feet he displaced the little medal of the Sacred Heart which he always wore on a string about his neck. The little medal reminded Charlie that this was the month of the Sacred Heart, and that surely the heart of the dear Lord who had felt so much love for little ones on earth would now help him in his first great trouble; and falling on his knees he breathed a fervent appeal for aid. When his prayer was over, Charlie wondered that he had not before now thought of appealing from his earthly accusers to the merciful heart in which he had been taught to trust. Feeling comforted, and confident that his innocence would be proved, he stepped to the window in hope of seeing Mr. Venderven approaching, and longing to assure him that he knew nothing of the ring; and "He will, I know," mused Charlie, "believe my word."

But there was no one coming. No living thing appeared in sight except Minnie, the full-grown kitten, disporting herself in the sunshine. Her movements at once arrested Charlie's attention. Minnie jumped on something, threw it up, caught it again,—it rolled, and she scampered after it. It was something that shone and glittered with more than a golden brightness in the dazzling sunlight. "It is the ring! It must be the ring!" Charlie screamed aloud. "They told me it was shining and bright"; and running to the door he shouted at the top of his voice, "Oh, let me out; open the door! Minnie has the ring! Oh, open the door before it is lost!"

Charlie might have called until he was hoarse, only that Ernie happened to pass by, and hearing the unwonted uproar, asked in surprise what was the matter; for, taking no interest in the inquiry, he heard nothing of Charlie's trouble.

"Oh, Master Ernie, the ring, your

mamma's diamond ring! Minnie is playing with it on the lawn!" Ernie, now aroused, echoed Charlie's excited cries, and soon brought the servants running to the spot, followed closely by Mrs. Venderven. They all proceeded with Charlie and Ernie in pursuit of the missing gem; and there, indeed, between two large bits of gravel, lay the ring, while Miss Minnie was vainly essaying to extricate it with her outstretched paw.

"Oh, mamma," cried Ernie, almost in tears, "it was I did it all. It must have caught in the ball of wool which I threw from the window to Minnie."

Charlie's voice was hushed, but his heart breathed many and fervent acts of thanksgiving for his happy acquittal; and in after life, he never forgot that truth and honesty are always vindicated.

TABLE RULES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am asked to hold my plate.
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair nor plate about;
With knife, or fork, or napkin ring
I must not play, nor must I sing;
I must not speak a useless word,
For children should be seen, not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;
I must not say, "The bread is old,"
"The tea is hot," "The coffee cold":
I must not cry for this or that,
Nor murmur if my meat is fat.
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask say, "If you please."
The tablecloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise of all His wondrous love.

"*The Homeless Boy*," St. Louis, Mo.

YOUTH is the proper time to form religious habits. The earliest principles are generally the most lasting; and those of a religious character are seldom wholly lost. Though the

temptations and deceitful allurements of the world may draw the well-principled youth aside from the path of rectitude, yet his early lessons of piety, taught at the knee of a devoted mother, will often come up before him, and warring with the practice of his life, lead him back and bring in a complete reformation. He who has not these pleasing memories to awaken consciousness, or whose youth was spent in the acquirement of vice, has nothing to guide him and but little chance of being brought back to a sense of religion. If parents spent more time in training their children by precept and example, we would not have to contemplate the sorrowful spectacle nowadays so often presented in daily life, of parents bewailing the waywardness of their children. As the twig is bent the tree inclines. — *Catholic Columbian*.

POLITENESS AT HOME.

A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinions of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, Cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home, in the sitting-room and the kitchen as well as in the parlor, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and a graceful demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know that these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.

Useful Knowledge.

CORN BREAD.—One cup of hominy, boil it and stir in some Indian meal, add a teacupful of milk, one egg, a piece of butter half as large as an egg, then make it as thick as a pound cake with Indian meal. Then comes the secret: Bake it quick to light brown color.

TO KEEP BREAD MOIST.—Have the dough stiff when it is set for the last rising. The larger the proportion of flour to that of moisture in the dough, the longer it will keep moist. After the bread is baked and cold put it in a tin box or earthen jar with close cover, and keep it covered tightly. Bread thus made and kept cool, and always from the air, will last and be moist for a week.

POTATO FLOUR.—Rasp the potatoes into a tub of cold water and change it repeatedly until the raspings fall to the bottom like paste; then dry it in the air, pound it in a mortar, and pass it through a hair sieve. It is nearly as nutritive, and much lighter than wheaten flour. It is, therefore, preferable for making puddings and pastry for infants and invalids. A portion of it also improves the appearance of household bread, and dealers constantly pass it off as arrowroot. If kept dry, it will remain good for years.

STABLE FLOORS.—Mr. J. Wilkinson, a rural architect of much experience, has hit upon the following plan for improving the construction of stable floors: "The floor is made level, fore and aft, but having a gentle slope from each of the two sides to the centre, or half the width of the stall. The planks are laid crosswise, inclining to the centre, leaving an opening between the ends in the centre just wide enough for the urine to drain through and into a metal gutter under the floor, which conducts it outside the building to a hog-head or to a manure pit. This prevents it from being absorbed in the bedding, which otherwise is wet, fetid, and uncomfortable to horses. The cleanliness of this arrangement of floor over every other should render its adoption universal. The little slope in the floor is another advantage, as it admits of the animal lying, as he always does, where he can, in pasture fields, *i. e.*, with his back up the grade. Then the floor, being always kept dry, makes a good bed for the horse, without litter, during the summer months, besides being cooler and freer from the ammonia which the latter exhales.

RED ANTS.—To keep red ants out of closets take a common sponge, soak it until soft, squeeze it dry, and place in closet; sprinkle it with fine sugar, when the ants will readily make it their home; dip in hot water to kill them, and replace; in a short time the house will be entirely clear of them.

To make chocolate caramels take two cups of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one tablespoonful (heaping) of butter. Boil twenty-five minutes; then stir in half a pound of grated chocolate, wet in one cup of sweet milk, and boil until it hardens on the spoon, with which you must stir it frequently. Flavor it with a teaspoonful of vanilla.

AN AGRICULTURAL CREED.—According to the "Canada Farmer," the agriculturists of Canada met in convention not long ago, and adopted for themselves the following creed:—

We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

We believe the soil lives to eat as well as the owner, and ought therefore to be well manured.

We believe in going to the bottom of things, and therefore in deep ploughing and enough of it. All the better if it be a subsoil plough.

We believe in large crops that leave land better than they found it, making both the farm and the farmer rich at once.

We believe that every farm should own a good farmer.

We believe that the fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence; without these, lime, gypsum, and guano will be of little use.

We believe in good fences, good farm-houses, good orchards, and good children enough to gather the fruit.

We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy, and a clear conscience.

We believe that to ask a man's advice is not stooping, but of much benefit.

We believe that to keep a place for everything, and everything in its place, saves many a step, and is pretty sure to lead to good tools and to keeping them in order.

We believe that kindness to stock, like good shelter, is saving of fodder.

We believe that it is a good thing to keep an eye on experiments, and note all good and bad.

We believe that it is a good rule to sell grain when it is ready.

The Humorist.

A RELIEF society—A gang of pick-pockets.

WITHDRAWING an amendment—Taking out a false tooth.

A KITCHEN proverb: Things rubbed against a grater become less.

BURNED at the steak—The fingers of the girl who was cooking it.

WHAT title should be bestowed on the man who drinks beer? The Knight of Malt-a.

SILENCE is not always golden. The oyster is continually getting into broils and stews, and he is quiet enough.

"I WONDER what makes my eyes weak," said a sot to a gentleman. "They are in a weak place," responded the latter.

A SCHOOL-BOY has divided the surface of the earth into four zones: the rigid, the horrid, the temperate, and the intemperate.

"DID you ever see the Catskill Mountains?" asked a young lady of her lover. "No," said he, "but I've seen 'em kill mice."

WHEN a baby stuffs his toe into his mouth, he little realizes how hard it will be for him in later years to make both ends meet.

No terrorizing!—The last instance known of originality in a marriage announcement is the following: "No cards, no cake, no fuss."

CON.—What is the difference between an exchange broker and a rustic trying a galvanic battery? Why, one has stocks and shares, and the other has shocks and stares.

AN American found it very cheap talk to condemn flogging, and he told his audience he would prove it. "My father," he said, "once flogged me very severely when I was telling the truth." "Wall, now," observed another American, at the end of the table, "I have known you since you growed up, and it appears to me that your father cured you."

"TOCTOR, I feel sig all over, und de pebles dell me I better take your fisicks." Chemist: "All right, sir. Will you take a dose of salts or some pills?"—"Vell, vat costs for saulds?"—"Three-pence, sir."—"And how much for dem fisicking pills?"—"I'll give you a dose for the same price."—"Toctor, you dond got no second-hand fisicking pills, ain't you?"

A CHINAMAN who was looking at an Englishman eating tripe, said, "And yet he hates dear little mice!"

A MUSICIAN wants to know how to strike a bee flat, and at the same time avoid being stung by its demisemiquaver.

"ARE you a Home Ruler?" was asked of one of the candidates at the late election. A voice from the back seats answered, "No, but his wife is."

"BEGGARS can't be choosers," says an old adage. A gentleman writes that a beggar got into his hall the other day, and chose from the hat-rack forthwith three hats, one umbrella, and his new overcoat.

PATIENT: "Then, according to you, doctor, in order to live at all I must give up all that makes life worth living?" Doctor: "I'm afraid so—at least for a few years." Patient: "Perhaps you'd recommend me to marry?" Doctor (a confirmed bachelor): "Oh no! Come, my dear fellow, it's not quite as bad as all that, you know!"

JOHNNY wanted to go to the circus, and his father said: "Johnny, I'd rather you'd go to school and study, and maybe you'll be President some day." Said Johnny: "Father, there's about 1,000,000 boys in the United States, isn't there?"—"Yes."—"And every one of them stands a chance of being President?"—"Yes."—"Well, dad, I'll sell out my chance for a circus ticket."

GEN. BUTLER has enlightened a reporter in San Francisco. "General," said the inquisitive visitor, "I wish you would favor me with your opinion as a lawyer on a certain subject. What do you think of the evidence in the Whitaker case?" Giving the well-chewed end of his unlighted cigar an extra roll, and dropping his sinister eyelid, the general looked at the questioner with a sententious glance, and replied: "I think he bit his own ear!"

"I BELIEVE in a personal devil," said Mr. Moody, at a revival meeting held in a remote Western city. "That's true, that's true; you're right thar, stranger," said an old farmer, rising from his seat in his earnestness. Whereupon a calm-faced, placid-looking woman rose from the other end of the pew, took him by the ear and led him slowly out; and the assembly knew then, for the first time, that the old man's mind was filled with domestic thoughts instead of the hereafter.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, AUGUST 1, 1880.

A Talk with our Readers.

BOSTON derives its name from a monk of the seventh century.

PRESENT population of Boston, 380,000. The population of New York City is 1,200,000.

HON. JOHN KELLY repeated the lecture in New York he delivered in Boston, in aid of the Ursuline Convent at Morrisania. The receipts were \$5,000.

THE venerable Rev. Peter Havermans, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Troy, N. Y., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the dignity of the priesthood on the 6th of June.

THE rector of the church at Chico, Cal., in sending his subscription, says: "I need not tell you how pleased I am when your Magazine reaches me each month."

HIGH TREASON.—We conclude in this issue the extremely interesting tale of the Jesuits of the seventeenth century. We will commence another interesting story in our next Magazine, entitled "In the Service of France."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for July is before us. It is as interesting as ever. There is one thing Mr. Donahoe is an adept in, and that is in getting up a first-class periodical. He made the Boston "Pilot" the first and most permanent Catholic newspaper in America, and under his management the Magazine will attain like prestige. — *The Catholic Banner*.

YOUNG MAN, procure and read attentively "The Inner Life of Père Lacordaire," the great French divine. He was to France what in our day Father Burke, of the same Order, is to Ireland. The book can be had of any of our Catholic booksellers.

THE WALLS OF THE CLOISTER or the seminary are not, as men suppose, the walls of a prison, within which unhappy victims groan and suffer; they are gardens of delight, where blooms the only happiness that exists without shadow and without alloy, — the happiness that springs out of victory over the passions, often purchased at a costly price, and out of friendship with God and the sweetness of fraternal charity. — *Père Lacordaire, O. P.*

THE PASSION PLAY.—It has been roughly calculated that at least £10,000 clear profit will be made by some one before the Passion Play performances are over, and that nearly £30,000 of money will pour into Ober-Ammergau before the end of the season as payment for play, lodgings, and carriages. The profits are divided according to a fixed scale by the actors and the villagers who are natives of Ober-Ammergau, after the expenses for theatre and dresses are paid, and they cannot amount to more than £4,000.

THE WORK OF RELIEF IN IRELAND.—The Mansion House has 760 committees working in the country, with 15,000 or 16,000 persons acting on them. Five hundred and ninety have sent in reports, and these are signed by either the chairman or the secretary. One hundred returns or so have not been yet received. Two hundred and six come from Munster, 198 from Connaught, 128 from Ulster, and 58 from Leinster. By these returns it appears that the Relief Committees altogether have expended £236,000, of which £112,000 was derived from the Mansion House. The number of parishes, on the other hand, in which relief works are authorized is 206, and the number of people likely to receive employment from them 13,187, out of a population of 358,000 reported as destitute. Of these public works 77 had actually commenced in Munster; 38 have yet to be commenced. In Connaught 41 are commenced and 52 not yet commenced. The nature of the works is of so circumscribed an area generally that they can be of only isolated value.

THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL is the name of a paper just issued at Holyoke, Mass. It bids fair to succeed. It is published weekly for \$1.00 a year. We wish it success.

THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND. — An ejection in the county Leitrim ended fatally. Henry B. Acheson, of the county Roscommon, attempted, two months ago, to fence in a farm near Ballinamore, in Leitrim, from which a tenant had been ejected. He was met by the people and obliged to desist. He again appeared on the scene, guarded by the constabulary. The peasantry from the surrounding country gathered, but without arms, having only the shovels, pickaxes, etc., with which they had been at work. At first Acheson was disposed to retire, but the constabulary encouraged him to remain, saying they would protect him. An old man advanced from the crowd and asked why he wished to disturb the peace of the country. Acheson replied that he merely wanted to fence his own land. The old man then returned to the crowd, which immediately attacked Acheson and his men, who, with the police, then ran. Acheson was gradually distancing all his pursuers but five, who kept close to him. One of them, named Meehan, armed with a spade, was about to strike, when Acheson drew a revolver and told him to stand back. Meehan ran forward with the spade raised. Acheson then fired to the right and left of Meehan to frighten him, but he rushed on undaunted; whereupon Acheson took straight aim and lodged a bullet in Meehan's side. Meehan died seven hours afterwards. Acheson was arrested.

An occurrence of a very rare nature took place at Coolcran, near Ballina. James Joynt, Esq., went to the house of one of his tenants, against whom he had lately taken ejection proceedings, and the wife and children only being in, ordered them out, striking the woman with a stick. She succeeded in depriving him of the stick, put him outside, and closed the door against him. He went to his own house and procured a gun. He then returned to the tenant's house, fired two shots through the door, again got in, and proceeded to break the windows, and push the woman out. She raised a tongs, or some heavy instrument, and striking him on the temple, severed the principal artery and fractured his skull. The doctor pronounced Mr. Joynt's life to be in imminent danger. The woman was immediately placed under arrest, but could not be removed, owing to her advanced state of pregnancy, and, it is alleged, the treatment she had received.

MR. WALTER J. BROWN is now on a canvassing tour for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE in Western Massachusetts and Connecticut. We bespeak for him a cordial reception by our friends.

P. J. FLATLEY, Esq., of Boston, writes the leading article in the July issue of the "Catholic World"; the subject "Ireland and the Land Question," which the writer handles with much ability.

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION assembled at Cincinnati, on the 22d of June, and nominated for President Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, and for Vice-President, W. H. English, of Indiana. The general is a native of Pennsylvania.

BOB INGERSOLL was right for once, when he spoke of the Methodists as a political organization. A preacher at Urbana was vociferously cheered for introducing Garfield into his Sunday sermon. — *Catholic Telegraph*.

WE regret the suspension of "McGee's Illustrated Weekly," of New York. We were under the impression it was a financial success. Had the subscribers paid promptly, it might be still in successful operation.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. — There are nearly a hundred pages of diversified reading in this enterprising monthly, and we do not observe that the editor has lost any of that keen discrimination that stamped his work from the beginning. For the household of workingmen it is perfectly suited. — *Liverpool Catholic Times*.

ARRIVALS IN NEW YORK IN JUNE. — The arrivals for June foot up 42,026, against 15,330 for June, 1879. During the past six months there has landed at Castle Garden an excessively large number; viz., 177,362, against 55,919 in a corresponding period last year. The greatest number received in the same length of time during the last twenty-five years was in 1872, when they amounted to 158,187. This year Germany has sent about a quarter of the emigrants, and they came from other quarters in the following order as to numbers: Ireland, Scandinavia, England and Scotland, Switzerland, Austria, and Russia. All were of a better class of people than ever before. The Russians, as a general thing, have been quite destitute, but those of other nationalities were provided with more or less money, and preferred to start out independently. At least seventy-five per cent of them have gone West.

It is estimated that since Oct. 1, 1879, fifty-seven thousand Canadians have left the Province of Ontario, to say nothing of the thousands which have come over from other parts of the Dominion to assist Brother Jonathan in raising the coming greatest empire the world ever saw.

PÈRE LACORDAIRE. — The great Dominican refused all the honors which his friends desired to heap upon him. The post of Auditor of the Rota at the Court of Rome having become vacant, the position was offered to Lacordaire, which he peremptorily refused, he preferring to live the life of a religious. One day Charles X. asked the minister where that friend of his resided, — the theologian he sometimes consulted before answering his questions. "Sire," replied the minister, "he lodges in a garret in the seminary of St. Sulpice." "That is doubtless the reason," returned the king with a smile, "that you never propose to raise him higher."

FACTS AND FIGURES OF THE GREAT FOREIGN EXODUS TO AMERICA. — According to the government's figures, 2,354,934 people emigrated to the United States from all other parts of the world during the nine years from 1871 to 1879 inclusive, or an average of over 250,000 souls was added annually to our population during less than a decade from this source. We draw most heavily upon Germany, but the exodus from the empire undergoes wide fluctuations. It was the largest in the years immediately following the Franco-German war, when the numbers of emigrants were 82,554 in 1871, 141,109 in 1872, and 149,671 in 1873. Our commercial panic in the last-named year appears to have operated as a deterrent upon emigration, which, in 1874, fell below 20,000; but in 1877 it rose to 28,298, in 1879 to 34,602, and the prospect for 1880 is that the tide will rise higher than in any preceding twelvemonth. A fact that may surprise many readers is that England stands next to Germany on the list, having sent us 378,252 new residents since 1871. (Probably half of these were Irish.) Ireland comes next, with 365,268, and the figures for Scandinavia (Sweden, Norway, and Denmark) are 177,359; Scotland, 74,924; France, 67,888; and Russia, 33,983. The total for Germany is 633,544; but Great Britain has lost even a greater number of her subjects. Counting together all coming from England, Ireland, and Scotland, the aggregate is 818,444.

REV. W. W. FITZPATRICK, pastor of St. Gregory's Church, of Lower Mills, was presented with a very fine set of vestments by the members of the Sunday school on Sunday, June 27. The presentation speech was made by three little girls members of the school, and was responded to by the reverend father in a very touching manner.

THE CONSECRATION of Rt. Rev. Dr. Watterson as Bishop of Columbus, Ohio, will take place in St. Joseph's Cathedral, that city, on Sunday, August 8th, that day being the twelfth anniversary of Dr. Watterson's ordination. The Rt. Rev. coadjutor Bishop of Cincinnati, Rt. Rev. Wm. H. Elder, will probably be the consecrator. — *Catholic Columbian*.

ICEBERGS. — Reading the accounts of the icebergs in the Atlantic this year, one ceases to wonder that so many ships have been lost and never heard of, but that so few have been. The New York "Herald" publishes a chart of the icebergs seen by the steamship "Belgenland" on her latest trip from Europe. By this it appears that there were two "schools" of icebergs encountered on the edges of the banks of Newfoundland. Some of the icebergs were aground, and the rest were held in a nearly stationary position by the meeting of the current flowing southward from Greenland with the Gulf Stream flowing northward. Occasionally one drifts away far enough to get wholly within the Gulf Stream and be carried off to the other side of the world, but the majority lie like rocks in the often fog-bound pathway of the ocean steamers. Captain Codman, in some reminiscences of similar phenomena met with by him in 1846, says that meteorologists are unable to explain the fact that these floating masses of ice are so abundant in some years and are not seen at all in others. But the New York "Herald," with characteristic mastery of meteorology, explains that it was that the mild winter of 1879-80 extended its influence into the northern latitudes and caused an early breaking up of the great masses of ice accumulated on the Greenland shores. It was only necessary that disintegration should take place to permit of the currents of the Arctic waters bearing the immense icebergs that have been held in their northern home for ages toward the warm waters of the central Atlantic. One of the icebergs seen by the "Belgenland" was over two hundred feet high. In the lee of one of these mountains the thermometer on shipboard frequently drops forty degrees.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, the celebrated actor, with whom we had a little correspondence lately, says: "My father and mother were both Irish, and if there is any good or talent in me, I, of course, owe it to my Irish parentage." We rank Lawrence Barrett next to Henry Irving, in the dramatic world. He is a thoroughly cultured gentleman. Mary Anderson, also Irish, and a good practical Catholic, bids fair to rival the foremost ladies in the theatrical profession. — *Catholic Telegraph*.

WESTERN CATHOLIC NEWS AND LITERATURE. — To those who desire Catholic news and literature, we commend the "Catholic Tribune," of Kansas City, Mo., containing as it does forty-eight columns in six-column quarto form; it is an able exponent of the Catholic faith and colonization in the West, and is edited by clear-sighted, consistent, and capable men; its circulation is large throughout the entire West, including New Mexico. As an ADVERTISING MEDIUM it is deserving liberal patronage, for it circulates among the thinking and trading people of the West.

Terms, \$2.00 per year in advance; trial subscriptions for three months, 50 cents; six months, \$1.00.

We call the special attention of our Eastern and Southern readers to this paper.

EAST BOSTON. — The venerable Father Fitton, who is nearly fifty-three years a priest, pastor of the Church of Most Holy Redeemer, has issued a pamphlet containing a sketch of the progress of Catholicity in the island ward from 1844 to 1880, from which we learn that the first child of Catholic parents born in East Boston was baptized Thomas J., son of Matthew and Jane Lavery, on the 17th of November, 1833. It is not stated whether Thomas J. still lives. Of seventeen priests, who, for the most part in youthful years, served in the sanctuary of Most Holy Redeemer, three have gone to their rest, while fourteen are now rectors or assistants at other districts. Since the dedication of the first Catholic church on the island four other churches have been erected, 12,879 been baptized. Upwards of 1,100 girls are in daily attendance in the schools of the Sisters of Notre Dame, 2,290 boys and girls are attending Sunday school.

PORTLAND, ME. — Mr. T. P. McGowan is our agent in this city. Mr. McGowan is in the Catholic book business, and also is engaged in bringing out and sending passengers to and from the old country. He also remits money to Ireland. Give him a call.

His Grace the Duke of Norfolk has erected a school-house for boys at Arundel, at a cost of about £4,000. The buildings appear to us to be charming in design as well as execution, and they will be another lasting memorial of the never-tiring munificence of the illustrious Earl Marshal of England. There stands already at Arundel the stately church but lately built by his Grace, at a cost, we suppose, of twenty times four thousand pounds. We were wont in times not long past to speak of "the good" Earl of Shrewsbury; we now rejoice in speaking of the good Duke of Norfolk.

ERIN'S HOME TREASURES. — A priest out West writes us about this picture: "I have to thank you for the engraving. It is the only Irish picture I ever saw without the slightest shade of burlesque or 'gotten up' comicality. It is almost sublime in its purity, and the austere poverty of an Irish cabin, from the bellows on the hearth to the rosary on the wall, and the son and heir to a very limited number of domestic fowl. It is a picture that even St. Bernard could admire."

This beautiful picture is given to all subscribers paying \$2 in advance.

URSULINE CONVENT, June 12, 1880.

Editor Donahoe's Magazine, Boston, Mass.

SIR, — A statement regarding the sickness which visited our school this spring appeared in the June number of your magazine, which was full of errors, copied no doubt from the exaggerated reports of sensational newspapers.

We deemed it prudent to dismiss our boarders, amounting to about sixty, for a short period, but resumed school in two weeks, and we shall have our usual closing exercises.

No one died, as your report stated, nor was any one seriously ill; almost all affected recovered in a short time.

Eminent physicians of Cincinnati who have examined into the circumstances say that the disease was largely sympathetic, and that it could not be attributed to any local cause.

Yours respectfully,

THE URSULINES,

St. Martin's, Brown County, Ohio.

PERSONAL.

LADY ANNE ISABELLA BLUNT, the only granddaughter of Lord Byron, has just been admitted into the Catholic Church in England.

RT. REV. BISHOP RYAN, of St. Louis, has been advised by his physicians to try a change of air. The bishop, while not seriously ill, is by no means well. He will come North.

HANCOCK. — Gen. Hancock is a twin. His twin brother, Hilary Hancock, is a lawyer at Minneapolis, Minn. When young the brothers looked so much alike that they could scarcely be distinguished.

MR. CHARLES H. DONAHOE, of Chelsea, Mass., recently graduated with honor from the Boston University, receiving the degree of LL. B. He was educated by the Fathers of the Holy Cross at St. Joseph's College, Memramcook, N. B., where he graduated in the class of '77.

THE late Mr. John Murphy, by testamentary disposition, provided for the continuance of his business under the old name and arrangements. His eldest son, Mr. Frank R. Murphy, will take an active part in the business for the future, and secure its continuance in the old successful and satisfactory manner. All orders can be sent, as formerly, to John Murphy & Co.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

FATHER HORNER, the originator and head of the Catholic mission to Zanzibar, Bagamoyo, and Ngouvan, has died at Cannes, after a long and painful illness contracted in Africa.

THE REV. JOHN WALSH, the devoted pastor of St. John's Church, Altoona, Pennsylvania, departed this life on the morning of the 8th of June, in the sixty-first year of his age, and the thirty-third of his priesthood. Deceased was a native of the county Waterford, Ireland.

VERY REV. JULES LEMAN, of Blackrock College, near Dublin, expired on the 3d of June, being in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and the thirty-second of his sacred calling. Born in 1826 at Lille, in the North of France, he entered while still very young the seminary of Cambrai, as an ecclesiastical student; but subsequently feeling himself called to the religious state, he generously set himself to correspond to the divine call, and entered the novitiate — at that time situated at Notre Dame du Gard, near Amiens — of the Society of the Holy Ghost, of which he was to become so useful and distinguished a member. This was in 1847. After spending some years as director and professor at the mother house of the society at Paris, he was sent to assist in the foundation of the French seminary of Santa Chiara at Rome, where he also filled with success the chair of dogmatic theology. Then, in October, 1859, the late president landed for the first time on Irish shores, and the following year began, in company with two or three other

priests of the same society, the foundation at Blackrock of a college which, under the name of the French College, has since attained to such status and efficiency. We may without exaggeration apply to him those words of the sacred historian, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" a great and a good priest lost to the service of religion and education in Ireland.

WE have to announce with much regret the death, at Madras, of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Stephen Fennelly, for many years the zealous and revered vicar-apostolic of that distant mission. He died about midday on the 3d of June, and had the happiness of receiving, before he died, and in the full possession of all his mental faculties, the last sacraments of the Church. The Madras papers just to hand bear ungrudging testimony to the holy and active life of the good bishop, and give ample evidence of the profound esteem and veneration in which he was held, not only by the children of his own charge, but by all his fellow-citizens, who differed from him ever so widely in religion and in politics. Dr. Fennelly was a native of Ireland, having been born in the parish of Moyne, in the diocese of Cashel. He was born about the year 1817, and having early in life chosen the ecclesiastical state as his career in life, was sent in 1833 to the College of Maynooth, where he pursued his studies, at the close of which he was ordained to the priesthood in 1843. His brother, the late Rt. Rev. John Fennelly, had been appointed in 1842 successor in the vicariate apostolic of Madras to the distinguished Rt. Rev. Dr. Carew; and in 1844 his brother Ste-

phen, in company with some other young priests, parted from home and friends to assist him in the laborious work of the mission. Father Fennelly was engaged by the bishop in many important works in connection with the administration of the affairs of the mission, and in 1851 his right reverend brother chose him for his vicar-general. In 1868 Bishop Fennelly died, and the vicar-general was appointed to succeed him. He was consecrated in March of that year, and from that time to his death toiled with untiring and fruitful energy in the vineyard committed to his care. He paid more than one or two visits to Europe in the interval, but it was only that he might bring back with him to his mission priests and nuns from Ireland, England, and elsewhere, to assist him in his great work of spreading the light of faith and morality in the dark and distant regions of his vicariate. It is stated in the Madras "Mail," which records his death, that on his last visit to Ireland, in 1875, he was asked to accept the see of Cashel and Emly, then vacant by the death of Archbishop Leahy, but that he respectfully declined it, desiring to rest and die amongst the people of India, whom he had come to look upon and to love as his own inheritance. Under his prudent and energetic administration the Madras vicariate has wonderfully developed, and wants now but little for all the purposes of religion and education. His funeral was a great manifestation of the universal grief for his loss, and of respect to his memory. Amongst those who, in addition to a large body of clergy, took part in the functions preceding and attending it, were Chief Justice Turner, the Hon. Mr. Justice Kernan, Colonel Macdonald, Messrs. Blair, the Hon. P. Macfayden, etc. The remains were interred in a grave specially prepared for it in the cathedral at Madras, close to the spot where were also interred the remains of his brother and predecessor, the Rt. Rev. John Fennelly. The deceased bishop had hosts of friends in the land of his birth, who will sincerely deplore his loss, and pray fervently for God's rest to his soul.

SISTER.

DIED at St. Joseph's Convent, St. Mary's, Elk County, Pennsylvania, May 31, Sister M. Aloysia Nissel, in the twenty-third year of her age. The deceased was a native of St. Mary's, and had only been a member of the community about four years and a half, two of which were spent in Fryburg, devoted to the education of youth. All who knew Sister Aloysia loved her for her sincere piety,

her gentle and unassuming manners. Her death, like her life, was calm and peaceful; a gentle smile lighted up her features as she yielded her pure spirit into the hands of its Maker. May her soul rest in peace.

LAYMEN.

THE Dublin papers announce the death of MR. THOMAS KANE, on the 11th of June. He was one of the oldest and most respected members of the Dublin body of solicitors. For some years past he had retired from business.

IN South Boston, June 25, MR. PATRICK PHILLIPS, a native of the county Wicklow, Ireland, aged eighty years. The deceased came to Boston fifty-nine years ago, where he resided up to the time of his death. He was one of our most worthy citizens. He was interred at St. Augustine's Cemetery, June 27, where repose the remains of most of the early Catholic settlers of Boston. Deceased was a member of the Charitable Irish and other societies, members of which acted as pallbearers on the occasion. May his soul rest in peace.

THE death of MR. JOHN LEE, fortified with the sacraments of the Church, in Manchester, N. H., June 12, removes another link in the chain which is breaking on the shores of time. More than thirty years ago Mr. Lee moved among the then rising Catholic population of Boston. Born of respectable parents, from the county Cork, Ireland, he worked his way like most of us against great difficulties. In time he became acquainted with the family of Mr. Robert Faulkner, whose daughter he married. In connection with the house of the late Mr. William Murray, clothier, he removed to Manchester, where he carried on that business for some twenty-five years, and amassed considerable property. He was elected an alderman, and occupied many other honorable positions in the Catholic community of Manchester. In his younger days in Boston he assisted in every charitable movement. He was a member of the Young Catholics' Friend Society and other charitable bodies. His marriage was a happy one. He was the father of seventeen children, twelve of whom are living. At a heavy expense he educated one of his sons — Rev. Robert E. Lee — for the priesthood, who belongs to the Diocese of Portland. Few men of the Irish race have left a better record behind them. May his soul rest in peace. Amen. He had a policy of \$5,000 in the New York Life Insurance Company.

IN Portland, Me., on the 17th of June, MR. JAMES MCGLINCHY. He was born in Londonderry in 1823, and came to Portland when quite young, and by strict attention to business and honest dealing he amassed a fortune. He was interred from the Cathedral, June 12, where the solemn offices of the church were offered up for the repose of his soul. Mr. McGlinchy leaves a family of five children and hosts of friends to mourn his loss. He was greatly respected by all classes in the community. May his soul rest in peace.

THE Catholics of Boston lament the death of Mr. MICHAEL GORMAN, one of its most respectable Irish-American citizens. Mr. Gorman carried on the business of file manufacturing for a period of thirty-three years, and by his strict and honorable dealing had amassed a large share of this world's goods. In all the relations of life, as a husband and father, he stood high in the community. He was strict in the observance of his religious duties. A few days before his death he called at the house of a friend, and was shocked to find he was dead. Returning to his home he remarked to his wife "that it might be his turn next." But a few days intervened between the death of both. He went to work and settled his temporal affairs, and the next day he told his wife that it was now time to settle the more important affair of his salvation. He desired to see Father O'Connor, who prepared him for the next world. Father O'Connor continued to visit and console him up to the time of his death. He was also consoled by the frequent visits of the Sisters of Charity from the Home, of which he was a director. He died peacefully on Sunday evening, June 6, at the age of fifty-four years.

The funeral took place on the morning of the 9th of June. The remains were borne from his late residence in Worcester Square to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, directors of the Home for Destitute Children, of which he was a member, acting as pall-bearers. A solemn requiem mass was celebrated by the rector, Father O'Connor, assisted by Fathers Charlier and Dompieri. Father O'Connor delivered a brief and eloquent discourse. Fathers Bodfish, Metcalf, and Dompieri, S. J., were in the sanctuary. At the close of the services the remains were taken to Calvary Cemetery for interment.

The funeral was large and respectable, the audience occupying more than half of the large church. The male children of the Home and the Sisters of Charity accompanied the funeral from the late residence of the deceased, and attended at the services in the church.

At a meeting of the directors of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children of Boston, held June 10, the following resolutions were passed:—

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from us, by the hand of death, our late associate and esteemed friend, Mr. Michael Gorman; therefore,

Resolved, That while we bow in submission to the will of Providence, we cannot but deplore that the Home has lost a zealous worker, the children a kind and generous benefactor, and the community an honest and upright citizen.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of the deceased our deepest sympathy in their great affliction, and we pray they may have grace to bear their loss with true Christian fortitude.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in the records of the Home, and that an engrossed copy be sent to the family of our late director.

CAPT. JOHN F. KAVANAGH, the commander of the "Erin's Hope" or "Jackmel" expedition to Ireland, in 1867, died, on the 10th of June, after a lingering illness, at his residence in Williamsburg, Long Island.

Captain Kavanagh, who was in the fortieth year of his age, was born in the county of Wexford, Ireland. He came to this country when a boy, and followed the sea for a living. At the outbreak of the late war he secured a commission in the navy, and served under Admirals Farragut and Porter at New Orleans, where he was dangerously wounded. After spending three months in the hospital he rejoined his vessel, and participated in all the engagements on the Mississippi. During the siege of Charleston he served under Admirals Dahlgren and Rowan, and commanded a company at the attack on Fort Sumter, in 1863. At the close of the war he received the thanks of the Navy Department for his services, and was brevetted master. He had received two promotions while in the service.

In the early part of 1867 he took charge of the "Jackmel" expedition to Ireland. For twenty-four days he cruised around the Irish coast and made three landings. A few officers who had served through the war landed and were captured, and subsequently condemned to penal servitude. Colonels Warren and Nagle were among the number. It was finally determined by the leaders that as the arms could not be safely landed, the vessel should return to this country, which she did.

After the failure of the "Jackmel" expedition, Captain Kavanagh turned his attention to business, and was moderately successful. He held a position under the government for a short time. His death resulted from disease contracted in Southern waters during the war. His funeral took place from his late residence, Third Street, near North Sixth, Williamsburg.

Events of the Month.

THE debt of New York City, on the thirty-first day of January, amounted to \$114,102,291 88.

MRS. BRIDGET FARRELL, a native of Westmeath, Ireland, died in Hartford, Conn., on June 10, at the advanced age of 108 years.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN will, it is expected, visit Killarney during the summer, and during her stay will be the guest of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare.

THE HON. MR. MONSELL, who has been appointed State Steward to the Irish Viceroy, is a Catholic. Also Colonel Dease, a Catholic, has been named Chamberlain to the Irish Lord-Lieutenant.

THE O'GORMAN MAHON is credited with recently saying a good thing over the Bradlaugh case. Discussing it with a friend, the old veteran put the position thus: "Fifty years ago I was in the House when it wanted to exclude O'Connell because he believed too much; now it wants to exclude Bradlaugh because he believes nothing at all."

DUBLIN will know Carlisle Bridge no more. The new structure, which is on the point of completion, at a cost of £70,000, will, in accordance with a resolution of the City Council, be denominated O'Connell Bridge. In the same way, a few years ago, Essex Bridge disappeared, and Grattan Bridge took its place.

KNOCK. — An ecclesiastical commission, appointed by his Grace the Archbishop, was held on Friday week at Knock. Very Rev. Archdeacon Cavanagh, P. P.; Very Rev. Canon Waldron, P. P., Ballyhaunis; Very Rev. Canon Bourke, P. P., Claremorris; Very Rev. Canon O'Brien, P. P., Athenry; Very Rev. Canon Ronayne, P. P., Ballinrobe, are deputed to report upon the alleged apparitions and miracles. — *Tram News.*

CALLS for clergymen are frequently heard from the frontier, but not often for the kind described in the following passage from the *Aurora* (Nev.) "Herald": "We are sorely in need of a preacher, but we don't want any cheap trash. We want a good, muscular Christian, who can snatch sinners by the scruff of the neck and drag them howling up the plane of righteousness, and who will not drink more than he can hold. Such a man will get a right smart lay out here."

FORTY thousand of the population of Dublin, Ireland, and 30,000 people in Marseilles, France, attend mass every day of the year.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA is dead. Her life was unhappy even amid the regal splendor of the Russian throne. She was a niece of the present Emperor of Germany.

"MAYBE there isn't any God for the United States," said a Canadian mayor to Bob Ingersoll, "but there's one for Canada; and you can't have any hall in this town in which to defame Him."

MR. ROBERT BRERETON BARRY, purse-bearer to Lord O'Hagan, has obtained the first scholarship at the recent examination at the Middle Temple. Mr. Barry is a nephew of Mr. Justice Barry.

MR. C. H. DOWLING, a Dublin dentist, has been awarded £1,750 as compensation for personal injuries sustained by him in a collision on the London and North-western Railway at Menai Bridge last December.

THE London "World" says it is a sign of the more charitable spirit prevailing in religious matters just now that the Prince of Wales, holding a lighted taper in his hand, attended the Requiem Mass at the Russian Chapel for the repose of the Empress of Russia's soul.

No less than 15,551 persons emigrated from Ireland in the first quarter of the year. This is more than double the number in the first three months of last year, and far in excess of the average of the first quarter of the past ten years. The result is that the population of Ireland, which was beginning to augment for the last few years, has again taken a downward turn.

THE phylloxera — that dread but diminutive insect which attacks and destroys the vines — is rapidly seconding the efforts of the teetotallers in France. To those who do not espouse the temperance cause, however, it will be unpleasant news to hear that the ravages of the phylloxera continue to increase, and that wines are certain to become dearer. At the present time one third of the vineyards have been invaded by this army of Bacchanalian insects, and last year one fifth of the entire wine harvest was consumed by them. Great efforts are being made to extirpate the pest.

THE horse-cars plying in Dublin are about to be lighted with gas. The same improvement might well be carried out in other cities besides Dublin.

THE JESUITS.—A deed of sale of the Imperial Hotel and grounds at Jersey, England, has been effected, by which the property is transferred to new owners for the purpose of being applied as a Jesuit seminary for boys. It is to be occupied by a body of Jesuits coming from Poitiers, France.

WE deeply regret to observe by the latest reports from the Northwest of Ireland that a very violent type of fever has broken out in the county of Donegal. This is the result of the wretched diet to which the poor have been reduced by the reduction of the food grants from the Dublin committees. The poor people of Donegal have been willing to do any work which they could, even with difficulty, perform; but no human being can work without food, and when food fails, sickness unfortunately gets many victims.

THE Republican National Convention which met at Chicago on the 2d of June, after remaining in session six days, succeeded in nominating James A. Garfield, of Ohio, for President, on the thirty-sixth ballot, by a vote of three hundred and ninety-nine to three hundred and eight for Grant, and fifty scattering. Chester A. Arthur, the ex-collector of customs at New York, was nominated for Vice-President on the first ballot. This was the most exciting convention that has ever held in America, not excepting the Charleston Convention of 1860. The Democrats say the ticket is easy to beat. Well, we shall see.

THE action of Bishop Elder in putting his veto on the holding of moonlight picnics will meet the merited approbation of all well-meaning persons. At best, these miscellaneous gatherings are only tolerable; and when carried on far away into the silent hours of the night, they lose whatever respectability they possess and become damnable. As thus conducted, no Christian youth can attend them and preserve any sense of self-respect. Many a poor, unfortunate young maiden has been brought to shame and disgrace by attending these places, and in silent sorrow bemoans the fate that her own foolhardiness brought upon her. We do not wish to be understood as denouncing picnics as such, or as putting upon them the seal of infamy; but we do hold that, unless held under proper restraints and with proper guidance, they are the fruitful source of much evil and wickedness. — *Catholic Columbian*.

IN 1820 there was not a Catholic church in Brooklyn, N. Y. Now the Catholic population of the diocese is 250,000; and there are one hundred and fifty priests to administer to their wants. There are eighty-five churches, some being grand and costly, and twenty-two chapels and stations, one theological seminary, two colleges, eleven academies and select schools, thirty-nine parish schools, nine asylums, and three hospitals.

CATHOLICS IN KANSAS. — There are now seventy-seven priests on the Kansas missions, and one hundred and twenty churches are attended by them. There are six religious communities of priests, and four of sisters, three colleges, three academies, one hospital, one orphan asylum, twenty-four parochial schools proper, sixteen clerical students, 2,300 children in parochial schools, and about 70,000 of a Catholic population.

THE pilgrimage of the Empress Eugénie was completed on the first of June by her Majesty's arrival at the fatal spot where, exactly a year before, on the 1st of June, 1879, her only son, the Prince Imperial, fell with his face to the foe, stabbed to death with seventeen assegai wounds in the donga on the bank of the Otyotosi River, in Zululand. Among the reed growth of that now historical little water-course a marble cross marks the actual death-place; a memorial sent out thither for that purpose by her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and bearing upon it an inscription that it was placed there "In affectionate remembrance of Prince Napoleon Eugène Louis Joseph, Prince Imperial, to mark the spot where, while assisting in a reconnoissance with the British troops, on June 1, 1879, he was attacked by a party of Zulus, and fell with his face to the foe." Hitherto not a flower has been anywhere discoverable among the vegetation, which consisted almost exclusively of the tall mealie and the straggling pumpkin. Henceforth, however, the appearance of the place in this particular will be completely transformed. Already there are visible in that green dip of ground, banks of violets. A weeping willow is about immediately to be despatched from the Dean's garden at Windsor, and to be deeply rooted there anew by the most careful process of transplantation. Roses from England are to be tenderly cultivated round the spot where fell the last hope of the imperial dynasty. There, young in years, but with the valor of a veteran, died a year ago the Fourth Napoleon, cruelly done to death hardly less by the treacherous desertion of his comrades than by the spears of his savage assailants.

Boys under twenty years of age, in Memphis, Tenn., who want to play billiards or drink intoxicating liquors, must carry written permits from their parents, or they will be exposed by saloon-keepers. Let this system be introduced into all our cities and towns, by all means.

A CHEMIST'S assistant at Paris, who had carelessly misread a very legibly written prescription, and had killed a man with an overdose of laudanum, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The defendant's advocate had the coolness to urge, as an extenuating circumstance, that if the mistake had cost the deceased his life, it had at least provided him with a painless death.

Two important Irish elections have lately taken place. Mr. A. M. Sullivan (who refused to sit with Mr. Callan for Louth) has been elected, without opposition, for "royal Meath." A Presbyterian minister has been elected, without opposition, for Catholic Mayo. This proves how very far the Irish are in advance of the English in liberality. Not even one of the five hundred and fifty British members is a Catholic, and yet many Catholic constituencies in Ireland send Protestants to Parliament. England and Scotland are ringing with bigoted denunciations of the appointment of Lord Ripon and of the Earl of Kenmare. Let the bigots take example of slandered Ireland.

CATHOLIC France if left to herself would, according to immemorial custom, have had countless processions on the Sunday after Corpus Christi. In many of the large towns, however, the municipality prohibited the carrying of the Adorable Host outside the churches, this also being done in some smaller places. Thus, at Chigne, near Angers, the procession was forbidden, but the priest threatened to disregard the prohibition, and the procession was about to start when the mayor, surrounded by gendarmes, appeared at the church door, and ordered the *cortège* to re-enter the building. The people took no notice of the admonition, but on the priest appearing, the mayor repeated the order, and this time it was complied with; the priest, however, announcing in his sermon that the procession was only postponed for a week. At Marseilles the bishop appeared on the church steps to give his blessing to the crowd outside, and there were cries of "Vive Marie!" "Vivent les processions!" At Toulouse, Nancy, Angers, and many other places the processions were allowed, the soldiers, judges, and other dignitaries taking part in them. At Montauban, though the mayor and a quarter of the inhabitants are Protestants, no objection was offered to the procession.

THE General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland (not an overpoweringly influential body) has protested, by one hundred and fifteen votes to sixty-three, against the appointment of the Marquis of Ripon to the viceroyalty of India.

THERE are fifty-five Catholics in the present Parliament, and forty-eight non-Catholics. This is the first time since Tyrconnell's Parliament assembled in Dublin, under James the Second, that Ireland has had a clear majority of her own faith in her legislative representation.

TERRIBLE DISASTER. — A shocking marine disaster occurred on the night of the 11th of June in Long Island Sound. Just before midnight, in the midst of a dense fog, the steamers "Stonington" and "Narragansett," of the Stonington Line, came into collision with each other a few miles off Cornfield Point, at the mouth of the Connecticut River, and the result was the known loss of at least fifty-two lives. Both steamers were loaded with passengers. The "Stonington" was on her way to New York, the "Narragansett" was making the trip from that city to Stonington. In a published letter, the Rev. John C. Eccleston, rector of St. John's (Protestant) Church on Staten Island, says of the two Sisters of Charity who helped to take care of the women and children rescued by the "Stonington," after the terrible collision with the "Narragansett" on Long Island Sound: "I cannot fail to express my admiration for the devotion of two Sisters of Charity of the Roman Catholic Church, who, by their skilful hands and sympathetic hearts and untiring zeal, ministered to the necessities of the fainting women and children, and proved themselves in very deed worthy of the blessed name they bear. I do not know their names, but I am sure they are inscribed in the 'Book of Life.'"

ANOTHER. — A narrow escape from an ocean horror occurred on Sunday, June 13. The steamer "Queen," from London, and the "Anchoria," bound from New York to Glasgow, came into collision three hundred miles east of Sandy Hook in a dense fog. Both vessels were seriously damaged, and for a while it was thought both would sink. The bow of the "Queen" plunged into a stateroom of the "Anchoria" in which were three young ladies and their escape was almost miraculous. The "Queen" took off the passengers of the "Anchoria," one hundred and eighty in number, and returned with them to Sandy Hook. The "Anchoria" also arrived at New York.

FROM a return issued in London, it appears that eighty deaths from starvation took place in the metropolitan district in 1879, viz., forty-eight in the central division of Middlesex, twenty-eight in the eastern division, one in the western division, two in Westminster, and one in the Greenwich division of the county of Kent. It is terrible to think of creatures succumbing to hunger in the midst of overflowing wealth.

THE SACRED COLLEGE OF CARDINALS has only four vacancies, there being 6 cardinal bishops, 48 cardinal priests, and 12 cardinal deacons. The 12 patriarchal sees are full; and of 803 archiepiscopal and episcopal sees which follow the Latin Rite, 54 are vacant. In the Eastern Church there should be 18 Armenian archbishops and bishops, 4 Greco-Roumaic, 8 Greco-Ruthenian, 12 Greco-Melchite, 12 Syriac, 11 Syro-Chaldaic, and 9 Syro-Maronite. Forty-seven of these sees are filled, 22 remain vacant, and the rest are administered by the patriarchs. The prelates *nullius dioceseos* should number 18, but four are wanting; whilst of 153 apostolic delegations, vicariates, and prefectures, eight are vacant.

THE CROPS IN IRELAND. — Rain has for the last week been general throughout Ireland, greatly benefiting the crops, and the reports from the provinces are cheering. In Westmeath, potatoes, oats, turnips, and mangolds promise well, and of all, except oats, the prospect exceeds that of any year for the past twenty; the quantity of land under tillage is less than last year. In Waterford, wheat, oats, and potatoes look remarkably well, and a fair yield of hay is expected. In Kilkenny the potato harvest promises a good yield, and wheat and oats look well. Similar accounts are received from Kildare and Galway, and some potatoes of extraordinary size and quality have been brought to market. Much turf was saved during the recent drought, so that the poor will be well provided with fuel for the winter.

THE BOSTON IRISH ATHLETIC CLUB held their second exhibition on the 17th of June. There were some six thousand people from Boston, Lynn, Salem, etc. The day was delightful, and everything passed off to the general satisfaction of the vast assembly. There not being time to go through with all the sports, the club finished the performances on the 22d of June, on Boston Common, and a boat race on Charles River. The crowds that witnessed these sports gave interest to the revival of the ancient pastimes of Ireland.

THE LORD MAYOR of London has opened a subscription, at the Mansion House, for the relief of the sufferers by the loss of the government steamer "Atlanta." He said that fifteen officers and two hundred and sixty-five men and boys were lost, and twenty-eight widows and some hundreds of children and dependent relatives left. It was estimated that £20,000 would be required for commensurate relief, and he made an earnest appeal for subscriptions.

NEW MONASTERY IN THE FAR WEST. — We have been informed by a reliable correspondent, that the Franciscan Brothers, Brooklyn, New York, have located a new monastery at Clontarf, Swift County, Minnesota, under the encouraging auspices of Right Rev. Bishop Ireland. A large tract of land, on which an industrial school will be established as soon as possible, has been donated to the Brothers, of whom Brother Leo is superior. Brothers Malachy, Alphonsus, and Alexander, whose efficiency as educators of youth is well and favorably known in the city of Brooklyn, are the companions of Brother Leo, who has merited high eulogiums as principal of St. Peter's Academy in the "city of churches." We wish the community every prosperity in their new home in the far West, and feel assured that the rising generation at Clontarf will be trained in "the way they should go," which to them is the foundation of all blessings, temporal and eternal. — *Pittsburg Catholic*.

CARNEY HOSPITAL.

THE "Annual Report of the Carney Hospital for 1879" has been received. This is the only report to our knowledge that has been published, at least for some years. It gives some interesting details of the hospital since its foundation. In the year 1863, the late Andrew Carney purchased, at a cost of \$13,500, the lot on which the hospital now stands, and donated it to Sister Ann Alexis, for the purposes indicated. Mr. Carney had great regard for Sister Ann Alexis, and made it personally to her. She afterwards deeded the property to the community, in whose possession it is. There was an old building on the premises which was fitted up, and the first patient was taken in on the 9th of June, 1863. This proving too small, a new one was projected, the chapel and one wing of which have been erected at a cost of \$108,423. Two other pieces of property were also added. The location is most admirable for a hospital. Physicians, in intricate cases, select this hospital in preference

to any other in Boston. The charges are very moderate, being only \$6.00 a week for males and \$5.00 for females. As far as their means will permit, the Sisters receive the very poor gratuitously. An annual subscription of \$100 entitles the donor to a free bed for a poor person. There is no exclusion on account of class, creed, or color. All patients are free to send for any clergyman of their own choice.

The number of patients admitted since the foundation up to Dec. 31, 1879, was 5,256, of which number, 2,013 were treated gratuitously, 2,607 paid in part, and 636 in full.

The mortgage on the hospital is \$18,000, and \$12,000 of a floating debt. To maintain the institution annually and pay interest, \$25,000 is required. The hospital has no certain income from any source. The receipts from the beginning are \$382,800.25. Of this amount Mr. Carney bequeathed \$56,722.08; the widow of Mr. Carney, in donations and legacies, \$6,000; so that the late Mr. Carney and his widow gave to the hospital \$62,722.08. With the exception of a few hundred dollars, all the moneys received have been expended in carrying on the good work of the hospital. The Sisters appeal to the generous men and women of Boston for aid and support. They give their own services night and day gratuitously to the afflicted. There is no greater charity in our community than the Carney Hospital. One of the corporal works of mercy is to visit and succor the sick.

Persons desiring copies of the report will have it sent to them free by addressing Sister Simplicia, Carney Hospital, South Boston.

A TRIP TO ROCKAWAY.

Thomas DeCantillon Church.

ON Monday, June 23, the writer had an opportunity of renewing acquaintance, for the first time since his return from the West, with Rockaway, one of the most famous summer resorts of New-Yorkers. We looked forward with pleasure to this trip, as a few old-time friends were to accompany us on the occasion. The morning dawned bright and beautiful over the Empire City; the eastern sky was jewelled with those ruddy bars of lambent flame that herald a glorious day in these latitudes; and as we steamed down from Harlem on the elevated railroad, the royal city was awakening to the stern life-realities of another day. After a pleasant drive we reach the Battery; and as the day is yet early, we walk

around the Park, that should ever be prized as one of the lungs of the great metropolis. The sea-wall stoops down as of yore to the trembling sea; the fine bay is dotted with craft of all sizes, from the tiny boat to the giant man-of-war ship; the City of Churches nestles cosily to the east, with her hundreds of spires pointing heavenwards; Long Island sweeps oceanward invitingly, as if beckoning us on to her surf-beaten Rockaway; to the west are seen the plains of New Jersey, gemmed by her young, proud city that sitteth, queen-like, by the sea, flanked farther on by the heather lapses of lonely, lovely land that merges far away in the dim rim of the horizon. The quaint old streets around the Battery are still the same as when we saw them years ago, — the same, perhaps, as they were when homely Dutch burghers boasted of this portion of New Amsterdam; but change, the soul of the universe, has been busy in our absence. An iron elbow of the elevated railroad pokes itself into the quiet confines of the old park, and, iron-bound, the tide of business surges Harlemwards. At 10.40 A. M. the fine boat "Plymouth Rock" steams down the North River like some gay belle on ball-room floor, so daintily she trips it on the trembling wave! Our companions assure us that the boat is a fast and safe one, and she does look like a thing of life, sailing down towards Pier 1. Flags of all nations float from mast and peak and spar, our own immortal Green flying as proudly as the Stars and Stripes! Bent's Band is on board, and the dulcet strains of young Bent's cornet tell us the great musician is still in the "prime of song." We get aboard, and at 11 o'clock the "Rock" steams out from her pier, with an unusually large number of excursionists for a week-day. The sea-breeze blows in merrily from the Atlantic, fanning each bared brow soothingly. Governor's Island looms up pleasantly with its old walls, telling of battles fought and won; Staten Island flings out her headlands to give us a kindly greeting; the fortifications of Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton, on either side of us, keep sentinel over the royal bay whose passes they guard, whilst the western hills seem to bend in "solemn, deep devotion." The French man-of-war we left half an hour ago, swinging from her anchor in the North River, is no longer visible; and now the "Sylvan Dell" bounds by on her way to Coney Island, like some fair girl, tossing her curls of spray over her shoulders! Earth and air and sky look strangely beautiful; the green of the earth and the blue of the sky blend in pleasing harmony, and the summer air is filled with balm wafted in from the Long Island and

New Jersey fields. After two hours' pleasant voyage, enjoyed hugely by the city-wearied excursionists, who literally "yawned their joys and surfeited on the same," Rockaway is reached. Ho, ho! Old Atlantic, gemmed with many a sail, throbs proudly as of yore against the fair Long Island coast. Although the season does not entirely open until the historic Fourth of July, there are already hundreds at Rockaway to-day. Ripe lips, cherry cheeks, and "loops of golden hair" meet us everywhere; and along the wide expanse of strand, with the sand gleaming like "ambered snow" in the fervid sunlight, groups worthy of the artist's pencil are to be seen. Here the rollicking Hibernian, twirling what ought to be a *shillelah*, gallantly *chaperons* an "Eily, Kate, or Mary," *à la mode*. There the "lank Yank" and the polished American, with a large sprinkling of the quiet Teuton, "star" it in their respective "sets." Rockaway is amply provided with pavilions, bathing appliances, bars, and restaurants, the latter groaning with creature comforts, so well adapted to keep up and fortify the inner man this pleasant June day. Our party were well and pleasantly entertained by Mr. Grobe, whose Rockaway Beach Pavilion is one of the attractions of the famous resort. Good bands discourse sweet music at the dancing halls kept by Mr. Murray, and lovers of the "poetry of motion" can there enjoy themselves to their heart's content. We left at 4 p. m., after enjoying a hearty swim in the "deep blue sea," with all the zest of poor Byron. On our return, the same glowing panorama was unfolded before us. Bent's Band struck up "God Save Ireland," at the request of the writer, and we were wafted back again in thought to the isle of our life's deep devotion. We were reminded that this is bonfire-night (St. John's eve) in the Old Land, and triple types were recalled to memory. The *Beal-thenna*, or pagan fire, was a type of sun-worship ere St. Patrick preached in Erin,—a type of the glorious Sun of Christianity, and let us hope, a type of the fires of human freedom that will yet again blaze from every mountain and hill-top in the Old Island.

We bear testimony to the courtesy of all connected with the "Plymouth Rock," and tender our thanks to the gentlemen of the band. We should not forget the chime of bells on this boat that so merrily jingle to the skilful manipulation of Prof. Holliday. Back again to the Empire City, we hear old Trinity's chimes pealing the requiem of the dying day, hallowed St. John's eve, spent so pleasantly in the society of dear friends, "whose like we may not meet again."

A NEW DODGE OF "PIOUS FRAUDS."

We have heard of the various ways and means employed by enterprising book-agents and canvassers for pictures, "chromos," etc., to dispose of their wares, such as promising that Sisters of Charity would follow up the agent and frame the pictures; that masses would be said to the end of time for the pious purchasers of Bibles and religious works, published by a firm of Jews in New York; and that a thousand and one other good and pious things would happen to and for those from whom it is said that they and their money "are soon parted." But the last and newest dodge is the best. The other morning an irate old lady of pious predilections rushed into the bookstore of one of our enterprising booksellers, and soundly berated him for not sending her that piece of cement from the chapel of Knock which she had been promised three weeks before. The much-astonished bookseller took in the situation in a glance, and after allowing her to consume her surplus breath with her fiery vocabulary, learned from her by degrees that some fellow, representing himself to be his, the bookseller's, agent, had sold her a "chromo" of the chapel of Knock, and obtained of her one dollar and fifty cents, upon the extra promise of his having the bookseller send to her the next day a piece of the cement from that now-famous shrine. He, the agent, of course, had sold so many pictures that all the cement which he had taken from the store had given out, etc., etc.

The question to ask ourselves in this connection is: When will people learn sense? So many of these impostors have been unmasked that one would naturally suppose that the public would be on its guard. But Barnum is right. This cement business will prove a bonanza to the "chromo" peddlers, if they are not exposed; and soon, if they have not already occurred, the country will be flooded with more cement than would build a dozen chapels at Knock.

It is evident that the people have been gulled by "cheap jacks," who sail under whatever pious wind may blow at the time being, and need a little sound drubbing to bring them to their senses. We believe in miracles. No one can weaken our faith. But we also believe that until our people begin to exercise a little of the sense which they claim to have, whenever one of these itinerant and unauthorized "chromo" men talk pious nonsense to them, there is little hope for us to bring ourselves on a level with other nationalities in worldly and political matters. — *Providence, R. I., Visitor.*

EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS.

PARIS, July 1, 1880. — Up to the present time, forty-nine magistrates have resigned rather than execute the religious decrees. The proprietor of the house occupied by the Jesuits in Rue de Sevres made a preliminary application to the president of the tribunal of the Seine, asking that the house be restored to the possession of its owner. M. Andrieux, prefect of police, authorized the removal of the sacrament from the Jesuit chapel in Rue de Sevres to the Church of St. Sulpice; but, a large crowd having assembled, including several senators and deputies of the Right, the police commissary ordered the sacrament to be removed only to the small chapel in the same house. The Legitimist section of the Right in the Deputies has decided to interpellate the government concerning the application of the decrees.

July 2. — The religious establishments broken up yesterday number 39, with 475 members. There remain about 30, which, being educational institutions, were allowed to exist until Aug. 31. At Chambéry two Italian orders, one of men and the other of women, have received forty-eight hours' notice to quit France. This measure is taken under the law of 1849, providing for the expulsion of foreigners obnoxious to the government.

A Paris despatch says: Several disturbances in connection with the expulsion of the Jesuits are reported from the provinces. The most serious was at Havre, where soldiers charged the crowd.

The superior of the abbey of the Premonstrés, in the neighborhood of Avignon, an American named Edmonds, has visited this city to obtain permission to transport his community to the Iberian peninsula. In the mean time he has placed his convent under the protection of representatives of the United States, and planted the Stars and Stripes on the walls of the abbey.

WHAT BISHOP ELDER THINKS OF CATHOLIC KNIGHTS AND NIGHT PICNICS.

THE Rt. Rev. Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Cincinnati has published this card: —

"Seeing an announcement in the daily papers of a National Convention of Catholic Uniformed Knights of America, to be held in Cincinnati, and of a 'monster picnic' to be given by them on Saturday evening, the 26th inst., the undersigned judges proper to publish the following declaration: —

"First. He sees no sufficient reason favoring, and he sees serious objections opposing, the formation of a general mili-

tary body, or of a body having a military appearance, as belonging exclusively to the Catholic Church, in our free country, and among our friendly people. Consequently, he cannot encourage the holding of a convention for the purpose of establishing such a body.

"Secondly. He positively disapproves of a public picnic, to be held in the evening, continuing after dark; and particularly of one to be held Saturday evening, very easily leading to a desecration of the Sunday.

"And he recommends all Catholics not to take part in such an evening entertainment.

† WILLIAM HENRY ELDER,

"Coadjutor to the Archbishop and Administrator of Diocese of Cincinnati."

CINCINNATI, OHIO, June 17, 1880."

The Right Rev. Coadjutor does not object to all picnics, but most decidedly to those continuing through the night.

* DEATHS in New York the week ending July 3, 1,297; the highest figure, with a single exception, in ten years.

THE two hundredth anniversary of the discovery of St. Anthony's Falls by Father Hennepin was celebrated in Minneapolis, Minn., on 3d of July.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM, seeing that the Mansion House Fund is rapidly disappearing, has sent \$2,000 to the Lord Mayor out of the funds generously sent to his Grace by charitable souls in America.

THE corner stone of the new Church of the Precious Blood was laid at Hyde Park, Mass., on the 4th of July, by Most Rev. Archbishop Williams. Rev. Father McKenna, O. P., delivered an eloquent sermon on the occasion. The Rev. R. J. Barry is pastor.

THE harvest reports from Ireland are rather conflicting, and no very correct opinion can be arrived at for several weeks, for July is the most critical Irish month. Let us hope that it may please God to spare the Irish people from more suffering.

VERY REV. WM. WALSH, vice-president of Maynooth College, has been elected president, in succession to the late Mgr. Russell; and the Very Rev. Thomas Carr, one of the most distinguished professors, has been chosen vice-president. Of both priests it is the bare truth to say that it would be difficult to find two possessing riper scholarship or greater suitability for the high and responsible offices to which they have been raised.

Notices of Recent Publications.

P. J. Kennedy, New York.

THE MIRACLES AT KNOCK. Prepared and edited by John McPhilpin, nephew of the archbishop of Tuam.

This pamphlet is similar to that issued by Messrs. Lynch, Cole & Co., New York, and Noonan & Co., Boston, and is sold for the same price.

James Sheehy, 57 Hanover Street, Boston, and 33 Barclay Street, New York.

THE CATHOLIC HEROES AND HEROINES OF AMERICA. By John O'Kane Murray, B. S. M. D., author of "Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States," etc. Illustrated with twenty-three full-page engravings, and printed from large, fine type, on fine paper, 884 pages, 8vo, cloth, elegant. Price, \$3.50; gilt edges, \$4.00.

Mr. Murray has given great labor to the production of this book. It embraces twenty-four biographies, chronologically arranged. The following are a few of the subjects: Columbus, Cortes, St. Rose, of Lima, Father White, S. J., Commodore Barry, Archbishop Carroll, Mother Seton, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Bishop England, Archbishop Hughes, Father de Smet, S. J., etc. The reading of this very attractive work will put any one in possession of most of the grand landmarks of American history, from the discovery of the continent to the present time.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

HYMNS. By Frederick William Faber, D. D. First American, from the author's last edition of 1861.

The last book published by Mr. John Murphy before his decease was Father Faber's charming poems. No Catholic of our century has written such poetry and prose as Father Faber. The present volume is well got out, and is embellished with a fine portrait of the author. Brother Azarias, of Rock Hill College, has written an eloquent preface to the book.

P. O'Shea, New York.

LEGEND OF THE BEST BELOVED, and other poems in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

This is an offering to the Irish Famine Fund of 1880. Apart from this object the poems are well worthy of the patronage of the public. It is dedicated to "The people of Ireland; great in their faith and their afflictions, and to whom it has been granted, more than to any other Christian nation, to resemble the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in its poverty, its sufferings, and its humiliations, this little book is dedi-

cated, with the love and reverence of the authoress."

The book is gotten out in fine style by the publishers, and is sold at \$1.50. Messrs. Noonan & Co. have it on sale.

Benziger Brothers, New York.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER.

We are in receipt of Parts 33 and 34 of this important work. The full-page plates in these parts are "The Descent of the Holy Ghost," and "The Assumption."

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The "Thesaurus Biblicus," or handbook of Scripture reference, compiled from the Latin work of Philip Paul Merz, by L. A. Lambert, of Waterloo, New York. We shall print a descriptive notice of this forthcoming important work in our next issue.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," quartet for female voices, arranged by E. H. Bailey. "Keep it Dark," song by J. Davis. "Remember you have Children of your Own," by Tim Campbell.

Instrumental: "Killarney," arranged for cornet and piano, by Walter Emerson. "Fairy Greeting," scherzo, for pianoforte, by E. H. Bailey. "Waverly March," by John D. Jones. "On the Farm," waltz; "Just in Season," waltz; "First Picnic," mazurka; "Up Again," waltz: being Nos. 2, 4, 5, and 6 of six easy piano pieces, by Henry Strauss. Selections from "La Damnation de Faust," by Berlioz, arranged for piano by Henry Strauss. No. 1, "Hungarian or Rakoczy March"; No. 2, "Dance of Sylphs." "Gen. Garfield's Grand March," by A. E. Warren.

MUSIC BOOKS.

FIFTY LEÇONS DE CHANT POUR LE MÉDium DE LA VOIX. By J. Concone, being Vol. 519 of the Litolf Edition. Also **THIRTY EXERCICES POUR LA VOIX.** By same author.

Both these works are most beautifully and tastefully issued by Messrs. White, Smith & Co.

BLAKE'S DOLLAR INSTRUCTOR FOR THE REED ORGAN. By Chas. D. Blake.

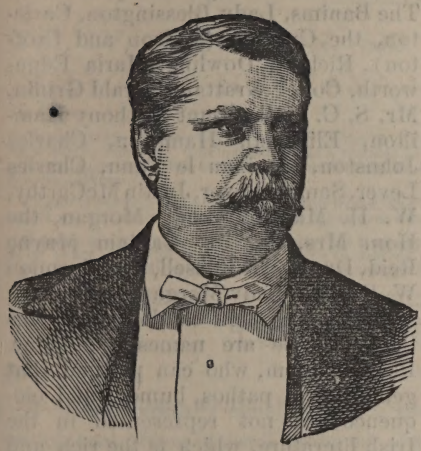
A very good work of its kind, and one that will prove quite useful to beginners.

ORCHESTRA MUSIC.

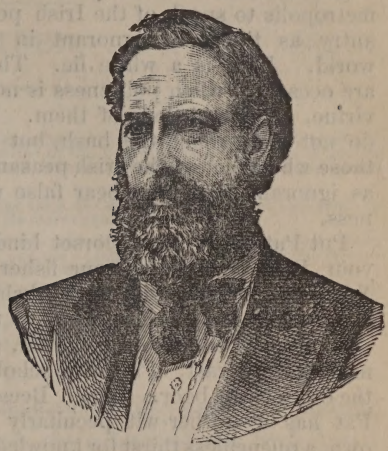
"Love's Return Waltzes," by A. E. Warren, arranged for full orchestra by J. H. Wadsworth. A very handsome edition of these popular waltzes, and very finely arranged.

THE CANDIDATES.

DEMOCRATIC.

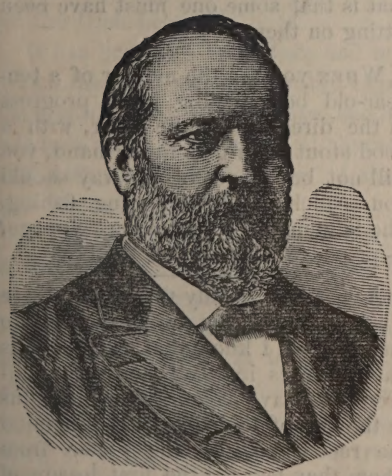


For President,
WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK,
Of Pennsylvania.

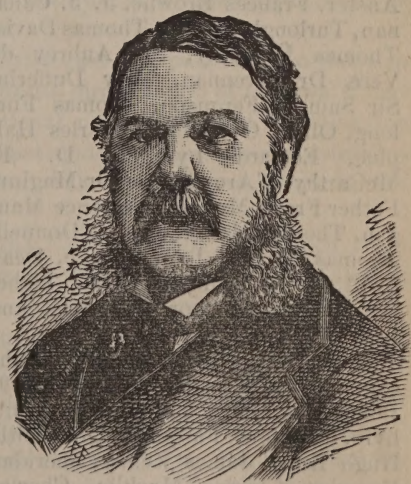


For Vice-President,
WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,
Of Indiana.

REPUBLICAN.



For President,
JAMES A. GARFIELD,
Of Ohio.



For Vice-President,
CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
Of New York.

IRISH INTELLECT.

NOWADAYS it is the fashion with dogmatic sciolists of the press of this metropolis to speak of the Irish peasantry as the most ignorant in the world. This is a white lie. There are occasions when politeness is not a virtue, and this is one of them. We do not beat about the bush, but tell those who sneer at the Irish peasantry as ignorant that they bear false witness.

Put Pat beside your Dorset hind or your Durham collier, your fisher of Yarmouth or your tyke of Yorkshire, ay, or your superfine Cockney of this school board enlightened capital, and mark the contrast. Pat is the scholar; the other is the boor. Why? Because Pat has a mother-wit peculiarly his own, a quenchless thirst for knowledge, and a remarkable docility in attending to the counsels of those whom he respects as his intellectual superiors.

Starting with the poets, Erin can boast of William Allingham, John Anster, Frances Browne, J. J. Callanan, Turlough Carolan, Thomas Davis, Thomas Dermody, Sir Aubrey de Vere, Dr. Drennan, Lady Dufferin, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, Oliver Goldsmith, Charles Halpine, Edward Lysaght, D. F. McCarthy, D'Arcy Magee, Dr. Maginn, Father Frank Mahony, Clarence Mangin, Thomas Moore, J. F. O'Donnell, Thomas Parnell, John Savage, Dean Swift, T. D. Sullivan, Mrs. Tighe, Dr. Waller, D'Alton Williams, and Lady Wilde.

Amongst the dramatic writers she can count such names as Bickerstaff, Boucicault, Henry Brook, Mrs. Centlivre, Congreve, Farquhar, Goldsmith, Hugh Kelly, James Kenny, Sheridan Knowles, Charles Macklin, Charles Molloy, Arthur Murphy, John O'Keefe, Lalor Shiel, the Sheridans (Richard Brinsley and Thomas), Thomas Sothorne, Sir Richard Steele, and though last, not least, W.G. Wills.

Her dealers in fiction are a host, and are all of high stamp, to wit: The Banims, Lady Blessington, Carleton, the Crokers (Wilson and Crofton), Richard Dowling, Maria Edgeworth, Colley Grattan, Gerald Griffin, Mr. S. C. Hall, Count Anthony Hamilton, Elizabeth Hamilton, Charles Johnston, Sheridan le Fanu, Charles Lever, Samuel Lover, Justin McCarthy, W. H. Maxwell, Lady Morgan, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Captain Mayne Reid, Dr. W. H. Russell, and Marmion W. Savage, Lady Morgan, etc.

This is a golden catalogue of worthies. These are names that shine. Reading them, who can pretend that genius, fire, pathos, humor, and eloquence are not represented in the Irish literature, which is the rich and abiding harvest of the undeniable Irish intellect? — *London Universe*.

LADY: Four of the chairs which I so lately purchased of you are broken. Upholsterer: Indeed, madam! The only way in which I can account for that is that some one must have been sitting on them.

WHEN you see the mother of a ten-year-old boy making rapid progress in the direction of the river, with a good stout bean-pole in her hand, you will not be far out of the way should you conclude she is going fishing. She is going on a "whaling" voyage, — provided she can find the boy.

AND I say openly that when I see a school taught by nuns it is a joy to me, because I know that the religious habit teaches in itself, and that children who have been trained by nuns to the end of their lives bear in mind the recollection of the Sister from whom they learned the first lesson of their religion, whose name they hold in benediction, and to whom, in any sorrow or trial whatsoever, they turn with the greatest readiness. — *Cardinal Manning*.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. IV. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1880.

No. 3.

DOCTOR MUELENBERG says of people who say they have "respect for religion": "How vastly condescending! How deeply humble! The creature has a respect for the service of the Creator! A grasshopper deigns to acknowledge that it has a respect for the King of kings and Lord of lords. Verily, a subject of congratulation for the universe."

THERE is but one real antagonist of the world, and that is the faith of Catholics: CHRIST set that faith up and it will do its work in the world, as it has ever done, until He comes again.—CAR. NEWMAN.

COMBAT error with courage, and elevate that manhood which infidels seek to trample in the dust. Take good heart amid the storm which seeks to destroy religion and the sanctity of the Church. Battle for the right, and God will extend ever you the protecting shield of Omnipotence.—PIUS IX.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN.

Rev. Joseph Vincent O'Connor.

I HAVE carefully considered the many comments, both public and private, which have been passed upon my essay upon the subject of the Irish-American's merits and defects.* These criticisms divide themselves into two classes: One objects to my placing patriotism as the chief characteristic of the Irish-American, as if the highest love of one's native country were not wholly compatible with the highest love of one's religion; the other objects to what was further from my thoughts, and what, to those that know me intimately, is the supremely ridiculous calumny of "covertly sneering at the cherished traditions of the Irish people."

It has been my lot to have had my ministry cast in a part of the country in which the Irish are remarkably exposed to the direct action of the true American spirit; and thus I have had exceptional opportunities of studying the changes which every national character must undergo when brought into contact with the dominant class. I simply record the result of my observation in this direction.

I am free to say that in no part of the United States, with which I am acquainted, has the Irish character been more directly developed up to its best aptitudes than in the city of Philadelphia. There is, I know, a rankling sore in the minds of many of our race when the name of the "church-burning city" is mentioned. It is the misfortune of cities and of nations to be held accountable for the crimes of individuals; nor can all the logic in the world dissipate this cruel and unfair inference. The Philadelphia riots of 1844 were between Irish and Irish; and why should we falsify history to defend a brawl? The Quaker, both in Ireland and here, has always been the friend of those who are persecuted for conscience' sake; and he knows that, if his forefathers were tongue-pierced by the Puritan, the next gallows gibbeted

* Donahoe's Magazine, June, 1880.

a Popish priest. Whatever be our opinion of Macaulay's estimate of William Penn, the Quaker shares with Lord Baltimore the honor of proclaiming religious tolerance in his province of Pennsylvania; though, more fortunate than poor Lord Baltimore, fanatical Puritanism never sought entrance into the Sylvan Groves, or if it did, it was "sweetly constrained" to obey the laws.

I have never seen any good springing from the warfare of creeds. It belongs to the lowest species of polemics. Anybody can fling mud. It does not follow that a Lutheran is a bad man, because Martin himself was exceedingly frail, and was, let us hope, the unconscious and unwilling cause of the awful torrent of vice and false theorizing that swept him and Germany as chips over Niagara. Men are good in spite of bad creeds, as well as bad example. The worst Catholics we know are those who are loudest-mouthed in the denunciation of their fellow-men, because they do not *believe* as they do. Faith without works is dead; but there is such a thing as good works without faith, and these, on the assurance of our Saviour, will receive their reward.

I took a run down to the seaside during the heated term of July, and had occasion to verify a remark of old Dr. Johnson, that when men grow tired of politics they discuss religion. After we all had given our sage opinion upon the chances of the respective candidates for the Presidency, one of our number, much to my chagrin, burst out with,—

"I hear that Garfield is one of those blue-nibbed Presbyterians, that would dance around a Catholic burning at the stake, like a wild Indian."

(The conversation took place after dinner, and consequently the exact observance of the syntactical formation of the sentence was dispensed with.)

"I was not aware of Garfield's religious opinions," remarked a very amiable Protestant gentleman of the party, "but I am sure that such opinions should not enter into the question."

"I think this is a Christian country," said a third; "we don't want any Bob Ingersolls in the Presidential chair. Now there's Win. Hancock, a good Episcopalian, which is a church good enough for me all the year round; one thing because the minister reads the prayers, and don't preach two sermons, one to Almighty God, and the other to the people, as Ward Beecher does.

"What is the reason," asked my friend, in spite of my demurrer, which no doubt he took for cowardice, "that if a Roman Catholic was presented for the Presidency, he would be defeated?"

"The political reason is," said a shrewd politician, "that *you* could n't vote without lugging in your creed, and until you can separate your political from your religious convictions, which have nothing to do with the question, as the Constitution long ago decided, no Roman Catholic can ever be available as a candidate."

This answer contains the true animus of the American feeling touching the church. I believe it to be unfair and unjust. I do not think that the priesthood, either individually or as a class, interfere with the political predilections of the people. Perhaps it would be well if they did so; for there is no law of the church which forbids them to engage in the instruction and training of their people in civil matters. Since the practical inhibition upon Catholics to

vote under the Italian government has been removed, the "Clerical" party, as it is invidiously called, has changed the Italian cabinet, and forced the *de facto* ruler of Rome into more liberal measures. One of the gibes cast upon the Irishman is that he is entirely "priest-ridden," bound hand and foot to the most unreasonable and arbitrary whims of the clergy, trembling in his boots if a priest looks cross at him, and rolling himself in the gutter, in abject servitude and irrational terror, if the priest threatens to "excommunicate him." Such misrepresentation galls and irritates the priest quite as much as it does his people. No Irishman of any station in life regards a priest in the light of an ogre, ready to "chaw him up" all the more speedily when there is no just cause or provocation.

Too much emphasis, in my judgment, has been laid upon the bounden duty of every Irishman to be a Democrat. I confess I do not relish the boast of John Kelly, of New York, that he carries fifty thousand votes in his pocket. I respect Mr. Kelly as a good man, honest, politically unimpeachable, and one of the best comptrollers that New York has ever had. But of course his boast jars upon us, for we cannot deny the nationality to which fifty thousand people in the main belong. What I should desire, Utopian as is the notion, is, that the highest ideal of American political life should be aimed at by our own Irish people, — that we should not be counted upon as Methodists and negroes, or any other miserable class that *must* vote in only one way. If you, a Catholic, choose to vote the Republican ticket, is it for me to treat you as if you had denied your faith? Nay, rather, the faith admonishes me to respect your liberty of action. Catholics cannot hope to gain political patronage, no matter how the parties stand. The Democracy has never done anything for them, though they have been its faithful sons. No party is absolutely necessary to protect our civil and religious rights. The war proved that. Then why surrender ourselves as a body to any domination whatsoever, instead of using every freeman's right to cast his franchise for whom he pleases? And I contend that this is the Irish-American spirit, and, in so far, it is worthy of commendation. This is the unfolding of what I meant by placing his love of country as a chief mark, for, through this truly American patriotism, he will fling from his church Catholic the sneer that she is only an Irish, a Democratic, a Republican, a German, or a local church, without world-wide influences and supremely divine and human interests.

"Could I find the source of the Nile," writes Herodotus, "I then could explain the fertility of Egypt." In the same way, could I discover the faults of each individual Irish father, I might be able to explain the acknowledged defects of his children. It is unnecessary to say that I do not believe in heredity, as it is pushed to the extreme, by the Englishman Galton, who defends the theory that even genius itself is hereditary. I should much prefer St. Thomas, who formulates, and, so to speak, Christianizes the old Aristotelian *dictum*, that the soul, while being the form, motion, and activity of the body, is nevertheless hampered by bodily conditions. Emerson, who is a Platonist, refuses to recognize the physical conditions under which the mind works;

probably because he never knew what poverty, hardship, and bad training are. It is easy for a philosopher to sit in his well-stocked library and descant upon the moral perversity of the people of whom he reads in the newspaper, as committing suicide, dying of hunger, getting drunk, and performing all sorts of nonsensical feats for what after all is only daily bread, — though our Lord did not disdain to ask the Father, day by day, for such bread. The true philosopher of to-day, which is pre-eminently scientific, at least in its practical application to the physical laws, recognizes the influence of heredity in the examination of any given human being. I know millionnaires who are dyspeptics, and who would give, like Queen Elizabeth, any amount of money, not for her "inch of life," but for an ell of health. The trouble is that we do not judge men by the great laws of our being, but rush upon conclusions, utterly regardless of the fancies which have led us to them. Our imagination supplants the cool, calculating intellect, and, of course, lands us in error.

Let heredity answer for the Irish-Americans' defects in part.*

Comparatively few Irishmen that landed in this country within the past half-century, and who married and settled, had not to fight hard and long for a living. Strangers in a land which, however, should not have been strange to them, they steadfastly, as a rule, refused to give up entirely their hope of ultimate return to the old sod in the language of the greatest of their poets, Goldsmith, —

"There to return and die at home at last."

This feeling, while theoretically full of pathos, should have been sternly repressed. Their children, born here, could not be expected to share these sympathies; and besides, there is nothing in Ireland, under the present government, to enlist the active energies of an American, or to invite either capital or labor. Now I contend that the Irish-American is perfectly justified in resenting this constant whine about the wrongs of Ireland, and that he should do all in his power to knock such nonsense out of the old folks' head. The American showed his practical sympathy by opening his purse to the very bottom when Ireland asked for help in her famine, but he properly resents this thousand-times proved nonsense about "skirmishing" for the freedom of Ireland. One good thing, at least, my essay in the June number of "Donahoe's" did, was to unearth the "Irish World," which is now vainly endeavoring to explain what has become of the vast sums subscribed to the Skirmishing Fund. Echo, indeed, asks Where?

But it is with little hope of hearing that I thus write my impressions. There appears to be a fatality hanging over the Irish race, which apparently prevents them from listening to those real friends who warn them against demagogues, pseudo-patriots, and other such humbugs. They will still continue to give their hard earnings to every "friend of the cause," to be spent in the riotous living of men who ought to be put in the workhouse, for they will not work outside of it. They will turn a deaf ear to the truth, and every advocate that rises to defend them must either "blarney" them or retire ignominiously from their hisses and imprecations. My only hope is that the Irish-American, trained in the common-sense and cool, practical judgment of his people, will ultimately exercise such a controlling influence over his parents, in this matter of Hibernian politics, that, while honoring and respecting them as is his moral duty, he will, like Æneas in Virgil's epic, bear the old Anchises from the ruins of an extinct Troy.

* There is little or no dissent among the medical faculty from the opinion of the German physiologist Kölliker, that dysomania, or periodic drunkenness, is a disease, which is transmissible. Yet, thank God, how rare it is among the Irish!

EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS FROM FRANCE.

GOOD FOR JESUITS; BAD FOR FRANCE!

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

JUNE 29th, — festival of Sts. Peter and Paul, — the three months' grace within which Jesuits, and other non-recognized religious communities must disperse, came to an end in France. On the morning of June 30. the police visited the Provincial and principal house of the Jesuits in Paris, and, the fathers being retired in their private apartments, broke the locks, and led forth these pious priests, as if they were malefactors. The Jesuits made such acts of violence necessary, to lay a basis for actions at law against the agents of government for violation of the rights of citizenship and domicile.

Much about the same time "the government," as they call the executive, in this republic of monkeys, urged upon the legislative the importance of a *general amnesty* for all crimes and misdemeanors committed, in consequence of civil troubles, since 1870. One respectable representative moved an amendment: "*Except for assassins and incendiaries.*" The "Keeper of the Seals," on the part of the "government," said that would *entirely defeat the amnesty!* And M. Freycinet, the trimmer, *begged*, in abject terms, that the Chamber would agree to the request of the government, since, if it did not, the government could not sustain itself against the pressure of Gambetta and the *Nihilists*, — for that is the correct term, in France as in Russia.

For the moment, notwithstanding, but by a thin majority, the request of the "government" was not acceded to.

Thus Gambetta is supplanting Grévy, as, by Gambetta's cunning help, Grévy supplanted the weak Marshal MacMahon, Gambetta thinking it better to mount by Grévy as his stirrup.

The thing that calls itself the ad-

ministration of government in France begs, as the condition of its being able to sustain itself, that the cold-blooded assassins of Gen. Thomas, of the Archbishop of Paris, and of so many noble priests and citizens, shall be *amnestied* — taken back as citizens — while the exponents of religion, peace, and good-will, such as the Jesuits, are turned out of the houses they have built with their own money, and that they use only to train youth and men in the ways of peace.

The fate awaiting *such* a France needs no prophet to foretell! "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partaker in her torments!"

Release to us Barabbas, the murderer and robber, but crucify Jesus!

Then, ye worse than Jews, eat each other, while the cohorts of Rome keep guard round your walls!

BASTARD REPUBLICANS.

N. O. Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

THIS title is particularly applicable to the Gambetta gang in France. A set of chronic rebels against the very principle of all authority get possession of government, and, because they reject kings and lords, have the impudence to assume the name of a republic. A republic is a place where the people govern, not where a faction governs. But let not Gambetta & Co. deceive themselves. There is nothing new under the sun. Their political idea has found expression and crystallization ages ago under its proper name, — an oligarchy. Before Mr. Bismarck, the ingenious, or presumptuous, or despotic few have known how to subordinate the many.

The only real novelty about this Frency usurpation is its impudence in calling itself a republic.

Now these chronic rebels come to the front with a distinctive phase of their rebellion against God, — the re-

jection of his ministers. It is true that the old serpent who inspires them has not lost his cunning, and, therefore, a certain politic appearance of moderation is kept up. It is not all of God's ministers against whom they raise a sacrilegious hand. Oh, no! Only the Jesuits!

Only the Jesuits this time. But why only? Because they choose it, — they, the rebels. There is no other reason. True, there are some old, forgotten, disused laws making a distinction against orders that are not recognized, just as obsolete laws stand on the British statute-book to-day, under which every bishop and priest within the realm could be put to death to-morrow. Can any man say that these old statutes, — long since dead of disuse, repealed by public opinion, — that they are now laws?

But, supposing these old French laws still in operation, then these model republicans sanction and claim the power in government to eject some of God's ministers from the country; if some, then all.

Then it is not a republic.

Why? Because the exiling of all God's ministers is the exiling of religion itself. But it is a historical and psychological fact, that no people has ever existed, or can exist, without an absolute, all-pervading religious conviction. It is absolutely certain that such a conviction has full possession of at least nine tenths of the French people. Therefore, a government which ignores this conviction cannot possibly represent the people. Therefore, it is not a republic.

It is a bastard republic.

WHAT A DISTINGUISHED JESUIT FATHER
SAYS.

WHILE the Jesuit fathers in this country, as elsewhere, are deeply concerned over the troubles of their order all over the world, the latest news of the expulsion of the communities in France has not occasioned much surprise here. A *Herald* reporter, on

entering St. Francis Xavier's, in West Sixteenth Street, New York, found several of the fathers quietly discussing the matter. The venerable Father Thebaud gave his views on the execution of the French edict very frankly. "This movement against our order," he said, "is a trump card of the radicals, as they deem it, against the Catholic Church. By removing us they foolishly believe they will destroy the church, because France is fast becoming subject to infidel influences. The power that seems to prevail under the present government ignores the name of God, and, consequently, is opposed to any system that would educate youth under the guidance of religion."

"But De Freycinet has charged that the Jesuits are opposed to the republic," interposed the reporter.

"That is a sheer absurdity. Why should we be opposed to the republic? It was only under the republic, in 1850, that we were allowed to open our universities in France. The Bourbons would not give us that permission. It was the republic of that time that granted the freedom which the church now enjoys. Consequently, we cannot be so ungrateful. That is our answer to the charge."

GAMBETTA THE MOVING SPIRIT.

"Whence, then, this wonderful change?"

"This is not De Freycinet's work. He is simply playing into the hands of Gambetta and his party. They hate religion, and, consequently, an education based on religion. The youth trained in our colleges were becoming too Catholic, or, perhaps, I might say too religious. That would not suit the power that now appears to dominate France."

"The charge has been repeatedly made that the Jesuits are active propagandists in political movements all over the world, but especially in Europe. What is the foundation for that charge?"

"It is as absurd as any of the others against us. We are expressly forbidden, by an order of the Superior-General (Father Beckx), to interfere in the politics of any country. Now you may not think much of the prohibition in our case, but I do, and I feel it, though I obey. I have a vote, and would like to exercise it, but I cannot now get the chance."

"Have you ever voted?"

"Yes, in 1856, and I cast it for Buchanan. I was then pastor in Troy, and you do not suppose I found any fault with members of my congregation who voted differently? Many of the strictest Catholics in Troy at that time voted for Fremont. This simply shows you how reckless are the charges made against Catholics in connection with politics."

"When was that prohibitory order issued by the Superior-General?"

"In 1860; but I cannot give you the date definitely. At all events, it was after the Buchanan Presidential election."

NO ASYLUMS SOUGHT HERE.

"Will any of the Jesuits expelled from France seek an asylum in this country?"

"An asylum! Certainly not. They will remain in France. You seem surprised. All these reports about their scattering over the world are baseless. Some of them may go to Egypt (humorously), but we do not need them here. We are certainly establishing a house in the Island of Jersey, but it is not as a college, only a place for teaching theology to the young men in our own order."

"Why should they remain in France after the severe measures adopted against them?"

"Why?" (here the father became enthusiastic, and raised his arm with determination,) "because the Jesuits were never in a finer position in France, — never. They now have the full sympathy of the people. We have no fault to find with the French government *per se*, but the government

seems to be powerless in the face of this outcry. Grévy has really no power. He is at the mercy of Gambetta and the mob. What would you think of President Hayes if he were at the mercy of Congress? You certainly could not blame him for the foolish acts of that body."

A VERY PLAIN QUESTION.

"Let me ask you, Father, whether there is any theory in the republican system of government that is abhorrent to the principles of your order?"

"That is a complex question, but I can see you did not intend it to be so. We hold that a republican system may suit one country very well, while it would not suit another. But that opinion is my own, and has nothing to do with the education of youth committed to our charge. A large number of the youth attending our colleges in France are sons or grandsons of legitimists, and might favor a monarchy, just as many in this country might favor Grant and the consequences; but that would not concern us; we could not be responsible for it. But as you desire my views upon republican government in France, I may as well say we had three republics in France, and their history is very brief. The experiment under the first Napoleon was abominable; of the second I shall say little or nothing; and the third, or latest, is but a sham."

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE infamous determination of the French government, acting upon an obsolete law, to seize the Jesuit establishments and expel the Jesuits from France, has been reduced into practice. For the last two days the dreadful work has been going on, and in Paris, and many other important cities and towns, the churches and establishments of the Jesuits have been broken into and seized by the soldiers of the Republic. In Paris, the work commenced on the evening of Tuesday, when seals were affixed

by the officers of the government to the chapel of the chief Jesuit establishment in the Rue de Serres. There are noble hearts in France yet, and several leading senators and deputies of the Right stopped up all night with the fathers to sustain and stand by them in the hour of trial. At four o'clock the following morning the officers of the state took possession of the establishment, and two hours afterwards the Jesuit fathers quitted that building, which has so long been to all Paris a centre of religion, learning, and divinity. The sympathies of the crowd who witnessed the expulsion were with the persecuted fathers, for the cries of "Long live the Jesuits," "Hurrah for Liberty," far predominated over the hostile shouts of the few Reds present. As the fathers passed through the streets many people fell on their knees and asked the blessing of the holy men. In Douai, Lille, and other towns of France, similar scenes have commenced, and, in a word, the government has, at the very moment that it is recalling the petroleurs and petroleuses of the Commune, commenced a cruel, infamous, and unprovoked persecution. This infamy has been committed in spite of the solemn remonstrances of the 3,000,000 of Frenchmen who signed the petitions against this atrocious act, and in spite of the conduct of scores of noble and high-minded men in the French magistracy who freely laid down their valuable and honorable posts sooner than carry out the behests of the government. The act upon which the French government is now engaged possesses every feature of folly, of wickedness, and, above all, of gross ingratitude. The crime of the Jesuits was that in season and out of season they had waged war with those impious, irreligious, and anti social doctrines by which so much that is great and holy and noble in France has been submerged. This is their only "crime," and for this, because they would not bend the knee to the Red Baal, they are driven from

their churches and their homes, from their schools, which are the glory of France, from France itself, the land they love so well. Even if France forgot their splendid services to religion, she might have remembered their services to letters. For the three hundred years which have elapsed since Ignatius de Loyola suspended forever his sword and shield over the altar of Our Lady of Montserrat, the children of the glorious order he founded have, save at the intervals of exile and persecution, been laboring for France, where the order has grown and thriven more luxuriantly than in its native Spain. The French Jesuits gave to the world countless priceless works previously shut up in the mystery of dusty manuscripts, published their famous editions of the Classics in *ursum Delphini*, which to this hour hold their ground, and illustrated the dark places of Scripture, history, and theology, by commentaries of wondrous learning and acuteness. From their schools and colleges have for three hundred years issued the most splendid intellects of France. In that long list of pupils, who owe all to their Jesuit teaching, appear the names of such men as the Jesuit Bournaloue, the French Chrysostom; Descartes, the greatest of French philosophers; Tournefort, the most illustrious savant of his age; Corneille, Moliere, and Jean Baptiste Rousseau, the greatest tragic, comic, and lyric poets of the Augustan age of France. It was in the schools of the Jesuits that the illustrious jurist Montesquieu was trained; from these schools, too, came forth Villars and Condé, the greatest captains of their age. As to our own times, it would take pages to enumerate the long roll of heroes, scholars, orators, historians, poets, and statesmen the Jesuits have given to the country which is now allowing a faction to act towards them with such base ingratitude. But it is no new thing with the French Jesuits to be driven from France. Again and again driven forth by revolutionary violence,

they have again and again returned more powerful and more loved than ever. To them now may well be applied the noble verses of the greatest of Catholic poets upon the Church itself:—

"A milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged,
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin;
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Seythian shafts and many-winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly
And doomed to death; but fated not to die."

Like that church of which it is so glorious a part, though the Order of Jesus may be "doomed to death," it is "fated not to die," and we may soon hope to find that France is repenting of the act of madness, wickedness, and ingratitude now committed in her name. One thing, at least, is certain, that such an act will evoke from the whole Catholic world a great cry of just indignation and denunciation.

IRELAND'S NEW VICEROY.

It is remarkable that the men usually selected for the office of Viceroy of Ireland are those who do not possess an acre of Irish property. This was the case with the Duke of Marlborough, with Lord Spencer, and is now with Lord Cowper. Lord Cowper promises to prove an excellent selection, and Mr. Gladstone is very fortunate in getting him to take the position. He is the son of the late Lady Palmerston's eldest son by her first marriage; is forty-five, and graduated at Oxford a first class in the School of Law and Modern History. The Cowpers owe their rise to a lawyer who became Lord Chancellor, and was grand-uncle of the poet Cowper; but they had long before that been a family of good standing.

Lord Cowper possesses an agglomeration of wealth which has devolved on him largely through accident. Both his great-uncles, successively Viscounts Melbourne, having died child-

less, their property, some \$100,000 a year, devolved on their sister, Lady Palmerston, and passed at her death to Lord Cowper, who will, besides, inherit a great estate in right of his mother, coheirress of her father, the late Earl de Grey, and consequently first cousin to the new Viceroy of India, Lord Ripon. Lord Cowper is married to a daughter of Lord Northampton, but has no children; which in the case of a Viceroy's wife is no misfortune, inasmuch as she can devote all the more time to the representative functions of the office, which fall quite as much on her as on her husband.

A romantic story attaches to Lady Cowper, who is a most attractive character. The late Lord St. Maur, eldest son of the Duke of Somerset, fell passionately in love with her, but the sentiment was not reciprocated. Ultimately he formed relations with a person beneath him in position, entirely on account of her extraordinary resemblance to Lady Cowper, and dying under very painful circumstances, his children by this lady are understood to have been adopted by his mother, the whilom "Queen of Beauty," and only survivor of the famous Sheridan sisters. Lord Cowper, who was made a Knight of the Garter by his step-grandfather, has at least \$350,000 a year to spend, so that Dublin society may look forward to seeing "the thing deuced well done." The new Viceroy is an exceptionally well-read, well-informed man. His chief abode is in Hertfordshire, where his near neighbor is Lord Salisbury; and notwithstanding political divergences, these Hertfordshire magnates are on very friendly terms.

A LADY consulted Dr. Abernethy. "You know my usual fee?" said he. Two guineas were instantly laid on the table. He put them in his pocket, and pulling forth a sixpence, put it into her hand. "Here," said he, "go and buy a skipping-rope, for all your illness proceeds from want of exercise."

IRISH SURNAMES.

John O'Hart's "Irish Pedigrees."

O'Donoghoe: Irish O'Donchada.
 O'Driscoll: Irish O'h-Edersceol.
 O'Dwyer, Dwyer: Irish O'Duibhidhir.
 O'Farrell, Farrell, Freel: Irish O'Fear-
 gaol.
 O'Flaherty: Irish O'Flaithbheartaigh.
 O'Hagan: Irish O'h-Aigain.
 O'Halloran: Irish O'h-Allurain.*
 O'Hara: Irish O'h-Eaghra.
 O'Hart: Irish O'h-Airt.
 O'Kelly: Irish O'Ceallach.
 O'Regan, Regan: Irish O'Riagain.
 O'Rielly, Rielly, Raleigh, Rahilly:
 Irish O'Raghallaigh.
 O'Rourke, Rourke: Irish O'Ruaire.
 O'Shannessy, Shanesy; O'Shaughnesy,
 Shaughnesy: Irish O'Seachnasaigh.
 O'Shea, Shea, Shee: Irish O'Seaghda.
 O'Sullivan, Sullivan: Irish O'Suilleab-
 hain.
 O'Toole, Toole: Irish O'Tuathail.
 Phelan, Felan, Whelan: Irish O'Fae-
 lain.
 Quinlan, Quinlevan, Cunelvan, Con-
 nellan: Irish O'Coindealbhain.
 Quirk: Irish O'Cuirc.
 Reynolds: Irish MacRaghnaill.
 Rogan: Irish O'Ruadhagain.
 Rogers: Irish O'Ruadhri.
 Roland, Rollin, Rowland: Irish
 O'Rothlain.
 Ronan, Ronayne: Irish O'Ronain.
 Ryan: Irish O'Riaghain.
 Sandy, Saunders, Saunderson, Alex-
 ander, MacAllister, MacAlustrum:
 Irish Alastrum, which has been
 anglicized "Alexander"; and, as
 the name "Sandy" or "Saunders"
 is a contraction of *Alexander*, hence
 the surnames *Sandy*, *Saunders*, etc.
 Scully: Irish O'Scolaidhe.
 Shanahan, Shannon: Irish O'Sean-
 chain.
 Shelly: Irish O'Sealbhaidh.
 Shiel: Irish O'Siodhail.
 Smeeth, Smith, Smyth, Smythe: Irish
 Gobhan [Gowan].
 Somers: Irish MacSamhradhain.
 Stewart, Stuart, Steward: Irish Mor
 Mhaor Leamhna, or the "Great
 Stewards of Lennox."

THE FIRST SISTER OF CHARITY.

ST. VINCENT remembered to have
 met a poor girl at the village of Ville-
 perux, and he selected her to be the
 first regular Sister. She had been
 employed in keeping cows. Almost
 without aid she had taught herself to
 read, and she would cheerfully impart
 her own scanty knowledge to the
 children of the village. This poor
 but generous girl was the first whom
 Vincent invited to Paris to undertake
 the work which the ladies there found
 difficulty in performing. The peas-
 ant girl of Villeperux became, in fact,
 the first Sister of Charity. She
 worked wonders in more than one
 parish of the city. At length the
 spirit of self-sacrifice carried her so
 far that she shared her bed with a
 poor, plague-stricken woman, from
 whom she caught the infection and
 died. All that followed her footsteps
 are like her.

THE life of our clergy is a hard one.
 Constant daily work among the poor;
 the anxieties and privations of life it-
 self; exposed to all seasons, at all
 hours, and to all forms of sickness and
 disease, — these things wear the health
 and shorten the life of our priest-
 hood. Many bear the life-long bur-
 den of ill-health, many are perma-
 nently on the sick-list, and many die.
 It is therefore necessary that a con-
 stant succession of priests be main-
 tained; and that they be so taught
 and trained, that they may be intel-
 lectually able to meet the intellect of
 our times, and be in all deeper forma-
 tion examples to those whom they
 are to guide. For this is needed a
 seminary, fully complete in its mate-
 rial structure and economy, and pro-
 vided with rulers and teachers, not
 only sufficient in number, but also
 mature in experience. And for such
 work we must turn to you, to whom
 the spiritual graces of a faithful and
 holy pastoral care will return in a
 multitude of blessings on yourselves
 and upon your homes. — *Cardinal
 Manning.*

GRADUATING YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

Catholic Columbian.

If all the Catholic young men and women who, at this season, go forth from the halls of their *alma mater* bearing away her benedictions, with their diplomas and medals, should start out with the determination that they will live for the honor of their faith, what a glorious band of soldiers they would be, and how well would they fulfil the destiny religious education points out to them. With their foundations of learning and well-disciplined minds they should go upon the world's stage, as graduates from a military academy enter the battle-field, prepared to put to practical account all the knowledge they shall have accumulated. But, alas, how few do it! Many, dazzled by the brilliancy of a college commencement, and impressed with a false idea respecting the character of a graduate, plunge into the world's pleasures, and give loose rein to passions that they were cautioned to subdue whilst making their college curriculum. Their graduating day is their commencement of life,—then they put to use what they have been learning in order to make a good beginning. A bad and worthless after-life argues a bad beginning, and a bad beginning would show something defective in early training. Each Catholic young lady or gentleman leaving college should consider herself or himself a missionary, and as one to whom the world looks for example. How noble, then, it is, to see them bold, fearless, practical in their faith, flinching in nothing to which duty calls them. As religious education is the hope of our country, so must our Catholic graduates be considered as those upon whom devolves the duty of sustaining this education, of encouraging and assisting those engaged in it.

The teaching of fancy work and training in accomplishments, so called, in our young ladies' academies, have conspired to render those institutions almost useless in many instances, for the purposes for which they were intended. The useful and practical too often give way to the ornamental, the frivolous, and the useless. The young lady whose mamma, perhaps, could never afford the luxury of a washerwoman, spends her time at the academy in learning fancy needlework, or playing the harp or the piano. The accomplishments of the drawing-room receive much attention, and when she leaves the academy she is as dainty as the butterfly, as ethereal as an angel, and as imaginative as poetry will make her. This is the tendency of all such worthless training. If a love for the true were inculcated in the thorough study of exact science, if a desire to learn the practical were encouraged by a training in all that relates to the care of a household, and if the folly of fashion, of sentimentality, were properly shown in their results, and above all if young ladies were educated according to their station of life, we would witness more thoroughly Christian mothers, and less marriages cursed by an absence of that intimate union insured only by a joining of hearts in one faith. A solid education will dispel sentimentality, will make practical women. We are glad to see the necessity of this appreciated more and more every day by the good Sisters who have charge of young ladies' academies. Only last week it was our pleasure to witness an exhibition of this tendency towards a practical, *domestic* education at two convent schools. In one instance it was the awarding of a handsome gold medal, the gift of the venerated Bishop of

Cleveland, to the young lady who excelled in the practice of domestic economy. The institution was St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana. The other instance was one that appeared still more forcible, as it showed that what many young ladies consider humiliating has been considered worthy of reward. This was at the academy of St. Xavier, Chicago, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Here, in the presence of a most *refined* audience, a young lady had the courage to answer her name and graciously accept a handsome prize for darning stockings! This would be almost shocking to many fairy misses, who would scarce pronounce the word. We congratulate the Sisters on this display of good judgment. Let there be a reward for application to the practical affairs of life, and soon society will experience a change for the better. If our annual commencements cease to represent fairy scenes, and young ladies to prepare for the exhibition as they would for a theatrical performance, it would be better for the sacred cause of education.

THE FARMER—A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

THE man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives — by the law of civilized nations — he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels — other things being equal — more strongly than another the character of a man as the lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his, — his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties; and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who pre-

ceded him, as he is also to those who will follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which sheltered him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in his boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through that field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his father and his forefathers to the house of God, and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time is come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them, gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the lifespring of a fresh, healthy, and generous national character. — *Everett*.

THE emigrants from Ireland are of a far better class than those leaving of late years, observes the Dublin "Freeman's Journal." They are, in fact, the very flower of our peasantry. They are generally young men and women, ranging in ages between eighteen and twenty-seven, all hale and strong, of fine and intelligent physique. They appear to belong to the farming class and are well clad. They are not without some money. Fully one third of the passengers have thus had their passages paid by friends in America, and one third more have been assisted by remittances from the States. The means of transit provided by the great transatlantic carrying lines have been exceptionally large, but have been found to be inadequate to the extraordinary pressure.

THE FOREMOST SEE IN MUNSTER.

Most Rev. Archbishop Croke, at laying of a corner-stone.

EMLY was no upstart amongst places of note. She was great and distinguished when towns and cities of much pretension now were either obscure or unknown. Emly had a bishop when bishops were new and scarce in Ireland. Her first bishop was a saint. Some say that he taught Christianity in Ireland before St. Patrick; but at any rate he was amongst the first of the Irish bishops, and is thought to have died about the year 527. Emly is not only one of the most ancient of the Irish Sees, but it was, moreover, for a considerable time the foremost See in Munster. Its first bishop, I said, was a saint, — I will take the liberty of adding that its last bishop was a saint also. Its first bishop was confessor and pontiff, — its last bishop was a martyr and pontiff. Its first bishop was Saint Albeus, — its last bishop was the martyred Terence Albert O'Brien. He was a native of the city of Limerick, a Dominican friar by religious profession, and was nominated Bishop of Emly by Pope Urban VIII., about the year 1644, although it would appear that owing to the death of that pontiff, and a variety of other influences, he was not consecrated until the November of 1647. Of the good old stock of the O'Briens of Thomond, the Bishop of Emly was what several members of that race unfortunately were not, — thoroughly loyal and devoted to his creed and country. This is not the time nor place to give even a hurried sketch of the life of this eminent man, or of the troubled days in which his lot was cast; but you know that being engaged in Limerick on business connected with the affairs of his order, when Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, laid siege to that city, he rendered himself so obnoxious to the English enemy by his earnestness and inflexibility that nothing could induce Ireton after the capitulation to in-

clude him amongst those who were accorded pardon. He was not the only bishop shut up in the beleaguered city. One of my predecessors in the See of Ca-hel, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, and the Bishop of Limerick, Dr. O'Dwyer, were similarly circumstanced. But while the two latter dignitaries thought it right to devote themselves during the siege to the care of the sick generally, and in a particular manner to such as were smitten with the plague, the Bishop of Emly, on the contrary, not unmindful of his duty in that respect, visited the ramparts from time to time as well, encouraged the soldiery and citizens to persevere in their heroic resistance, and thus consulted alike for the temporal as well as spiritual well-being of his people. Ireton offered him, it is said, 40,000 golden crowns if he would but induce the citizens to surrender. But he was unpurchasable, and when the city was taken accordingly, knowing the fate that awaited him, he retired to the pest-house and prepared himself for death. He was arrested the next day, tried by court-martial, and condemned to die on the gallows. On being asked by Ireton whether he required the aid of counsel for his defence, he replied that all he needed was the presence of his confessor. One of his own colleagues, Father Hanrahan, spent with him the last night of his life. In due course, after sentence of death had been recorded against him, he was led forth almost naked to the place of execution. Arrived thereat he knelt for a moment or two at the foot of the gibbet, and then arose erect and fearless, and turning to Ireton, warned him prophetically of his impending fate, bade him beware of God's vengeance, and summoned him to appear before the judgment seat on high within a few days. Then addressing the few faithful friends and

Catholics who were present, he said, "Keep the Commandments; submit to the dispensation of heaven, preserve the faith, and thus shall you possess your souls in peace." He then ascended the ladder, holding each round of it with a steady grasp, thus submitting bravely to his fate, and when soon after life was found to be extinct and the body was cut down the hostile soldiery riddled it with bullets. The head was struck off the lifeless trunk, and set up on St. John's Gate, where it remained as a symbol of British rule and Irish fidelity for many a day afterwards. Now, my friends, instead of preaching to you here to-day in set form, and from a sacred text, I have preferred asking your attention to this sad but aspiring page of our history, and shall now ask you to dwell with me for a moment on the last and dying words of the saintly Bishop O'Brien of Emly. "Keep the Commandments," said he, "submit to the dispensations of heaven, preserve the faith, and thus you shall possess your souls in peace." Keep the Commandments. There are no people in the world who observe the Commandments of God and His church as strictly as the Irish do. There are no people in the world who receive the sacraments so regularly, and with such faith and fervor, as the Irish do, and they who frequent the sacraments will keep, as a rule, the Commandments. There are no people in the world who submit with such patience and resignation to the decrees of heaven as the Irish do. They have been sorely tried both by God and man. What between the periodical failure of their crops and the unrelenting heartlessness of their rulers, from time to time, the visitation of Providence, and the exactions of bad men, there is no nation on the face of the globe that has suffered so much and so long as we have. We have borne so much and borne it so meekly, that now, when we are beginning to fret a little under our punishment, and cast ourselves on a small scale into the attitude of self-defence,

persons are found to call us ugly names, and words of ominous significance, borrowed from the vicious vocabulary of the Continent, are used to designate the efforts that are being made by well-meaning men throughout the country to prevent the Irish people from perishing at home or being drafted like cattle to uncongenial climes beyond the sea. There can be no sin in striving to live and wishing to die in Ireland. It is neither sin nor treason to say that where a man labors he has a right to be fed, and that it is cruel to punish a person for not paying a debt which nature has rendered it impossible for him to satisfy. Along with being the most generous, we are, I believe, the most justice-loving people in the world, and no matter what may be said or written to the contrary, I hold to it, and I am no stranger to the real sentiments of the people, that, notwithstanding the ill-advised and somewhat fiery utterances of a few, our countrymen at large do not contemplate, and will never seriously countenance, any movement not based on the strictest principles of morality and righteousness. "Keep the Commandments," said the dying bishop; "submit to the dispensations of Providence, and preserve the faith." Here again our Irish people are pre-eminent. We got the great gift of the faith from St. Patrick 1,400 years ago, and we have scrupulously kept it since.

COMMIT this to memory, and repeat every hour of the day: "Blessed be the holy, immaculate and most pure conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God."

THERE are three things in particular which parents are bound to give their children: Good example, wholesome chastisement or correction when they need it, and sound, suitable instruction in religious and secular matters. — *Archbishop Croke.*

LOUGH DERG AND ITS PILGRIMAGES.

CHAPTER XV.

INSCRIPTIONS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
AT LOUGH DERG — VOTIVE GIFTS TO THE
SANCTUARY — ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH —
BOAT ACCIDENTS ON LOUGH DERG — MEL-
ANCHOLY BOAT ACCIDENT OF 1795 —
PRIOR MURRAY — BRIEF REVIEW OF THE
PILGRIMAGE DURING THE EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY.

We have already referred to the inscribed stones, which are set, for preservation, in the southern gable of St. Patrick's Church, on Station Island. Two of these inscriptions are given in a previous chapter, and from them we may reasonably conjecture that a Franciscan friar, named Father Magrath, was prior here in 1753. These two inscribed stones were originally placed within two of the penal "beds," or circles, on this island. Side by side with these stones, in the same wall, is placed that most ancient and most valuable inscribed stone, which is fully described in Chapter VIII. of this work.

In addition to these is the stone with the figure of Caoranach in *alto relievo* (already referred to). Before this mythical representation a cross is inscribed, and underneath it the following inscription, in the quaint style of the period:—

"Ys house
was built Fr. Anth: Do
herty for ye use of
ye Conv: of Donegal
his age 68 ye 8 Sep:
A:D: 1763."

From this it would appear that Father Anthony O'Doherty was prior of the island at the date mentioned; namely, the 8th of September, 1763. In that valuable hand-book named "Southwestern Donegal" (already referred to), we find that this same Father O'Doherty came by one of the silver chalices, which is said to have formerly belonged to the Donegal Convent; in which convent, as appears from Father Purcell's account, given by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, "there

were sixteen silver chalices, all of which, two excepted, were washed with gold." On this chalice the following inscription appears:—

"Fr. Ants. O'Doherty, T.S.D. procuravit
Hunc Calicem pro usu fratrum minorum
Sanctæ nostræ fraternitatis
Conventus Dongaliensis."

That this chalice was used in the celebration of the Divine Mysteries at Lough Derg we can hardly doubt. In 1850 it was brought to America by the Rev. John Donnelly, whose native place adjoined the venerable and historic churchyard of Aghalurcher, county Fermanagh. At his death the chalice came into the possession of the Rev. Edward M'Gowan, of Penn Yan, U. S. A., who presented it to the Rev. Mr. Stephens, P. P., Killybegs, in whose keeping it now remains.

Another of the Lough Derg chalices is that long preserved at Corduff chapel, parish of Carrickmacross. This was a votive offering made to the sanctuary of Lough Derg by a lady named Clara Nugent, *alias* Cusack, of Carlanstown, in the county Meath. She was closely related to Dr. Thomas Dease, Bishop of Meath, whose mother was Lady Eleanor Nugent, of Carlanstown, a noble branch of the family of Delvin. How this chalice came to Corduff I cannot say, if it be not that the altar plate of Lough Derg was removed for better security, at the close of each station, to the episcopal residence, during the time when three of the bishops of Clogher found a secure abode within the loyal and devoted "Dominion" of Farney. This small silver chalice is of great beauty of workmanship, chaste and simple in design, and of very graceful proportions. Its measurements are: Height, 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; diameter of cup, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; pedestal, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter. On the upper part of the pedestal of this chalice a crucifix is inscribed; underneath it the following legend:—

"Clara Nugent, als Cusack de Carlanstown,
pro Loghderg me fieri fecit, 1721."

On the outside of the cup is inscribed a harp indistinct, also a harp with crown. On the principle that *res clamat dominum*, we venture to express a hope that these chalices may again be restored to the sanctuary of Lough Derg.

During the summer of 1878 another inscribed stone was discovered in the floor of one of the cabins on the island, and for its preservation it was set in the wall of St. Patrick's Church, along with the stones already noticed. Its inscription reads:—

*"Permissu Superiorum,
Pro publico bono conditoris,
Antonius O'Flaherty.
A. D. 1763."*

We have no means of knowing who this Anthony O'Flaherty was. He was probably of the lordly family of the O'Flahertys of H-Iar Connaught, who, in the day of their power, were friends and benefactors of many a church and cloister. It is clear he rendered invaluable aid and assistance in the erection of buildings at the pilgrimage, in conjunction with the prior, Father O'Doherty, for which service permission was obtained to erect a stone on the island to perpetuate the memory of his pious liberality. What the buildings at this time erected were I cannot positively say. It seems most likely that St. Mary's Church, which was replaced about forty-nine years after by a new structure, was one of the buildings then erected. To this conclusion I am led mainly by a "Map or Plan of the Island, and of St. Patrick's Purgatory," which I find in the "Antiquities of Ireland," by Edward Ledwich (Dublin, 1790). Here we have "the church, or monastery," marked near the present site of St. Mary's, but a little to the west of it. The date-stone of this old church was found in the walls of St. Mary's Church, which were taken down in 1870 to make room for the fine Gothic edifice which now crowns its site. Though not at all ancient, yet I think this inscription certainly belongs to the last century. Unfortunately, the

date of the year in which it was erected is broken off this stone, thus leaving us somewhat in doubt. It is set, the same as the others, in the gable wall of St. Patrick's Church. The inscription reads:—

*"THIS: CHAP:
WAS: DEDI
CATED. TO
Ye: B:V:M:
OF ANGELS
& CONSECR
JULY: Ye 20."*

Our conjecture is that this latter inscription was the *titulus* or date-stone of the church erected at this time by Friar O'Doherty, and that the stone first noticed in this chapter was erected in an aisle attached to this church, which was used as a dwelling-house by the officiating clergymen; whilst the stone commemorating Anthony O'Flaherty may have been erected in an oratory or chapel raised by him over "St. Patrick's Altar,"* which, according to Hewson and others, stood at the farther end of Station Island.

The purgatorial cave down to the year 1781 or 1782 (the year of the Catholic Relief Act) was, according to Richardson, "10 feet distant from the church; it was 22 feet long, 2 feet 1 inch wide, and 3 feet high. It hath a bending within six feet of the far end, where there is a very small window, or spike-hole, to let in some light and air to the pilgrims that are shut up in it. There is little or none of it under ground, and it seems never to have been sunk deeper than the rock. It is built of stone and clay, huddled together, covered with broad stones, and all overlaid with earth." This cave was closed up about the year 1781 by the prior, who considered it insufficient for the number of persons who sought admission to it. A new church, 72 feet long by 24 wide, called St. Patrick's Church, or "Prison" Chapel, so called from the fact that it was intended to supersede and serve the purpose of the ancient

* Called by Richardson the "Altar of Confession."

purgatorial cave, was built about this time. The church was reroofed and slated in 1796 by the then prior, the Rev. Mr. Murray. With the exception of the following additions and repairs, it is still substantially the same church as that erected in 1781. In 1835 an aisle was added to it by the Rev. Patrick Moyna. In 1860 it was remodelled internally: its galleries, which were approached by stone steps from the outside of the gables, were removed, besides other very necessary improvements effected by the Rev. John M'Kenna. Further extensive repairs have been made to it during the summer of 1878 by the Rev. James M'Kenna, P. P., Augh-avea.

Taking into account what angry storms sometimes sweep over the lake, lashing its waves into great fury, it is a merciful dispensation of Providence that more accidents have not occurred here; and this more especially when we consider not only the proximity of the Atlantic, which is but five or six miles west of it, as likewise the high elevation of the lake itself above the level of the sea, but also the frail nature of the barks which in days gone by used to ply over its waters. Whilst the religious establishment stood on Saints' Island, there is no tradition of any boat accident having occurred, though the barks then in use were cur-rachs, or canoe-shaped boats, formed out of hollowed trees.

Many years ago, it is handed down, two priests went out for a sail on the lake, in a boat of the latter description; and when but a short distance south of Station Island, where there is a round rock almost hidden under water (since called "The Priest's Rock"), the boat capsized, and its occupants were drowned. This, they say, was the first boat accident on Lough Derg.

A second boat was lost here, between Saints' Island and the river Fluchlynn, about forty years ago. The boatman was Doherty, from Augh-Keen, who in company with two

or three others, was returning home from Kelly's Island, in the month of March, when the boat, which was small and unsafe, capsized a little from land, and all met with a watery grave; not even Doherty, who was a good swimmer, being able to escape. This sad accident inspired the muse of a local bard, who commemorated the event in a mournful lay, still sung in the locality.

But the most lamentable catastrophe of all happened here in 1795; a catastrophe which for many years cast a gloom over the place, and the recital of which, even yet, fails not to evoke from the pious pilgrims many a tear and prayer for those who met with such an untimely end. Sunday, the 12th of July, 1795, is a day long to be remembered in connection with Lough Derg. On that day, which set in fresh and breezy, but by no means very stormy, there was the usual bustle and hurry about the "cabin" or ferry-house, from an early hour of the morning, amongst pilgrims and the neighboring inhabitants, who were anxious to hear mass on the island. A few boats had already taken full cargoes to and fro, when the dread hour of eleven o'clock arrived. Johnston, the ferryman, had already allotted places for ninety-three passengers, all told, most of whom were pilgrims. It appears that some of the passengers took exception to the boat, as being old and unseaworthy; but their fears were made light of. A very fortunate escape is related of a young man, a pilgrim, who had actually taken his seat in the boat, when he was summoned back by his father, who had dreamed the previous night of some terrible fate about to befall his son, followed him to the lake, and thus saved him from certain death.

At about the hour of eleven o'clock MacTeague, the principal boatman (who is said to have been somewhat under the influence of drink at the time), pushed off from shore, and all went well till they came alongside Prior's Island. At this time it was

observed that the boat had sprung a leak, and was fast taking in water. The boatmen, however, took no heed of this, thinking they could reach Station Island without any difficulty. As they had reached about midway between Prior's Island and Station Island, the water was now fast gaining on the boat, which alarmed the passengers, and rendered them quite restive. In this confusion and dismay the boat capsized, and all went down in about ten feet of water. It is said that at this time they were so convenient to Station Island that nine or ten good strokes of the oars would have easily taken them to land. Station Island itself at that time was crowded with spectators, who were so thunder-struck by the accident that they had not the presence of mind to push off to the rescue, though a boat or two were within reach of the island. If this had been done, there is no doubt whatever but that many of the victims might have been saved. It is consoling to record that one of the priests then on the island waded out some distance into the water, gave conditional absolution to those drowning, and repeated aloud certain prayers for the occasion. All the priests then on the island offered up mass for the souls of the deceased; and the prior (Father Murray) is said to have declared, in a funeral oration on the occasion, that had the accident happened them when leaving the island, there would be room for more consolation indeed.

A few moments after the capsizing of the boat, a large mass of human beings, having grasped each other with the tenacity of death at the bottom of the lake, came to the surface, where they remained struggling for a little, when they sank to rise no more. Out of the ninety-three passengers, but three escaped, — one of them a man named Mulharty; the others were a man and his mother-in-law from the county Monaghan. The boatmen were also lost, as well as some of the people of the neighborhood, who were going to hear mass on the island.

At the time the accident occurred it is said that Johnston, the ferryman, was giving tickets at the ferry-house to a batch of fresh arrivals; he is reported to have made light of the matter, and to have said that it would by no means prevent the station from proceeding as usual.

All the bodies of those drowned were recovered from their watery grave. Many of them were conveyed home by their sorrowing friends to the family burial-places. About twenty or more of them were buried coffinless on the topmost part of Prior's Island, earth having been carried up and heaped over their grave; and here a dense cluster of firs may be observed waving their sombre heads over their lonely grave. Others of them again were buried in Templecarn churchyard. The sight of the dead bodies, as they were conveyed on horseback over the rugged mountain, was most heart-rending; and those who witnessed the sad ordeal (and there are some of them still alive in the vicinity of Lough Derg) could never after refer to the subject without shuddering at the recollection of it.

In connection with this sad accident a remarkable instance — if instances were wanting — is handed down of the affection and veneration of the Irish for their departed relatives. It is said how a young girl, the only child of her widowed mother, happened to be in the ill-fated boat, was drowned, and her body was buried in Templecarn graveyard. The following summer her aged parent came nearly one hundred miles to perform the "station" for her, and brought with her a monument, which she had erected over her daughter's grave in Templecarn. This monument, or gravestone, is, I understand, still pointed out to the visitor.

Though these were the only boat accidents known to have taken place at Lough Derg, yet there were times, some of which are fresh in my memory, when the pilgrims' boat ran considerable risk from the waves, and when the skill and energy of such experienced

boatmen as Pat M'Kane, of Seeavoc, were taxed to the utmost in making headway against the triple waves, which are, I believe, peculiar to this lake. There were days also, but very few, when, owing to the storm, the work of ferrying the pilgrims had to be suspended, and when the pilgrims approaching the lake had to find shelter as best they might in the "cabin" by the shore. I cannot help thinking that, with no very great expenditure, a small steamboat might be provided for the accommodation of this pilgrimage, which would thus render the work of transit not only more expeditious, but also quite secure in every state of the weather. If this were an English or a Continental lake, instead of an Irish one, can we doubt but that its waters would be traversed by yacht and steamer, and that hotels and villas would look down from the surrounding heights on its delightful expanse of water?

We have seen that the old cave or caves (there being at times two or more of them) had been superseded about 1782, — the year of the passing of the Catholic Relief Act, — and a commodious church, called St. Patrick's Church, erected to supply its purpose, as well as to serve for general worship. Who built this church I cannot say, if it be not Father Murray, P. P., of Errigle-Truagh, who about this time became prior in the room of the Franciscans, who, owing to the reduction of their numbers, could no longer minister to the pilgrimage. Whether this church was erected by Father Murray or not, it is certain that he slated and repaired it in 1796, the year after the boat accident. From his venerated successor in the parish of Truagh, I have it that Father Murray had not then the luxury of a church in his own parish, having to rest satisfied with those substitutes, then pretty common, called "mass-gardens." He is described as of a mild and quiet disposition, and with the close of the century his term of office as prior of the pilgrimage drew also to a close.

Towards the latter part of the eighteenth century the course of penance at Lough Derg was considerably modified. The incarceration in the cave or prison, which formerly lasted during twenty-four hours, was now reduced to twelve hours. The period of remaining on the island, which formerly extended to nine, or at least six days, was now reduced to three days. Since this time three days constitute the term of a station, though cases are not unfrequent where pilgrims remain on the island for six or even nine days.

Hewson says that in his time (1701) "there were many priests in the island, and every day they have a sermon preached in Irish, about one o'clock." Richardson (1727) says there were twenty-four priests engaged there every station season; but this is probably an exaggeration. Skelton says that in 1770 there were about 4,000 pilgrims annually frequenting the island; and he states that the pilgrims had then sufficient shelter and accommodation on the island. Immediately before the boat accident of 1795, the arrivals each season must have reached the high figure of between ten and fifteen thousand. The boat accident, however, together with other reasons, which we shall notice hereafter, caused the influx of pilgrims at the close of the century to become considerably reduced. Yet, through all its vicissitudes, the Holy Island continued still to be regarded with love and devotion by the faithful children of St. Patrick, who before this sanctuary renewed themselves in piety and the love of God.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PILGRIM-TAX — THE FERRYMEN — THE MOST REV. DR. MURPHY'S REGULATIONS FOR THE PILGRIMAGE — RESCRIPT FROM ROME — ST. MARY'S CHURCH — THE PRESBYTERY — HOSTILE NOTICES OF THE PILGRIMAGE — PRIORS SINCE THE YEAR 1800 — INFLUX OF PILGRIMS — THE FAREWELL ODE TO LOUGH DERG.

ONE of the most remarkable remnants of the feudal laws, or of the

penal laws (it matters little which), that I know of, is the tax or tariff which each pilgrim has to pay towards the "lord of the soil" for the privilege of obtaining access to the island of Lough Derg. Not content with obtaining possession of the lands given as a perpetual endowment to this sanctuary, and of which it held undisputed control for over a thousand years, the Protestant bishops of Clogher, after doing their utmost to disparage and to utterly exterminate this pilgrimage, formed the idea of turning it to profitable account, by exacting from each pilgrim a fine for liberty to approach the shrine of his devotion. And thus they who in theory condemned this institution, did not hesitate in practice to appropriate to themselves this iniquitous tax.

The more easily and the more securely to collect this tax, the ferry was rented at a fixed annual sum to a ferryman, who, after paying the stipulated amount to his master, had to depend on the balance of the proceeds for his own behalf. The rent of the ferry generally rose or fell according to the number of pilgrims visiting the island; so that from the rent imposed each year we may form a proximate idea of the number of arrivals at this sanctuary. Towards the latter part of the last century, a Protestant family of the name of Johnston rented the ferry at £250 each year. About the beginning of this century one of these Johnstons, who was the ferryman, gave great dissatisfaction, as we shall afterwards see. After him a man named Travers managed the ferry for about ten years. Next came Robert Johnston, who rented the ferry down till 1844. At this time Catholic ferrymen came into office, the first of whom was Daniel Campbell, who conducted the ferry in 1845. After him his son John, who rebuilt the ferry-house and also erected a building on the island, which was never completed. It reverted next to his brother, Peter Campbell; then to his brother William, who held it down to

the year 1862-3, when Thomas Flood, of Pettigo, got charge of it. He held it till 1876, when his brother Patrick (the present ferryman) secured his right in the ferry. The rent of the ferry was reduced for the Campbells to £150; and since then it has been still further reduced to £50, which is the present rent of the ferry, yearly payable to the present owner of Termon-Dabheoc,—Sir John Leslie, Bart., M. P.

In order to make up this tax, a fine of 6½d. was formerly imposed on each pilgrim for the "right of way" to the island. Latterly, however, in consequence of the diminished number of pilgrims, it was deemed necessary to raise this tariff to 8d.

In May, 1798, Dr. James Murphy was appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Clogher, and on the death of Bishop Hugh O'Reilly (Nov. 3, 1801) succeeded to the mitre of Clogher *per coadjutoriam*. One of his first cares was to look after the administration of the pilgrimage of Lough Derg; and with this object in view he addressed a list of regulations to the prior, Father Bellew, and his principal assistant, the Rev. Peter M'Ginn. The document in question is headed: "A few of the many regulations necessary for the orderly administration of the station of Lough Derg"; and bears date, "Tydavnet, May 26, 1802." This document sets out with a regulation which for many years was strictly adhered to, but which is now obsolete; and it is as follows:—

"I hereby prohibit, under pain of suspension *ipso facto*, any confessor already approved, or who may be approved of this season for Lough Derg, not excepting even the prior himself, to receive the confession, give the absolution, or admit to the indulgence of the station of Lough Derg any pilgrim or penitent who has not complied with his Easter duty this year in his own parish, or who cannot produce a certificate, signed by his own parish priest or ordinary confessor, permitting him to be admitted to the benefit

of said indulgence, though he has not complied with said Easter duty.

“And further, I hereby order, under the same pain of suspension, said certificate to be submitted to the prior for his approbation of its authenticity before the bearer of it is admitted to confession,” etc.

After giving other regulations regarding investing the pilgrims with cords, scapulars, and other religious badges; also with regard to the selling or blessing of such religious badges, etc.; and likewise concerning the allocation and discharging of intentions for masses received on the island,—next comes the following regulation:—

“Fourthly, this regulation regards the teaching of the catechism on the island of Lough Derg.”

And the communication thus concludes:—

“As these, however, or any other regulations that may be adopted, must prove useless if the Messrs. Johnston and their boatmen persevere in their monopolies and in their severities towards the clergy and stationers, you will take care to speak to and settle matters with them if you can; otherwise suspend the station *instante*.”

What the particular severities and monopolies here complained of against the Johnstons were, I have not learned; but I heard that they established “patterns” at the shore of the lake, where music, dancing, and drinking were introduced, thus tending to bring the place into disrepute, and giving great annoyance and scandal. Father Bellew, however, grappled at once with this difficulty, immediately put a stop to these “patterns,” and by his energy and prudence upheld the discipline and order of the pilgrimage. Unlike the first of these Johnstons, who was so harsh and severe towards the pilgrims, and who is said to have admitted to the island all visitors indiscriminately, against the orders and remonstrances of the prior, the last of the Johnstons—namely, Robert Johnston—was, on the other

hand, both courteous towards the pilgrims and amenable to the wishes of the prior.

With regard to the admission of visitors, the rule at present observed is that visitors be furnished with written permission from the prior before the ferryman is at liberty to land them on the island. The reasonableness of this rule will be apparent to all when they consider how limited is the area of the island, how much both priests and pilgrims are occupied with their respective duties, and how much frequent visits of this sort would interrupt and distract the devotional exercises of the pilgrims.

One of Dr. Murphy’s regulations, as we have seen, enjoined the teaching of the Catechism on the island. For this purpose two catechists were retained here for many years, one of whom taught the Irish Catechism, the other the English Catechism. Besides instructing the rude and illiterate in their Christian doctrine, these catechists lent valuable aid to the clergy in helping to prepare and dispose the pilgrims for the sacrament. In addition to these were the prior’s clerk, and also the director of devotions, whose special duty it was to maintain order during the night of the “prison,” or “vigil.”

Early in the year 1805, Bishop Murphy applied to the Holy See for a renewal of the usual faculties and indulgences attached to this pilgrimage, to be available for the space of fifteen years. Cardinal Jugnani, Secretary of the Sacred Office, sent a rescript to Dr. Murphy, bearing date the 16th of March, 1805. From this rescript we give the extracts bearing on our subject:—

“Tam vero supplicem libellum Amplitudinis tue nomine R. P. Magister Lucas Concanen,* Ordinis Prædicatorum, ad nos detulit, quo postulabas, ut indulgentiæ ad quindennium pro stationibus peregrin-

*Father Luke Concanen, to whom reference is made in this rescript, was the first Bishop of New York. When in Rome he acted as agent to the Irish bishops, and lived in the Dominican convent attached to the

nationis, quæ Purgatorium Stî. Patritii appellatur impertitæ, ad illud quindenarium renoventur. At quoniam in Archivis hujusce S. Congregationis codicibus ejusmodi concessionis indicium nullum repertum est, exemplum rescripti alias impetrati, in quo dies, mensis, et annus concessionis adnotatus sit ad nos mittere ne gravare, ut ad illius normam indulgentiarum renovationem obtinere valeamus. Eo exemplo eo magis indigemus quod in tua istius diœcesis relatione nobis significaveris, quibus conditionibus indulgentiæ acquirantur, non dissimulans ab aliquibus hujusmodi pii exercitii praxim fuisse improbatam. Visum est etiam nobis circuitiones quasdam, nisi probabiles earum causæ afferantur, posse jure meritoque notari; præsertim cum non modopedibus, sed cruribus etiam nudis fieri in more sit positum; quod si a fidelibus utriusque sexus fiat, timendum est ne aliquod inde scandalum oriatur. . . . Quod si forte in ista Stî. Patritii peregrinatione ejusmodi abusus irrepserit, tuæ partes erunt omni studio ac contentione eosdem eliminare ne mala potius quam bona a tali peregrinatione exoriantur." . . .

This document has also the signature of *Dominicus Archiepus Myran., Secretarius.*

From the foregoing rescript we can understand with what vigilance the authorities in Rome had watched over this sanctuary, and how the report (probably gratuitous and groundless) which had reached them of the pilgrims here making the circuits of the "beds" on their bare knees, had been inquired after and corrected. When Dr. Murphy gave the required information to the Sacred Office, the indulgences postulated for were granted; and when the same bishop again applied for their renewal in 1814, they were also accorded, as we can infer from the form of postulation on this head, presented to the Holy Father in 1870, a copy of which, together with a copy of the papal Indult, will be found in this work.

In the year 1813 the church built by Father O'Doherty in 1763 was taken down, and a new church, also

Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. It is worthy of note that this is the titular church of his successor, Cardinal M'Closkey, the first cardinal in the United States.

called St. Mary's, erected a little to the east of it by the Very Rev. Patrick Bellew, then prior, afterwards parish priest of Monaghan and dean of Clogher. In 1835 the Rev. Prior Moyna enlarged this church by the erection of an aisle, the contractor for the improvements then effected being the late Daniel Campbell, builder, Pettigo. This church underwent additional repairs in 1860; and in 1870 it was found necessary to have it taken down entirely, when it was replaced by a very substantial and handsome Gothic edifice, through the exertions of Rev. James M'Kenna, P. P. (who has done so much in erecting, enlarging, and repairing the buildings on Station Island), and solely with the aid of the voluntary contributions of the pilgrims. St. Mary's new church was dedicated in August, 1870, the year in which it was erected, by the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly. To those who have admired this pretty little church, with the campanile and bell hard by, erected at the same time, it will afford surprise to learn that all cost little over £500. In this church a number of confessionals are located, where the officiating priests labor most of the day in the sacred and sublime work of reconciling sinners to God. To this sacred use and purpose the church is, I may say, entirely devoted. The presbytery, which was a substantially built and commodious house, was erected by Prior Bellew, in 1816. It was afterwards, in 1860, considerably remodelled internally; and finally, in 1864 it was in great part rebuilt by the Rev. James M'Kenna, at the cost of £164.

If it be a mark of the sanctity of a place to be made the constant object of attack by heretical and infidel writers, then surely must Lough Derg, independent of any other reason, be regarded as very holy, inasmuch as never yet was there an institution more bitterly and more persistently assailed than this pilgrimage. Misrepresentation, calumny, invective, ridicule, and

all the other artifices of the enemies of our holy religion, have been all employed against this exercise of Catholic piety. Besides the many charges brought against it, all of which might with equal force be directed against any Catholic practice or place of Catholic worship throughout the world, Richardson, and others after him, have devised a new and ingenious objection, showing the loss of time and the waste of money, both to the individual and to the state, by the toleration of this pilgrimage; an objection which clearly demonstrates with what spirit the enemies of pilgrimages are inspired by making, forsooth, temporal interests of more importance than those spiritual interests which the pious pilgrim so anxiously labors to compass!

During the present century the sanctuary was resorted to by writers of this class, whose object was to gratify the prejudices of the enemies of our holy religion by representing in the darkest colors this time-honored retreat. Principal amongst this class stand Cæsar Otway and his *protégé*, Carleton. William Carleton, the novelist, having abandoned the faith of his fathers for the sake of lucre, devoted his distempered genius to ridicule and malign the faith in which he was baptized, and the religious practices of his countrymen. Born in the townland of Kilnahun-sogue, parish of Clogher, in 1795, he came to Lough Derg about 1820, as if on pilgrimage. Soon after he renounced his faith, he wrote a most ludicrous and absurd story, in which he himself figures as the "Lough Derg Pilgrim." Another writer, Mr. Inglis, takes a very ultra-Protestant view of the pilgrimage in his "Journey throughout Ireland," in 1834. In the same strain writes Philip Dixon Hardy (in his "Holy Wells of Ireland," Dublin, 1836), who, by his pencil not less than by his pen, has left behind him a very poor caricature of the place. Wright's "St. Patrick's Purgatory" (London, 1844) is a tissue of bigotry from beginning to end.

Amongst the accounts of this pilgrimage written by Protestants, the notice of it in "Household Words" of October, 1852, is an honorable exception. At first it was thought that Charles Dickens had been the writer of this notice, and that he visited the island in person. The authorship of the article is, however, now generally ascribed to Allingham, the poet. This account of the pilgrimage was very impartial and favorable; it praised Prior Moyna's lectures as being learned and practical, and bestowed a fitting eulogium on the deep piety and devotion of the pilgrims.

In the year 1829 Father Bellew was prior for the last time. After him came Father Boylan, who held the office for two years. He afterwards became P. P. of Enniskillen and Dean of Clogher. He was succeeded as prior of Lough Derg by the Rev. Patrick Moyna, who continued in this office for about twenty-nine years. The present venerated prior, Very Rev. Edward Canon M'Kenna, P. P., Dromore, has filled the position, with but little interruption, since the death of Father Moyna in 1860. Thus it will be seen that the priors of Lough Derg, as a rule, were very long lived, and that they were favored with a lengthened term of office.*

* Amongst the clergymen who officiated at Lough Derg during the present century, and who are now deceased, we have only been able to ascertain the following names:—

The Very Rev. Dean Bellew, P. P., Monaghan; Dean Boylan, P. P., Enniskillen; Very Rev. Patrick Moyna, P. P., Donagh; Rev. Anthony M'Sherry, P. P.; the Rev. Henry M'Phillips, P. P.; Rev. Peter Gordon, P. P.; Rev. Ross M'Mahon, P. P., Derrygonnelly; Rev. Father Mullan, P. P., Errigle-Truagh; Rev. Thomas Smollen, P. P., Blackbog; Rev. Peter Maginn, P. P.; Rev. Father Keown, C. C.; Rev. Neil Ryan, P. P., Pettigo; Rev. Patrick Carolan, P. P., Clogher; Canon Cassidy, P. P., Dromore; Rev. Charles Cassidy, P. P., Tydavnet; and the Rev. Ardell Connolly, Adm., Clogher.

Of the clergymen still living, who ministered to the wants of the pilgrims at Lough Derg, I have been able to make out the following list, which, I suspect, will be found incomplete:—

Very Rev. Canon M'Kenna, P. P., Dromore, Prior; Very Rev. Dean MacMahon, P. P., Carrickmacross; Canon M'Donnell, P. P., Do-

During the present century many illustrious pilgrims and visitors have been at Lough Derg. Foremost amongst these may be recorded the names of the following prelates: Dr. Patrick M'Gettigan, Bishop of Raphoe; Dr. M'Loughlin, Bishop of Derry; Dr. Kilduff, Bishop of Ardagh; the Most Rev. Daniel M'Gettigan, now Lord Primate; and, in addition, the Bishops of Clogher, in which diocese the sanctuary is situated. Besides these distinguished ecclesiastics, a great many of the clergy of Ireland, and not a few from other countries also, have made during this century pilgrimage to Lough Derg, — some even selecting it for the annual ecclesiastical retreat. Members of the religious orders throughout Ireland visit this sanctuary time after time, and express the greatest admiration not only at the earnest piety and penitential spirit manifested by the pilgrims, but also at the order, regularity, and efficiency with which the devotional exercises of the station are conducted. It will interest the readers to learn that in 1875 Father Dalgairns, who, under God, was instrumental in converting the Marquis of Ripon, came on a visit to Lough Derg, and there caused prayers to be offered up for the conversion of a distinguished statesman, whose name he did not communicate, but which was soon after fully made known by the event.

naghmoynce; Canon Smollen, P. P., Clones; Very Rev. Anthony M'Geough, P. P., Ematris; Rev. James M'Kenna, P. P., Brookeborough, who officiated as prior during the seasons of 1867, 1875, and 1878; Very Rev. Dean Owens, Maynooth College; Rev. James M'Quaide, P. P., Cleenish; Rev. John O'Reilly, P. P., Blackbog; Rev. Peter Maguire, P. P., Maguiresbridge; Rev. Peter Byrne, P. P., Kilmore and Drumsnatt; Rev. M. Carney, P. P., Derrygonnelly; Rev. B. Duffy, P. P., Aghabog; Rev. Daniel O'Connor, C. C., who assisted here during the seasons of 1869, 1876, and 1878; Rev. Joseph Woods, C. C., Clones; Rev. T. M'Ardle, C. C., Eskra; Rev. Eugene M'Kenna, C. C., Dromore; Rev. Felix Hackett, C. C., Enniskillen; Rev. Patrick Hackett, C. C., Aughnammullen, E.; Rev. John Maguire, C. C., Blackbog; Rev. William Downey, C. C., Pettigo; Rev. Patrick Callan, C. C., Fintona; and the Rev. Daniel Smyth, now a Passionist.

The bright example of penance and humility, as shown by these pious ecclesiastics, who passed through the curriculum of this station, gave great edification to the lay pilgrims, and conduced to swell the stream of pilgrims towards this venerable shrine. During the first half of the present century the number of pilgrims to Lough Derg each year was much in excess of the numbers since attending. From the year 1800 down to 1824 the average yearly number was about 10,000. In 1824, I have it from the oldest pilgrim to this sanctuary, Mr. Edward Nicholson, architect and engineer, Manchester, that, on the occasion of his first visit in that year, there were 1,100 pilgrims on the same night keeping vigil in "Prison" Chapel. This Mr. Nicholson was a disciple and most intimate friend of the late Mr. Pugin; and having made it a regular custom to spend his annual holidays in Ireland, he never failed, during these intervals of relaxation, to visit the sanctuary of Lough Derg, of which he has proved himself a constant friend and benefactor. From this and other sources we infer that in 1824 the number of pilgrims must have been in excess of 15,000. In 1834 Mr. Inglis tells us that the number of arrivals must have reached 19,000. In the beginning of the famine years (1846) there arrived in a single day the extraordinary number of 1,300 pilgrims, — the greatest number, it is said, that, during this century, came to Lough Derg in one day; and we learn that during this year the total number of arrivals could not have been much under 30,000. During these seasons, from twelve to fifteen priests were engaged in hearing the confessions of the pilgrims and attending to the other station duties.

Since 1846 there has been a gradual decline in the number of arrivals each year down to 1870. For this falling off in point of numbers, various reasons may be assigned. Foremost amongst these is the famine of 1847,

and the consequent depopulation of our country by emigration and extirpation; also the facilities of missions and retreats, which have of late multiplied to such a degree throughout Ireland; and perhaps, too, the lessened fervor of the faithful. The closing of the station in 1860, while repairs were being made on the island, the building of St. Mary's in 1870, and further building and repairs during the season of 1878, may have had some effect in diminishing the number of pilgrims of late years.

Beginning with 1870, the numbers are each year steadily increasing. Since then between three and four thousand pilgrims annually perform the station here. Of these the great majority are Irish, or of Irish parentage. A great many of them come from America, many from England and Scotland, and not a few from Australia, New Zealand, and the other distant colonies, — in a word, from wherever the exiled Celt has found a foothold. The island of Lough Derg would seem to be the common meeting-place of the Irish race, whither they journey from the most distant parts to keep vigil, to fast and pray at the "Holy Island," even as the Jews were wont to journey at fixed seasons towards their holy city of Jerusalem. Occasionally pilgrims of foreign nationalities kneel before this sanctuary, and pour out their prayers in strange tongues. But it is of the faithful Irish race the pilgrimage is almost wholly composed, who will here be met with, not only from all parts of Ireland, but from many foreign places as well. And though the devotions are now conducted in the English language, yet before this shrine many a prayer is still offered up in "the sweet-tongued language of the Gael."

Instances are numerous of persons who, drawn by the holy attractions of the place, repeat the pilgrimage year after year. Mr. Nicholson, who may justly be styled the patriarch of the pilgrims, has been here on pil-

grimage for the last fifty-four years, with very few exceptions. A worthy Belfast man, Mr. Henry, in company with an organized party of pilgrims from Belfast, has been here close on fifty seasons. Many others have been here twenty or thirty times; and out of the aggregate number each season, it is true to say that about one third of the number is composed of pilgrims who have been previously to the island. The same as in former years, the majority of the pilgrims still consists of men; while persons of every class and age and condition in life may be here observed, performing with the greatest humility and piety the devotional exercises of the pilgrimage. It is a remarkable fact that all those who have once made the pilgrimage have left the island with sorrowful regret, and with the most lively hope of returning some other season, and of tasting again those sweet pleasures of soul which the pilgrimage, albeit the apparent severity of its exercises, occasions. The sorrow of the pilgrims at parting from the island is faithfully depicted in the following ode, which is so full of pathos, and sung to a sweet and plaintive air: —

FAREWELL HYMN TO LOUGH DERG.

I.

"Oh, fare thee well, Lough Derg!
Shall I ever see you more?
My heart is filled with sorrow
To leave thy sainted shore.
Until life's days have passed away,
No pleasures can beguile
My thoughts from often turning
Back to thy sacred isle.

II.

"Saint Patrick was its founder,
At Heaven's express command,
To cleanse away the sinful stains
Of his own loved Ireland;
In hopes by prayer and penance here
God's mercy to secure,
Lest punishments hereafter
For them we may endure.

III.

"He blessed with sweet devotion
This penitential isle;
He chose as its director
St. Dabheoc, without guile;

While hosts of saints and hermits here
True happiness did find,
By leaving home and worldly joys
And kindred all behind.

IV.

"Throughout each station season,
From every distant clime,
The children of St. Patrick
Frequent this holy shrine.
Each pilgrim here is edified
With piety sincere,
And it's here each soul is purified
By penances severe.

V.

"But when the Holy Island
Is fading out of view,
With tears the grateful pilgrims
To it they bid adieu;
Saying, 'May its name still spread
abroad,
Its fame grow greater still.
Its Patron Saint still honored be,
And crowds its cloisters fill.'

VI.

"So fare you well, Lough Derg;
Shall I ever see you more?
My heart is filled with sorrow
To leave thy sainted shore.
Until life's days have passed away,
With pleasure shall I dwell
On the happy days I spent with you;
Lough Derg, fare thee well!"

Formerly this was chanted at the departure of each boat from the island, by a person who volunteered her services for that purpose; but latterly it has been discontinued, and has become almost quite forgotten, like many other glorious memories of this ancient retreat.

Conclusion next month.

THE Presbyterians of Dundee, Scotland, seem to be very angry that Lord Ripon has been appointed Viceroy of India. They have passed a vote of condemnation on Mr. Gladstone on the subject. Now, it ought to occur to these intolerant and bigoted people that about fifty-two years ago one Daniel O'Connell gained for them the privilege of religious equality, the year before he won Catholic emancipation, and that only for Catholic energy they would still be outside the constitution.

THE HEROES OF MONTMARTRE.

[THE birth of the Society of Jesus is traced to the solemn visit at dawn in 1534 of St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, and their seven companions, to the crypt on Montmartre where Christian France for a thousand years has revered her martyr-patron, St. Denys.]

Looming o'er Paris, old Montmartre Heights
Ages of wondrous deeds and themes recall:
Contests for Europe, strife for homeland rights,
Pillaging Northman — struggling Rome and Gaul.
France on that Hill of Martyrs saw the doom
Her soldier god and her Apostle shared:
Napoleon, glory-crowned, engulfed in gloom;
Denys confronting calm the fate he dared,
Giving in death the grander crown his life prepared.

This shrine of lustrous works saw one transcending,
Outshining still its earthly glories' prime, —
A League for souls, a Heaven-sent light portending
Bright victory for millions through all time.
The darksome ante-dawn, a troublous year,
Finds Clement dying, crushed by papal care, —
Switzer and Briton tempt the mad career
And barter Faith of old for Esau's share, —
But this Montmartre sun lights up the dire despair.

Lo! from the shadow Nôtre Dame at dawn
Throws down on waking Paris, come ascending
The warrior souls from wordly paths withdrawn,
Buoyant their way to gray Montmartre wending,
Day-stars to light the mural future's sky.
Tolling they long must climb — 't is Heaven's plan;
Full soon their lives for God shall fructify,
And earth's elliptic orbit be the span
The toil shall reach, their victory for rescued man.

With aspect martial and august, shines one
Whose soul of fire was lit to gleam afar, —
Great Don Ignatius Gomez, Spain's blest son,
Loyola's latest scion, Faith's last star;
Struck by the Power that stayed a Saul, and shook
Augustine's soul at Milan's school, this man
With Pampeluna's wounds and fame forsook
Vain war and verse, and benisoned began
Manresa's mighty ode, — the theme, God's rights
o'er man!

Beside him moves a youth whose spirit fountains
O'erflowed with saving zeal a heathen strand;
Francis, the child of fair Navarra's mountains,
"Angel of Indies," loved of every land;
To parched Japan he turned a heavenly tide,
And washed, withal, her yield of faith's rich ore;
But like the land to Moses' feet denied,
Harsh China left him spent on her bleak shore, —
A wave receding, yet resounding evermore.

* * * * *

The germ such heroes planted bore the name,
"Society of Jesus," — bore it far;
With fragrance blessing those who would defame,
As sandal cense perfume the hands that mar.
Parara's banks record Arcadian days
When Jesuit Mentors showed what men might be;
Huron and Kaffir, — all recite their praise,
And all the flowing years in Time's drear sea
Can never quench their fire or drown their memory.

Catholic Herald, Lawrence, Mass.

WE read in an Arkansas journal that a Mrs. Cool, who has been supporting her husband on a farm that she works, turned him away, but relented and took him back on condition that he would tend the baby. She did what we cannot do this weather, — she kept Cool.

IRISH INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Robert J. McGuire.

THE first name in the list of Irishmen whose influence on English thought and literature has been deep and lasting is that of Edmund Burke. Not first in the order of time, but first in the order of merit; for there can be no doubt that Edmund Burke left an impress on English thought deeper and wider than that left by any other Irishman. If we were to qualify the expression by saying *political* thought, we might, without fear of contradiction, say that no Englishman, Shakespeare alone excepted, has left so deep an impress on the national mind. Shakespeare's influence has, of course, been unequalled; but after the great dramatist there is no man who has done more to shape the thought of Englishmen than the brilliant orator and profound political philosopher of Ireland. This influence was owing to a combination of qualities not usually found together. In Burke the profound insight of the philosopher and the glowing imagination of the orator were united in an unusual degree; and in this union lies the secret of his abiding power. The fire of his eloquence and the wide sweep of his imagination fascinate the mind, while the depth and accuracy of his knowledge, the clearness and force of his logic, and his grasp of principles satisfy its most exacting demands. His imagination rarely—if ever—escapes from the control of a well-disciplined reason, while it colors with golden hues his profoundest dissertations on abstract subjects. There was, in his philosophy, an element of permanency that successfully resisted the destructive doctrines and disintegrating theories so prevalent in his day. No matter whether we agree or disagree with Burke in his course towards the French revolution, we cannot refrain from paying a tribute to the greatness and strength of his genius, which alone and

unaided stemmed the torrent of anarchy that threatened to submerge England. To him alone England owes its safety. It is not necessary for the purposes of this paper to defend Burke's course. History has vindicated him. It is for us to inquire what have been his contributions to English thought, and why it is that his works have become classical. It need not take long to answer both questions. He has contributed to English political philosophy its breadth of view and its farsightedness;* a conservatism that remains unshaken amid a storm of conflicting theories, at the same time that it moves in harmony with the requirements of the times. He is the founder of a school of statesmen whose fundamental principle is that there can be no civil society without religion; they recognize that in course of time changes are rendered necessary, but are discriminating enough to perceive that all changes are not in the interests of progress.

His works have become classical because they have in an eminent degree "that happy coalescence of matter and style, that innate and exquisite sympathy between the thought that gives life and the form that consents to every mood of grace and dignity," which, according to James Russell Lowell,† is necessary to constitute a classic. His influence on English style has been no less remarkable than his influence on English thought. He has imparted to it a flexibility and a dignity which orators prior to him had never thought it capable of. To a severe taste his diction may appear

*When we say that English political philosophy is noted for its breadth of view and farsightedness, we mean the philosophy that is found in the maxims and words of English statesmen, not that which is so in practice. The English Constitution is one of the best in the world, the English government one of the worst.

† Among my Books, Second Series, p. 126.

over-copious, his figures too frequent, his imagination too exuberant; but no one will deny that his thought is always clearly and accurately expressed, his figures, if frequent, are never inappropriate, and his imagination is always thoroughly under control.

If we examine the elements of Burke's greatness, we shall find them to be thoroughly Keltic. The rapid perception, almost amounting to intuition; the lofty ideals and devotion to principles rather than to men or parties; the scorn of compromises and makeshifts; the biting sarcasm and tender pathos; and above all, the active and fervid imagination which clothes everything it touches with light and warmth, — had their origin in his Keltic blood. Had he been of the Saxon race, his eloquence might have been grand and impressive, but it would lack color and enthusiasm. He might have been a great party leader and organizer, but he never would have been the statesman whose words of wisdom are still guiding nations through the shoals and quicksands in their course. His fame is secure; and whether Englishmen like it or no, the greatest name in English literature after the Bard of Avon's is that of the Irish orator and statesman, Edmund Burke.

Side by side with Burke in his impeachment of Warren Hastings, there was another Irishman whose contributions to English literature are still read and prized. He had not Burke's philosophic insight nor political wisdom; his moral principles were lax, and his conduct was far from being irreproachable; he lacked that tenacity of purpose which carried his greater countryman up to the topmost heights of fame; yet all who heard Richard Brinsley Sheridan's speech on the Begums pronounced it a masterpiece of oratory. Unfortunately the speech was not preserved; and we have no other means of judging it than by its effect, and the encomiums which friend and foe alike pronounced upon it. But Sheridan has left us other proofs of his genius besides the tradition of

a great speech. The "Rivals," the "School for Scandal," and others of his dramatic works are as fresh to-day and are as much appreciated as they were when first produced. They are among the few standard plays that still hold their place on the stage. They rank among the first of English comedies; and this rank they have in virtue of qualities pre-eminently Keltic. The Anglo-Saxon mind could never strike off such flashes of wit as radiate and sparkle from every line in Sheridan. The quick repartee, the never-failing *bon mot*, the sarcasm, keen and delicate as a Damascus blade, the unexpected analogies and differences discovered by the flashes of a bright intellect, are all characteristic of the Keltic mind.

No less characteristic of the Keltic mind were the humor, the *bonhomie*, and the quiet but moving pathos of the guileless and erratic Goldsmith. His life was one of strange and varied vicissitudes. At one time wandering afoot about the Continent, with no other companion than his flute; again studying medicine at Edinburgh; and finally a bookseller's hack in London. — he lived alternately in affluence and in poverty, and died at last £6,000 in debt.

"Was ever poet trusted so before?" were the words of his rough old friend Samuel Johnson; and truly the literary annals of England present no parallel to the checkered life of this shiftless son of Erin. It was a life that completely embodied one aspect of the Irish character, — an aspect which centuries of oppression have drawn out and intensified until it seems to be one of the predominant traits of the race. That the Irish are, as some say, shiftless and careless, live from hand to mouth with no thought of the morrow, is due to the fact that for ages they have never been able to call their souls their own. What inducement can there be to save and economize when their earnings are wrung from them, on one pretext or another, by grasping landlords and a tyrannical government? when the soil they till in the sweat of

their brows is not their own, and the land they live in withers in the shadow of a cruel and oppressive foe? That the race is naturally industrious and enterprising is proved by the success that Irishmen have attained in every sphere of life when free to follow their own instincts. They have been the bone and sinew — ay, and the brains too — of every land where freedom opened a career to them. Only in their own land have they been spiritless and unenterprising, and to the cruel policy of the English government must the blame be laid.

Notwithstanding Goldsmith's nomadic life, he found time to write what posterity will not willingly let die. English literature could ill afford to lose the "Traveller," the "Deserted Village," and the "Vicar of Wakefield." Take the first two from the list of poems and the last from that of novels, and there will be a void which no other works can fill. They have taken a hold upon the hearts of men that will never be relaxed, so long as men continue to sympathize in the joys and sorrows of their fellow-creatures. Not even Irving's "Sketch Book" — that "casket of gems" — is so dear to the hearts of readers as the story of the simple and unworldly Dr. Primrose. The charms of domestic life were never more beautifully nor more truly sung (for the "Vicar of Wakefield" is a prose poem) than by the homeless Irish bard who had never known them except in the homes of others. It is not necessary to speak at length of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Its place is unique in English literature. It is enshrined in the hearts of the people. It is an English classic.

Goldsmith's influence on the literature has been great, — greater than is generally suspected. He was not the first to lead in the reaction against the artificial school of Pope, but he was the greatest and most influential. His works are still the most powerful antidote to the false taste and unnatural manner of the so-called classical school. The far-fetched figures, meretricious

ornament, petty conceits, and unnecessary display of learning affected by Pope and his followers were all foreign to the simple and direct nature of the author of the "Deserted Village." He sought his subjects in the life about him, and he described that life accurately and unaffectedly. His figures of speech, his turns of expression, his ornaments, and his reflections all arise naturally from the subject, and are never dragged in and *stuck* on, whether they suit or no. The themes of his verse are the natural actions and virtues of men, not the unnatural and impossible exploits of sylphs, sprites, and demigods. Pope and his school describe *society*, with all its stiff and wooden conventionalities; Goldsmith and his successors describe human nature as seen in the daily walks of life: and herein lies one point of difference between the classical and romantic schools. For the one man who reads the "Rape of the Lock," thousands read the "Deserted Village"; and when classicism and all its affectations shall be forgotten, the kindly humor, quiet pathos, and unaffected simplicity of the "Vicar of Wakefield" will retain their charm.

One characteristic common to all Irish poets is the singular sweetness and melody of their versifications. We have already said that the Kelt had an ear attuned to harmony; and if we needed any proof of this (beyond that afforded by the beauty of his national music) we have only to point to the poetical works of Goldsmith, Moore, Clarence Mangan, Aubrey de Vere, D. F. McCarthy, Thos. Davis, and in short, of every Irishman who ever wrote in English verse. Swinburne's highest, if not only merit is the rare beauty and variety of his rhymes and rhythms; but compare any of his poems with, for instance, the "Dark Rosaleen" of the unfortunate Clarence Mangan, and the dullest ear will perceive the superiority of the latter. Leigh Hunt says that Coleridge is the most melodious of our poets, but it is hard to see how anything

could surpass in melody many of Moore's songs. They set themselves to music as naturally as water seeks its level. They are without exaggeration the sweetest lyrics in the language.

We would fain dwell upon the Irish poets of the present century, but this paper has already outgrown the limits intended for it. We have not said a word about the Irish novelists, of Charles Lever, Carleton, Banim, and Gerald Griffin; of the orator and dramatist, Richard Lalor Sheil, whose *Evadne*, as interpreted by the genius of Mary Anderson, still fascinates thousands; nor of the speeches of Grattan, thrilling with the fire of genius and of patriotism. Our paper has been rather suggestive than exhaustive. We have wished to call attention to the fact that English literature is not altogether Saxon, and that, as Irishmen have been instrumental in building up England's material greatness, so the Irish mind has been instrumental in moulding English thought.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

MAY 5 was the fifty-fourth birthday of the Empress Eugénie, Empress of the French, who was born at Granada, in Spain, on May 5, 1826. The Empress is the second daughter of the late Count de Montijo, a grandee of Spain, by his marriage with Marie Manuela Kirkpatrick de Closeburn, the descendant of a Scotch Catholic family. Her marriage with Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, was celebrated with great pomp on Jan. 29, 1853, and she was left a widow by his death at Chiselhurst, while in exile in England, on Jan. 9, 1873. The only offspring of this union was Napoleon Eugène Louis, the late Prince Imperial, who was born at the Tuileries on March 16, 1856, and was killed in Zululand under such melancholy circumstances on June 1, 1879. Coincidentally, Wednesday was the fifty-ninth anniversary of the death of Napoleon I., the founder the dynasty, who expired at St. Helena on May 5, 1821.

ITALIAN DECAY.

THE Italian soldier is not nourished as are the French and English soldiers; neither is the Italian peasant. A low state of vitality prevails in Italy, in consequence of the poor and insufficient dietary of the population. The government is of course the first and last cause thereof, because its financial requirements in the bulk are crushing the people, and because the grist tax in particular deprives the poor person of cheap bread. Take a few illustrations: The Italian workingman (according to Senator Pepoli) earns 669 francs a year. The French workingman earns 1,200 francs, or nearly double the amount. The former pays 80 francs of taxes, and the latter 11½ francs, — a very material difference, it will be seen. Supposing each to consume the same amount of bread in the year, the Frenchman buys his quantity for 188 francs, while the Italian must pay 293 francs for his. We could not expect the Italian to earn as much as the Frenchman when there is so vast a difference between the two countries in wealth, activity, and prosperity; but we might, without being exacting, expect that he should not have to pay a higher price for subsistence. The result is emigration, — a rush anywhere, so that it be out of Italy, out of a land which nature has made beautiful but ambition has almost ruined.

It is a strange circumstance that the French government should dare, and be allowed, to persecute the church in a country where nearly the entire population profess to be Catholics. The exact statistics of the religious bodies, according to the last census, are: Catholics, 35,387,703; Calvinists, 467,531; Lutherans, 80,117; other Protestant sects, 33,119; Jews, 49,439; other non-Christians, 3,071; belonging to no church, 81,921. It will thus be seen that whilst the Catholics number so many millions, all the non-Catholics combined only reach the figure of 715,198.

LOUISE LATEAU.

Rev. Wm. Walsh.

I HAVE been requested to send the "Journal" something about my visit to Bois d'Haine and Louise Lateau. The wonderful facts connected with her have been faithfully and frequently written upon; but, like those of the cross and passion of our Saviour, they will bear recital, and edify those even who have frequently read them. I gladly relate them for the readers of our Union's "Journal." Most of them I have read and heard from authentic sources, and some I have witnessed for myself.

Bois d'Haine is a small Belgian village. It is in the diocese of Tournay, and about two hours' drive by rail from Brussels, the Belgian capital. It is about the same distance from Louvain. The railroad cars pass by, but do not stop at Bois d'Haine. The station — Manage — is about one mile distant. The village of Bois d'Haine is very small; yet, like Bethlehem of old, it is now elevated. Wonder and mystery are in this nineteenth century visibly connected with it. Every week for more than eleven years, they have been witnessed by men of every shade of opinion, and from almost every part of the civilized globe. Louise Lateau is the subject of this wonder and mystery.

She is now thirty years of age. She has two industrious sisters older than herself, — Rosina and Adeline. Her parents were very poor, but industrious and respected; the father was a simple laborer. Out of his earnings and by his industry, he built the present cottage in which the three sisters live. He died of small-pox when Louise was but two years old. Poverty, sickness, and affliction seemed to have been the lot of the Lateau family. All were borne with a patience and resignation which elicited general admiration. Louise, when only eight years old, had to be

hired out at service. Thus she lived till her thirteenth year. During this interval of her service, she waited upon three invalids, one being her aunt. Louise's simple piety, and her devotedness to the sick, were remarkable. The rosary was her great devotion. When she returned to her sisters and mother — who died some four or five years ago — she was ill: she was suffering from internal injuries occasioned by an accident. She recovered from this illness, and received in the village school a simple and incomplete education. It is related of her that when the time arrived at which she was to make her first communion, although amongst the best children of her class, she was the poorest in dress. I was told at the village that it was on that occasion she got her first pair of shoes. This is an instance of the holy poverty of the family. In 1866, the cholera visited Bois d'Haine. The stampede caused amongst the villagers was universal. The dearest ties of blood seemed severed. The distracted villagers fled from even their own kinsfolk. This occasion illustrated the admirable spirit which characterized Louise. She petitioned her mother to be allowed to attend the stricken. After some delay, her continuous entreaty was granted; and in the person of Louise, the noblest type of the "sister of charity" was soon manifested. She flitted from house to house like an angel of mercy. Rosina and Adeline came to her assistance when stalwart men fled. They helped her to bury the dead, and actually proceeded to carry them to the cemetery. Afterwards some of the villagers mustered courage to assist them. This occasion developed first the noblest traits of Louise's character.

In 1867, her health became very much impaired. She received the last

sacraments, and on the 20th of September the curé imparted his last blessing: Louise was considered dying. A novena to our lady of La Sallette was commenced; and it is said that "almost immediately" she opened her eyes, called for a little milk, and cried aloud that she was not going to die that time. She soon arose and was well. No affectation distinguished her. She was attentive to her household duties and to her daily prayers. She loved to say the rosary. But we do not learn that her simple piety was in any way ostentatious. Soon she is again prostrated. Violent headaches, rheumatic pains, and an abscess in her shoulder, caused her for three weeks to sit in her chair with her head on the table. A spitting of blood followed, and on the 15th of April, 1868, she was again supposed to be dying. She herself actually took leave of her friends. Late in the evening she received the viaticum. A change immediately took place, and the pains at once disappeared. On the 18th, she endeavored in vain to get up. She then announced that on the 21st she would hear mass and receive communion in the parish church. On the evening of the 20th, she was still prostrate; but the word she had said went abroad. The people believed that it would be fulfilled. During the night she repeated that on the following morning she would receive communion. Early in the morning, to the wonder of the household, she did arise. The weather was severe. This did not daunt her. She linked to the church with her sister. She entered it at seven o'clock, and was amazed to find it filled. The people had assembled to see the fulfilment of the word of the "good Louise." Joy, gladness, admiration, thanksgiving, and wonder characterized the feelings of the villagers of Bois d'Haine on that occasion, the first that brought the sanctity of Louise Lateau before the world. Henceforth she is the object of the world's wonder.

Friday, the 24th of April, 1868, was the day when the wonderful and holy stigmata appeared. We do not learn that her ecstasies commenced until the 17th of the following July. Her hands and feet then presented the picture of the wounds of the nails as we see them in our crucifixes, fastening our Saviour to the Cross! They bled profusely; yet she was silent. On Saturday, all pain was gone, and the wounds—the stigmata—were healed. On the next Friday, May 8, they reappeared, and the blood flowed from the palms and backs of her hands! The curé, or pastor, had a physician to examine the case. The blood could not be stopped, nor its cause pointed out by medical science! When the agony of Friday was over, the wounds were healed, and Louise continued her daily toil, sometimes looking for out-door work with her mother. Every subsequent Friday, to at least the date of my visit, July 20, 1879, the wounds reappear, and Louise is wrapt in ecstasy and agony from which no human power can recall her. The Archbishop of Mechlin soon visited her. She answered his questions in the most simple manner. In a few weeks afterwards the Bishop of Tournay deputed a theological commission of six priests to examine her case. A medical one was added to it, and Dr. Lefebvre, of the University of Louvain, and one of the most distinguished physicians of Belgium, was selected as its president. The result of the theological commission is in part published, at Brussels (1873), in a volume written by M. H. Looy, entitled "Biographie de Louise Lateau." I must here add that, as yet, the Church has decided nothing concerning the case of Louise Lateau. The medical investigation continued for eighteen successive months. During this time, over one hundred physicians, of every opinion, personally examined the case. The curiosity which impelled some, was converted into awe and reverence. All testified to the

facts. None could explain them, or make any reasonable hypothesis for their natural existence. They testified that (1) on every Friday this poor, simple peasant girl bore on her hands, feet, side, head, and shoulder wounds similar to those which are believed to have been inflicted upon our blessed Lord during his passion and crucifixion; that (2) medical or any other known natural science cannot account for the existence of these wounds; that (3) during certain hours on Fridays, those wounds bleed profusely, and that during those hours Louise is lost in ecstasy; that (4) no physical irritation, even the pricking with the sharpest point, of her eyes, nostrils, ears, or any part of her body, can, during the ecstasy, develop the least sign of sensibility; that (5) the strongest current of electricity passed through her will not affect her; that (6) she is, during the ecstasy, insensible to *everything worldly*; that (7) after all these tests have failed to elicit the least sign of sensibility, she will, at the word of her bishop, or any one deputed by him, arise, and answer questions under obedience; that (8) when that jurisdiction is deputed by the bishop to *any one*, the same will be recognized and obeyed by Louise, when she has no human means of finding out that the jurisdiction has been delegated; that (9) when relics or other sacred things are presented to her, in her ecstasy, she will recognize them; that (10) if any two similar material objects, one blessed and the other not blessed, are presented to her, she will recognize only that which is blessed, and that if the other is blessed by a priest secretly, she will at once recognize it; that (11) she recognized the blessed Sacrament when carried by a priest who came into her presence, and that she arose from her ecstasy to adore it; and that (12) she will not recognize an unconsecrated host, although, so far as the human eye can see, it cannot be distinguished from the consecrated one, and although

she has no human means of knowing whether it is or is not consecrated; that, finally, the simplicity of the girl, the poverty of family circumstances, and the open frankness which characterize it, make the possibility of deception an absurdity, which cannot be seriously entertained. Even though all the arts known to man were exercised in order to bring about any of the distinctive features of the case, they would still fail to do so. The *facts* exist. The scrutiny to which, for eighteen months, they were submitted, was testing. In some instances apparent cruelty characterized it. Those who want to read them, and a more detailed account of the mystery, can procure Dr. Lefebvre's work, a translation of which is published by Richardson & Son, Dublin; or Dr. A. Rohling's work, translated by Rev. Wm. J. Walsh, Maynooth, and published for twenty-five cents by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York.

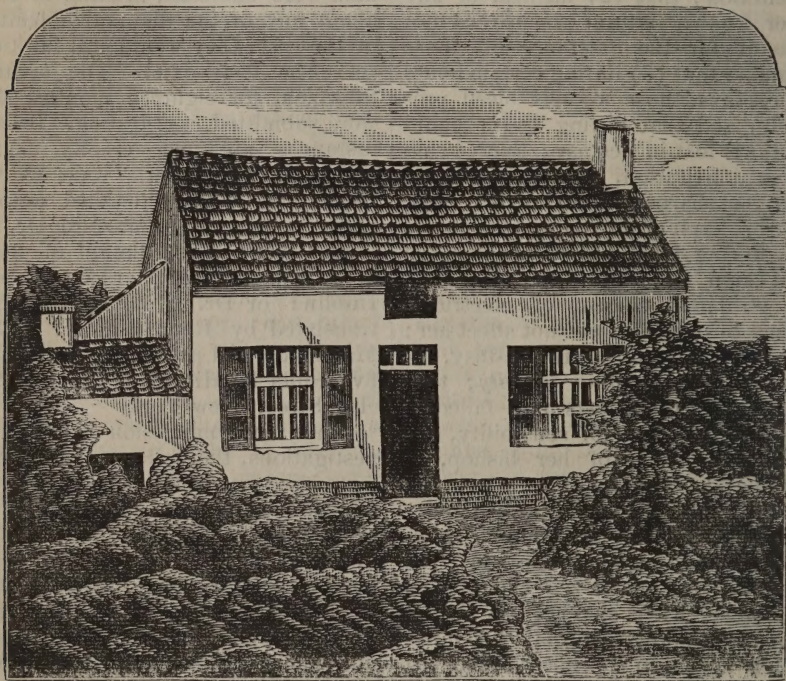
Since that commission closed its investigations, the following additional facts have been attested: (1) All the stigmata do not appear or bleed on every Friday; (2) when they do, it is found that some great crimes are being perpetrated, or some heinous sacrileges being committed; (3) except on Fridays, she has been accustomed, until about eighteen months ago, to attend to ordinary household duties, and work, like her sisters, with the needle; (4) during the week she cannot ordinarily be induced to speak about her ecstasies, — "these secrets she ponders over in her heart." (5) Early in 1871 her appetite seemed to disappear; (6) she commenced to actually live without eating or drinking of human food; (7) her ecclesiastical superiors commanded her, for a time, to eat and partake of food; (8) she obeyed, although she always suffered keenly, and was forced to discharge in a few minutes whatever she had eaten or drunk. (9) The Vicar-General of the diocese, Very Rev. O. N. Ponceau, being (Sept. 2,

1871) an eye-witness to this suffering, directed that in future Louise should not be put to this ordeal; (11) ever since, to at least the date of my visit, Louise Lateau has lived without food; she neither eats, drinks (not even water), nor sleeps!

All these wonders, which seem to be authenticated facts, and long since

published, I have read and heard of concerning this wonderful, simple, and holy peasant girl. The more I had read about her, the more anxious did I become to see for myself, at least the *fundamental facts*; viz., Louise herself in ecstasy and agony.

I arrived at Manage about noon, on Thursday, June 19, 1879. The



friendly salutes of the people, as I passed up their main street, reminded me of an Irish scene. At the head of the street (from reading various publications concerning the place, I was acquainted with its geography) I was accosted by a little boy, "*Bon jour, Monsieur l'Albe*"; and although I was not adorned with the clerical toga, he knelt to receive a blessing; not to beg a *centime*, like the Italian urchins, who so frequently annoy tourists through Italy. At the mention of the name of Louise Lateau, he ran before me to show me the way. He was all the while prattling French, — a little too fluently

for me to keep up with him. I turned to the right off the main street; thence to the left through what reminded me of an Irish *Bohe-reen*, and along a path through meadows and grain crops, in blossom and bending beneath gentle zephyrs. The skylarks were pouring out their sweet songs in mid-air, and the charms of rural life and enjoyments of boyhood's days were recalled. Now the steeple of the church of Bois d'Haine is in sight. I see the cottage which is the home of the mystic servant of God, but I am not certain that it is such. As I was alone, and as there was no one around

to salute and no other house at that side of the railroad, I was impelled to enter, under pretext of making inquiry about the residence of the curé. The door was closed, but through the window I could see two girls, one working with the needle, the other on the sewing machine. Remembering the love of silence and retirement, which they so much desire, I did not disturb them. I sought the curé. His church is gorgeous and beautiful. It is new, — a monument of the devotion of the thousands of pilgrims who visited Louise Lateau; *to whom or to any of the family, it is regarded as an insult, immediately to be repelled with indignation, to offer any present*, directly or indirectly, for their use. The third time I visited the curé's house, I found him. He was very cool, shrewd, devoid of everything sentimental, and very indifferent and general in his answers to *special* inquiries about Louise. He is a man of very regular habits and *solid* piety; and, as there is very little accommodation for strangers at Bois d'Haine, I was glad, especially under the circumstances, to be invited to make myself at home with him for the night. Late in the evening a number of other visitors arrived. Among them were two priests from Boston, and one from the American College, at Louvain, — all on the same mission as myself. I may here remark that, at least on Fridays, no one, without the permission of the curé, Rev. M. Niels, is allowed to visit Louise.

Holy Communion is carried every day to the ecstática. The hour appointed for the procession, next morning, was, if I remember aright, seven o'clock. I celebrated mass early, and anxiously awaited the appointed hour. Rev. Father Fox, of American College, Louvain, was selected to carry the blessed Sacrament and administer the Holy Communion. Clothed in surplice, stole, and humeral veil, he now advances from the high altar. The lanterns are in readi-

ness, the umbrellino is extended over the priest, and the procession moves down the church. An attendant carries before us a little bell, which he tinkles. As we enter the street, we see the villagers coming out to their doors, and kneeling in adoration. They do likewise everywhere they meet the procession. We advance along a by-road for a short distance, thence on the path, leading over a gurgling crystal stream, through a well-cultivated field, rich with a variety of crops. When we again enter on the road, we turn to the right, and cross the railroad.

Arrived at the humble cottage, we found a crowd was pressed around the door; all knelt down as we passed in. The curé, acting as porter, prevented those who, without permit, sought entrance. We enter the front room. The lately abandoned work is lying on the sewing machine; a few chairs are around the room, and some religious pictures adorn the walls; beside the machine a girl, with neat peasant dress and agreeable features, is kneeling. This is Adeline, the younger of the two elder sisters of Louise. The curé now accompanies Father Fox, who is carrying the blessed Sacrament, ushers him through a door opposite the one we entered, then to the right, through another door, which leads into the mystic chamber, — about 9 x 12 feet. As the crowd was too large to get entrance, the ladies were allowed to pass in first. I did not get to behold the ecstática when the blessed Sacrament first came in her sight; but I did get to gaze on her soon after. She is confined to her bed; her head is resting on the pillow; a linen cap is on her head, tied round with white strings knotted under her chin; her features are full and plump; her eyes are open; they are fixed, and completely motionless, looking between the door and window, just opposite the bed, which is to the right as we enter the chamber. Sorrow and agony are depicted on her counte-

nance, which, however, brightens up as the prayers which precede Communion are being recited. The moment the blessed Sacrament is lifted up, and the *Domine, non sum Dignus* is repeated, a thrill, one would think of half joy and sorrow, affects her. Her eyes are more open and fixed, yet with something like a vacant, uplifted gaze; her lips open and shiver, and her pearly teeth are slightly parted. The scene inspires the supernatural. I watched the Host between the priest's fingers. I did not see him minister it, yet I saw it quickly pass into her mouth, disappearing as if it were drawn by some attraction within her. I could witness no swallowing, or any attempt at it. Questioning Father Fox cautiously afterwards about the phenomenon, he told me positively that whilst about to settle the Host between his fingers in a more convenient manner to be ministered, he *felt it leaving* his fingers and was astonished to find it gone. Here were wonder and mystery. Her eyes close, her pearly teeth are no longer visible, and her lips are gently pressed on each other. She is lost in the ecstatic thought of her Saviour and her God, who has just entered into her bosom. We gaze upon her, and she is as one that is dead. It is only the slow expanding and contracting of the strings which tie her cap that indicate any respiratory action. These appear (perhaps) not oftener than fifteen times per minute. One by one we approach her with silent awe. An ordinary quilt, but clean and neat, covers the bed and her person to her arm-pits. Her hands are exposed. They rest motionless over her person, on white linen. The mysterious wounds are open. The blood is oozing profusely, and the white cloths are being saturated. Following the example of others, I kneel beside the bed, gaze with silent awe on her cold hands and miraculous wounds, and *before retiring kiss them*. I confess that this latter I did with some reluctance, for the fear with

which reverential awe inspired me was, at the time, so great that I fain would not approach so near the living type of my Saviour.

We returned back to the church to return thanks to God and assist at the "Missa Cantata." Two o'clock in the afternoon was the hour to return and witness the ecstasy and agony, — the Passion. We awaited it with anxiety. Before the hour arrived, we missed the curé. We had thought he would bring us — four priests — along with him. But he was not yet gone, and he seemed to wonder that we were uneasy. Well, we had reason to be so. We found in ten minutes after, that he had really left us behind; and we set out ourselves. When we arrived, we found that the good curé had, with two or three others, entered in and locked the door. It was raining, and we waited patiently outside the door, shaded by a few umbrellas, until it pleased the curé to come out and invite us in, which he did, about five or ten minutes after our arrival. A crowd was around the door, but of course all could not enter. No ladies were, this time, admitted. We again silently entered the mystic chamber. The ecstasica was in exactly the same position as when we departed in the morning. Her eyes were open and fixed as when we first saw her, but more of agony was depicted on her countenance; now and then her lips were contracted, as if her teeth were clinching in agony. All of a sudden, a smile seems to steal over her, and her head gradually rises from the pillow. Her hands do not assist her body now being elevated. They rise, stiff-like, with the body, and the blood oozes out. Her sister Rosina is sitting at the window, and she glances hastily with a look of indignation towards the foot of the bed, where a gentleman is holding, exposed in his hands, a sacred relic; he immediately conceals it, such experiments not *now* being tasteful to the family, who have so frequently seen Louise suffer in the various testing ordeals to which she

has in obedience submitted so frequently. The moment the relic was withdrawn, she fell back in agony on the pillow. Each time anything blessed was exposed, the same thing occurred.

We remained from a little after two o'clock P. M., till about 2.40, gazing in silent and almost breathless awe on this vivid picture of our agonizing Saviour. About that hour the curé blessed himself, and began to recite vespers aloud. That moment the suffering countenance of the ecstasica brightened up: she seemed to experience relief and joy. These could be more distinctly recognized whenever any word was pronounced which expressed the "mercy" or "goodness" of God, and when the Gloria Patri was repeated. At the third verse of the Magnificat ("Because He hath regarded the humility of his handmaid," etc.), the curé assumed a chanting tone. Instantly the face of the ecstasica thrills with joy, and she is elevated to a sitting posture. She is, as far as one could see, drawn into that position by some power outside of her own physical effort, which is not visible. Apparently she is heedless to our voices, and leaves one under the impression that the cause of her joy is in the distance. Perhaps she beholds and hears heavenly choirs united with us in singing that hymn of joy, or perhaps she sees that the prayers of the servants and saints of God, on earth and in heaven, are ministering consolation to our Saviour in his agony and passion, which, during her ecstasies, she beholds. Anyhow, the chanting of the Magnificat and the Vesper Hymn and Antiphon produced those wonderful effects on the ecstasica, who, as above related, is insensible to every test to which human science or ingenuity has been able to submit her. Immediately that we conclude the chanting, she falls back on her pillow, as before. Her agonizing look is again visible. but it is sweetly changed when the names of our blessed Lord, the blessed Virgin, and

St. Aloysius are pronounced, as in the concluding prayers of vespers on that day, 20th of June. When we have concluded vespers, her agony seems to increase. Now and then her teeth are more firmly clinched, in agony as it were. The blood is congealing on her wounded hands, and now she is again elevated a number of times to a sitting posture. This time it is not a feeling of joy that is expressed in her countenance. It is a feeling of indignation, which would seem to excite her to repel some evil or some innocent suffering. The last time she is thus elevated, a dreadful change immediately follows. For a few moments she is *still*, in a sitting posture, — lost in some pitiful agony; she then falls back on her pillow, and gazes with wistful pity in the same direction that her eyes have been all the time fixed. In a few minutes the death-rattle is heard in her throat; her hands are slightly extended; her eyes close, and her head falls lifeless, as it were, on her left shoulder. A thrill of horrible awe, such as I felt, seemed to visibly affect those around me. I had held in my hands scapulars of the Sacred Heart, which I had brought with me to apply to her wounds to carry away with me as a relic of her blood; but I could not do so. The favored curé — always cool — did it for me, and afterwards gave me and others portions of the linens on which her hands rested, and also of that which was saturated with the blood that flowed, this day, from her side. Immediately that the agony was over, we were all ordered out of the chamber; one privileged witness alone, with the curé, remained. In a few minutes, Louise recovered her consciousness of the world in which we live, and beheld objects. Under obedience, she relates to the curé and witness what, in her ecstasy, she sees and hears. Those are written, but not published. The Church *as yet*, after twelve years' scrutiny, decides nothing.

Such is Louise Lateau, the visible object of wonder and mystery, which,

in this nineteenth century, challenge the investigation of physical science, and prove, beyond question, that there is on earth a spiritual power not of this world; a spiritual power over which the world has no control, and which may be wielded by sinners as well as saints. In proof, I refer the reader to the ordeals to which this wonderful, yet simple, peasant girl has been subjected. In her ecstasy, no power indeed of this world can restore her to sensibility. The voice of her ecclesiastical superior, or of *any one* *privately* deputed by him, will do so. The successful exercise of the power does *not depend on the virtue* of him who holds it. The vice, however detestable, of him who may hold divine powers, does not affect the fact of the existence of that power with him. The neglect of emphasizing this truth embitters religious controversy, which, too frequently, descends to billingsgate. To ordinary minds, the wonder and mystery connected with Louise Lateau prove beyond doubt the divinity of the Catholic Church. No one can read of them and be not struck with awe and reverence. They confirm our faith, strengthen our hope, and remind us of the price of our redemption, the contemplation of which is, no doubt, the source of the miraculous power which sustains the "good Louise" (as neighbors call her) without food, without drink, and without sleep! During the past year and a half, she is entirely confined to her bed, — her ecstasies being so frequent. I shall never forget them. Would that those who sneer and laugh at our faith, and at our spiritual power and holy relics, would go over to this Bois d'Haine (this new Bethlehem), and see what is every Friday accomplished there!

WOMEN AND SWIMMING.

WHEN the Duke of Edinburgh cruised in the North Pacific, nothing more astonished and gratified him than the skill in natation of the fe-

male natives of the Sandwich Islands. Those brown-skinned damsels breast the creamy surges with an airy courage, dive gleefully as ducklings, perform graceful evolutions in the sea, and altogether deport themselves like festive mermaids. This is the pure result of practice such as cannot be conveniently had in our clime; but at all events, it proves that there is nothing in the physique of woman to prevent her sharing in one of the most enjoyable and healthful of exercises. Summer is upon us, and the beach is now dotted with bathing-boxes at all the well-known resorts of holiday-seekers. Those who go to recruit health and strength know that it is not enough to gaze on old ocean or inhale ozone, but that if they will have the full profit of the trip they must boldly dash into the billows. But before they can do this with impunity they must learn to swim. It is at once the cleanliest, most bracing, and most exhilarating of pastimes, and withal one of the most useful. One never knows the moment when the life of self or of a fellow-creature may be lost for lack of the simple art which may be acquired in a few pleasant weeks. There is no dismal catalogue of deaths by drowning among the maidens of the Sandwich Islands, nor should there be in America. All our girls should be taught to swim; and that American girls can swim pluckily and well there is proof in the fearless and agile movements of the school of lady professors which has lately sprung up in this country.

PROPOSED MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS. — The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the Republic of San Domingo has issued a circular to the ministers of England, America, France, Italy, Spain, Holland, and Denmark, soliciting their co-operation in the erection of a monument to Christopher Columbus in the city of San Domingo.

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

James Sheahan, in the "Lamp."

CHAPTER I.

THE MEETING ON THE HILL.

OUR story opens in September of the year 1795, in one of the midland counties of Ireland. It was evening. The sun was just sinking behind the distant mountains of Slievebloom, and scarce a cloud was to be seen in the sky. All nature was calm and tranquil. The cooing of the wood-dove and the occasional call of the partridge in the stubble-land were the only sounds that broke the stillness which reigned around. The breeze, fresh and fragrant from the meadows, scarcely blew with sufficient strength to stir the trembling foliage of the hazel grove, now brown with the tints of autumn.

Far in one direction was spread an undulating plain, over which lay scattered farm dwellings, surrounded by fields of newly reaped corn and verdant pastures, whilst one stately mansion rose in the distance from the midst of a well-wooded demesne. The scene and house were of the kind well suited to freshen and invigorate the heart wearied with the cares and turmoils of the world, and to impart a sense of gladness, peace, and rest.

Upon the summit of the hill, gazing motionless and statue-like upon this prospect, stood a maiden. Though her gaze was fixed on the scene beneath her, yet it seemed doubtful whether its beauty really occupied her thoughts. Pensive, as if wrapped in a reverie, she stood, and as the last beams of the departing sun fell on her form and features, she presented an appearance that might have served for the embodiment of the spirit of the hour and place. Her figure was tall and slight, but of graceful and elegant proportions. Over her dress, which was white, and from her forehead, which was whiter, her bright

golden tresses fell in luxuriant masses upon her shoulders. From beneath finely traced brows, large blue eyes shone out clear and tranquil; but by far the most striking characteristic of her face was its spiritual and meditative expression when in repose. Her style of beauty, which was lofty and commanding, was softened by a shade of thoughtful sadness. Such a countenance a painter might have taken as a model for the face of the contemplative Magdalen.

Some half-hour had the maiden stood upon the hill. The sun had gone down; the shades of evening were beginning to deepen upon her patient watch, when at length an object, advancing through the distant meadows, seemed to engage her attention.

It was that of a youth, scarce arrived at the years of manhood. He was tall; his frame was well developed and muscular, and the closely fitting dress of the period which he wore did ample justice to the fine symmetry of his limbs. His face, browned by exposure to sun and weather, might well have stood for the archetype of bold and manly beauty. It was oval, with regular and finely cut features. His steady gray eye, and sensitive and flexible, but at times firmly compressed lips, denoted intellectual strength and decision of character; the mind to consider and resolve, the will to put in force and accomplish. He, too, wore a look of sadness.

"So you have come at length, Edward," said the girl, a smile of pleasure lighting up her features as she addressed him. "You are at least half an hour after the time you appointed in your letter. You have been playing truant this evening. Some of your mysterious allusions rather alarmed me. But," she added

in a serious tone, "your look is troubled. God grant nothing has occurred to cause you pain, my dear Edward."

"Nothing, Agnes, beyond what must have happened sooner or later, in any case. I am sorry to have kept you waiting. I was detained at Father O'Connor's longer than I had expected to be. But come, let us walk to the old seat under the hawthorn, and there I will tell you all. Do not be frightened, my dear Agnes; nothing terrible has taken place. It is only that I have resolved on a step in life of which I am sure you and your father will approve. In a word, in a few days I mean to leave this country to enroll myself a soldier of France."

Agnes turned pale at the words, but checked her emotion by an effort.

"This news is indeed sudden and unexpected, Edward," she said; "but have you seriously considered all that is in this step,—all the perils that may await you in such a course? Have you consulted with those who are competent to advise and direct you?"

"I have, Agnes. I have consulted with Father O'Connor and Mr. De Vere, and both, with some reluctance and hesitation, approved; as you will too, Agnes, I am sure, when you consider how I am circumstanced at home. As long as my dear uncle lived I could not think of leaving him. He was to me parent and instructor; he was ever kind and affectionate, and I often vowed never to abandon him and leave him lonely in his old age. Had it pleased God to spare him for many years to come, so long would I have remained cheerfully by his side. But now there is nothing to bind me to home. Start not, Agnes; you will presently understand me. You see I have arrived at the years of manhood. I possess, I think, powers of mind and body equal to carry me through any ordinary pursuit in life. Ought I, do you think, to spend

my life in idleness, leaving the faculties God has given me unemployed? At home, what is there to which I could turn? Every road to honor and position the Catholic finds barred against him. Nothing remains for me here except that from which my whole nature revolts,—a life of inaction. But to be more explicit, yesterday I met a young man who had just returned from France, who had been a divinity student at St. Omer's before the outbreak of the Revolution. He informed me that Robespierre and his party have perished on the scaffold. A reign of moderation has succeeded that of terror. Most of the edicts against religion are being repealed, and it is confidently hoped that ere long both it and the monarchy will be re-established. There is at present a demand for foreign soldiers in the French service. An Irishman would be heartily welcomed, for Landen and Fontenoy are remembered yet. This young man has promised to furnish me with an introduction to some military friends of his in Paris, and he has strong hopes of my obtaining a commission in one of the new levies. The hooker which bore him to Poland lies at anchor in Arklow Harbor, and will in a few days set sail on her return voyage. On board of her I mean to start for the land of my future life. And, oh, Agnes, now that I am leaving, I may tell you that my strongest incentive to this course is my love for you. I could never ask you to be the bride of one without occupation or position, without prospects or dignity, a useless burden upon the earth. Abroad, I hope to win a position, which, without a blush, I can ask you to share. But, Agnes, there is more. You see to what a deplorable condition our country is reduced; her religion oppressed, and her people driven to the brink of madness by rack-rents and tithes. The state of affairs is daily becoming worse; human nature cannot endure much longer. A society is being organized called 'The United Irish-

men.' Its central committee in Dublin comprises some of the first men in the land. They are said to be in negotiation with the government of France. An Irish expedition may before long be undertaken by the French. And what a happiness would it be were I destined to take part in it! Now you know all, you will, I am sure, commend me for the step I meditate. It involves our separation, but we shall, with God's blessing, meet again ere long. But you tremble, Agnes, you are pale; the night is becoming chilly; it is time that you returned to the cottage."

"No, no, Edward," she replied, as she strove in vain to subdue her feeling, and to stay the violent beating of her heart. "I feel no cold; but your words terrify me. How little did I think from your letter it was news such as this you were to bring! How different was the future I had so often in my thoughts marked out for you; alas, how vain are earthly dreams and wishes! But, my more than brother," she exclaimed with emotion, the tears starting to her eyes, "the only friend, save my father, whom from infancy to this hour I have known and loved, I cannot as yet realize the idea of parting from you. Never can I forget our happy childhood and youth! and now must all be changed? In a few days shall we be parted, perhaps forever." She paused for a moment, and then continued, "But yet is it not selfish of me to speak so, and think only of myself? Is it right that for the sake of my own feelings, I should seek to retard your advancement? No, far be it from me. Go, Edward. Go as you have resolved; and that every blessing, success, and happiness may attend your future career, shall be my constant and earnest prayer."

Edward's heart heaved heavily, and it was some time before he again spoke.

"Agnes, you cannot think that this parting is to me a matter of little concern. What reconciles me to it and supports my spirits is the confi-

dence I feel that under more favorable circumstances we shall meet again. But it is time that we should part for the night. I will accompany you to the garden gate, but there I must leave you, for I would rather you told all to your father before I meet him. I would avoid, if possible, abruptly breaking it to him myself."

They proceeded together in silence, both absorbed in their own thoughts, round the hill towards the cottage where Agnes and her father lived. At length Agnes spoke. "When do you purpose leaving the country, Edward?" she asked.

"At the furthest I can remain here but till to-morrow week, as two days later the ship sails for the French coast, and I must be in Arklow in time to secure a passage."

Agnes sighed heavily, but said nothing.

"I must now leave you, Agnes," said the young man when they reached the gate of the cottage; "I will remain here until you are at the door. Farewell for the present," he added, taking her proffered hand as she bade him adieu. "You shall see me early to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

THE PARTING.

The curse of Swift was upon them, they were Irishmen. — *Grattan*.

EDWARD MACMAHON was a descendant of an old and illustrious Irish family, the chiefs of whose house had been for generations regarded, by the English of the Pale, as amongst the most formidable of the native princes with whom they had to contend in the long and tedious war that succeeded their settlement in the country. The extensive possessions of the house of MacMahon having been confiscated to the crown in the peace that succeeded the Williamite wars, its representatives were obliged to share the common fate of all who had in any way identified themselves with the cause of the Stuarts, and like

many of their countrymen, sought an asylum in foreign lands, to escape the persecution to which in their own race and religion they were subjected.

After many years, when the severity of the penal laws had been somewhat relaxed, many of the descendants of the exiles of 1688 returned to their native country; some to settle down as tenants to palatine holders, on the very lands of which their ancestors had been despoiled.

Edward was the son of one of these, but being left an orphan in his infancy, he had fallen to the care of a paternal grand-uncle; a man advanced in life, who had spent his early years in France, and had served with distinction in the Irish Brigade.

This uncle had received in his youth a superior college education; and was thus well able to impart to his young charge that instruction in the languages and science, which otherwise he could not have obtained.

When Edward was about five years of age, a circumstance occurred which excited a considerable amount of curiosity in the neighborhood. One morning tradesmen were observed actively engaged in putting into repair a cottage, called Hawthorn Hill, situated not far from his uncle's residence.

Those who were curious enough to make inquiries were informed that a gentleman from some distant place was coming to take up his abode there. The stranger soon arrived, accompanied by his wife and infant daughter, who, with an aged woman servant, completed his household. He gave his name as Charles Mayville; but though speculation was as active as usual in such cases, yet no one was able to discover who he was, or whence he came. General report said that he and his family had known better days; and certainly, to judge by the refined and courteous manner of the gentleman, and the affable yet dignified mien of the lady, there could be little doubt that they were persons who had been used to a sphere in life

very different from that which they at present occupied. With such surmises as these, however, the neighbors had to be content. The family betrayed naught of their antecedents, and even the old servant observed a strict reticence on the subject, and repelled or evaded all the inquiries of the inquisitive.

But to the humbler classes of the neighborhood, the strangers soon made themselves known and beloved by their many acts of kindness and benevolence. The lady was ever to be found at the bedside of the sick and dying, ministering to their wants, joining with them in prayer, and rendering them all the assistance, both spiritual and temporal, in her power; while her husband never suffered a poor man to bear an affliction which he was able to lighten.

Into these charitable practices the young Agnes was carefully initiated during her earliest years; at the same time her mind was deeply imbued with the principles, and instructed in the duties of religion, and the efforts of her parents in this direction were rewarded by abundant fruit.

Whilst yet a child, it was the chief delight of Agnes to accompany her parents on their charitable missions; and when she grew up to girlhood, she used to devote many hours of each week to reading to the aged and infirm, and instructing the young and ignorant.

Between Mr. Mayville and the old veteran of the Brigade there early sprang up a warm friendship.

Captain MacMahon, accompanied by his little nephew, called at Hawthorn Hill soon after the arrival of its new inmates. The artless but fascinating manners of the boy, the senior of their daughter by some three or four years, won the affections of the strangers. He soon became a regular visitor, and Agnes and he inseparable playmates, fellow-laborers in the garden, fellow-workers at their studies, and companions on errands of charity.

Some years before the time at which

our story opens, Agnes's mother, whose constitution had never been robust, yielded gradually to a fatal disease. Day by day she grew weaker, and at length departed to a better world.

It would be idle to attempt to describe the sorrow and gloom which fell upon the cottage. Deprived of one of her natural guardians, the future care of Agnes was undertaken by a maternal relative advanced in years, who had arrived during the illness of Mrs. Mayville; and on her father and this lady the young girl's education now devolved.

That both preceptors had been qualified for their task, the acquirements of their pupil at the time of which we write bore ample testimony. In addition to English she possessed an intimate knowledge of the French and Italian tongues, and a tolerable proficiency in drawing and music.

And now, as years passed on and boy and girl gradually passed into youth and maiden, the simple sports of childhood gave place to more refined and serious pursuits.

In the calm evenings of summer the young people delighted to ramble along the river-bank, or to sit under the fragrant hawthorn or spreading elm, studying some quaint mediæval legend or tale of chivalry, or joining in some old Irish song or lyric of Petrarch or Metastasio, which Agnes would sometimes accompany on a small Irish harp.

But whatever changes of tastes or occupations took place as years went on, the sick were still visited, the poor relieved, and no more regular attendants to their religious duties were seen at the little chapel of Roanmoyle than Edward MacMahon and Agnes Mayville.

At last the neighbors began to say that young MacMahon would take for his bride the fair daughter of the stranger; and though this rumor after a while became generally believed, no one contradicted it. The idea had probably never directly presented itself to the two young people.

Edward, who like Agnes had been instructed in the French and Italian tongues, and eagerly drank in the romantic stories and poems in those languages which came in his way, in his ardent fancy saw in Agnes, whose beauty increased with her years, as fair a vision of grace and loveliness as ever inspired the pen of Tasso or the "beauty-breathing pencil" of Guido. Agnes, on the other hand, was wont to liken her young companion, whose face and form might well serve as a model for Tancred, to the conqueror of a Solyma or of an Argantes; but beyond mutual regard and esteem, their feelings towards each other were not openly expressed. Both would probably have felt puzzled had they been asked whether their childish friendship had ever been ripened into love.

In time, however, they came somehow to consider themselves as betrothed; and, though they had never spoken on the subject, they began insensibly to form their plans for the future upon this understanding.

For a while they enjoyed youth's dreams, but as years passed on and Edward was becoming a man, he began to desire some occupation to which to devote his energies and talents. After looking round in vain for some honorable profession to which his religion would net prove a bar, and becoming heart-sick and restless under his present life of inaction, he began to think, as his father had done, of seeking military employment in a foreign land. His youthful imagination had been fired by his uncle's tales of the Brigade. But as that gallant corps no longer existed, nothing remained for him, should he desire French service, but to enlist as an ordinary recruit, and take his chance, like any other foreign volunteer, of rising in course of time to distinction. The old man warned his nephew against thinking of the army of France as long as that country lay under the bloody rule of Robespierre. After Captain MacMa-

hon's death, which occurred a few months before the scene of our story, Edward, who was deeply attached to him, and keenly felt his loss, now finding his present state of life well-nigh unendurable, eagerly watched the course of foreign events, and from the meagre details within his reach, endeavored to follow the various changes in the affairs of France. It was accordingly with a thrill of pleasure that he learned from the young Belgian student of the sudden end of the Reign of Terror, and the return of the country to humanity and moderation; and when he was promised by this young man a letter of introduction to a person of influence in Paris, his hopes rose high.

No sooner, however, had Edward finally resolved on quitting Ireland than he suddenly became aware how deep was his devotion to Agnes. Now it was that the idea of leaving her seemed intolerable, and for a time he was almost fain to give up the enterprise. But by degrees he found means to reconcile his mind to the meditated step. His love for Agnes ought, he felt, to be one of the strongest incentives to action. Fully sensible of her worth, he determined it should be his highest ambition to render himself worthy of her affection; and that, he reasoned, he never could do, in a country where no scope was afforded for exertion.

Nor did Agnes on her part, the first pain of anticipated separation over, disapprove of the course he proposed. It was her knowledge of his daring and enthusiastic character that gave him the strong hold he had on her affections; and deep and fervent as were the feelings with which she regarded him, she would much rather think of him as a soldier falling on a battle-field, covered with honor, and dying in the cause of his country, than plan for him a future of idleness at home.

The belief was now becoming very general throughout Ireland that a French invasion was imminent: and

Agnes thought with a glow of pride, that perhaps when she should next see Edward, he would be at the head of a victorious column, and as a liberator of his native land; and thus she was able to contemplate calmly, if not without sorrow, the prospect of an early parting, and the possibility of a long, and it might be, for this world, life-long separation.

On the evening preceding that on which our story commenced, Agnes and Edward were sitting with Mr. Mayville and Agnes's kind guardian, Miss Cane, at the tea-table at Hawthorn Hill.

The meal consisted of tea, at that time a luxury indulged in only by the upper classes, home-made bread and butter, cream, and fruits fresh gathered from the garden. The parlor windows, round which the rose and honeysuckle climbed in luxuriance, were thrown open to admit the breeze that came laden with fragrance into the room. But notwithstanding the excellence of the meal, the viands remained almost untasted. The little party sat in silence, apparently as insensible to the good things provided within as to the charms of nature without.

Mr. Mayfield at length broke the silence.

"I really know not what has come over us to-night," he said. "Is it not enough to have to endure sorrows when they come? Why should we go half-way to meet them? Let us not give way to grief whilst there is yet time to be gay. Come, Edward, finish off your tea, and Agnes will accompany you on the harp, while you sing my favorite song. Why, my dear young friend," he added in a tone of well-assumed gayety, "we all seem as if we were about bidding farewell to one who is starting an exile to some unknown and distant land, rather than to a man who leaves his country to enter upon an honorable and glorious profession, and who hopes, like his fathers, to strike many a good blow in the cause of *La Belle France*. I won-

der if the partings of the Crusaders and their lady-loves were like this. If so, they must have been commonplace enough. Does not Tasso say anything about them?"

Agnes smiled. "However that may be," she said, "our parting, at all events, shall not be a gloomy one. Come, sing us a song, Edward, and then we will go for a walk; after which, perhaps, you may be in a better humor for supper. The moon is rising, and will be shining brightly for our return."

When she had accompanied Edward's song on her harp, she rose, and taking up a shawl, threw it over her shoulders. Edward was at her side in a moment, and the two passed out together through the garden, and then on to the fields beyond.

"You may easily vow eternal constancy now, Edward," said the girl playfully, as they sauntered along; "but wait until you have been a few months in your new country, and then perhaps the charms of some fair daughter of France may prove so irresistible that your early playmate can be forgotten, and her image effaced from your memory."

"Did you but half understand the sentiments with which I regard you, Agnes," replied the young man earnestly and half reproachfully, "you would not doubt them thus. There is no bright scene, that in my imagination I paint of my future life, in which you are not the chief figure. I form no project which has not your happiness for its first object. Without you this world would be to me an utter blank; honor, wealth, renown, shadows. After God, my happiness hereafter, and my country, all my thoughts turn to you."

"I truly believe you, my dear Edward," said Agnes. "Forgive me if I have pained you; I spoke but in jest. I shall fervently pray for your success and safety whilst you are away. We shall, I trust, ere long, meet under happier circumstances, when there will be no second parting before us."

Thus the two lovers talked long and earnestly; and the moon had risen high ere they returned to the cottage.

Eight days after, Edward MacMahon bade adieu to his native shores, and embarked for the land that was to be the theatre of his future actions; the land in which, as in his youthful fancy he expressed it, he looked forward to renown or death, an exalted station or a nameless grave.

CHAPTER III.

AN EVENING WALK.

Now in through the valley who comes at full speed?
A gallant young knight on a spirited steed. — *Bayly.*

SOME three or four weeks had elapsed since the departure of MacMahon, and as yet no tidings of him had reached his friends at Hawthorn Hill. At the period of which we write, England and France being at war, letters could be transmitted from the one country to the other only by means of the fishing-crafts or smugglers that plied between them; and the rewards offered by government for the detection of all letters, pamphlets, or other communications surreptitiously introduced into the country, made the carrying on a correspondence between France and Ireland necessarily tedious and uncertain.

On a calm, fine evening of October, at the time we have mentioned, Agnes was walking alone upon the road which passed close by the cottage, enjoying the stillness and freshness of the place and hour.

She paused at intervals to look up from the volume in her hand and contemplate the beauties around her. On one of these occasions she perceived approaching in the distance a lady and gentleman, who were evidently taking advantage of the fine evening to enjoy a country ride.

Surprised at a sight so unusual, — for a lady on horseback was a *rara avis* in the neighborhood of Roanmoyle, — and being unwilling to en-

counter the strangers, Agnes quickened her pace and turned her steps homewards. She soon discovered, however, as the sound of the horses' feet grew louder, that the riders were gaining upon her; on this she slackened her speed again, and not without considerable curiosity awaited their nearer approach.

A slight ascent of the road causing the riders to draw in rein just as they passed her, enabled Agnes to observe them pretty closely. She saw that the lady was somewhere about her own age, stout, and rather short. She wore a long riding habit and a tall beaver hat, from beneath which fell a number of short flaxen curls; her complexion was bright, her face round and rosy. Her companion was a young man, tall and graceful, with a handsome and rather pensive cast of countenance.

Agnes blushed slightly on thus encountering the strangers. The young lady directed a quick, rather disdainful glance, and the young man a look of respectful surprise at her, as, putting their horses to a canter, they passed, and were soon out of sight.

Wondering not a little who these new-comers into the neighborhood could be, Agnes pursued her walk towards a cottage, at the door of which an old woman was seated, to whom she addressed her inquiries.

"Oh, Miss Agnes," said the old dame, "Lord bless us, is that yourself! Where have you been this ever so long? Shure we have n't seen a sight of you since Masther Edward wint off to join the Frinch, and 't is he that 'ill make the fine soldier, God bless him! and 't is yourself 'ill have raisin to be proud of him when he returns home a great ginerall one of these days. Oh, won't he make the yeomen run, and after that make a great lady of you, though you are that already, God bless you! and either sittle down here on his own land, or take you with him to France."

A tear trembled a moment on the girl's eyelid, and a sigh escaped her

lips; but checking her emotion, she replied to the old woman:—

"We must pray and hope for the best for Master Edward, Nancy. He and all of us are in the hands of God. Let us put our trust in him, and he will never forsake us. But you have not yet told me who the young lady and gentleman are who have gone by."

"Oh, I beg a hundred thousand pardons, miss; but the sight of you put all other thoughts out of my head. And 't is well you may ax who they are, for barrin' Masther Edward a finer or a handsomer young gentleman was never seen in this country. That is Sir Henry Damer, who has just come of age and into possession of the family estates. He came down to the Hall with his mother a few days ago, and 't is said he's goin' to fit it all up new, and is bringin' down any number of servants from London. The young lady that's with him—much can't be said for her—is his cousin, Miss Northcoate. They say Lady Damer is anxious to have her married to him, so as to join their properties, and make him one of the richest men in the country."

"But have you heard anything about Sir Henry Damer himself, Nancy? Do you know is he liked by the people on the property?"

"He's here too short a time to have much said of him as yet, miss; but any talk there is about him is to his good. It was only yesterday he was ridin' by old Kitty Braphy's, who, as you know, is bedridden these ten years. She had just been placed on a chair out in the sun by her granddaughter, young Peggy Whelan, and a good girl is that same Peggy to her, may she have her reward for it. Well, Sir Henry was goin' along, and so seein' her sittin' there, he stops his horse, and axes her what was the matter with her. Well, she begins and tells him the whole story of her sickness. Sir Henry says nothin' all the time, but when she was ended, he said he hoped the fine weather would

in time bring her round, and thin by way of shakin' hands wid her, he takes her hand and slips two gould guineas into it, and turnin' round, jumped on his horse and rode off, before wid the wonderment and surprise she was able to say, God bless him."

"Certainly that tells to his credit," said Agnes. "And how does report speak of his cousin, Miss Northcoate?"

"Why, 't is little is said of her, miss, and that little is n't much in her favor, neither; for if half of it be true, her equal for pride and consait can't be found in Leinster. No servant dare approach her without his hat in his hand, and as for the poor creatures about her, she cares no more for thim nor their wants than if they were vinimous reptiles. In short, they say she has no heart for anything beyond balls and sich-like divarsions. God teach her sinse to mend her ways before it be too late."

"I am sorry she is not more pleasant; but perhaps when she knows the people better, she may make herself better liked. How long is it since Sir Henry and his mother came to the Hall?"

"They will be there a fortnight tomorrow, miss. To think that you haven't heard of them before now! But sure I forgot you did n't go out since Masther Edward went, may every blessing follow him! and you too, miss," added the old woman, seeing that Agnes was about to return.

After bidding "good-night" kindly, Miss Mayville with a light step hurried homewards, and in a short time reached the avenue gate, where her father met her. As they walked together to the cottage, she related to him her evening's adventures.

Mr. Mayville listened to her attentively. She observed a strange expression to cross his face when she mentioned the name of Miss Northcoate. He made no remark, however, beyond that he was glad the fine old mansion was tenanted once more; and that it was pleasant to hear that the young landlord had so favorably

impressed the people round. They found supper spread in the cottage, and Miss Cane awaiting them. That lady appeared to take as great an interest as Mr. Mayville in the history of the new-comers, who formed the chief topic of conversation until the three retired to rest.

CHAPTER IV.

DAMER HALL.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament. — Wordsworth.

WE must now introduce our readers to the interior of Damer Hall, and into the presence of Lady Damer, her son, and Miss Northcoate.

Lady Damer was at this period a haughty, aristocratic-looking widow, over whose head had rolled some fifty years of luxury and pride; she had a good figure, was tall, but stout in proportion; her features were handsome, but her expression, like her manners, proud and supercilious.

Sir Henry was tall and slight, with a pale, handsome face, clear blue eyes, and broad, intellectual forehead. The young lady whom common report represented as about to be engaged to the baronet was a remarkable contrast to the other two; her figure was stout and rather thick-set, and her face fair and almost circular, with a low forehead, and *retroussé* nose. She possessed little of the dignity or grace of high breeding, but much of the affectation of it, and in her manner was a mixture of heedless gayety and self-importance. In her own different way she seemed the equal of the elder lady in haughtiness and superciliousness. On the present evening this trio were seated in the drawing-room of Damer Hall, and in their company a tall, comely man with snow-white hair and venerable appearance, of advanced age but vigorous health, and with eyes whose expression denoted benevolence of heart and guilelessness of purpose. This gentleman, the Rev. Arthur De Vere, the parish

rector, well represented a class of Protestant clergymen at that time very rarely to be met with in Ireland. He had entered the ministry of his church with the desire of devoting his life to the service of his Creator and the good of his fellow-man.

Accordingly on being ordained, instead of seeking through his extensive patronage some rich vicarage, he preferred to settle down in his native parish, from the rectorship of which he derived no emoluments, for being in conscience opposed to the existing tithe laws, he resolved never to accept a stipend wrung from an impoverished and starving people, who professed, moreover, a different faith.

Actuated by these principles the worthy rector entered upon and consistently prosecuted the duties of his parish. His many acts of charity and benevolence soon endeared him to those amongst whom he dwelt. When the Catholics of the parish undertook the building of a chapel, he contributed to a large extent the materials, and subscribed towards the defraying of the other expenses. On the arrival of a new priest from the Continent, for whom there was no suitable residence in the place, Mr. De Vere invited him to his own house until he was able to offer him a neat cottage free of rent on his own estate.

This priest, Father O'Connor, had studied in the colleges of France and Italy, and he and the rector soon became agreeable, sociable acquaintances, and before long, intimate friends.

At the beds of the sick Mr. De Vere was often to be seen, not with the open Bible and tracts innumerable, profaning the words of the sacred volume and substituting cant and irreverence for religion and true piety, but endeavoring to alleviate want and suffering. He had been frequently known in cases of emergency to hurry off himself for the priest in his anxiety to secure to the dying the last rites of their church.

"And you tell me, Mr. De Vere," said the young baronet, "that this young lady is Miss Mayville, and that she and her father live at Hawthorn Hill?"

"Yes, it is so," replied the clergyman. "Agnes Mayville is the young lady's name. A better, a more excellent, and I think, my dear Henry, you will agree with me, a more lovely girl it would indeed be difficult to find."

"She is rather pretty," broke in Miss Northcoate, "a sort of girl one would rather like to have about one as a waiting-maid."

"There is little likelihood of her ever filling such a situation, Miss Northcoate," said Mr. De Vere, smiling, while Sir Henry slightly colored. "Miss Mayville comes of gentle blood, and her father, though living here in retirement, has evidently been used to the highest society."

"Well! well! it matters very little what she or her father may be, she does not at all give me the idea of a lady of fashion. I suspect she knows nothing of music, for instance, and would make but an awkward figure in a ball-room."

"As regards dancing I cannot say; I have heard many singers in my time, but none except professionals please me more than Agnes Mayville."

"Oh, dear, and I suppose she knows French?"

"Yes, she can speak both that language and Italian."

Sir Henry, who had listened attentively to all that passed, here interrupted in surprise.

"But where, Mr. De Vere, has the young lady acquired all these accomplishments? Such an education is rather that of a girl brought up in the metropolis than of one who, as you say, has never left this country district."

"Miss Mayville has had peculiar advantages," replied the rector. "Her father is a finished scholar, and the lady who has supplied to her the place of mother is also highly accomplished, so between the two Agnes

has received what may be justly termed a first-class education in music and the languages, and she is no discredit to her teachers."

"Dear me, how strange! how very strange!" remarked Lady Damer. "Tell me more about these people. They are, I think you said, Papists."

"That Mr. Mayville is a Catholic," replied Mr. De Vere, "is true, that he is a gentleman by birth, education, and actions is equally so. He is possessed, I believe, of a competence, small, but more than sufficient for the support of himself and his daughter. I cannot enlighten you beyond this."

"Oh, I suppose he is all correct," said Lady Damer, in a slightly haughty manner. "But yet it is somewhat strange that he should be living here so long, and so little be known of his former history; his daughter, if I mistake not, you said was pretty, Louise?"

"Oh, yes, against her personal appearance I say nothing, but it is quite impossible to acquire true grace and the fashionable polish without passing at least one season in town. She may, perhaps, know something of foreign languages and music; but I should like to see her attempt the figures of a valse or a minuet."

"It is no detraction from her merits that she does not possess these last accomplishments," said Sir Henry. "For my own part I own there is nothing I dislike more in girls than that ardent, feverish longing after the most frivolous amusements. Why, you will meet with many a young lady who is a thorough proficient in all the newest changes and variations of the minuet, but who could not tell you whether Danté was an Italian or an American, or whether it was Homer or Tasso who sung the wars of Troy."

Lady Damer did not seem over-pleased with these remarks. So to change the conversation she said, "It is a pity you should remain at home this fine evening. Will you not go fishing, Henry, and take Louise with

you? I should like to have some fresh trout for tea."

Sir Henry assented, and got his rod and basket, whilst Miss Northcoate skipped up stairs to dress herself for the walk. When both had left the apartment, Lady Damer, turning to the clergyman, said, —

"What think you now of Louise and Henry, Mr. De Vere? Do they not seem well suited for each other?"

"That is a question it would be very difficult to answer, Lady Damer," replied the rector. "Whether or not they regard each other with feelings of affection you are more competent to judge than I, but I must confess I notice in them, what appears to me, such a dissimilarity of tastes and habits, as would in my judgment seriously interfere with the happiness of their married life."

"Oh, we must not attach too much importance to every trifling difference in temper and tastes, Mr. De Vere, especially where there are, as in this case, such large interests at stake. Their estates joined, would make Henry the wealthiest amongst the Irish aristocracy, and would confer on him such influence as would, if well managed, secure him a peerage. No doubt there are some matters on which they might not at first agree, but I would trust a great deal to time and their own good sense, to smooth these differences; Louise's tastes incline, perhaps, rather too much to amusements, Henry's to literature and study. Latterly, I must tell you, he has taken up some very singular ideas upon public affairs. At every dinner party and public place in Dublin, he declares himself a supporter of Grattan, and an advocate for civil rights to the Roman Catholics. Why, he is perfectly infatuated about the speeches he heard that man deliver in the House. Thank heaven he is not now in the country, or Henry would soon lose his senses. Now is not this most ridiculous? What on earth has a man of his wealth to do with politics, except for fashion's sake, or to obtain

a title? If he would only go into Parliament as a government supporter on the question of the Union, I have it on the best authority that the month after the measure was carried would see him created by Lord Castle-reagh 'Lord Rascullen.' But no, he will not do this, he must go in on what he terms the 'Patriotic side,' and so work to weaken the power of the Protestants and the government, and destroy his own prospects. Oh, Mr. De Vere, if you could only prevail on him to become a man of fashion, to marry Louise, and to give up the dangerous party he has chosen."

The rector paused ere he replied. In his heart he thoroughly approved of the line of politics Henry had adopted, and admired his noble spirit, but he well knew how futile would be the attempt openly to justify them to a woman, who, through life, had been accustomed to consider the upper classes as created only to enjoy life, and the lower classes only to minister to the greatness and comfort of the upper, and who considered the *raison d'être* of a tenant to be to render the land profitable to his landlord, and to whom every proposal to alleviate the sufferings of the people groaning under the burdens of tithes and rack-rents, appeared a threatened innovation on the rights of the aristocracy, and fraught with dangers to the constitution.

"You cannot but be aware, my dear madam," Mr. De Vere at length replied, "how vain would be the endeavor to divert your son, with his generous and enthusiastic temperament, from what he believes to be the course of honor and patriotism. Seek rather to restrain his ardor within the bounds of moderation than to dissuade him from his purpose. The course you desire he could never follow, except at the sacrifice which I am sure you would regret, of honor, conscience, and self-respect."

"Well, I suppose experience will teach him that it is wise in man to think of his own interests, before he

bothers himself about those of others. But to recur to the former question. Here again Henry is a puzzle to me. Louise, I know, really likes him, but he pays her barely the attention that common civility requires on the part of a host. I am sometimes half afraid that in this also he may be disposed to thwart my wishes and let this fine property slip from the family. Indeed it would not surprise me if he married some penniless girl with nothing to recommend her beyond romantic notions and a pretty face. What a blessing is an obedient and dutiful son! Well do the Scriptures say 'his days shall be long, wealthy, and prosperous in the land.' Oh, Mr. De Vere! you are a minister of God. Point out to Henry that his duty as well as his interest requires of him to follow the advice of his mother."

"You must not forget, Lady Damer, that there is a limit, both to the right of authority on the part of the parent, and the duty of obedience on that of the child. In filial respect to you, and compliance with your just and reasonable wishes, I am sure Henry is not wanting, and with this ends your right as a mother and his obligation as a son. He is now of age, and in the possession of a large property which gives him considerable power and influence in the country. It is proper for you, and it is your duty to advise him, should you consider his actions rash or imprudent, but you cannot lay down any fixed course in life which it would be obligatory on him to follow. You may say, 'My dear Henry, if you act thus you will destroy your future prospects,' but you cannot say, 'Adopt this line of politics. Take this lady for a wife,' even though you were certain that his obeying you would do incalculable service to himself and to the kingdom. For his public actions, which concern not himself alone, but also his fellow-men, and for his choice of a wife on which his future happiness or misery in life may depend, he is responsible, not to you, but to that conscience

which his Maker has implanted in his breast, and for his obedience to which a strict and terrible account will be one day required."

So spoke the rector, the warmth of his feelings carrying him further than in calm moments he might have deemed prudent.

After a short pause, Lady Damer was again about to speak, when Miss Northcoate rushed into the room, her face flushed either from her late exercise or some violent excitement, and exclaimed, —

"O Lady Damer! would you have believed it. We had just returned from a most stupid walk by the river, during which we had hardly exchanged a word, when Henry ordered his horse, and without saying anything of his intentions, or asking me to accompany him, rode off no one knows whither."

To be continued.

VITAL STATISTICS OF IRELAND.

WE have received the abstract of births, deaths, and marriages in Ireland for the year 1879. This document, in several ways, bears on the condition of the country last year. In the first place, we find that 23,313 marriages were registered during the year, which is about 3,000 under the average for the past ten years, and is itself a striking proof of the poverty of the people during the time referred to. Again, the number of deaths registered amounted to 105,432, the mortality being the highest recorded in any year since registration was established, in 1864. The average mortality of the last ten years was 93,881. The population of Ireland now is somewhat lower than the average of the ten years, and yet last year's mortality was nearly 12,000 above the average. Add to this that the number of persons who died of small-pox, measles, and similar affections was below the average, and we find ourselves face to face with the fact that, even making all allowance for the mortality caused by cold in the early

months of 1879, thousands of persons died of want in that year. We turn now to another branch, that of emigration, and we find a marked increase; showing in fact that the exodus, having died away, is again upon us. The emigration from Ireland in 1876 was 37,587; in 1877, 38,503; in 1878, 41,124; in 1879, 47,065. The total result of the figures of births, deaths, and emigration is that Ireland lost more people by death and exile than she gained by births, so that it will be seen that the depletion of the people has again commenced. One fact alone remains to be added: that the number of persons who received poor relief in 1877 was 77,000; in 1878, 83,000; 1879, 91,000. It would be entirely impossible to add anything to the force of such figures as these; they tell with silent eloquence the story of Ireland in 1879.

THE devil seems to have a very nice time of it in this nineteenth century. Formerly, he was compelled to work hard in order to keep the less concerned imps engaged in trying all their efforts to destroy men's souls; but now the principal occupation of these ministers of darkness is taken completely out of their hands, and the old prince himself lives at his ease, and need not bother himself any more about directing his subordinates to tempt men. In fact, all he now has to do is to put it into the mind of some silly woman, or talented, but evil-minded young or old man to write a book — a novel — with an attractive title, and simply direct this *personage* to put into it a few pictures — pictures the devil himself could not think of — and get the publisher thereof to adorn it with a nice yellow cover, and lay this attractive volume before the eyes of youth, — the young and unsuspecting. Then the evil one can stand at hell's gate with his hands in his pockets, and witness with satisfaction the wholesale destruction of souls. — *Nôtre Dame Scholastic.*

THE DOUBLE VICTORY.

The "Irishman," Dublin.

It may truly be said that both sides won at Clontarf.

The score made at the targets excelled all former records, and, therefore, the eminent marksmen who do friendly combat for America and Ireland have excelled themselves; excelling themselves, they have surpassed all other possible rivals.

Both sides won. Give to both the laurels of victory. This, we are certain, will be the verdict of all who know the facts of the case. The Americans have the free use of arms, because they are a nation of free men. Every man, every boy, may carry his rifle at will. The Americans have a volunteer army, equal in number with the number of their male citizens, every one of whom has the right to arm and drill, so as to defend the territory against all comers.

From that wondrous array of armed men the gallant marksmen who shot at Clontarf were chosen. They are, indeed, select men, — carefully taken from the most excellent riflemen of a nation which has millions of riflemen.

On the other hand, from out of how many are the Irish marksmen chosen? Some twenty! Irishmen have not the right to bear arms, not being a free nation. At the banquet given to the American team, some striking illustrations of the disparity of conditions between the two peoples in this matter were given. Every man in America, we have said, has the right to bear arms. In Ireland, the Lord Mayor pointed out that he himself had been arrested by a policeman, because he had ventured to carry a gun. And he mentioned also that an alderman of the city, belonging to the high Tory and effusively loyal "Constitutional Club," had likewise been arrested for a like

offence. Perhaps the matter was brought still more home to the Americans by the confession of Major Leech, captain of the Irish team, that he and a friend had likewise been arrested, and brought before a magistrate—the very gentleman on whose grounds the contest took place—for the high crime and misdemeanor of going with guns to practise at the targets.

These are occurrences which need no comment. Americans accustomed to all that liberty which a free man feels to be his birthright, must in their very souls understand how far Ireland is in a position to compete with them on equal terms. They must recognize that the contest is not between two knights, trained in similar schools, and armed on either side in male of proof, fairly mounted, and set to tilt in open arena. To what, then, shall we compare the contest? We search in vain for a simile. It is not the case of "Il Desdichado," the Disinherited Knight, doing battle bravely with all comers, for he was able to present himself on equal terms, although he had been despoiled of his birthright. Nor is it altogether the case of Samson, brought out of his prison, poor, a captive, blind, to make sport for the Philistines, by a show of his marvellous strength.

The contest stands unique, alone, unexampled in history, and so let it stand. Confident we are that America will recognize all our drawbacks, and generously acknowledge all the manliness which such a combat needs on the part of those who enter upon it, as the Irish have entered upon it, in the face of the direst disadvantages that ever beset honorable champions.

On equal conditions, it is imperative to conclude that the Irish would be able to hold their own, even

against Americans. As it is, they have won a victory against their victors, seeing that they came within a dozen marks of being their equals.

What are the results of all these trials of strength in England, America, and Ireland? These:—

America can beat Ireland.

Ireland can beat Britain.

America and Ireland combined could beat all creation!

VANDALISM IN ITALY.

THE French, Austrian, and Spanish governments have, we believe, addressed a forcible remonstrance to the Italian government on the confiscation of the property of the College of the Propaganda in Rome. The vandalistic act has been brought under public notice in these countries by the exertions of Mr. Errington, M. P., to whose motion in Parliament regarding the matter attention has been called. As everybody knows, the College of the Propaganda is the great Catholic ecclesiastical university for the education of missionaries for every clime and every country, who went out from the feet of the Pope and the centre of Catholicity preaching and teaching all nations. Its property is the contributions of all the lands and all peoples, and in its bosom were nursed with equal care the white and the black, — the European, the Asiatic, the American, the African, and the Australasian student. That any government should highhandedly attempt to appropriate its revenues and sequester its property is an outrage against all governments, and a crime not only against Catholicity but against Christianity. We have a great, a special interest in it. One of its branches is the College of All-Hallows, in our own midst, which has sent abroad so many learned and holy men; and even in this country the children of the Propaganda are numbered by tens and hundreds amongst our priests. We trust that the English

government will join in the protest of the Catholic countries of the Continent, out of respect for the feelings and belief of so many millions of Catholics living under the rule of the Queen, as well as from a sense of justice and the maintenance of the first principles of right, law, and civilization.

HOW TWO ANGLICAN CLERGYMEN WERE CONVERTED.

In the year 1849, two Anglican clergymen, both of them Oxford men, set off from English shores on a pilgrimage, or, as they probably termed it, a tour to Jerusalem. While crossing the sea, a Protestant Bible which they had in use fell overboard; and this little incident was afterwards recognized by the two travellers to be of some prophetic significance. For, on reaching the Holy Land, their religious creed underwent a great transition. Arriving at a monastery, where they announced themselves, in the lingo of the High Church school, as Catholic priests, they were asked to celebrate mass, an invitation they were honest enough to refuse, making at the same time further explanations of their ecclesiastical position. Whether the good monks were up in the subtleties of our modern English controversy may perhaps be a matter of doubt; but they knew very well how to define their own position, and very effectually too, for in the end the two Anglican clergymen submitted to the Holy Roman Church. Thirty years have passed since then; and one of these converts, so favored in the place and circumstances of their conversion, is the Rev. Father J. H. Wynne, the respected head of the Catholic mission at Bournemouth, and the other is the Rt. Rev. James Laird Patterson, who has just been raised to the episcopal rank, under the title of Bishop of Emmaus, a little village almost within the shadow of which he received the grace of conversion to the Faith.

"CONQUERED AT LAST."

SOME time since the Mobile "News" offered a prize for the poem which, by a Southern writer, should be judged most meritorious, expressive of the gratitude which existed in the Southern heart toward the people of the North for the philanthropy and magnanimity so freely and nobly displayed in the time of the dire affliction of the South by pestilence. This offer on the part of the "News" called forth seventy-seven competitive compositions from various parts of the country. The committee to whom the manuscripts were submitted decided in favor of the poem entitled "Conquered at Last," by Miss Maria L. Eve, of Augusta, Ga., which is here given:—

You came to us once, O brothers, in wrath,
And rude desolation followed your path.

You conquered us then, but only in part,
For a stubborn thing is the human heart.

So the mad wind blows in his might and main,
And the forests bend to his breath like grain.

Their heads in the dust and their branches broke,
But how shall he soften their hearts of oak?

You swept o'er our land like the whirlwind's wing,
But the human heart is a stubborn thing.

We laid down our arms, we yielded our wills;
But our heart of hearts was unconquered still.

"We are vanquished," we said, but our wounds must heal;
We gave you our swords, but our hearts were steel.

"We are conquered," we said, but our hearts were sore,
And "woe to the conquered" on every door.

But the spoiler came, and he would not spare,
The angel that walketh in darkness was there:

He walked through the valley, walked through the street,
And he left the print of his fiery feet

In the dead, dead, dead, that were everywhere,
And buried away with never a prayer.

From the desolate land, from its very heart,
There went forth a cry to the uttermost part.

You heard it, O brothers! With never a measure
You opened your hearts and poured out your treasure.

O Sisters of Mercy, you gave above these!
For you helped, we know, on your bended knees.

Your pity was human, but, oh! it was more
When you shared our cross and our burden bore.

Your lives in your hands, you stood by our side;
Your lives for our lives you laid down and died.

And no greater love hath a man to give
Than lay down his life that his friends may live.

You poured in our wounds the oil and the wine
That you brought to us from a Hand Divine.

You conquered us, brothers; our swords we gave;
We yield now our hearts, — they are all we have.

Our last ditch was there, and it held out long;
It is yours, O friends, and you'll find it strong.

Your love had a magic, diviner than art,
And "Conquered by kindness" we'll write on our heart!

THE RULE OF THE PURSE.

By T. P. O'Connor, M. P. for Galway, in "Contemporary Review."

THE opinion pronounced by a contemporary critic on a particular Parliament may generally be inferred from his political opinions. The Conservatives had an overwhelming majority in the last House of Commons, and it was, therefore, scarcely a matter for surprise that the last Parliament was usually described by Liberal writers and speakers as the worst that ever sat at St. Stephen's. The constituencies have returned a crushing majority of Liberals to the House just elected, and we may reasonably expect that, similarly, Conservative critics, when they have partially recovered from their dumfounding defeat, will learn to regard it as the most incompetent outcome of popular suffrage in English history. The view I would put forward of both the present and the last Parliament—and, indeed, of all Parliaments elected under existing conditions—will not recommend itself to such critics. I shall endeavor to show that neither Parliament is entitled to be called particularly good, and that both fail to show the mark, or differentia, of such an institution,—that of being truly representative.

The advocates of an extension of the franchise were accustomed to adduce in support of their demand this argument among others,—that there would be a great change for the better in the class of men who would be returned to Parliament. Everybody remembers the famous declaration of Mr. Bright, that the first hundred men who passed Temple Bar would be quite as competent to deal with the affairs of the nation as the gentlemen who constituted the unreformed Parliament. The converse was, of course, implied, that the extension of the franchise would substitute a competent for an incompetent assembly.

Has that been the result of the Reform Act of 1867? In describing the Parliament elected in 1868, a contributor to the "Standard" described it as a House mainly consisting of old men and rich men. The references of Mr. Gladstone to the change in the character of Parliament are numerous in his essays in recent years. In an article on "The County Franchise," in the November number (1877) of the "Nineteenth Century," he writes:—

"The influences which determine both the moral and intellectual standard of a legislature are very mixed and very diverse. Montesquieu, I think, says that in the infancy of nations, the man forms the state; in their maturity the state forms the man. But I form a very high estimate of the power possessed by individuals, even in a state as old as ours. I am not sufficiently detached and impartial to discuss this portion of the subject. I turn to another side of it,—to the qualifications which attract the favor of a constituency.

"These, too, are very various: birth, station, talent, character, former service, landed possessions, commercial and manufacturing connection, and lastly, money. The two circumstances which strike the most forcibly and most painfully are, first, the rapid and constant advance of the money power; secondly, the reduction, almost to zero, of the chances of entrance into Parliament for men who have nothing to rely upon but their talent and their character; nothing, that is to say, but the two qualities which certainly stand before all others in the capacity of rendering service to the country. These, again, are chiefly the young; for such men have usually, by the time they reach middle life, attained, without great difficulty, to wealth or to competence. But they have then passed the proper period for beginning an effective parliamentary education. There have been honorable and distinguished exceptions; but, as a rule, it would be as rational to begin training for the ballot at forty-five or fifty as for the real work of the cabinet. The union of suppleness and strength, which is absolutely requisite for the higher labors of the

administrator and the statesman, is a gift the development of which, unless it be exercised betimes, nature soon places beyond reach. There is indeed scope and function in Parliament for the middle-aged man, and even for men like myself, no longer middle-aged; but nothing can compensate for a falling off in the stock of the young men whom we need for the coming time; and we need the choicest in the country. The only education for the highest work in the House of Commons is, as a rule, that given in the House of Commons. Happily, we have still a supply, in cases where high birth and family influence can be brought to bear. But we cannot afford the confinement of the admission to these cases: first, because they are not enough; secondly, because our being confined to that class for the statesmen of the future is a limitation highly adverse to the free action of popular principles, and tending to add enormously to the weight cast into the other scale. If I must hold the language of party, I say it is the Liberal party that is the great sufferer by the exclusion of this class, for its members have had a large, if not the largest, share in the promotion of liberal measures." (Pages 554, 555.)

We see, by placing these two estimates side by side, that, coming as they do from the most widely separated points, they reach exactly the same goal. To the Conservative writer, the Parliament elected by household suffrage was the embodied victory over his opinions, while to the Liberal statesman it was the impersonation of his aspirations, and the creation, to a large extent, of his own hands; both the hostile and the friendly critic agree in declaring the result unsatisfactory. In expressing the opinion, therefore, that the result of the extension of the franchise has been to cause a deterioration, and not an improvement, in the intellectual character of Parliaments, I am only repeating a view already expressed by Mr. Gladstone, as well as by the "Standard" newspaper. It will not require any very lengthened or very profound study to discover the origin of this phenomenon.

In their first rejoicings over the Reform Act, the Liberals were ready to declare that the days of bribery were past, and some radicals of the work-

ing classes were perhaps inclined to believe that a poor man would at last have a chance. The real fact has turned out to be that elections have, in many instances, become more, instead of less expensive, and that the chance of poor men in English constituencies is worse than it was before. A slight acquaintance with the machinery of political contests in large constituencies will show why this is so. The increase in the number of votes has made necessary—to take one of many items—a larger number of polling-booths; and the cost of polling-booths is one of the heaviest items in the official expenses of a candidate. The candidate has now, moreover, to adopt larger means of publicity. In the olden times, he had to consult but a small and select band in each constituency. Most of those knew something about each other, and were tabulated, described, and weighed in the *dossiers* of the electioneering agent. They were, besides, familiar with electoral movements; read, as a rule, their daily paper, and could in most instances be personally visited and publicly addressed by an energetic aspirant for their votes. In our days, however, there is a wide ocean in the densely populated streets, the dark alleys and lanes of a large constituency, which no electoral plummet has ever sounded. A large number of the voters read a paper but once a week, are by laborious employment prevented from having the time or the inclination to study political movements, and have not, like the *bourgeois* voters of old, the sense of enjoying in a vote a rare privilege, and are unlike the shopkeeper in this also, that they do not live in small and easily influenced circles. The candidate of to-day has, therefore, two great difficulties to contend with which were unknown to his predecessors. He finds it first most difficult to make his name known, and then he has a still heavier task in trying to fight against the immense force of *vis inertiae*. The politician thus has to

trust to universal self-advertisement, and advertising is perhaps the most expensive of all modern luxuries. To cover well the advertising hoardings in a London constituency would cost on an average from £50 to £100 a day; even in a small constituency advertising forms a larger item than the official expenses. The vast majority of the voters never see the face or hear the voice of the candidate, and have to trust for their knowledge of his opinions to his own proclamation of them in his election addresses, and have to judge of his abilities and character mainly from the self-laudatory proclamation from himself, or the condemnatory manifestoes from his opponents, with which the walls are covered. The politician who spoke, and could be spoken to, is in large constituencies a thing of the past; the canvass, where the candidate could be criticised with the naked eye, and the meetings where he could show his ability, or stupidity, play but a subordinate part; and the great instruments of success are not now the charm of manner or the eloquence of tongue, but the paste-pot, the hoarding, and the sandwich-man. We have thus the chance of the poor candidate decreased through the extension of the franchise in two ways: first, the expenses of elections are enormously increased; and secondly, the candidate has less opportunity of making his personal influence felt. This state of things has borne its natural fruit. It is quite true that the Parliament is no longer filled by men who have no claim to a seat but their relationship to or dependence on the aristocratic patrons or owners of constituencies. It is true that voters no longer directly buy and sell their votes, and are no longer driven to the polls. It is true that commercial constituencies are now able to return commercial men, and that an industrial country has now an industrial Parliament. But after all, we have only exchanged one oligarchy for another. The rule of the rich has

simply been substituted for the rule of the noble.

In former days, of course, the purse was also in most cases the chief agent of political success; but there remained two great gates through which the poor man of ability could enter into Parliament. These were the middle-sized constituencies, in which eloquence and honesty could bring themselves home to the hearts of the limited number of voters; and there were the nomination boroughs. We all know, of course, the many just objections that could be brought against the latter class of constituencies. They were utterly indefensible, and nobody could dream of proposing the restoration of those that are gone, or the perpetuation of the few that remain. But they are a class of constituency to which many democrats — Mr. Gladstone most notably — look back with a certain amount of regret. And why? For this reason, that while they, on the one hand, and in greater part, were the refuges of scions of the aristocracy, who had no claim whatever to be representatives of the people, they, on the other hand, were occasionally the avenue to unmoneyed intellect. The noble owner of those constituencies used in those days to look out for young men of ability; and the old superstition of Oxford University, that an electioneering agent darkly visited the forms of the debating club in search of promising youth, had some foundation in fact. Some of the instances, in which small constituencies performed for the state the great service of presenting it with intelligent servants, are historical. Mr. Gladstone, during the debates on the Reform Bill in 1859, made a remarkable speech on this point. He draws in other considerations besides these with which I am immediately dealing; but the remarks are *à propos* to the point I am endeavoring to bring out. Defending the existence of small boroughs, he chiefly dwelt on the necessity of men entering early into

political life, and, by way of enforcing his argument, he took the case of six men, every one of whom, having entered Parliament when young, succeeded in becoming leaders of the House. The first of these was Mr. Pelham, who became member for Seaford in 1719, at the age of twenty-two. Then there was Lord Chatham, who became member for the notorious borough of Old Sarum in 1735, at the age of twenty-six. Mr. Fox, again, when only about twenty, became member for Midhurst in 1764. Mr. Pitt was elected for Appleby, in 1781, at the age of twenty-one; while Mr. Canning, in 1793, was returned for Newport at twenty-two, and Sir Robert Peel, in 1807, for the city of Cashel, at twenty-one.

"Now, he said, "here are six men, every one of whom was a leader in this House. I take them because the oldest is younger than the youngest who now sit here, and because the mention of their names can give rise to no personal feeling. Here are six men whom you cannot match out of the history of the British House of Commons for the hundred years which preceded our own day. Every one of them was a leader in this House, almost every one of them was a Prime Minister. All of them entered Parliament for one of those boroughs where influences of different kinds prevailed. Every one of them might, if he had chosen, after giving proof of his powers in this House, have sat for any of the open constituencies of the country; and many of them did so. Mr. Pelham, after sitting for Seaford in one Parliament, represented Sussex for all the rest of his life. Lord Chatham never, I think, represented an open constituency. Mr. Fox, after sitting for Midhurst, became the chosen of Westminster. Mr. Pitt went from Appleby at a very early age to the University of Cambridge; but Canning went from Newport to Liverpool, and Sir R. Peel from Cashel to the University of Oxford. Now what was the case of Sir Robert Peel? The University, on account of a conscientious difference of opinion, refused the continuance of his services. They might have been lost to the British Parliament, — at that moment, at all events. But in Westbury he found an immediate refuge, for so it may be called; and he continued to sit for a small borough for the remainder of his life. Mr. Canning, in the same way, not

losing, but resigning the representation of Liverpool, found it more conducive to the public business that he should become the representative of a small borough for the rest of his days. What does this show? It shows that small boroughs were the nursery-ground in which these men were educated, — men who not only were destined to lead this House, to govern the country, to be the strength of England at home, and its ornament abroad, but who likewise, when once they had an opportunity of proving their powers in this House, became the chosen of large constituencies and the favorites of the nation."

To the instances Mr. Gladstone has cited, we might add several others of almost equal note. To the small constituency of Calne, for example, we owe Lord Macaulay and Mr. Lowe; and but for Newark and the Duke of Newcastle, we might never have had Mr. Gladstone himself.

Now, I ask whether the early entrance of Mr. Gladstone — assuming him not to have been wealthy in his youth — would be a possibility in the present day? It is no triumphant answer to this question to point to the election of his own youngest son, or to the few other young men who sit for English constituencies. Without attempting to underrate the evidences of striking ability, of which Mr. Herbert Gladstone has given proof, I may fairly say that he would not be the elect of Leeds if he had no capital beyond his own political intelligence; and the other young English members will be found in nearly every case to owe their election either to the possession of money by themselves or by their fathers. The great fact remains that the majority of our members of Parliament are rich and elderly, and have either never given proof, or have yet to do so, of political ability; and that we have in vain now to look for those young and striking parliamentary personalities who were so common in the Parliaments of the olden days.

But suppose we grant that there has not been a deterioration of par-

liamentary ability; suppose we blind ourselves to the fact of the increasing dulness of parliamentary debates, — a fact which the contrast between the lengthened newspaper reports of the past and the curt and barely intelligible summaries in the journals of to-day most clearly brings out, — suppose, I say, we admit that there is more ability in the modern than in the ancient Parliament, will anybody contend that Parliament has as yet recruited to its ranks a sufficient quantity of the intellect of the nation? He would be a bold Briton who would assert that, in intellectual power or legislative competence, the English Parliament can bear favorable comparison with the legislative assemblies of other constitutionally governed countries. In the French Senate you find Victor Hugo, M. Littré, M. John Lemoine; and from the Chamber of Deputies but few men are excluded who have attained high position in the departments of intellectual effort. In Germany, the Reichstag attracts the most eminent historians; and a man like Mr. Freeman would, in that country, have his choice of several constituencies. The same is true of Austria, of Italy, and of Spain; and, though the chief literary men of the United States unfortunately hold aloof from active political life, the members of the Congress are, in the vast majority of cases, men who have given proof of strength of character and intellectual supremacy.

I shall at once be told that England does not want a Parliament of such dangerous and untrustworthy characters as flighty *littérateurs* and penniless journalists. I will not stay to argue that there is no inevitable connection between intelligence and depravity, or between unsoundness of judgment and literary ability; nor shall I slay the thrice-slain fallacy that the conception of practical measures for the hour is impeded by philosophic training or a profound acquaintance with the history of man, ideas

and states in their various stages of development. I will merely remark that, if there be danger in the restless ambition of genius, there is peril in the love of intrigue, the mean jealousy, and the impotent strivings of the stupid. As between the able and the incompetent man, I think the chances of self-sacrifice, honesty, and devotion to principle are rather in favor of intellect than of incompetence. The love of power may arise from good as well as from bad motives. There is nothing unworthy in the desire of a man for office, who sees in that position the best opportunity of crushing that which he considers sham, and elevating that which he regards as reality; and an intellectual man is far more likely to so regard office than an incompetent man. For, speaking generally, the able man lives more in his ideas than in his material surroundings; and, though he be madly vain or lamentably weak, his worst act will have the residuum of good that he still strives after the realization of his ideas, and will be to that extent honest and impersonal. But the incompetent man — if, in combination with his incompetence, he have also ambition — will, generally speaking, look much to position and little to his ideas; for it is position, and not his ideas, that lend him whatever dignity he can hope for. It is, therefore, error as well as cant to say that less trust is to be placed in men of ability than in stupid men.

It would thus be a distinct advance in the moral character of an assembly that it should be open to intelligence; and it would even still more clearly be an advance in its practical utility. It surely ought to require little proof that what is wanted in a deliberative assembly is political sagacity. It would dissipate much of the confusion of thought which rules political conduct, if we were to approach political subjects as we do other questions of practical life. Suppose, for instance, we dealt with the state as we deal

with our individual bodies. The sensible man, who is ill, is not troubled in the choice of his medical man by such considerations as the descent, or social position, or wealth of the physician, except in so far as these things are collateral evidence of his ability and knowledge; and he would be a strange patient, indeed, who would think his disease could more safely be trusted to a stupid than to an able doctor. And, assuredly, the same principle should apply to our selection of our political counsellors. What we want in dealing with the aggregate of individuals that is called the state is, primarily, sagacity; and whether the counsellor who proffers his services is or is not wise, should, therefore, be the first and main consideration in forming our judgment. Be it remarked, too, that we should bring to the choice of our political attendant — so to speak — the same care as we bestow on our private physician. The health of our own bodies affects our individual comfort far more than the rise of parties, or even the shock of empires; and politics, after all, do not touch many of the strongest interests and the deepest feelings of the individual man. But, on the other hand, the influence of politics, though it may be slight on the individual, is immense in consideration of its all-pervading and lasting character. One bad law — say like the Corn Law, or the Act of Union between England and Ireland — may darken the lives of millions for decades of years; and a bad law may come from the unwise choice of a representative by a single constituency. These, of course, are truisms, but they are fitly repeated here, because they fall in with my general contention as to the importance of electing a competent Parliament. Their frequent iteration is also rendered necessary by the almost incurable want of political intensity in this country, under the influence of which proved political incompetence is so readily forgiven, and representatives are so

often chosen in the spirit of levity or apathy, of weak good-nature or of flunkyish complaisance.

Returning to my more immediate subject, I contend that it is political sagacity we should mainly demand in our parliamentary representatives. If this is so, a man's wealth ought to influence our choice little, if at all, and we are all bound accordingly to make, so far as possible, a political career as open to the poor as to the rich. Here, again, I have to argue against an obstinate English prejudice. There is, perhaps, no more unpopular character in politics than what is called the political adventurer, and under that name is classed every man without fortune or family who seeks to enter on a political career. It would be ridiculous to deny that poor men are subject to greater temptations than rich, and that the game of politics is one which it is particularly difficult to play without soiling one's hands. But it should not be forgotten that wealth has its temptations as well as poverty, and that money is not the only instrument of corruption. It is quite true that our legislators have been in recent times free from even the suspicion of pecuniary corruption, but not, after all, entirely free. The financial use which many members have made of their parliamentary position differs in no essential from the scandals which have on many occasions disgraced the legislature of the United States. However, leaving this point, there are, I say, other agencies of corruption as well as money; and by many of those agencies poor men of certain classes would be less, and not more, influenced than certain sections of the wealthy. Admission, for instance, to select social circles would be far more highly prized by the *nouveaux riches* than, say, by the struggling *littérateur*. An invitation to a levee or to a dance at the Foreign Office, — to which would such a bait be more tempting, to the typical alderman or the typical journalist? Then there

are such honors as peerages, baronetcies, companionships of the Bath, and all the other links in the childish game of gaud, in which grown-up nations still indulge. Are not all of these things bribes to the rich, and not to the poor? Have they not changed political convictions, bought votes, and corrupted capitalists? So that when you have said that politics offers temptations to the poor, you only state half the case so far as the temptation is concerned. Nor is this all. The man brought up in poverty has learned good as well as bad lessons. Acquaintance with the wants and sufferings of his class will tend to give the poor politician a deeper sympathy with humanity than can be expected from the man by whom privation has never been known; and, in so far, will be calculated to make him stronger in resisting the advances of the political tempter. Money, too, becomes a greater or a less temptation in proportion to the influence it wields in a nation. In countries where it is the only passport to political position or social advancement, or to respect in any other way among one's fellow-men, money is the greatest of all temptations. But all countries are happily not like England in this respect; for among Continental peoples eminence in science or art can purchase honors, even in politics and society, after which millionnaires sigh in vain. It is by keeping political life as the monopoly of the rich that you demoralize the politician who is poor. Open up political distinction to poor and rich alike, and political power and an unsullied political character will arm the poor man against the pecuniary bribe. While, therefore, freely admitting the danger to be apprehended from the free admission of the poor to political activity, I think I have shown that those dangers are exaggerated; and that, on the other hand, the monopoly of politics by the rich has perils of its own, which, even on the mere point of temptation to political dishonesty, are almost as

grave as those urged against the poor. But I have, of course, only stated a small portion of my case against the present system when I charge the rich with being as corruptible in politics as the poor. It would only be going over old ground to argue the case against the rule of a plutocracy; and I may take it, I think, as an accepted dogma among political thinkers that such a rule has almost as many defects as the old *régime* of the *noblesse*. I apprehend, therefore, that having proved our present system of representation as establishing government by the rich, I have likewise proved that the system is evil, and requires fundamental reforms.

It will be asked, by what class of men I would replace those who at present rise to the political surface; and some of the observations I have made may suggest the impression that I look forward to a Parliament exclusively composed of *littérateurs* and journalists and voluble rhetoricians. Taking the last point first, it is scarcely necessary for me to say that I do not regard readiness of speech or rhetorical ability as an inevitable proof of political capacity. Speaking from some experience of political orators, I express it as my deliberate conviction that great oratorical ability and success are compatible with a very small stock of real intellectual power. A good *physique*, a fine voice, and a self-confident manner are perhaps more important aids to the success of the speaker than clearness of intellectual vision. Indeed, some of the most effective orators the world has known — take the case of Whitefield as one of the most notable — have been remarkable for narrowness rather than for breadth of mind. But the reign of the voluble in the House of Commons is a bugbear. I do not say this because I have any sympathy with that belief in the supreme wisdom of St. Stephen's which has become one of the most stupid commonplaces of English conversation. I say the reign of the voluble is quite impossible in any deliberative body of

fairly educated men that has any practical work to do. The pulpit or the platform orator, whose voice has been omnipotent abroad, reaches his proper level in the House of Commons; not because it is the English Parliament, but because he has to convince opponents as well as friends; because he is debating, not soliloquizing, and because he has to remain within the limits of definite points at issue, instead of roaming freely over the wide domains of passion and imagination. It need, therefore, never be regarded as a serious danger that, open the portals of Parliament as wide as you like, there will be a tide of mere spouters and a *régime* of mere rhetoric. It may at the same time be admitted that rhetorical ability will always carry excessive weight in deliberative assemblies, and that though speakers will have to make that show of argument with which they can altogether dispense in the pulpit or on the platform, the same arguments will be convincing in the mouth of one man which in that of another would fall flat and pointless. On this point I feel a considerable amount of sympathy with the remark made by Mr. Frederic Harrison, I think, in one of his essays, that it was most unedifying to see a Prime Minister have to defend his policy on rhetorical tight rope. But, to return to my thesis, these are inherent defects of representative institutions, and would in no way be increased by opening Parliament to the poor.

And now as to the objection to a Parliament of *littérateurs* and journalists, I would first point out that it is a plain delusion to suppose that that class could ever form an overwhelming majority of the House of Commons. In countries where literature and journalism receive that due recognition which they are denied in this Philistine land, the estated gentleman and the merchant still enjoy their fair share of the representation, nor are literary men chosen as legislators merely because they are literary men.

Any one acquainted with France can readily name dozens of distinguished authors and journalists, who, in spite of their great and admitted literary powers, have never been able to carve out a political career. Literary ability has been taken, not as inevitable proof of political capacity, but certainly not as a political disqualification.

This brings me to the idea obstinately held by large sections in this country, that literary ability is, and ought to remain, an absolute disqualification for political life. This notion is partly due to the absurd opinion with which I have already dealt, that ability which is not backed by large acres or a good business is bound in a necessary alliance with venal unscrupulousness. Besides, there is still the settled sentiment in this country that the literary poor, like every other class unblessed by wealth, should be taught to keep their places. It is amusing perhaps—I might say it is a little disgusting—to see the developments which this feeling sometimes assumes. Let a master shoemaker, or a large draper, or a lace manufacturer, or a city alderman, be selected as a Liberal, or, heaven save the mark! as a Radical candidate, and the Nestor of the club, the *bourgeois*, the wire-puller, and even the journalist join in a chorus of admiration at the wisdom of the choice. On the other hand, let a *littérateur* or a journalist—a journalist, be it understood, who works with his own pen, and not who employs the pens of other men—let a *littérateur* or a journalist, who has no capital beyond his brains and knowledge, attempt to enter political life, and all sections of society, that have any pretensions to decency, unite in denouncing the impudent intruder on the preserves of the rich. What, I ask, can be the justification for such an attitude? Which is the better fitted by his training, *cæteris paribus*, for political usefulness, the merchant or the journalist? Take the cases of Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., or Mr.

Blanchard Jerrold, or of gentlemen like the editors of the "Spectator." These gentlemen have had to study political questions all their lives, and for many years every day of their lives, as a professional duty. The newspaper, which other people can lazily glide over, they have to carefully read; they have, almost daily, to write upon political questions, and therefore to consider them with more than the ordinary amount of mental concentration; and the views they express are allowed to sway the opinions of the nation, and to affect the decisions and the fortunes of ministries. And yet what chance would almost any of those I have named have in an English constituency against a long-pursed dullard, who employed a sufficient number of wire-pullers, subsidized a sufficient number of churches, and was punctual in attendance at unæsthetic teas, and meetings for the conversion of the heathen?

Those objections to the political journalist come, after all, from the vulgar idolaters of wealth, — a most numerous and potent class in our land, — and may be trusted to take their departure with the other elements of Philistine and middle-class ascendancy, under which we at present live. A more rational argument comes from the ranks of the journalists themselves. It is said that the entrance of journalists into political life would lower the influence and fetter the independence of journalism. On analyzing the arguments in favor of the opinion that political journalists would lower the influence of journalism, I find them generally resolve themselves into a eulogy of the anonymous system. If A B, it is said, become a member of Parliament, it gets known that A B is the writer of such and such articles; and the articles will lose half their force. So much the better, say I. In my opinion, anonymous journalism has far greater influence than it can justly claim, or than is good for the state. It is quite clear that the articles which A B

writes are entitled to so much respect as the character and ability of A B justify, — so much and not one whit more; any influence they exercise beyond is artificially, and, therefore, unjustly obtained. Of course, existing journalism is conducted on an exactly opposite principle; and under the anonymous system, the disposition of the ignorant to take the *ignotum pro magifico* is fooled to the top of its bent. A B — our imaginary journalist — should get credit. I say, for so much wisdom as he can bring to the writing of his articles; but the enterprise of management in the newspaper for which he contributes, the prompt telegrams, or vivid descriptions of its special correspondents, the number of its advertisements, the reputation which has been the creation of years of success, and the pens of hundreds of other writers, — these, and all the other things which combine in forming the *prestige* of a journal, combine also to add influence to what A B writes; and, over and beyond all these, is A B magnified by the popular belief in some vague, shadowy, and, therefore, impressive influence behind the editorial chair. In other words, the article the individual writer contributes to a journal enjoys a vast mass of influence over and above that to which it is entitled. I venture to regard this as an unhealthy state of things; and if, by placing A B in Parliament, we could learn to distinguish between the legitimate and the illegitimate amount of regard with which we should view A B's articles, I see in this a gain, and not a loss. The influence of his journal would not be lowered; it would be brought within the limits of sense and justice.

But, continue our critics, if A B become a member of Parliament, he will cease to be an independent journalist. As a politician, he will form personal and political connections, whose feelings and even whose prejudices he will have to consider; his journal will be bound up with his own political fortunes; and the critic, inde-

pendent of all parties, will be changed to the writer, with one eye on his own opinions, and the other on his constituents and his allies. I frankly admit the force of this objection. I do think that it is a good thing for the state and for parties that political affairs should be subjected to the criticism of men removed from the prejudices, interests, and passions of active political life; and journalists who really fulfil these conditions are among the best custodians of the public welfare. But I am not bound to prove that the admission of journalists to political life would be an unmixed good. It is sufficient for my case if I show that the beneficent are in excess of the bad effects of such a change in our political life. Furthermore, I would point out that journalists, though free from the embarrassing influences of private political fortunes, are not exempt from other influences which fetter the independence of the judgment.

But it will be a mistake of the whole object of my article if it were to be supposed that when I advocate the right of the journalist or the *littérateur* to a share in political activity, that they are the only classes of poor men for whose cause I plead. I have, of course, sympathy — perhaps undue sympathy — with the members of my own profession; but I feel, I think, even more deeply the case of another class of politicians, — I mean those who have come to be called working-class candidates. I confess that I have a certain amount of difficulty in keeping within the bounds of good-tempered and moderate language when I have to speak of the manner in which members of that class have been treated by the Liberal party. The worst case was that of the late Mr. George Odger, in Southwark. Now that that poor man is dead, there is a sort of rivalry as to who shall speak most highly of his merits; among his eulogists being many of those who stood most obstinately in the way of his honorable and legitimate ambition. It is agreed that he was a man of great

ability, of incorruptible integrity, and that he had had a lifetime experience of political movements, and of the wants and desires of the working classes. He, therefore, had established, if any man, a claim on the esteem and the assistance of the Liberal party. We know what occurred. He stood for Southwark twice, and on each occasion he would have been certain of success if he had been left to fight the Tory alone. But aristocratic wire-pullers and middle-class politicians were shocked at the idea of a genuine workingman aspiring to parliamentary honors. On the first occasion they sought, of all persons in the world, a city alderman as a Liberal candidate. I am not sure that he was not called a Radical — as if any man could be called either Liberal or Radical who has hand, act, or part in the worse than Tammany ring which weighs upon the people of London. How, I ask, — pausing for a moment on this point. — can the people of the provinces believe in the sincerity of the desire of the London people to get rid of the corporation, if London constituencies continue to intrust their representation to members of that body? Mr. Odger beat the city alderman by nearly two to one, and so established, by the clearest proof, his right to contest the constituency. In the face of this fact, his election was again opposed by so-called Liberals, and again the division thus created gave the seat to a Tory. On the second occasion, also, Mr. Odger polled more votes than his Liberal rival, thus proving a second time that he had a stronger hold on the constituency than the candidate opposed to him by members of his own party. When the gentleman who thus defeated Mr. Odger's chance of a parliamentary career once more presented himself before Southwark, I am glad to say that the Radicals regarded it as a duty to inflict condign punishment upon him; and it is one of the proudest recollections of my political life that I lent some slight aid

towards this most necessary act of reprisals.

Another case of a workingman candidate, which took place at the last elections, was almost as bad. Mr. Lucraft sought the representation of the Tower Hamlets. Mr. Lucraft, like the late Mr. Odger, has spent a lifetime in political movements, is a man of admitted ability, and, like Mr. Odger, has carried his honorable poverty throughout without a single stain. The election of Professor Bryce was, I believe, regarded from the first as certain, and the choice of the Liberal managers lay between Mr. Lucraft and Mr. Samuda. I have nothing to say against Mr. Samuda personally; but everybody knows that he was one of the band of Liberal Jingoës who helped the late Ministry almost more effectively than their own supporters. It was on the foreign, and not on the domestic policy of Lord Beaconsfield that the country was asked to give a verdict, and anybody, therefore, who was in favor of the late Premier's foreign policy was disintituled to Liberal support, unless, perhaps, as in the case of Mr. Cowen, an aberration on this point could be forgiven in consideration of thorough Radical principles on other subjects, and great services to the Radical cause. Mr. Samuda was, on foreign policy, a Tory, and on domestic has never — so far as I know — given proof of any particular liberality of views, and certainly has left no record of political services. Here, then, were the candidates from whom the Liberal managers had to choose. The one a tried and consistent Liberal; the other was, to all intents and purposes, a Tory. The Liberal managers chose the Tory! Now, I ask, is a rich Tory, in the eye of Liberal managers, preferable to a Liberal without money? And if the reply be, that the choice of the unworthy rich, instead of the worthy poor, is made inevitable by the expensiveness of elections, I ask, Is it not the duty of

the Liberal party to, at once and forever, get rid of such a necessity by making elections cheap?

An Irishman can, after all, regard this question with something of the impartiality and coolness of the *amicus curiæ*; for the problem, which is still a difficulty in England, has already been solved in Ireland. The Irish people choose their representatives without any consideration as to their wealth or social pretensions. In Sligo, Mr. Sexton, a journalist, defeated the Hon. King Harman, Lord Lieutenant of the county, with an income of £40,000 a year, and not without certain national leanings. In Roscommon, the O'Conor Don — the representative of a once royal family, the owner of large estates in the county, a man of ability, integrity, and long parliamentary influence and great political services, the darling, besides, of the Bishop and the priests — was defeated by Mr. O'Kelly, another journalist. In some constituencies they even went the length of paying the expenses of the candidates. When one looks at three solitary workingmen, or four, including Mr. Bradlaugh, whom all England, Scotland, and Wales have returned, it is refreshing to turn to the Irish benches, where sit Mr. Finigan, a journalist; Mr. O'Donnell, a journalist; Mr. Sexton, a journalist; Mr. A. M. Sullivan, a journalist; Mr. T. D. Sullivan, a journalist; Mr. O'Kelly, a journalist; Mr. O'Connor Power, a law student; and Mr. John Barry, who, twenty years ago, was a fisherman's laborer. "Could the soul of little Montenegro," wrote Mr. Gladstone in his article on the "Peace to Come," "have been transfused into the big body of Bulgaria, Europe need never to have been troubled in our century with an Eastern Question." Similarly, if rich England had the public spirit of impoverished Ireland, the rule of the purse would long ago have ceased to lower her Parliament and to degrade her public life.

BISMARCK AND THE FREEMASONS.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

A GREAT WAR has been declared, with half a continent for its battlefield. Four countries are to be leagued in alliance against one man, but that man is the greatest man in Europe. Bismarck has pitted himself against the Freemasons; and the "Bauhutte," their organ in Germany, preaches a league of the Lodges of Germany, France, Italy, and England against the Imperial Chancellor. It will not be forgotten that the latter-day policy of the autocratic Prussian has been one of friendliness with his former foes, the Catholics. Whether this attitude of his angers the Freemasons, or that it was itself the preliminary step on the part of the far-seeing chancellor towards a declaration of war against Freemasonry, we don't know; but, at all events, in the beginning of last May the prince made use of an expression at one of his *soirées* which has been since developed into a positive casting of the gauntlet in Freemason teeth. He is reported to have said, "It is easier to negotiate with the Jesuits, who are sensible people, than with the Freimaurer," who, the "Standard" annotates, "not being presumably in that category, can outwit the cleverest." The phrase at the time does not seem to have attracted more than the passing attention which accompanies a sharp saying from the mouth of a great personage; but it was revived by Ludwig Windthorst, the leader of the Catholic party, who referred to it in his examination before the commission inquiring into ecclesiastical affairs; and now the "Bauhutte" likens it to one of those phrases with which Napoleon III. used to warn Europe from the Court of the Tuileries that he meditated mischief. The "Bauhutte" sounds the tocsin of war with a violent hand. It addresses the Masonic Lodges, and tells them that "the Masonic Union"

must "not delay to indicate the exact point at which patriotism ceases to be a virtue." This sentence unconsciously reveals the cloven foot of Masonry, with its socialistic joints, and indicates how dangerous an organization is this secret one which ramifies all over the world. The "Bauhutte" goes on to propose an international opposition to Prince Bismarck, in which the Lodges of England, France, and Italy should join, revealing to people at home here the mistaken character of the notion which is so often impressed upon us, and which is very prevalent, viz., that the Freemasons of these insular countries have little or nothing in common with the secret society of the Continent, and that Masonry at home here is an innocent club for purposes of the promotion of substantial friendship and social recreation. The German Masonic organ lets in the light of day upon its true character as being but a branch of the great secret league which veins Europe, as it were, with its sprigs and its foliage. We see how quickly Masonry, at the hands of those who are in its secrets and who are the exponents of its principles, throws off the mask of the harmless club, and assumes the weapons of the formidable political association, which takes it upon itself to declare the moment that duty to one's country ceases and the superior duty to the craft begins. No allegiance of Catholic to his church was ever preached, even to the ears of the Secularist, with the offensive audacity of the "Bauhutte" declaring that German unity should perish at the hands of hated Frenchman, conspiring Italian, and insular Englishman, before the sacred citadel of Freemasonry should suffer the loss of a single stone at the hands of the Imperial Minister. Bismarck is not a Bourbon. He can learn something. He sees now that

Rome was right, and that whether they are called Socialists, Carbonari, Illuminati, Communists, or Freemasons, they are still the same league whose guiding spirit is in opposition to authority and order, heaven's first law. He has at last ranged himself "on the side of the angels," and the world awaits the shock of the contest with interest and anxiety.

A later journal says: "The great Prussian statesman identified Freemasonry with the most insidious secret societies. The organization has various phases, extending from royalty-favored respectability in this nation to the Socialists of the Continent, the Petroleurs of the Commune, the Atheist craft of Paris, and the Nihilists of Russia. Bismarck, we say, seems to believe in this interconnection and solidarity, and believing this, he denounces under the complex of Freemasonry the entire plant, as perilous to the Empire. Bismarck is probably the best police-informed man in Europe, as he is certainly the most far-seeing statesman of the day. He gets quicker, wider, and surer information from his domiciliary spy agency than ever Fouché brought to the first Napoleon; and we may be quite sure that his present peremptory determination is the result of information that alarms him. He knows what secret societyism means, what it has attempted, and what it has effected. He knows as a living, acting force what authors like Dumas and Wilkie Collins have searched out as a subject for dramatic elaboration, and it is very probable that the practical knowledge is identical with the dramatic. Be this as it may, at all events here is the Freemason oath as given by Dumas in more than one of his historical novels, and given, too, with such persistency as to appear the chief thread in the series that is meant to exhibit the Sociology of the wide-awake French writer: "In the name of the Crucified Son, swear to break all bonds of nature which unite thee to father, mother, brother, sister, wife,

relation, friend, mistress, king, benefactor, and to any being whatever to whom thou has promised faith, obedience, gratitude, or service. Swear to honor and respect poison, steel, and fire, as prompt, pure, and necessary means to purge the globe by the death of those who seek to defile truth and wrest it from our hands." This was part of the inhuman conjuration of the dread "L. P. D." Masonic fraternity that pledged itself to the taking of the Bastille, to the death of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and to the shaking of religion and government everywhere. This was the subterranean force that threw up the French Revolution, that fed its fiercest brutalities, and that again after a season of compression put on new features and new names, and spread itself through all the capitals of Europe. The hideous power is just now raising its spectral head again, and Bismarck has seen it very near him. Bismarck does nothing out of panic, and his promptest measures are long and well deliberated. Incidents have kept him thinking, and probably some fresh discovery tells him that the time for action has come.

Socialists, Communists, and Nihilists he classes as Freemasons; he identifies Freemasonry with "the Lodge in La Rue Platriere" (this is the famous Masonic centre described by Dumas), and he proclaims war to the knife on the whole institution. Bismarck is probably coming to see the wisdom of the advice that Louis XV. got from his chief of police: "Every day new Masonic Lodges are forming, and the quills of these illuminati are dangerous when cut by the penknife of Damiens. Your majesty expelled the Jesuits, but it was the philosophers you should have expelled." Words like these spoken a century ago, when France was commencing her death-blows at monarchy and the church, seem to have a second applicability just now. The French Freemasons, as every one knows, have banished the profession of belief in God.

A CENTENARY OF BIGOTRY.

The Universe, London.

THE Gordon riots of 1780 will have reached their hundredth year on the 2d of June, 1880, and for two opposite reasons they ought to be remembered. Firstly, that all may join in condemning the wild fanaticism of those who fought for persecution; and secondly, that all may join in honoring the memory of those enlightened Protestants who most honorably worked to break the chains which hung upon their Catholic fellow-subjects. Let us glance at the facts.

In 1779 Sir George Saville, member for York, proposed and carried, without opposition, a bill to repeal the cruel penal law of William III., which imposed fearful penalties on Catholics. The effect of the Act of 1779 was that Catholics could teach, could hold land, and could enjoy many other rights to which, as citizens, they were entitled. The people of Scotland were not so liberal as the people of England, and they worked hard and successfully to prevent the extension of the Act to their country. But even this paltry victory would not satisfy them, so they caused a bigoted maniac named Lord George Gordon, son of the Duke of Gordon, to do all in his power to cause the tolerating Act of 1779 to be repealed. That mad bigot began his bad work in London on 29th May, 1780, with a public meeting, and he requested all "honest Protestants" to accompany him to the House of Commons, to which he was to present a petition for the repeal of the Toleration Act of 1779. The day appointed was the 2d June, and all were to come with blue rosettes and other indications of Protestantism. He demanded that at least 20,000 should accompany him to the House with the "great Protestant petition." On the morning of the 2d June (see, for full particulars, Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge") many thou-

sands assembled in St. George's Fields to accompany Lord George to the House of Commons. It is a happy and most consoling fact that on the very spot where the bigots of 1780 assembled to endeavor to destroy the Catholic religion, there now stands, and has stood for some dozens of years, the beautiful cathedral of St. George, in which glorious building the first member of the restored Catholic hierarchy of England, namely, Irish Cardinal Wiseman, — for he was Irish by both father and mother, — delivered those splendid addresses which proved to England her folly and her madness in her poor attempt to resist the truth.

When a large crowd had assembled, Lord George Gordon moved on to Westminster, while thousands went over London Bridge and Blackfriars Bridge, and all assembled in front of the Houses of Parliament about two o'clock on 2d June. All the members of either House (Protestant bishops and others) who were suspected of being friendly to toleration were stopped and insulted. At last, however, the House of Commons voted on the petition, and (to the great honor of an exclusively Protestant House) rejected this demand for the renewal of the persecution of Catholics by 192 to 6, thus paying glorious homage to the glorious principle of religious liberty.

Then began that terrible outburst of lawless violence to which no country has ever seen a parallel. The Gordon mob ran wildly through London. They destroyed the Catholic churches of Duke Street, Warwick Street, Virginia Street, Moorfields, and also several other buildings dedicated to the true religion. They attacked and sacked the houses of Lord Mansfield (destroying his fine library), Sir George Saville, and others, and

they insulted the illustrious Edmund Burke and other noble champions of religious liberty. They broke open Newgate and other prisons, liberating prisoners and setting fire to the jails. and the soldiers were for a time quite unable to cope with their terrible violence. At last, however, law prevailed over riotous tumult, and several dozens were taken into custody, of whom twenty-one were hanged; so that, as many of the rioters were shot in the streets, the loss of life was large. Many of the rioters were killed by the poison or raw spirits, for several distilleries were attacked.

For several days these wild orgies continued, but at last law prevailed and the rioters were overcome, not only by the military, but also by suddenly formed civil companies. The whole riot was a terrible blot on the boasted civilization of England. It would have disgraced the wildest parts of Africa, and it is to be hoped that its like will never be seen again.

We fear that even at the present day too much of the old spirit of bigotry survives, and that Lord Oranmore is in spirit a second Lord George Gordon. Let us hope, however, that it will have no long life, but that it will be trampled under foot, even as the bigots of 1780 were crushed by the combined power of reason and of law.

DEATH OF A PRIEST BY THE GORDON RIOTS. — The following appears in the "Annual Register" of 1780 among the "Deaths": "Died. — The Rev. Richard Dillon, late of the Roman Catholic chapel, Moorfields, where he had resided for thirty-six years, till it was destroyed by the mob by the late riots. At the same time his house was totally pulled down, his books and household furniture burnt, without even a bed being left for him to lie on. The shock he received from such barbarous treatment deeply affected his health, and is supposed to have hastened his death. He was

from Meath, in Ireland, and was universally respected."

THE VICEROY OF INDIA.

A CATHOLIC, in the person of the Marquis of Ripon, will now, for the first time in the history of British India, rule as Viceroy, in that most populous portion of the possessions of the Queen, almost as many subjects of the Crown as there are coreligionists of his Excellency in the length and breadth of Christendom. The appointment of the noble marquis to the viceregal throne at Calcutta will be welcomed as an event of exceptional interest in all parts of the Catholic world. His selection as Lord Lytton's successor does signal honor to Mr. Gladstone, who, as the author of the ill-considered pamphlet published a few years ago under the title of "Vaticanism," may be said to have acted in this instance not only with courage, but with magnanimity. Lord Ripon's nomination to the office of Governor-General is like an acknowledgment on the part of the Prime Minister that in questioning as he did, in his mistaken argument, the loyalty of Catholics, he was guilty of an error of judgment. Elsewhere we offer our meed of recognition to the noble service done the Crown during the last four years by the retiring Viceroy; but while we would, as alone befits him, welcome the coming, we would, in the same breath, speed the going Governor-General of India, bidding him with our whole heart God-speed on his setting forth to assume his grand and resplendent responsibilities.

THE colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers, — they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common unpoetic life. — *Father Faber.*

7TH OF JUNE, 1780.—7TH OF JUNE, 1880.

Lady Correspondent of the London "Evening Telegraph."

WALKING soberly along down Newgate Street, I suddenly remembered the date—the 7th of June—and the remembrance suddenly aroused at the same time the most painful as well as the most pleasurable emotions. Contrary to the general rule, the emotions of the present were entirely those of pleasure, while those of pain were of the far-gone past. The 7th of June, 1780, just a hundred years ago, the very stones on which I stood, looking up at the gates of Newgate Prison, were stained with the blood of men who had died there, torn to pieces by the mob, trampled under foot, crushed against the wall, in defence of the same Catholic belief which is now honored and respected, even if not adopted by the descendants of the men by whom the murders were committed with such fierce and wanton cruelty. On the 7th of June, 1780, the city was in the hands of the blood-thirsty Protestant mob, panting for Catholic blood, and resolved to blot out all Catholic observances from the land. On the 7th of June, 1880, the processional chant of the *Corpus Dei* might be heard through the doors of the Catholic church close by, and the Catholic priest in his robe and sash be seen hurrying to and fro without molestation. It is so delightful to record the progress of human reason and the advance of civilization, that one cannot help now and then turning from the dusty path through which we are struggling to congratulate ourselves that in our own times, although there may have been some few odious cries of "No Popery!" and some few miserable attempts at renovating the odium of Guy Fawkes, yet the cry has gradually died away, and the one ludicrous effigy of the Pope has been replaced by that of the political offender of the moment. There could be no better theme to induce conversion

than a plain recital of the horrors committed in London against the Catholics on that terrible 7th of June, 1780. Every Roman Catholic place of worship was pillaged and burnt, every house inhabited by Roman Catholics sacked and fired, hundreds perished in the flames, and the brutal behavior of the mob, instigated by religious hate, was as fearful in its consequences as that of the Paris communards under the influence of political rage. Something there may be still of the old Protestant leaven remaining amongst us; but it savors more of the perplexity and bewilderment occasioned by the silent submission to the inevitable which has suffered the progress of Catholicism to go on without protest or opposition,—a sudden awaking to the danger only to find that no danger is feared by the rest of the world,—a hope that it is through indifference and not consent that this progress of "Popery" (as these old-world Protestant champions still choose to call the Catholic belief) has been allowed gradually to absorb some of the finest intellects of the country. Such a feeling must be attributed to the protestations against the nomination of Lord Ripon and other Catholics of note to some of the high offices of the government. It is perhaps to be regarded as proof of the conviction entertained of the great importance and high influence of the Catholics that no such protest has ever been entered against the nomination of Sir George Jessel and other Jews to high functions in the state. "What a pity," says the Lord Mayor in "Barnaby Rudge" to the terrified alderman,— "what a pity it is you're a Catholic! Why couldn't you be a Protestant, and then you would n't have got yourself in such a mess? Really people seem to turn Catholic

on purpose to worrit me." The burning and the murder will return no more, but the embarrassment and perplexity still remain, and the meetings on the occasion of the appointment of Lord Ripon exhibit this feeling so plainly that it was said of one of the speakers at the last sitting of the committee convoked to protest against his lordship's nomination as Governor-General of India, "That man is just as likely to turn Catholic and join Lord Ripon at Calcutta as to stay here and condemn the government for having appointed him." The gradual dissolution of the Anglican Church and the firmer consolidation of the Catholic, both becoming more visible every day, cannot fail to create uneasiness in the minds of the Protestants, and a serious inquiry into the cause.

FÊTE AT THE VATICAN.

ON Sunday, at the Vatican, a grand philological *fête*, or, as it was called by the originators, a polyglot academy, was given in honor of the exaltation to the Pontifical throne of his Holiness Leo XIII. The great hall of the Consistory was specially adapted for the occasion. On a throne sat his Holiness, surrounded by the personages of the pontifical court, two cardinals, a number of archbishops, bishops, and other prelates, the ambassadors of France, Austria, Spain, and Portugal, and other members of the diplomatic body accredited to the Holy See, the heads of the religious orders, and a number of members of the Roman nobility. In the presence of this distinguished audience, the scholars of the Propaganda recited short poems in forty-nine different languages of the world, on various themes, celebrating, according to the programme, the Pope's name, his deeds, lofty purposes, the holiness of his life, his unconquerable zeal for increasing the lustre of the church, the well-being of human society, and the advancement of learning. After an introductory address by Don

Michele Camilieri, the recitations, commencing with that on the theme of the Roman Pontificate, in the Hebrew tongue, were made, and were interluded, as they continued, with the singing of national songs in the Chaldean, Arabian, Turkish, Cingalese, Armenian, Greek, Georgian, Bulgarian, Roumanian, Irish, and other tongues; and in conclusion, the Sistine choir sang the *Apparuit* of Baini.

SELF-PRaise. — Don't. You had better not. You may be a great man and all that; but if you are, somebody will find it out without your telling it, and then it will come with better grace from them than from you. Do not assume an air of superiority. Be simple and unaffected. There have, perhaps, after all, been as great men as you are, and there may be others as great hereafter. Your greatness is not likely to hurt you, whatever your conceit may do. Then don't put on airs. Don't be puffed up with an exalted opinion of yourself. Other people may differ from you in opinion upon this point, and the result will be more unpleasant to you than to them. The fact is, true greatness is always humble and unassuming. The world's heroes have been men who, instead of being mighty in conceit, have been mighty in deeds. Do something; do something that ought to be done: keep doing, and let your works speak for you, but don't praise yourself.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY, being a witness in a will case recently before the surrogate of New York, testified that he never was on the witness-stand before; and being asked by the surrogate if any organization existed in the Catholic Church which encouraged ecclesiastics to urge upon persons of advanced age the idea that they should remember the Church in their bequests, replied: "*There is no such organization.* Such practices, if known to the Church, are not approved. *They are condemned.*"

DECORATION DAY. WHAT A BISHOP SAYS.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland, St. Paul's, Minn.

At Calvary Cemetery, the Decoration Day ceremonies were conducted by Bishop Ireland, Rev. Fathers Reiley and Gallagher, and the following committee of old soldiers: Capt. M. J. O'Connor, Capt. Jacob Mainzer, E. Cummings, Capt. H. DeGraw, G. Anderson, John Kunz, John Smith, M. Prendergast.

BISHOP IRELAND'S REMARKS.

It is well for us to commune with the dead, to draw inspirations from their noble deeds. A generation of men living exclusively of its own life is stricken with poverty and weakness. It is as a first ripple raised upon the waters by the breeze; there is in it but slight volume and power. A generation that leans upon a great past, having traditions and examples to nourish and direct its aims, is the one which is capable of powerful results. For these reasons men have always cherished and revered the memories of sires and heroes, and related in song and story their teachings and achievements. The church has her tablets, upon which are inscribed the names of her martyrs and her saints. The nation builds monuments to its warriors and statesmen, and commemorates their valor and wisdom. A people that forgets its departed heroes is not only an ungrateful people, it has entered into stages of sure decay. Though young in years, the American republic is rich in glorious traditions, which it is our duty to treasure up most diligently.

MEMORIES DEAR AND PRECIOUS CLUSTER
AROUND THE STARRY BANNER.

It speaks to us of the founders of the nation, who so gallantly shed their blood rather than to submit to acts of tyranny. It recalls the hundreds of thousands who but a few years ago rallied beneath its folds

when there was danger that the country might be severed in twain and deprived of the oneness of natural life, so essential to its glory and prosperity. Are we, citizens of the republic, to pass slightly over such memories? Are our tongues to be silent in their praises? Shall our hands drop when signs should be given that we honor them and pride ourselves in imitating their patriotism? What we can do is but small return for their deeds. The country owes much to the men who, taking their lives in their hands, placed them on her altars and marched forth to suffering, privations, and very death, to save her. But what little token of our respect we can offer, be it offered willingly and gladly. Strew, then, upon the graves of those whose remains lie near at hand, flowers and roses, symbols of love and gratitude; and from the grassy plats which contain these remains may inspirations arise, the sweet aroma of their memories, to strengthen our own resolves to do as they have done, whenever the country may demand from us the sacrifice.

THE COUNTRY NEEDS PATRIOTISM, genuine and disinterested. It is well that her commerce prospers, and her railroads link together her most distant provinces, that her mills and factories cover her soil. If there is mere material prosperity without high love of country, there is no hope for her. Her children would be ready, if they are but traffickers and shopkeepers, to sell her to the highest bidder. We hear much said of the uselessness and shallowness of idle sentiment and mere ideal principle. Without sentiment and ideal principle there is no enthusiasm, no disinterested love, no heroic patriotism. When men consider only what pays, their manhood has departed, and will never consti-

tute an enduring nation. We need patriotism for the inner life and happiness of the nation. Nothing else will prevent us from being divided up into selfish classes, warring against one another, and ever begetting civil strife. There must needs be in every land rich and poor. Where

LOVE OF COUNTRY IS PARAMOUNT, the rich will, for the general good, forget somewhat themselves, and consider the wants of their inferiors; the poor, too, will not be so impatient of restraint; peace and mutual confidence will reign. Where self-interest is the law, where a material civilization triumphs, the rich and powerful are influenced by their own greed; might, not right, rules. Landlords crush tenants, capital grinds to the dust the poor operative, and the lower classes, goaded to despair, seek in vain redress by strikes and riots. We are so far, thank God, free from the communistic evils of more thickly populated countries in Europe, although the distant rumbling of the thunder may be heard by attentive ears above the horizon.

A SAFEGUARD AGAINST DANGER

is the schooling of all classes in the lessons of Decoration Day, — self-sacrificing, disinterested love of country. I take special pleasure in reminding my hearers of the duty and importance of patriotism, as I can support my words with the authority of the faith which is common to them and to me. The Catholic Church consecrates patriotism as a religious virtue; in her eyes, loyalty to one's country is a solemn duty, and her voice never ceases to repeat that when each one of us swore allegiance to the American republic, the oath was registered in heaven, and that fidelity to it will be one of the conditions of the Judge's approval of our record on the great day of final reckoning. "God, country, family, self, — this," said once a Catholic saint, "is the order of the loves that must dominate in our hearts." Next to God, country; last of all, self.

BEER DRINKING IN ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND SCOTLAND.

WHEN we come to an examination of the figures for each of the three kingdoms, we find food for reflection. The consumption of beer in England in 1878 cost the consumers £74,951,769; but in 1879 the cost was only £66,179,066. In Scotland the totals were respectively £3,996,562 and £3,337,792; and in Ireland £4,850,424 and £4,040,695. The percentages of decrease thus were: England, 10.4; Scotland and Ireland, 16.7 each. More remarkable, in one sense, are the returns relating to spirits. England spent upon them £16,697,663 in 1878, and £16,314,174 in 1879. Scotland spent £6,559,147 in 1878, and £6,287,477 in 1879. Ireland spent £6,101,905 in 1878, and £5,335,000 in 1879. Which means that while the percentage of decrease was in England 2.4, and in Scotland 4.1, in Ireland it was 12.5. Could there be more cogent testimony to the value as a sobering agent of the much-abused Sunday closing? Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, and Waterford, the five most populous cities, are still privileged to sell drink for five hours each Sunday; but the remainder of the country shows a gross diminution of 28 per cent, while England only shows a diminution of 13, and Scotland of 20 per cent. When Sunday closing shall be universal and rigid throughout the United Kingdom, the good effects we see springing from the measure in Ireland will attain to such dimensions as will gladden the hearts of reformers.

CODFISH BALLS. — Take equal parts of fish and potatoes; pick the fish into shreds and parboil (if very salt, parboil the second time); then mash it well with the potatoes, fresh boiled, and beat one egg into it; then fry in cakes. By using knife and spoon, you can form the cakes as you drop them into the hot lard. One egg will be sufficient for enough fish and potatoes for four persons.

A CHILD DEVoured BY A SNAKE.

GINGER RIDGE, a rugged, sterile upland, about six miles northwest from West Union, Adams County, Ohio, is much excited over the killing of an enormous black snake which for several years has played havoc with the farmers' flocks. Hogs, poultry, calves, sheep, etc., have mysteriously disappeared, always at night. Two years ago a band of gypsies were camped in the neighborhood, and they were accused of stealing the missing property. John Rainforth, a farmer, who greatly suffered from these depredations, swore out a warrant before 'Squire Peter Anns and had several of them arrested. They had a preliminary examination, but nothing was proved against them, and they were discharged. They went away muttering threats of vengeance.

Mr. Rainforth had a golden-haired little daughter, four years old, whose beauty and sunny temper were the pride of her parents. On the day after the arrest of the gypsies little Nellie Rainforth was missed. She was last seen playing with a pet lamb on the edge of a rocky ridge, a short distance from the house. Search was made for her, but neither she nor the lamb was found. The whole neighborhood was aroused, and men scoured the fields and woods for miles around. Mr. Rainforth suspected the gypsies of abducting her, out of revenge for their arrest, and followed the party across the Ohio River into Lewis County, Ky. When he came up with them they indignantly denied all knowledge of the child's whereabouts, and a search of their camp failed to discover his little daughter. He returned to his home broken-hearted.

One day recently Mr. Rainforth was planting a field of about twenty-five acres situated near his house. He had not been at work long when

he discovered what at first seemed to be a fresh furrow across the middle of the field. He stopped work and followed the track to a fence which separated the field from a dense thicket of underbrush. On the fence he found blood and some sheep's wool, which at once convinced him that the body of a sheep had been dragged across the fence. He went to his pasture and found that a large Cotswold ram was missing. Accompanied by four or five neighbors, Mr. Rainforth made search for the missing sheep. The track through the bush was marked by drops of blood and tufts of wool. About sixty rods from the fence they came to a ledge of rocks, forming one side of a steep hill. The track led directly to this ledge, in which was found an opening of sufficient size to admit the body of a large man. A large charge of giant powder was exploded in the opening, and the rocks were thrown asunder by the blast. When the smoke cleared away the farmers drew near and peered down the opening, and there, among at least a wagon load of bones, lay a huge black snake, quivering from his hurt. The farmers waited until the snake was dead, and then attached a chain to his body and dragged the monster out of the hole. He measured fifteen feet seven inches in length, and the biggest part of his body was over two feet in circumference. He had an ugly-looking head and enormous fangs, sharp as needles. The missing ram lay beside him, crushed out of shape, and covered with a sticky, glutinous substance.

I visited the spot to-day and saw the monster snake. While I was there, men were at work clearing the den of the bones. In a corner one of them picked up a human skull. It was small, like a child's, and he brought it forward to the light. Mr.

Rainforth was standing by my side when the man came towards us with the skull in his hand. He glanced at it, and, staggering against a tree, buried his face in his hands and burst into tears.

"Poor little Nellie," he cried, through his sobs. "My God, it is horrible!"

After a time he controlled his feelings, and told me the story of his little daughter's mysterious disappearance two years ago. The bones of the little one were gathered together and buried in the family plot in the cemetery at West Union. The discovery was kept from Mrs. Rainforth, for the poor woman has never ceased to mourn for her lost child, and her husband feared that this intelligence would seriously affect her, she being in delicate health. There can be no doubt as to the identity of the skeleton, for a gold chain which she wore around her neck was found among the bleaching bones.

PARIS CHIMNEY-SWEEPS GIVING TO THE POOR OF IRELAND.

ONE of the most touching instances of the sympathy felt in France for the sufferings of our distressed fellow-countrymen has just been communicated to us by a kind and esteemed correspondent from the French capital. He tells us that in that city there has been for a long time in existence a benevolent little association, composed of the little Savoyards and Auvergnats, whose chief occupation is that of chimney-sweeping through the city. The association is under the guardianship of a good Parisian priest and of some young gentlemen from amongst the best families in the capital. They have provided a home for the hard-working, quick-witted little fellows, and devote a large portion of each evening to instructing them in the doctrines and morality of their Catholic faith. Through the merciful operations of the association, hundreds of the youthful chimney-sweep-

ers have been saved from sin and wretchedness. Every Sunday they assemble together for the holy mass, and a discourse is delivered to them by their zealous guardian. Last Sunday the worthy priest took for his theme the distress and the wants of the poor Catholic population of the North and West of Ireland, and the efforts that were being made in France, and indeed throughout the world, to relieve them. The little fellows listened to him with rapt attention, and were deeply touched by the simple but graphic pictures which he drew. He proposed to them that, as their tribute to the good work, they should make some little sacrifice; and the sacrifice he proposed was their surrender, for four successive weeks, of their *pain beni*, a palatable cake, which the association was in the habit of giving to them every Sunday after mass. If they consented, the cost of the supply would be sent to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris as their contribution to his relief fund for Ireland. Forgetful for a moment of the sacred place in which they were, the little fellows rose to their feet and cried out with wild delight that they would cheerfully do what their guardian asked. It was computed that twenty-four francs would be about the cost of the bread, and it was desired that it should be sent at once. Not content with this, twelve of the more opulent of the poor little sweepers clubbed their superfluous cash together, and found to their joy that it amounted to the wondrous sum of eight francs. These were added to the cost of the cakes, and the delighted reverend guardian forwarded the thirty-two francs to the Cardinal Archbishop, to be added to his Eminence's fund for the succor of poor Ireland.

REPEAT this prayer whenever you hear the clock strike: "Blessed be the hour in which our Lord Jesus Christ was born and crucified, and may every hour of our lives be dedicated to the service of God."

IRISH LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS IN THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

[Commenced in No. 4, Vol. III.]

READING EXERCISE.

1. *Álu lu.* 2. *Buñ, cumar ašur cúnha.* 3. *Áñ buñ ašur' an búrr.* 4. *Jr cuma liom,* cumar ño cúl.* 5. *Cú, cún ašur cupa.* 6. *Cun ačá an dul?* 7. *Du ašur lur ašur rún.* 8. *Tá an cup mór.* 9. *Dúo ašur duóó.* 10. *Dula dúda.* 11. *Cat dúr.* 12. *Dur mór ašur fulla lu.* 13. *Tá žuž fu an múr.* 14. *Tá an píca áro ašur tá tú žuhta.* 15. *Klu žo ro.* 16. *Tur cúnha.* 17. *Rú ašur rún ašur rult.* 18. *Tá muc bán, ašur tá an mul řada.* 19. *Súra bán ašur pur bož.* 20. *Žur ašur purc.* 21. *Tá an lub mór ašur an purc trom.*

1. A small ear. 2. Bottom, strength and friendship. 3. The anger and the clown. 4. It is indifferent with me, valley or back. 5. A hound, coin and a cup. 6. When is the excursion? 7. Land, an herb and a secret. 8. The power is great. 9. An ear and a box on the ear. 10. A steel pin. 11. A stupid cat. 12. Great dust and a small lie. 13. An egg is under the wall. 14. The elf is high and thou art skilled. 15. Until (to) this (time). 16. Beginning of friendship. 17. A dear friend and a secret and mirth. 18. A pig is white, and the axle-tree is long. 19. A white blanket and a soft lip. 20. Weight and a point. 21. The loop is large and the pound heavy.

Áñ Ceatřamháó Ceatř.

(LESSON IV.)

Words in which the vowel *e* occurs:—

<i>ae</i> , the liver.	<i>ře</i> , under.	<i>mé</i> , I, me.
<i>ael</i> , a fleshfork.	<i>řé</i> , a rod { for measuring graves.	<i>mén</i> , ore, a mine.
<i>béo</i> , a deed, an act.	<i>řež</i> , a cut, a gash.	<i>řé</i> , the moon.
<i>clé</i> , the left.	<i>řéo</i> , narration.	<i>řé</i> , six; <i>řé</i> and <i>é</i> , he.
<i>cpé</i> , clay.	<i>žé</i> , a goose.	<i>řpřé</i> , a dowry.
<i>čéo</i> , teeth.	<i>žlé</i> , pure.	<i>čé</i> , a person.
<i>čpé</i> , a sledge.	<i>le</i> , with, by.	<i>čét</i> , a drum.

* *Liom*, a prepositional pronoun, meaning *with* (or in possession of) *ne* derived from *le* (with) and *mé* (me).

Ῥαηηα ὁ Ὀρρολάς Φορμὴ Φερα
Ἐρρεαηη, Ὀοῦτῦμα Ḳῆτῖς.

Ἰρ μῶδε φόρ το φέαδαὶ ἡα
ἡ-εαλαῖηα ρο το ῥοιμῆαδ 1 ἡ-
Ἐρρηη, μαρ δ'ορτομῆαδαρ ἡαρ-
le Ἐρρηοηη τεαρμῶηη αῖυρ com-
αῖρce το δεῖτ αῖ φεαρῶηη, αῖ
πεαρῶηηαῖ, αῖυρ αῖ ρρῆῖῥ ἡα
ἡ-ollaῖηαη, ἰοηημρ αἡ ταἡ το
ḡῖῥῖρ ῖαοῦῖρ αῖυρ ῖαῖll εαῖαοη-
ταῖ ρε ḡῖle, ἡαῖ ῖ-cuῖρρεαῖ
ḡαῖῥ-ῖεαῖ ἡο τοῖρμῆεαῖρ αῖρ ἡα
ἡ-ollaῖηηαῖ, ἡα αῖρ ἡα δαῖταῖῥαῖ
ρῶῖῖαῖα το ḡῖῥῖ ἁca, δ' ἁ
δ-τοῖρμῆεαῖρ ὁ ῖαοῖρῖῖαῖ ἡα
ἡ-εαλαῖῥαη. leaῖῥαρ αῖ Suῖl
Caerap ἡρ αἡ ρεῖρρεαῖ leaḡap
δ'α ρταῖρ ῖο ῖαῖḡ αἡ τεαρμῶηη
cῆαῖηα αῖ ἡα δῖαοῖῥῥῖḡ δο
ḡαῖῥ ὁ ῖαρῥαρ Ἐῖρῖα το ρῆοῖῥ
ρῆol δοῖἡ ῖῖῖαἡc, αῖυρ ραοῖῖἡ
ῖυρ αḡ ὁ Ἐρρηηη το ῖυῖαδαρ αἡ
ἡῖῥ ρῖἡ leῖ.

Ἰῖ leaḡῖam το ḡρεαῖῖῖαῖ
ἡα ἡαδ-ῖall ρο ἡῖῖῖα ἡῖῖ, ῖα
ταῖ ῖυρ αḡ ἰοῖḡῖ ἡῖ ḡῖῖῖῖ ρῖῖῖ
'ἡἡ-α ρταῖαῖ το ρῆαδῖῖῖῖῖ το
ḡῖῖαῖῖῖῖῖ; το ḡῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ ἁ
ρῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖο ῖαρῖῖῖῖῖῖ αῖρ
Ἐρρηηη, ἡαῖ ḡ-ῖῖῖ δ'ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἁca
ρῖ ἡ-α ρῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἁῖῖ ἡἡῖῖ
ρῖῖῖῖ ἁἡῖῖῖῖῖῖ το ḡῖ ρῖῖῖ-
ἡαρ δ'Ἐρρηηη, αῖυρ το ḡῖ ἁἡῖῖ-
ῖῖῖ ῖ ἡἡ ῖ-reaḡῖῖ, ὅῖρ ἡρ δῖαρḡ
ἡα ραοῖῖῖ το ḡῖ ρῖ reāḡῖῖ 1
ἡ-Ἐρρηηη ἡαρ ὀḡῖῖῖῖ ρolῖῖ το
ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ-ῖῖῖ ἡρ αἡ reāḡῖῖ,
ῖαρ ρῖἡ ἡῖῖῖ ḡῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ eolῖῖ
το δεῖῖ 1 reāḡῖῖ, ἡο 1 reāḡῖῖ-
ῖῖῖ Ἐρρηοηη ἁca.

Cambrenḡῖῖ, το ῖαῖḡ ρῖ ἁ αῖρ
ḡarāḡῖῖ το ῖῖῖῖῖῖ αῖρ ḡῖῖ,

EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE TO DR.

KEATING'S "HISTORY OF IRELAND."

It was the more possible, too, to cultivate science in Ireland, on account of immunities and protection granted by the nobles to the lands, the persons and properties of the professors; so that, notwithstanding the contentions between the Irish and English, the learned professors and students were never disturbed or molested, or at all impeded in the prosecution of their studies. We read in the sixth book of Cæsar's Commentaries, that the same privileges were enjoyed by the learned sages who went from the west of Europe to teach in France, which custom I think they brought from Ireland.

I shall no longer pursue the opinions of English writers, since most of what they relate can be so easily confuted; because the greater part of those who wrote so maliciously of Ireland, had no other foundation for their assertions than the base tales of persons who bore an inflexible hatred to Ireland, and were ignorant of her history; for it is evident that the Irish professors of history never gave them any information; for which reason it was impossible that they could know anything of the history or antiquities of that kingdom.

Cambrensis, who undertook to give a correct account of everything, appears to have received a torrent of fabulous stories from

ʒʀ coʀɲaʒl leʒʀ ʒʉr ab ɔall ɲo
 ɔaoɲ ɛuʒ ʔɲaʒr-eolur ʔaball ɔo,
 ɲaʒ ʒʉr ʔáʒ ʒabáɲl ɛuaɛa ɔé
 ɔaɲaɲɲ ʒaɲ luáɔ ɔo ɔéaɲaɲɲ
 uʒɲʀ, áʒʉr ʒo ɲabadaɲɲ ɛɲʒ
 bljaʒɲa ɛeapɔa ɔo ɔá ɛéaɔ ɲ
 ʒ-ceaɲɲaʀ ɛɲɲoɲɲ, áʒʉr ʒo ɲaba-
 ɔaɲɲ ɲaoɲ ɲʒɛɛ ɔʒob ɲ b-ʔlaʒɛɲoʔ
 ɛɲɲoɲɲ, áʒʉr é aɲɲ ɲ-ʒabáɲl ɲe
 a aɲɲ ɛéaɔ ʒabála ɛɲɲoɲɲ ɔo
 ɛʉɲ ɲʒoʔ, ʒɲɔ ʒo ɲ-ba ɲ ʒabáɲl
 ɛeapɲaɛ ɲ, áʒʉr ɲáɛ ʒabáɲo ɲa
 ʔeaɲɛáɔa ʒo ɛɲɲɛɛ ɲaɲ ʒabáɲl
 ɲa, ɔaɲ ceaɲɲ ʒo luáɲɔɛeap leɔ
 'ɲɲ a leaɔɲaɲb ɲ; áʒʉr ɲeapɲaɲɲ
 ɲaɛ ɲaɲb ʔeáɔ ɲ ʔeaɲɛap ɛɲɲoɲɲ
 ɔo loɲʒ aɲʒe, áɛɛ aɔɔaɲɲ ɲe ɲʒ-
 ɛeapɲaʀ ɔo ɛabáɲɲɛ aɲɲ ʔuɲɲɲ
 ɲa ɲ-ɛɲɲoɲɲ ɔo ɲaɲɲ ɲe ɲ-a
 lɲɲ ʔéɲɲ, áʒʉr aɲɲ a ɲɲɲɲoɲaɲb
 ɲoɲɲa. ʒʀ ʒeáɲɲ ʔóʔ, aɲ uáɲɲ
 ɔo bɲ aɲʒe aɲɲ ɛuaɲɛúʒáɔ ɔo
 ɔéaɲaɲɲ aɲɲ ʔeaɲɛʉ ɛɲɲoɲɲ,
 ɔo bɲʒ ɲaɲ ɛaɲɛ áɛɛ bljaʒaɲ
 ʒo leɲɛ ɲɲ ʒaɲ ɔol ɲ Sacɲaɲb;
 áʒʉr aɲɲ ɲ-beɲɛ ɔ'á ʔɛaɲɲ ʒaɲ
 beɲɛ ɛɲʒoɛɲuʒɛɛ ɔo ʔáʒ ɛʉɔ
 leɲɛbljaɲa ɛeapɔa ɔʒ, aɲɲ ɛʉɲaɲ
 ɛoɲɲáɲɲ ɔo ʔéɲɲ, ɔaɲ b'aɲɲɲ
 beɲɛɲaɲɲ beɲɛɔɲ. Uɲɲe ɲɲ, a
 ɛá ɔóʒʒ aʒaɲ ʒɲbe leaʒɛɔɲɲ
 coɲɛɛɲoɲ leɲʒʔeap ʒaɛ bɲeáʒ-
 ɲúʒáɔ ɔá ɲ-ɔéaɲaɲɲ aɲɲ ɛaɲɲ-
 beɲɲɲɲ, áʒʉr aɲɲ ɲa ɲuaɔ-ʒal-
 laɲb leaɲur a loɲʒ, ʒʉr ab ɲʒ
 ɛɲeɲoʔʔeap aɲ bɲeáʒɲúʒáɔ ɔo
 ʒɲʒɲ ʔéɲɲ aɲɲ a ɲ-bɲeáʒaɲb, ɲoɲá
 ɔo'ɲ ɲɲɲɲɲ ʔeáɛ ɔo ʒɲɲɔ ɛáɛ,
 oʒɲ a ɛáɲɲ aopɔa, áʒʉr ɔɲoɲʒ
 ɔʒob-ʔaɲ óʒ, ɔo ɛoɲaɲɲɛ ɲe,
 áʒʉr ɛʉɲɲɲ ɲɲɲɲ-leaɔaɲɲ aɲ
 ɛ-ʔeaɲɛapɲ, áʒʉr ɲʒ ʔaɛaɔaɲɲ-ʔaɲ
 ɲo ɲʒ ɛʉɲʒʔe leɔ ɲaɔ.

some blind man, or dunce, since
 he omitted the conquest of
 the Tuatha-de-Danan, who pos-
 sessed Ireland one hundred and
 ninety-seven years, during which
 time nine of their kings held the
 sovereignty; and, having under-
 taken to mention the conquests
 of Ireland, he sets down Cæsar's
 as the first; yet the antiquaries
 never considered it as a con-
 quest, though they speak of it
 in their writings; wherefore I
 think that this writer had no
 other intention in writing the
 history of Ireland than to mis-
 represent the Irish who lived in
 his time, and their ancestors.
 Besides, he had but a very short
 time to investigate the antiqui-
 ties of Ireland, because he spent
 but a year and a half there, be-
 fore he returned to England; and
 his history not being completed,
 he left it to the care of his com-
 panion, whose name was Bertram
 Verdon. Therefore, I hope that
 every impartial reader who shall
 peruse my confutations of Cam-
 brensis and the English writers
 who followed his steps, will give
 more credit to my refutation of
 their falsehoods than to the sto-
 ries which all of them relate.
 For I am advanced in years, and
 many of them were young. I
 have seen and understand the
 original records of our history,
 but they have not seen them,
 nor, if they had, would they
 have understood them.

"Slán le h-Eire."—This farewell to Erin, on the
 next page, was composed by Florence O'Sean-
 nell, of Glenflesk, Kerry, in 1857, in London.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ARTHUR AND THE LINNETS.

IN the garden at Moorlands little birds were allowed to do very much as they pleased. They were never hindered from taking their lawful prey; indeed they were rather encouraged to peck at the dainty morsels of which those pretty rogues are so fond. The owners of Moorlands loved birds and protected them, and took as much interest in their habits as their little son Arthur, who already knew, from observation, more about their traits and tastes than many boys and girls much older. In the early morning, Arthur repaired to his own plot to tend his flowers — the product of his own unaided cultivation — and he carefully watched, as he upturned the soil, for every species of grub, that he might place it conspicuously on the surface for the many chattering little mendicants eagerly in search for their breakfast. In the beginning of July, Arthur began to notice two busy-looking little linnets, which seemed to treat him with more trustfulness than any other of his feathered followers. They hopped to the very point of his garden spade, and when the worm was lifted up in the mould, the impatient little fellows, without waiting till it was given them, would peck at the spade itself, and whichever succeeded in seizing the prize would fly away with it at once to the clustering foliage of a large woodbine, which projected from the top of the summer-house, where, having delayed awhile, it would return just as its little mate secured a second prize, which was sure to be carried off in the same way. Much amused at their greediness, Arthur carefully noted their evolutions, and soon concluded, from the fact of their constantly flying straight to the same spot, that they had their nest there, and he took zealous care that no one should disturb it. Arthur's little clients continued to visit him with

daily increasing familiarity. They came and went with such regularity that Arthur soon knew precisely how many worms the birds deemed necessary to feed the young ones (which Arthur was now longing to see), and, also, the hours at which they should be fed.

One day the mother-bird had just picked up a plump worm unearthed by Arthur, and was on her flight with it to her nest, closely followed by her mate, when, just as they were alighting on their accustomed perch, one stone, and immediately a second, whizzed through the air over Arthur's head. There was a fluttering, a splash, and a scream! The fluttering was of the pretty linnet, which, on the moment, fell dead at Arthur's feet. It had been struck with the stone, and its soft plumage was stained with blood. The splash and scream seemed to be on the other side of the wall which divided Moorlands from the horse-pond in the neighboring grounds. Arthur was stunned at the occurrence. He burned with impatience to ascertain the fate of the other bird, and running for the tall ladder the gardener had left at a high cherry-tree, he carried it with difficulty, and placed it against the summer-house and mounted it hastily. He had no trouble in finding the nest, for the gaping young ones at once discovered its whereabouts, but the sight that met his eyes made him sad indeed. In a hollow of the foliage lay the mother-bird stiff and lifeless, her closed bill still holding the worm she was bringing to her little fledglings, which, unconscious of their loss, were loudly clamoring for their wonted repast. While Arthur was still pondering what to do with the dead birds he heard splashes and cryings, and inclining rather dangerously forward on the ladder, he saw over the high wall into the field beyond. There he beheld, up to his neck in the

muddy horse-pond, the son of his father's partner, a mischievous boy, whom Arthur recognized as the wicked perpetrator of this cruel deed. At once Arthur understood it all. When Edward Wilton had seen the two little birds flying to their nest, as he could easily, from the high bank of the pond on which he was watching, with stones ready, he flung the fatal missiles at them. He threw the last stone with such impetus that he fell forward into the water, and the splashings and screams were the accompaniment of his frantic efforts to regain the bank. A feeling of hard satisfaction prevented Arthur from realizing the danger of Wilton's predicament. His heart was embittered towards the merciless boy, as he turned to raise the stiffened body of his little favorite.

"I will tell nobody," said Arthur to himself, "he deserves what he is getting. If I tell any of them, they will go take him out. Let him stay there"; and taking the poor, killed bird tenderly in his hand, he descended the ladder slowly, whilst indignation burned in his heart. "Let him stay there," repeated Arthur still more bitterly, as, taking up the other murdered linnet, he went to look for his sister Amy, that she might help him to prepare a grave in which to bury them.

"Oh, Arthur, are your linnets dead? Oh, what killed them?" exclaimed tender-hearted little Amy, bursting into tears.

"Hush, Amy!" said Arthur, sternly, "do not make a noise, only come till we dig a grave for them."

"I have a nice white box to lay them in," said Amy; "wait, I shall not be a moment bringing it."

In a very short time the shallow grave was hollowed out under Arthur's finest rose-tree, and the little birdies were laid side by side in the white box; but, just as Arthur was about to deposit it in the earth, Amy again burst into tears.

"Oh, what will the little ones do now the parent birds are dead?"

"Die too, of course," answered her brother, coldly.

"Oh, Arthur," said Amy, in amazement, "are you not sorry for them, after all?"

"You should have fed them for weeks, as I did, Amy, to know that," said Arthur, still more coldly. "But listen, Amy!" and as Arthur covered over the tiny coffin with the clay he had so often cast about in a different mood, he told Amy the whole story, adding, in conclusion, "And now, Amy, I have seen the little nestlings. There are four bare little mites of them. They will die too, and then he will have killed the whole of them. So do not say a word to mamma or anybody. We will let Edward Wilton remain in the horse-pond, and serve him right."

"And do you mean, Arthur, you will not send the gardener to tell Mrs. Wilton, or to take him out yourself?"

"Why should I?" was his only response, as Arthur proceeded to plant a little border around the earth he had just filled in.

"But, Arthur, if he dies there?" said Amy breathlessly.

"Well, the poor harmless little birds died, and the others will die, — we can do nothing to save *them*."

"But, Arthur, Arthur, listen," said Amy, growing white with terror; "if Edward Wilton dies in that pond, you will be guilty of his death."

"I am sorry for that," answered Arthur, moodily, "but I cannot help it."

"You could if you forgave him, said Amy."

"Yes, but that is it. I cannot; I never can forgive him."

"Oh, what a wicked thing to say, Arthur, when you are preparing, too, for First Communion!" said Amy, imploringly. "Don't you remember that part of our preparation is to do violence to our own feelings, and how can you think of receiving our Blessed Lord when you cannot do this for his sake? Wait, Arthur, until I tell you what I read to-day in

my 'Chapter of Preparation.' When our dear Lord was on earth he was good to everything and helped every one all he could, and was never cross or hard to them when they did wrong, yet they would not love him, only seized and bound him, and dragged him through the streets, and even put him to death, and yet *he* forgave *them*. Besides, Arthur, we ourselves have many things to be forgiven, and we cannot, unless we forgive others, expect our own pardon."

Arthur interrupted her by bursting into tears, and saying, "It is hard to forgive him, but I do so for the sake of the Precious Blood of him whom I hope soon to receive in First Communion"; and putting his good resolve into execution, he hastened to get assistance, and Edward Wilton was soon rescued from his perilous position.

Wilton's immersion induced a severe illness, during which he thoroughly repented of his ill-natured cruelty, and was never known to molest a dumb creature afterwards. Arthur and his little sister charged themselves with the care of the orphan birdies.

"You know, Arthur," said Amy, "what food they like, and when to give it."

"Yes," answered Arthur, "I know the time and quantity precisely. I'll give it just as I saw the poor parents do. I can mount the ladder easily, and reach it to them."

Arthur was as good as his word. The children were rewarded for their pity and kindness by seeing the little fledglings grow strong by degrees, till at last they essayed a short flight from their nest, which, however, they never totally abandoned, but always remained about, and came the next year themselves to build their own nests in the same vicinity, to prove, as it were, their gratitude to their foster-parents, Arthur and Amy.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

WHEN our parents die, it is as if the roof over our heads were suddenly

uncovered for the winds of heaven to blow down on us; as if the strong arm on which we have leaned was snapped asunder, and we were roughly told to walk alone. Then if our parents can love us (as some parents can love), the mind that most thoroughly understood us, the heart that was most entirely wrapped up in us, the lips that most entirely spoke of us, the soul that so often prayed for us, the face that we first learned to recognize, the voice we first learned to obey, the hand we first learned to grasp, the knee that we first learned to climb, the cheek we first learned to kiss, are gone, and will never come back. We may be in our prime, and for years past may have been bearing the burden of our lives, yet the thought that our father and mother are really gone, and that we no longer can consult them in our difficulties, nor confide to them our secrets, nor share with them our joys, nor lavish on them our love, makes the heart sad with a deep and abiding sadness, unless it has grown old in a premature decay. — *Sunday Magazine*.

ANECDOTE OF BISHOP IRELAND.

CHATTING over army reminiscences the other day with another gentleman, Bishop Ireland said: "After the war I was down in Tennessee, and got talking one day to an ex-Confederate soldier, who, when he found out that I came from Minnesota, said: 'I lay on the battle-field of Corinth, wounded and dying, as I thought, when one of our people came to me, knelt down beside me, made me take a drink out of his flask, and never left me until he had dressed my wounds.' 'Did you ask his name?' I inquired. 'Yes,' he said, 'and I am not likely to forget it, for he saved my life. He told me his name was John Ireland, and that he was Catholic chaplain to the Fifth Minnesota Regiment. He was a brave young fellow, and was nearer to the bullets than I ever saw an army chaplain before.'"

Useful Knowledge.

By way of illustrating the great truth that an honest man is met with difficulties on all sides, the Siamese have a national proverb to this effect: "Go up by land, you meet a tiger; go down by water, you fall in with a crocodile."

KEEP OUT OF DEBT. — Keep out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence, and famine. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence. Dig potatoes, break stones, peddle tinware, do anything that is honest and useful rather than run in debt. As you value comfort, quiet, independence, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all task-masters, the most cruel of all oppressors. It is a millstone about your neck.

OATMEAL. — Give the children oatmeal at least once a day. It is genuine bone and muscle food, and they must thrive. Could our girls make the morning and night meals on real nourishment—not pastry—take more to nourish the brain and nerves, we should have less of the neuralgia among our women. Indeed, this oatmeal mush would afford ample food for the last meal, which should ordinarily be the lightest, simple, and easy of digestion, securing good sleep, while it may well form a part of the morning meal.

DESTROYING ANTS. — "Our Conservatory was infested with ants last summer," writes a correspondent; "I tried many of the infallible insect destroyers, with little or no effect. I observed one day a dense column crawling up the window-frame; some of them were winged. It occurred to me that they might not like pepper, so while the gardener swept as many as he could into a pail of hot water, I gave the rest the benefit of the contents of the pepper-box. They retired quickly, and have not reappeared."

TO CLEAN PLATE. — The very best material for cleaning plate in constant use is soap and water, with a soft cloth. If it is tarnished, a little damp whiting and a small brush will soon remove it; but if it has been lying by, a small quantity of gin or spirits of wine must be added to the whiting and left to dry, and then brushed off. The reason of the superiority of whiting over plate powders is that it contains nothing metallic, and therefore cannot act upon the silver and wear it away, which is of more importance than to obtain a more brilliant temporary polish.

Five cents' worth of powdered sulphur will stop diphtheria in a hundred cases. At the first indication of sore throat give the child as much as will stay on the tip of a teaspoon handle; don't give any water, but let the saliva moisten it. In a few cases a second application will have to be made. If the quantity is excessive it will do no injury, but is healthy.

THE most harmless of hair dressings may be made from the following formula: Pure, fresh castor oil, two ounces; cologne spirit (95 per cent), sixteen ounces; perfume according to fancy. Whatever you use, avoid any kind of animal grease. All preparations made from bear's oil, hog's lard, beef's marrow, etc., are invariably injurious, and incline the scalp to scurvy and dandruff. Vegetable oil only should be used, and that from the castor bean is conceded to be the best. Both savage and civilized nations use it for this purpose, as it possesses more admirable properties. It does not dry rapidly, and after taking on the chemical changes which occur in all oils, on exposure to light and air, no gummy, offensive residuum appears. It is best diffused by the agency of strong spirits, in which it dissolves. The alcohol evaporates, and does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the hair.

WONDERFUL, IF TRUE!—A remedy which could be relied upon as a specific for tetanus, more commonly called lock-jaw, has never been hit upon. A French physician is said to have discovered one. According to the story, which is given on the authority of the "Homœopathic Review," the doctor referred to was called in to attend a lady suffering from tetanus. The patient was a married woman. She was lying on her back when the French doctor arrived, with her jaws tightly closed, and the muscles of her chest and throat so rigid that she was unable to utter a sound. Every known remedy had been applied in vain. The doctor procured a live mouse, to the tail of which he attached a strong horsehair. He placed the mouse at the foot of the bed and permitted it to walk the entire length of the patient's body. As soon as she noticed the mouse the patient sprang up, called the attendants to take it off, and denounced the doctor as a horrid, heartless wretch. The cure was immediate and perfect. There was, it is said, no recurrence of the symptoms of tetanus. This is something worth knowing.

The Humorist.

THAT woman who neglects her husband's shirt front is no longer the wife of his bosom.

ONE of the comical sights of leap year is a girl whispering a tale of love into the ears of a deaf man.

A LAZY boy was complaining that his bed was too short, when his father sternly replied, "That is because you are always too long in it, sir."

WHEN the starch manufacturers got together to put up prices, the chairman said: "All we want to do is to stiffen the market."

"WILL your mother ever marry again?" he inquired. "Not with my approval," she answered; "such is my opinion thus far, and not a step-father."

"MY son," said a stern father, "do you know the reason why I am going to whip you?" "Yes," replied young hopeful, "cause you're bigger than I am."

A DOCTOR went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home complained that he had n't killed anything. "That's because you did n't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

A LITTLE boy asked his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked; "don't you see I am busy baking these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charley, won't you have a pie?'" That would be very funny for you."

SCHOOL TEACHER (to little boy, whose father is a grocer): "Now, Johnny, if your father has a barrel of whiskey containing forty gallons, and one fourth of it leaks out, how many gallons does he lose?" Johnny: "He don't lose none. He fills it up again, right off!"

A TRAVELLER, overtaking an old Presbyterian minister, whose nag was much fatigued, quizzed the old gentleman on his turnout. "A nice horse, yours, doctor, — very valuable beast that. But what makes him wag his tail so, doctor?" "Why, as you ask me, I will tell you. It is for the same reason that your tongue wags so, — a sort of natural weakness."

"Got any kids?" the census man said
To the woman from over the Rhine;
She hit him a belt on the side of the head,

and excitedly answered:

"Du hoelisches, unverschaeptes ausgedortes
muster eines frochen narren, verlass mein
haus, oder ich mache bolognischer wurst aus
deinem leeren kopfe mit eluen tein!

You t'ink I vas a goat?"

"WRITE foregoes on your slate," said a teacher to the juvenile class in spelling; and a little girl wrote, "Go, go, go, go."

"Is your house a warm one, landlord?" asked a lady in search of a dwelling. "It ought to be, the painter has just given it two coats," was the reply.

A DEALER in musical instruments, in one of his advertisements, declares that his drums, among other articles that he has for sale, "can't be beat." Will he be kind enough to tell us what they are good for, then?

A HANDSOME young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding day. One of her bridesmaids asked her the subject of her meditation. "I was t'inking which of my old beaux I should marry if I should become a widow."

It was a colored preacher who said to his flock, "We have a collection to make this morning, and for the glory of heaven, whichever of you stole Mr Jones's turkeys don't put anything on the plate." One who was there says: "Every blessed niggah in de church came down wid de rocks."

"IN pursuing my theme, I should like to cover more ground, but —" "Buy shoes big enough for your feet, and you'll do it," was the impudent suggestion from the crowd, and the orator adjourned his remarks until a more refined audience could be present.

"Do, do keep away from that window!" said he. "But I'm not afraid of the lightning," replied she. "Ah, dear," continued the youth frantically, "little do you realize how attractive you are!" And, having made this appeal, he was able to conduct her away.

A PAPER tells of an old lady who has just got her third set of new teeth. An old woman we know can beat her. She had five sets. Two were natural, the third she dropped down a well in attempting to see her face in the water, and the fourth she broke while trying to drive a tack in the wall with them.

"SEE here," said a fault-finding husband, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept." "With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife; "and let us begin with your late hours, my love; I should dearly love to know where they are kept." He let things run on as usual.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1880.

A Talk with our Readers.

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM. — No more Chinese immigration.

THE city treasurer of Dublin, Mr. Curtin, died on the first of July.

"THE HIBERNIAN PATRIOT." is the name of a new monthly paper started at Natick, Mass. It is devoted to the interests of the A. O. H. Price, 60 cents a year.

THE subscriptions in France for the relief of Ireland amounted to 342,000 francs, or \$68,400. This does not include private contributions and the fund collected by the "Universe" newspaper.

MCGEE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. — We are pleased to learn that the publication of this very interesting paper is to be resumed. The first number will be out the first week in September, with renewed vigor and enterprise.

THE 250th anniversary of the settlement of Boston will take place on the 17th of September. The celebration will be on a magnificent scale. A prominent feature will be the appearance of the gallant 69th Regiment of New York. The 9th Regiment of Boston will look after the creature comforts of their New York fellow-soldiers, whose guests they are.

LOUISE LATEAU. — We give in this issue of our Magazine a full account of the greatest wonder of the world. The facts narrated are by a priest well known to the people of this country. No living general on the battle-field ever did greater work than Father Walsh in fighting "Yellow Jack," at Memphis. We are indebted to Brother Griffin, of the "I. C. B. U. Journal," for this interesting letter of Father Walsh's.

THE sanctuary of Lough Derg was opened for the reception of pilgrims on the 1st of July.

FIVE thousand San Francisco Chinamen are Freemasons, and get their charters for lodges from his majesty of the Sandwich Islands. That's why the Chinese don't "go." — *Catholic Columbian*.

THE names of Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, and Bishop Corrigan, of Newark, have been sent to Rome, from which the Holy See will select a coadjutor to the Cardinal Archbishop of New York.

YOUNG ULYSSES GRANT, the son of General Grant, is about to wed Miss Flood, a Catholic. And so the young Grants will be raised Catholics, and Parson Newman will grate his teeth at the encroachments of Rome. — *Catholic Columbian*.

WE regret to see that Henry O'Meara has severed his connection with the New England "Catholic Herald," published at Lawrence, Mass. He certainly made it one of the most readable Catholic papers in the States. He is succeeded by Mr. Peter McCorry, a gentleman of experience in Catholic journalism.

A NEW BISHOP. — A cable despatch special to the New York "Freeman's Journal" announces that our Holy Father the Pope has named the Very Rev. Patrick Manogue, V. G., late of Virginia City, Nev., to be coadjutor, with right of succession, to the Rt. Rev. Eugene C'Connell, Bishop of Grass Valley, who has, for years past, asked the favor of the Holy See to lighten the burdens that this devoted and learned bishop has so long been enduring, in his own person. The Very Rev. Father Manogue, only last Saturday, sailed from this port for a brief rest. The first Irish priest he meets on the old sod will astonish him by telling him he is named bishop.

At Drogheda, Ireland, the assizes were opened by Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, and the calendar being a blank, his lordship was presented with the usual emblem of a maiden assize.

DR. FRED. J. McNULTY has removed from Chambers Street to No. 1613 Tremont Street, near the Redemptorists' Church, Boston Highlands. We congratulate the people of the South End on securing the services of one of the best physicians in Boston.

BEQUESTS.—By the will of the late Michael Gorman, the Home for Destitute Catholic Children receives \$100; St. Vincent Orphan Asylum, \$100; Little Sisters of the Poor, \$50; St. Mary's Infant Asylum, \$50; Sisters of the Good Shepherd, \$50; St. Vincent de Paul Society (Church of the Immaculate Conception), \$50.

THE fiftieth anniversary of St. John's Church, Tamworth, England, was recently celebrated. The Catholics suffered badly in the days of persecution. In the registers of Tamworth Church we find, *e. g.*, such records as these: 1606. Sep. 5. Was bur. in a ditche, William Tomlinson, papist. 1644. Mar. 24. Cast into the ground, the body of Ellen, wife of Richard Ensor, a popeling.

LOUISE LATEAU. — A report having been circulated that this wonderful personage has been excommunicated, the London "Tablet" says, in relation to the matter: "Louise Lateau is not excommunicated; for a long time past she has declared that she is willing to obey the administrator, Mgr. du Rousseau, because in so doing she is obeying the Pope. All that is told against her is quite false." And we have permission to make this contradiction on the authority of M. Niels, the parish priest above named.

GOOD AND PRACTICAL, AND CARELESS AND INDIFFERENT CATHOLICS. — At the banquet tendered the delegates to the Young Men's National Convention, at Washington, D. C., the other day, ex-Governor Tom Young, of Ohio, responded to the toast, "The President of the United States," in which he expressed in feeling terms the astonishment that overwhelmed him on meeting so large and distinguished a body assembled in the name of the Catholic Church, and uttered sentiments of cordial friendship towards all *good and practical* Catholics whom his life's experience had taught him to cherish. "As to *careless and indifferent* Catholics," said he, "the less said about them the better"; a sentiment which was heartily applauded.

New papers are springing up in every direction devoted to the Irish race. In Natick, Mass., as noticed elsewhere. Another just issued in New York, entitled "The Irish Soldier and Sixty-ninth Regiment Gazette." The latter is devoted to military affairs, as its name indicates. These papers will have to work hard to get a livelihood. We should like to see a publication of some kind devoted to our race in every city and principal town in the country. We say to our race everywhere, "Educate, that you may be free."

ONE of the most remarkable examples of popular caprice of late years is the dethronement of Denis Kearney from the leadership of the Sand Lot agitators in San Francisco. He was denounced to the country by the rival agitator Wellock as a "liar, coward, and traitor." Wellock affirmed that Kearney had property in Marblehead, Mass., to the amount of \$60,000, which he had accumulated from the rich while pretending to the workingmen that he is poor. The Workingmen's State Convention deposed him from the presidency of the party, swept away the entire head of the organization, and constituted ward precinct leaders. So violent became the agitation against the former king of the Sand Lots that Kearney barely saved his life by escaping in a close carriage.

A RELATIVE of Robert Emmet takes the Prang prize. The prizes for the four best original designs for Christmas cards which Messrs. L. Prang & Co., of Boston, offered some weeks ago, have been awarded as follows: First prize, \$1,000, to Miss Rosina Emmet; second prize, \$500, to Alexander Sadlier; third prize, \$300, to unknown; fourth prize, \$200, to Annie Goddard Norse. Miss Emmet is the daughter of Mr. Robert S. Emmet, of New York, whose home is in New Rochelle, and she is the grand-niece of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot. She is studying painting under the direction of Mr. W. M. Chase, the artist. Her picture, to which has been awarded the \$1,000 prize, represents in the centre four choir boys in white gowns and long curling hair, singing a Christmas carol to the violin accompaniment of the fifth. In the left-hand upper corner an angel sheds a glory over the whole card, while in the lower left-hand corner a shepherd is tending his sheep, and watching the Star of Bethlehem. The broad border is of white flowers. The simplicity of the design and its breadth are conspicuous merits of the picture.

GOOD NEWS. — Harvest prospects in Ireland are looking well. Thank God!

TERRIBLE! — It is stated that \$200,000,000 are spent annually in the consumption of liquors in the United States, and sixty-five thousand persons die year by year victims of drink.

MR. JAMES REDPATH, the "Tribune" correspondent, in a telegraphic despatch to that journal, under date of July 24th, repeats emphatically that there is no further need of American contributions for Ireland.

ARCHDEACON KAVANAGH, parish priest of Knock, reports in his diary up to the present, four hundred and eighty-three miraculous cures that have taken place at that church of the wonderful apparition. As this statement was made some months ago, numerous other cures have been effected since.

THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS. — On the 8th of July, the Brothers of the Christian Schools kept the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of their order. Its members number more than 14,000, and are scattered over Europe, America, and India. In France, they teach about 400,000 pupils.

CATHOLIC TALENT. — Nearly all the London magazines have Catholic contributors. The Catholic "Universe" remarks: "In the new number of the 'Contemporary Review' the two consecutive articles, 'Greek Christian Inscriptions,' and 'The Rule of the Purse' (which will be found in this issue of our magazine), are by Irishmen. The author of the first article is the Rev. G. T. Stokes, incumbent of All Saints, Blackrock; and the author of the other is Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P. for Galway. Each article is able and interesting in its own sphere. Mr. Stokes's paper is of an antiquarian character, and Mr. O'Connor's paper is fresh on one of the living questions of the day. Mr. Stokes tells of St. George, the martyr and patron hero saint of England, from whose church in Rome, we may mention, Cardinal Newman takes his *titulus*. Mr. O'Connor enumerates the literary men whom Ireland has sent to the present Parliament, and shows *per contra* how 'rich England's Rule of the Purse,' by excluding poor men from her national council, tends to lower her Parliament and degrade her national life. The number of the 'Contemporary' contains also a laudatory notice of a work by another Irishman, — Professor Mahaffy's 'Life of Euripides,' which the reviewer aptly terms as 'striking, attractive, helpful, and suggestive.'"

AUGUSTA, GA., July 21, 1880.

MR. PATRICK DONAHOE. — *Dear Sir,* — I wish to inform the readers of your magazine of another miraculous cure from Knock, county Mayo, Ireland. A friend sent me a small quantity of the cement, in a letter, which did not exceed a thimbleful; the instructions by Archdeacon Kavanagh were to put in holy water and rub the parts affected. I did so, and in a few days was entirely cured of neuralgia, or nervous headache, that I was troubled with over sixteen years. Your subscriber,

MRS. D. GRAHAM.

Mr Donahoe has the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Graham, and has no doubt of the statement she makes.

REV. MICHAEL J. O'FARRELL, assistant pastor of St. Peter's Church, New York City, spent a week in Boston after preaching at the dedication of St. Columkill's Church, Brighton. Father O'Farrell, although somewhat advanced in years, has lost none of the native eloquence of the fine old Irish priest. The centenary of St. Peter's will be celebrated in a few years. When it was built, New York could gather together not more than two hundred souls. Now New York can boast of not far from six hundred thousand Catholics.

PERSONAL.

VERY REV. THOMAS WALSH, of Meriden, has been appointed Vicar-General of the diocese of Hartford, by Bishop McMahon. He held the same position under the late Bishop Galberry.

REV. FATHER DANAHY, of Quincy, Mass., delivered an able discourse in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, on Sunday, August 1, being the occasion of the celebration of the Feast of St. Ignatius, founder of the Order of Jesus.

THE "Catholic Universe," Cleveland, Ohio, announces that Rev. Dr. Mahar, its friend and co-laborer, has received the appointment to St. Vincent's, Akron. Father Mahar is an able writer, and will continue his connection with our talented contemporary.

RT. REV. WILLIAM O'HARA, D. D., Bishop of Scranton, Pa., and Rt. Rev. J. F. Shanahan, D. D., Bishop of Harrisburg, Pa., sailed from New York for Rome on August 5th. These Rt. Rev. Prelates go to pay their decennial visit *ad limina Apostolorum*.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

THE death is announced of Rev. P. Imsand, S. J., at Pensacola, Fla., June 27.

IN Portland, Oregon, July 7, Rev. Louis Lajenne. The deceased missionary was in the twenty-ninth year of his age, and the fourth of his priesthood, having been ordained in his native land,—Canada,—for the Archdiocese of Oregon.

REV. HUGH M'MANUS, of the Diocese of Newark, N. J., died in Ireland, shortly after landing. His remains were buried in the Franciscan cemetery, which was established in the county Fermanagh in the thirteenth century. Father M'Manus graduated from Seton Hall, South Orange, in 1869. He was raised to the priesthood in 1873, and was the first priest Bishop Corrigan ordained after his own consecration. Before his departure for Ireland, Father M'Manus completed a beautiful church in Mount Holly, of which he was pastor.

THE "Southern Cross," of Buenos Ayres, records the death of Father Lynch, Irish chaplain of Mercedes. The deceased was a native of the county Longford. He made his preparatory studies in St. Mel's College, and afterwards entered the famous missionary college of All Hallows, Dublin, where he was ordained in the year 1867. He arrived in Buenos Ayres just before the outbreak of cholera in 1868. During that fearful time he labored incessantly, night and day, in the saddle, attending sick calls, visiting the timid, and burying the dead. He died at the early age of thirty-six years.

REV. EDMUND KEALY, P. P., Urlingford, died on the 24th of June. The deceased was born at Feniscarty, parish of Lisdowney, in the year 1792. He belonged to a respectable family, which had already (even in the penal times) given one of its members to the church, in the person of the Rev. Nicholas Kealy, who died parish priest of Gowran in the year 1802. The Rev. E. Kealy was his nephew, and a brother of the Very Rev. Nicholas Canon Kealy, who died parish priest of Thomastown in the year 1874. He entered the College of Maynooth in the year 1815, and was ordained in the year 1821. His first appointment was to the parish of St. Canice, Kilkenny, where he labored with great fruit for ten years. He was next removed to the curacy of Mooncoola, from which he was promoted to the pastoral charge of Windgap, in the year 1840. On the 5th of September, 1843, he was translated to the parish of Urlingford, and here, for nearly thirty-seven years, he ruled with gentle sway the flock intrusted to his care.

DEATH OF THE PRIOR OF ST. CLEMENT'S, IN ROME.—Many an accomplished scholar, as well as priest and prelate, whether in Europe or in America, will hear with profound sorrow the announcement which has just reached us by telegraph from Rome. After a protracted illness, from which his devoted friends were beginning to entertain sanguine hopes of recovery, it has pleased God to call away the Rev. Father Mullooly from this land of pilgrimage to the country of the blessed. Full of piety and resignation, he calmly expired on the 25th of June, in the house which he loved so well, under the shadow of the famous basilica of San Clemente. From his long residence in Rome, and his varied experience, the name of the venerable deceased has become a sort of household word in the Eternal City, and very few there were who had occasion to go there for the last thirty years, whether on ecclesiastical business or in search of ancient monuments, without being attracted, after a short stay, to him whom they had heard of as a man of the highest weight and influence both in

the sacred congregations and the academies of the learned. Known to his late Holiness Pius IX. for his zeal and devotion to the chair of Peter, he was appointed several years ago to a very responsible office in connection with that tribunal of which alone the Supreme Pontiff is himself the Prefect, and it was in that capacity he was brought into almost daily contact with those eminent theologians and learned jurists whose decisions even in civil matters are received with deference and reverential respect by the whole Christian world. Prudent, discriminating, and most considerate, he will be long remembered by those who had come from distant lands to obtain a settlement of some tangled questions in common law, as the wise counsellor, the painstaking advocate, and the fearless champion of the aggrieved. But it was in the field of archaeological research that the great renown of Father Mullooly has been recognized and widely spread. He was the first discoverer of the subterranean Basilica, which, with its frescos still fresh and captivating to the eye of the beholder, has become an object of the deepest interest to the lover of Christian art and the learned explorer. His genius for discovery was not satisfied with the treasures he brought to light from having been buried in the ruins dating from the earliest days of the Church, but his indomitable spirit led him on until he actually arrived at the monuments of the pre-Christian era, and to the astonishment of the classic historian he was able to show that in proximity to the Basilica there stood a temple dedicated to the Mithra worship, the remains of which could leave no doubt that it had existed in the days of pagan Rome. A long roll might be produced of crowned heads, of distinguished academicians, and accomplished antiquarians who from year to year have been visiting Rome, all acknowledging their obligations to the untiring labors of Father Mullooly, and their result in adding to the art treasures of the Eternal City. Suffice it to say that the help apparent to the throne of these realms has been amongst his warmest admirers, and that the relations between the illustrious Prince of Wales and the venerable deceased have been for many years of the most intimate and friendly character. Father Mullooly was a native of Lanesborough, in the county Longford, and nearly forty years have elapsed since he proceeded to Rome to join the Dominican order. True, loyal, and ever devoted to its interests, his own brethren have most reason to deplore his irreparable loss. Many will shed a tear at his departure, and good priests there are all through Ireland and America who will not fail to recommend his soul to God.

His funeral mass was celebrated in St. Clement's on this Sunday (June 27) morning by the General of the Order of Dominicans. Among those present were Archbishop Sallina, Commissary of the Holy Office; the bishops of Clifton and Salford, Monsignors Kirby, Hostlot, Stonor, and Gadd; Dr. Campbell, rector of the Scots College; Professor B. Smith, of the Propaganda; four Chamberlains of the Pope, namely, Mr. John Sherlock, of Rahan, Dr. Maziere Brady, Mr. Winchester, and Mr. Hartwell Grissell; Father Porter, S. J.; Dr. O'Callaghan, rector of the English College; Mr. Lane Connolly, Mrs. Vansi Hart, Mr. Everard Green, Mr. Plowden, Mrs. Meynell; Father White, Trappist; the Guardian of St. Isidore, the Prior of St. Maria in Posterula, Father Glynn; Dean Quinn, the Hon. and Rev. Algernon Stanley, Mr. Haas, and the superiors and students of all the British and Irish colleges in Rome. The remains were removed the same evening to the Dominican vault at Campa Verano.

In Rome the death of Father Mullooly has produced a sad sensation. He was a favorite among the Italians, as well as among the English-speaking resi-

dents; and the Roman newspapers bear generous testimony to the charity, piety, zeal, and learning of Joseph Mullooly, O. P. May he rest in peace.

SISTERS.

At St. Mary's, Pa., Sister Mary Magdalen Markle.

At Chicago, Sister Martha, of the Order of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. Sister Martha was one of the founders of the Order in Chicago, and came to Chicago in 1859.

JULY 12, Sister Mary of St. Clemence (Miss Margaret Ellis) died at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Seventeenth and Chestnut Streets, St. Louis, where she had been nine years a cloistered lay sister. She was a native of Connecticut, twenty-eight years of age, and had been sick but a few weeks.

DURING the past few days intelligence has been received of the decease of two prominent members of religious orders. The first is Mme. Cummings, of the house of the Sacred Heart, corner Convent Street and Carondelet Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. The second was Mother Leona, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who died at the mother house of the Order in Carondelet, Mo., on the 8th of July. Mme. Leona has passed through many dangers and vicissitudes of life. For two years in succession she went to Memphis, with a number of the members of the Order under her charge, and there nursed the yellow-fever sufferers until the awful demon of disease had fled the land. She has ever come to the front in the time of danger, and when help was needed.

LAYMEN.

MR. JAMES A. GLEESON, a well-known apothecary, died at his residence, No. 917 Broadway, South Boston, on Saturday, July 10. During one of the very warm days he was not feeling well, and went out into his garden to work. Doubtless he became overheated, and a physician was summoned, but too late to be of any assistance, Mr. Gleeson passing away on Saturday afternoon from inflammation of the brain. He was forty-nine years of age, and leaves a widow and several children. For many years he has been located at the corner of Harvard Street and Harrison Avenue, and was a brother of Mr. M. H. Gleeson, also an apothecary, who died a year ago. Mr. Gleeson was a very genial man, highly esteemed by all who knew him, and his family will receive the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their bereavement.

IN Portland, Me., on Sunday morning, the 11th of July, Terence McGowan, a native of Gurteendaragh, county Leitrim, parish of Kinlough, Ireland, aged seventy-four years. The deceased was in failing health for over two years, and, aware that his mortal career was soon drawing to a close, he was frequently visited by the priests of his church, and on the day previous to his death he received the Holy Viaticum. Mr. McGowan emigrated to this country in 1845, was a resident of Portland thirty-three years, and in business thirty years. His calling was that of Catholic bookseller, clothing dealer, and emigrant agent. Many of his country people will remember with gratitude that his house was an asylum for the wearied traveller and emigrant, who were cared for until they met their friends, or guided safely to their place of destination. As a citizen Mr. McGowan was highly respected by the Americans as well as his native countrymen. By his fidelity and devotion to his church he endeared himself to his bishop and the very many priests who resided during his lifetime in Portland, who will, we are sure, offer a fervent prayer for his soul. On Sunday, when the prayers of the congregation were requested for the eternal repose of the deceased, the Rt. Rev. Bishop paid, in touching words, a fit tribute of respect to his memory. On Tuesday morning, 13th inst., his funeral took place from his late residence, 223 Congress Street, to the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, where a mass of requiem was offered for his soul by Rev. T. P. Lenehan. At the close of the mass the funeral

services were performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, assisted by the Chancellor of the Diocese, Rev. John W. Murphy, and Father Lenehan, after which his remains were followed to Calvary Cemetery by a respectable concourse of mourners, and laid beside his two sons, who were called to a premature grave some years ago. A sorrowing widow, two daughters, one son, and very many grandchildren are left to lament the loss of a good husband, as well as a kind and affectionate father. May his soul rest in peace.

It is with painful emotions we chronicle the death of Daniel O'Donnell, the father of the proprietor of the "Roxbury Gazette." His death took place on Friday morning, July 9, after a lingering illness of over a year, at the venerable age of ninety years, six months, and fifteen days. He was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1790, emigrating to this country in 1820, landing in St. Andrews, N. B., where he remained but a few months, and from thence he settled in Eastport, Me., where he taught a parochial school for a year or two. Shortly after he came to Newburyport, where there were then but few families of his countrymen and faith, and resided there some eighteen years. He was well and favorably known to all the citizens of the town of that day, who held him in the highest esteem for his probity and fearless expression of opinion in matters pertaining to his belief, and for his manly traits of character. It was through his appeal that the late Rev. Father Wiley was sent by Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, to offer up the sacrifice of mass for the first time to the few, but faithful Catholics who resided in the town. In 1838, says the "Salem Register," and for several years afterwards, he was employed in the "Register" office, and one of his sons served his apprenticeship here. He had five sons who became printers, only two of whom survive, — John, well known from his connection with the "Salem Press" and other offices in this city, and Stephen P., the publisher of the "Roxbury Gazette." Two years ago, at a fair held in Salem, he received a gold-headed cane, voted for by ballot, as being the most popular among the Catholic laymen of the city. Until within a short time of his death he was sexton of St. James Church, having begun to serve the parish in that capacity twenty-five years ago, at the old St. Mary's Church on Mall Street. He won hosts of friends by his intelligence, shrewdness and kindly nature, and upright character. His funeral was very largely attended at St. James Church, Sunday afternoon, July 11.

The honored widow of the deceased is now in her eighty-first year, enjoys good health, and still retains all her faculties in a remarkable degree. She has been the devoted and faithful wife and companion, for half a century and nearly a decade, of him she now mourns in silence, and with sincere grief.

[We can indorse every word said in the above obituary of our old friend, Mr. O'Donnell, which we copy from the "Roxbury Gazette." The deceased was for a number of years agent for "The Pilot," the duties appertaining to which he most faithfully discharged. He lived to a patriarchal old age, full of faith in the old Church and the old land. *Requiescat in pace.*]

EDMUND BAILEY O'CALLAGHAN, M. D., LL. D. — Mr. Edmund Bailey O'Callaghan, the well-known author of books pertaining to the earlier history of New York State, died on May 29, at his residence, No. 651 Lexington Avenue, in that city, of general debility, resulting from old age. Dr. O'Callaghan was born in Mallow, county Cork, Ireland, 1797, and after attending college went to Paris, where he remained for two years. In 1823, after a short visit to his native place, he emigrated to Canada and settled in Quebec, where he studied medicine and practised for a number of years before he removed to Montreal, where from 1834 to 1837 he edited the Montreal "Vindicator." He was elected a member of the Assembly of Lower Canada, and on the breaking out of the Canadian troubles of 1837, in which he played a prominent part, was compelled to fly across the border, a reward having been offered for his capture. While a fugitive he was the guest of Chancellor Walworth, in whose house at Saratoga he found shelter

for nearly a year. Dr. O'Callaghan settled in Albany in 1838, and resumed the practice of his profession in that city for a short time. He was appointed custodian of the historical manuscripts in the Secretary of State's office, and while there began his first work, the "History of the New Netherlands," from his researches into the old Dutch manuscripts. The "Jesuit Relations of Discoveries" was his next work, followed by the "Documentary History of New York," "Documents Relating to the Colonial History of New York," "Commissary Wilson's Orderly Book," "Orderly Book of General John Burgoyne," "Journals of the Legislative Assemblies of the State of New York," "American Bibles," "The Register of New Netherlands: 1626-74," "Voyages of the Slavers St. John and Arms," "Voyages of George Clarke to America," "Historical Manuscripts Relating to the War of the Revolution," "Laws and Ordinances of New Netherlands, 1638-74," and the "Proceedings of the Common Council of New York from 1674 to 1870," the latter of which was printed, but never published. Dr. O'Callaghan retained his position in the Secretary of State's office up to 1870, when he removed to New York. He was a member of the New York Historical Society, and was counted as an authority on everything pertaining to the earlier history of that State. He possessed a large historical library, and a rare collection of Bibles, printed in America, to the

number of over two hundred. During the past two years he had been confined to his bed by debility, till the above date, when he died without pain, having been to the last in full possession of his faculties. Dr. O'Callaghan, besides his regular degree of M. D. from the University of St. Louis (1846), had subsequently the degree of LL. D. from St. John's College, Fordham. The funeral of the deceased took place at the Cathedral, and was attended by a large assemblage, including committees from the Catholic Union and Historical Society. Father Dealy, S. J., of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, officiated, assisted by Fathers Donovan and Lavelle, of the Cathedral, Fathers Farley and McDowell being masters of ceremonies. Father Walworth, of Albany, delivered a brief and warmly eulogistic discourse, and Cardinal McCloskey pronounced the final absolution. The pall-bearers were Comptroller John Kelly, John Gilmory Shea, William S. Preston, Edward Floyd Delancey, George Moore, and Franklin H. Churchill. Mr. Thurlow Weed and Chief Justice Daly were on the list, but on account of illness could not attend. The chief mourners were the widow of Dr. O'Callaghan, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Matthew Hawe, of Albany, with her sons and daughters. Among the church dignitaries in the chancel were Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, Bishop Conroy, of Albany, and Vicar-General Quinn. The interment was at Calvary.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT occurred on the Detroit, Michigan, river, on the 22d of July, by which fourteen persons lost their lives. It seems that a party, of which Rev. A. F. Blayenbergh, of Holy Trinity Church, Detroit, was one, went down the river on a pleasure excursion. The party consisted principally of altar boys. The boat was run into by a steamer, and sunk, by which fourteen persons were drowned and eight escaped, among the rescued being the clergyman.

by its size greater facilities than ever for the works of piety to which the sons of St. Philip are devoted, and having now around them a field ripe for harvest than ever before. — *Liverpool Catholic Times*.

ONE of the meanest and most contemptible acts is to take advantage of one's hospitality, and then go away and denounce him for being too lavish.

WHAT IRELAND HAS DONE WITHIN THE PRESENT CENTURY. — Within the present century alone £1,061,215 has been expended in Ireland on Catholic churches, £3,198,627 on convents, £309,018 on colleges and seminaries, and over £147,135 on asylums and hospitals. £300,000 has been expended on schools under Catholic management. £40,000 have been raised for throwing up a Catholic University, and since the year 1838, £149,124 have been contributed for the propagation of the faith. The archdiocese over which the Most Rev. Dr. Croke presides has sent out to foreign missions from its own bosom 143 priests, 33 monks, and 147 nuns in sixty years; Limerick, 122 priests, 11 monks, and 87 nuns in the same period; and since the year 1842 All Hallows College has sent out 400 priests. 200 Christian Brothers now teach school in Ireland; and there are 51 superior schools for girls of the Catholic Church. The Jesuits direct six colleges, and there are 650 regulars in 117 convents. Finally, there are 2,990 schools built and managed by Catholics; and 77.7 per cent of the population, in the face of every trial, remain of the old faith planted by Patrick more than 1,400 years ago.

NEW CHURCH AT THE ORATORY. — It is not any exaggeration to say that the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Oratory at Brompton, England, was an event memorable in English history. The new building is the successor to the traditions of the old, and those traditions are many, glorious, and familiarly known. The scene of Father Faber's zealous labors, and of one of Cardinal Newman's most thrilling sermons, — that which he delivered at the church's opening in 1849, and which is included in the "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," under the title of "Prospects of the Catholic Missioner"; the scene, too, of the marriages of the Duke of Norfolk, and of the Marquis of Bute, at which royalty and the highest ministers of state attended; and, above all, the place where the new Viceroy of India, and hundreds of others, have been received into the church; the old Oratory will be readily admitted to have been a landmark in the history of Catholicism in England. And not only will the new edifice inherit all these traditions, but it will add to their number as the years go by, affording

Events of the Month.

FROM every point of view the business, civil and criminal, under the Commissions of Assize, which are being sped throughout the six circuits in Ireland, is light in the extreme.

AN inveterate drunkard, named Margarate Shuggaro, of England, was sentenced to a month's hard labor for drunkenness, that being her 160th conviction for the same class of offence, and she having paid in fines more than £300.

A SOLEMN *Requiem* Mass was celebrated on the spot where the Prince Imperial was killed, on the occasion of the Empress Eugénie's visit to the place. The Empress remained alone in prayer throughout the night at the scene of her son's death. At St. Helena, the Empress visited the vacant tomb of Napoleon I.

MAMMOTH LUNCHEON. — At the opening of the Albert Docks, by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the gigantic task of feeding about 4,000 persons simultaneously was most successfully undertaken. There was an army of five hundred waiters, one hundred cooks, carvers, and porters; the tables and tablecloths covered a length of over one mile and a half; and, we understand, the caterers provided 24,000 forks and spoons, 12,000 glasses, 15,000 plates, five cwt. of grapes, 2,000 baskets of strawberries, in addition to other fruits. Duetz and Geldermann's extra quality "Gold Lack" Champagne was used at the Royal table, and was most liberally supplied to all the guests.

Or the three boys hanged lately at Canton, Ohio, two were Catholics and one Protestant. The Catholics died very penitent, and were ministered to by the priests to the last. They had associated with Protestants, and had been addicted to reading bad books. Their Protestant companion, young Ohr, was a constant reader of the "Boys of New York," and the "Boys' and Girls' Weekly," and to the perusal of these publications he owes his death upon the scaffold. As he often declared while in jail awaiting this day, his imagination became so inflamed by reading of the wonderful adventures of wonderful heroes, that he set out upon a career which he fondly hoped would be one of glory and profit. Every day it becomes more and more apparent, that to the diffusion of impure literature may be attributed the immense increase of crime. — *Catholic Telegraph*.

THE Jesuit Fathers are about to open a Sunday school for deaf-mutes in St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City.

THE Earl of Ashburnham, who became a Catholic when he was Lord St. Asaph, is the possessor of a magnificent collection of historic manuscripts, which he is about to put into the market. These documents are of rare interest and value to the historian and the antiquarian; and every student is dismayed by the rumor, published in last week's "Pen," that the collection is likely to be acquired by the Berlin Museum, instead of by the British Museum, the English government having refused to give the valuation price, which is £120,000.

THE IRISH LIBERALS have won two electoral battles, carrying Bandon and Dungannon, two famous strongholds of ascendancy in olden days. The victory at Bandon was a very remarkable one. At the recent election, the voting was Bernard (C), 200; Allman (L), 185. A petition was instantly presented, and Captain Bernard behaved with the prudence of the famous 'coon of the story, who, when covered with the backwoodsman's gun, said, "Don't fire, Colonel, I'll come down." Captain Bernard having vacated the seat, a new election took place, with the result that Mr. Allman polled 216 to 172 given for Mr. Payne, his Conservative opponent. The numbers are themselves the best evidence that, given a pure and honest election, the Conservatives have not a chance in the Derry of the South. Mr. Richard Lane Allman is an extensive distiller in Bandon, his family has long been associated with the Liberal cause, and he is a near relative of Dr. George James Allman, the great savant and ex-president of the British Association. In Dungannon the fight was, as usual, neck-and-neck. Mr. Dickson, the Liberal, polled 132, being an increase of two on the number polled on the Liberal side at the general election; while Colonel Knox polled 128, being an increase of two on his former total. The new member is a young gentleman just twenty-one years of age, and was, of course, chosen in compliment to his father, the unseated member, for whom the northern Liberals entertain the most sincere respect. The fights are interesting in that they are the last chance the Conservatives had of winning borough seats. The moment the Municipal Franchise Bill passes, the Tories will be beaten in every city and borough in Ireland, with, perhaps, the exception of Belfast.

COLUMBUS. — The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the Republic of San Domingo has issued a circular to the ministers of England, America, France, Italy, Spain, Holland, and Denmark, soliciting their co-operation in the erection of a monument to Christopher Columbus in the city of San Domingo.

On the 21st of June, the well-known French "Congregation," the "Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes," were to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of their first establishment at Rheims, by John Baptist de Lasalle. At the outbreak of the Great Revolution, when the institution was a century old, it had one hundred and twenty-two houses in France. At present, it reckons in France alone 14,000 members, who reside in 1,283 houses, and who teach about 400,000 pupils.

SOUTHERN mocking-birds well deserve the name. They imitate not only the songs of other birds, but human whistlers as well. A lady of Macon, Ga., relates that her pet mocking-bird often deceives all the inmates of her house by its clever imitation of the postman's whistle. They go out to get the letters, and find Jack on a spray, near the fence, blowing his whistle and looking entirely innocent of any intention to hoax the family. — *Exchange*.

We can beat that in the "Union" office. Our pet mocking-bird "Will," whenever we raise our voice at a delinquent subscriber, takes in the situation, and angrily screams out "Pay up! pay up!" — *Catholic Union*.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE NATIONAL BANK, Dublin, have issued to the shareholders the usual half-yearly report. It would be impossible to imagine a document shorter, simpler, or more satisfactory. It may be summed up in a single sentence. The bank has, during the half-year, earned a total profit of £106,662. This enables the directors to devote to dividends £82,000 of the sum earned, and a dividend at the rate of 11 per cent per annum, free of income tax, is accordingly declared on the half-year. It has been said that the nation which has no history is a happy one, and happy, also, is the financial concern whose story for a half-year can be related in the few satisfactory sentences in which the story of the National Bank is told. It is very easy to tell a tale, the burden of which is a dividend at the rate of 11 per cent per annum, and £15,000 carried to the Reserve Fund. The condition of the bank is satisfactory not alone to its shareholders, but to the public at large; for the concern is in fact, as well as in name, a national one. — *Freeman's Journal*.

This is the bank Mr. Donahoe draws his drafts on.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY has passed over in Ireland without any other casualty than the shooting of a horse at Dungannon. A woman named Jane Quin, a Catholic, standing on the Coalisland road, near the place, was shot by a bullet from a rifle or revolver. One of her hands and arm are greatly injured. She accuses a man named Smith, who was arrested, charged with having fired the shot. He was one of the occupants of the car. Smith was returned for trial. It appears from reports received from Ballinderry Bridge, county Londonderry, that a large crowd assembled there the 12th. Some disturbance took place, and a young man named Henry Lynn was shot through the breast, but it is believed the wound will not prove fatal.

THE London "Truth" says: — "The Lord Chancellor, popularly known in Dublin as 'Tom O'Hagan,' is one of the most successful men of his day, and can be prominently numbered amongst those who have 'broken birth's invidious bar,' and 'lived to grasp the golden key.' Beginning life obscurely, he is now a British peer, allied by marriage with one of the oldest and best-connected families in England, Lady O'Hagan being the daughter of the late Colonel Towneley, of Towneley, Lancashire. In Irish history Lord O'Hagan will live as the first Catholic Chancellor since Elizabeth's reign, and as one of the numerous illustrations of a happy period when broad-minded and far-seeing wisdom began to sway the councils of the United Kingdom."

His Holiness the Pope has been graciously pleased to confer upon the Very Rev. Dr. Neville, Rector of the Catholic University, the post of Domestic Prelate at the Vatican, with the dignity and title of Monsignor. Dr. Neville has been selected for this honor, not only in recognition of his personal services to the cause of religion, but as a compliment to the Irish nation, of which he is a distinguished ornament. The honor will be esteemed more especially by the Catholic University, of which Monsignor Neville, D. D., is rector, by the College of Maynooth, in which he had occupied a high theological chair, and by the people of the South Parish of Cork, of which he is parish priest, being also dean of the diocese. Monsignor Neville, it will be borne in mind, is a member of the Senate of the Royal University of Ireland. The Archbishop of Dublin was the high medium of the gracious honor conferred upon the new Monsignor, to whom we most respectfully offer our congratulations and wishes, *ad multos annos*. — *Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

THE conversion of Mr. Santley, "the English baritone," who has been for many years one of the leading and most artistic singers in London, and who is moreover (what few people remember) an excellent operatic actor, has made a little sensation among the musical public. "Mr. Santley," says the "World," "is a Liverpool man, and in early life numbered amongst his companions many ardent young Lancashire Catholics. The recollection of old friendships and tender associations, and his last visit to the city of San Carlo Borromeo, have had a good deal to do with his conversion."

"A BISHOP," says St. Paul, "must be the husband of one wife"; meaning a widower who had been married but once. Cardinal Manning is a living instance. The new Anglican Bishop of Liverpool, Canon Ryle, has been married no less than four times. Like Samuel Weller, Sen., he is the "victim of connoobiality." The Archbishop of York has received a protest, and is "implored to prevent the grave scandal." It is, however, nothing new in the Anglican Church, whose impious founder, the adulterous Henry, may be said to have set the fashion. — *Catholic Telegraph*.

TURF.—The "Dublin Freeman," of June 28, says: Next to a sufficiency of wholesome food, nothing is more necessary to the health and well-being of the poor in our uncertain, moist climate, than a good supply of fuel. Thanks to the beautiful weather of the past few weeks, we are safe in saying that the coming winter will be very unlike the past in the matter of fuel, for the turf crop is now almost dry, and a few days more will place it beyond all danger. Dreading a repetition of the hardships endured last year, people engaged in turf manufacture betook themselves to the bogs in the first week of May, and so assiduous were they in tending the crop that in many districts it is fit for carting home. This industry gives employment to large numbers of poor people, who, living near the bogs, enter into contracts with farmers at a distance to cut and dry their turf. In the operations of drying the women are as useful and earn as high wages as the men. We have heard of a family of four persons earning as much as £2 15s. per week since the 1st of May, which, in times of distress like the present, must be regarded as satisfactory remuneration. In several parts of the country dry turf can be had for less than half the price of twelve months ago, — a sure test of an abundant supply."

IN 1820 there was not a Catholic church in Brooklyn, N. Y. Now the Catholic

population of the diocese is 250,000, and there are one hundred and fifty priests to administer to their wants. There are eighty-five churches, some being grand and costly, and twenty-two chapels and stations, one theological seminary, two colleges, eleven academies and select schools, thirty-nine parish schools, nine asylums, and three hospitals.

"BISHOP" J. V. McNAMARA, of the "Independent Catholic Church," was married at seven o'clock, Wednesday evening, July 7, to Miss Charlotte L. Gilmour, the youngest daughter of Mr. Andrew Gilmour, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The ceremony was performed in the only church of the sect, at Madison Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street, formerly Dr. Tiffany's. The service, which was similar in character to that of the Presbyterians, was conducted by "Father" J. A. O'Connor, one of the two clergymen laboring with the "Bishop" in his diocese. About one hundred of their parishioners were present. The bride wore a gray silk. She and her father attend the church. The newly married couple were driven to the Astor House, from whence they went to Boston. They have been summering it at Hull.

The Buffalo, N. Y., "Catholic Union" says: "And so poor unfortunate Father McNamara has at last got married; and Charlotte Gilmour is her name. Does madam know, we wonder, how much she is indebted to the Bishop of Buffalo for an accomplished husband? Indebted? Ay, verily. For if her "Bishop" husband has some education, and enjoys the coveted experience that foreign travel imparts, it was Bishop Ryan who gave him these, after having taken him up as a poor boy and paid his debts.

In domestic entertainment the newly wedded "Bishop" has some advantages over his French sacerdotal cousin, — Hyacinthe. He plays the violin nicely, and, when we knew him, could sing quite acceptably. Those qualities may yet prove very useful in the family, as music hath a marvellous power to soothe young squallers, as well as other savages. Whether, however, this change in the "Bishop's" life will turn out to the advantage of "Father" O'Connor and the other assistants, we cannot say. Perhaps Madam McNamara — like Hyacinthe's wife — may insist on their bringing her coals, and that would not be quite so pleasant on a freezing morning. And now that the "Bishop" is really married, and the farce ended, pull down the curtain, and put out the lights, and let us hence, — "for she is tall, and he is small, and that's the short and long of it."

DIPLOMATIC relations have been finally broken off between Brussels and the Vatican. Early in the present month, the recall of the Belgian Legation was notified to the Pontifical government, and all efforts to obtain a postponement of the measure have proved unsuccessful.

THE Ministerial Bill against drunkenness, to be considered by the Dutch States-General, limits the number of public houses to one per 500 inhabitants in towns of 50,000, one per 400 in towns of 20,000, one per 300 in towns of 10,000, and one per 250 in all smaller places. It also forbids the supply of intoxicants to children under sixteen, imposes from one to eight days' imprisonment for supplying intoxicants to persons already drunk, and a day's imprisonment, with a fine of ten florins, for being seen drunk in the streets.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENARY, which was recently celebrated in London on a large scale, has received a recognition of the fact that these institutions, which are often supposed to be peculiarly Protestant, have a Catholic origin. The illustrious Cardinal Boromeo founded the first Sunday school in Milan in 1580, nor was it until nearly a century later that this system of giving religious instruction to the young was adopted in England. Very appropriate, therefore, was the letter Cardinal Manning—a son of St. Charles Boromeo—has just written to a Nonconformist minister, expressing his Eminence's interest in the erection of a monument, which was unveiled the other day, in memory of the first twelve founders of Sunday schools. The pedestal, which is surmounted by the figure of a child, bears the following inscription: "Erected to commemorate the Christian efforts of the originators of Sunday schools, members

of various churches, from the time of Cardinal Boromeo, 1580, to that of Theophilus Lindsey and Robert Raikes in 1780, in gratitude to God for His blessing on Sunday-school labors during the past century; and in fervent hope that the time may soon come when differences of opinion will no longer separate disciples of Christ in works of usefulness. 1880. 'By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another.'" — *Liverpool Catholic Times*.

THE I. C. B. UNION holds its twelfth convention in Wilmington, Del., on the 22d of September. In his address to the various Catholic societies, comprising the Union, the Hon. A. M. Kelley, the president, says: All over the world, Catholics are slow to learn the power and uses of organization. Who would believe that France, which to-day welcomes the robbers and assassins of the Commune with one hand, while with the other she dismisses to exile her Catholic teachers, is a state of whose thirty-one millions of people, thirty millions are Catholics? Who would suppose that it would require ten years of persecution to teach the Catholics of Italy that the majority of the evils they deplore might be remedied by one day's duty at the polls? Here, in this free land, we have no need to combine for party ends, but the same power for good in other directions is born alike of organization, and of that almost alone. To effect such organization we must be willing to make some little sacrifices of time and labor and money; but all these are trifling in view of the results. One result is worth them all, a thousand-fold; the guaranty such organizations afford that the demon of persecution for conscience' sake can never work long unchecked in America against it.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Pollard & Moss, New York.

This new firm has made a bold strike in publishing the works of Charles Lever (Harry Lorrequer). The volume before us comprises a quarto volume of some twelve hundred pages, is profusely illustrated, and beautifully bound. The agent in Boston is Mr. M. R. Gately, 23 Hawley Street. We will notice this splendid volume more at length in our next issue.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Instrumental: "Remembrance of Wash-

ington," polka, by L. K. Vannah. "Merry Heart," schottische, by Martin. "Forest Nymph," Valse Brillante, by T. P. Ryder. "Tourist's Polka," by C. D. Blake. "Chant du Nord," Melodie, by Gustav Lange. Andante and Polacca, for Violin and Piano, by Julius Eichberg.

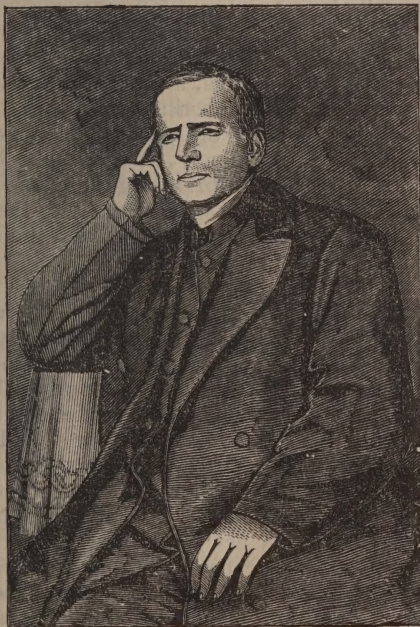
Vocal: "When I Kissed Thee, my Darling," ballad, by J. L. Gilbert. "Down by the Brook," song and chorus, by Herbert Leslie. "When Granmother Sang us to Sleep," song, by John T. Rutledge. "Garfield and Arthur are the Men," quartet for male voices, by C. A. White.

THE WONDERS OF KNOCK.

REV. B. KAVANAGH, PARISH PRIEST OF KNOCK AND AGHAMORE.

WE give a correct portrait of Archdeacon Kavanagh, from a photograph received at our office. He is a most devout and highly respected clergyman, as has been testified by all who have visited the now celebrated shrine of our Lady at Knock.

The first apparition occurred on the 14th of August, 1879, being the eve of the Assumption. At about 7.30 P. M. (the sun having set that evening at 7.18 P. M.) a white light was observed at the gate of the church, or rather the gable of the sacristy (for the sacristy occupies the upper shaft, and is separated from the church by a main wall), by one of the parishioners, who had just been closing the chapel for the night. No notice was taken of the light then. In half an hour after, the attention of the same person was called to the occurrence by the voice of another parishioner, who called out that the blessed Virgin and two saints were standing at the south gable of the chapel, — the same place that the light had been first manifested. There were several persons,



men, women, and children, now gathered at the place, gazing rapturously on the heavenly sight which met their view.

They beheld the blessed Virgin, with a beautiful crown of dazzling brightness on her head, and wearing a white cloak, her hands uplifted, and eyes raised to heaven, as if in prayer. On her right hand, with his head inclined towards the Virgin Mother, stood St. Joseph, and so distinct was the apparition of the holy saint, that even his whiskers of gray were observed by the wondering and awe-stricken people. There also appeared an altar, surrounded by a most brilliant light, and on the altar a snow-white lamb, a cross reclining on the back of the lamb. To the right of the altar, and on the blessed Virgin's left, appeared St. John the Evangelist, a book in his left hand, his right hand raised as if reading or preaching from the book, and on his head a mitre, which the people describe as being like that worn by the archbishop. The altar and the figures were surrounded by a bright light, while over all there seemed like stars twinkling. The night was both dark and rainy, and notwithstanding that the people present got drenched with the rain that fell during the two hours the apparition was visible, the figures were not touched or affected by the rain or darkness, and the portion of the gable before which the apparition was remained perfectly dry, as if there had not been a drop of rain.

It may be asked, How did the people know the statues of St. Joseph and St.

John? Catholics will easily understand as to St. Joseph, whose statue is to be seen in almost every Catholic church; and as to St. John, one of those present on the occasion, when asked as to how they knew it was St. John, said they had seen a statue of that saint in Lecanvy Church. On the 8th of October, three canons of the Chapter of Tuam, and seven other of the clergy of Claremorris deanery, held an investigation into the circumstances attending the apparition, and took the depositions of no less than fourteen persons who had witnessed it. These depositions were taken by Archdeacon Kavanagh, Very Rev. Canon Waldron, and Very Rev. Canon U. J. Bourke. The witnesses were examined and cross-examined most exactly, and the evidence was unshaken, all testifying to the same facts, most accurately. More remarkable still, inasmuch as it was seen by four persons, in the broad light of day, was that beheld on Friday, the 2d of January, 1880. On that day, at twelve o'clock, noon, on the spot opposite that portion of the gable where the apparition of the blessed Virgin stood, arose a graceful column, of exquisite workmanship, having at its base two beautifully carved figures; at a height of about eighteen inches, or two feet from the ground, there was a rich cap or moulding, from which the column tapered to a considerable height, and all was surmounted by a statue. Beyond this, and at regular distances, were three smaller columns, of equally beautiful workmanship, and then an altar, while the continuation of the gable beyond the altar seemed as if variegated with light and shade. Again, on the Epiphany, at eleven o'clock at night, was observed by a great number of persons a bright light; at the same portion of the gable where the apparition had already been witnessed, there appeared, in the light, like a statue of the blessed Virgin, and around the spot appeared stars and moving bodies, as of angels hovering above.

Already have the lame and blind made pilgrimages to Knock, and evidence of their presence, and the effect of their visit, may be seen in at least one crutch, a number of sticks, statues, and vases, as offerings of the pious faithful. One young man, who had been for nine years the victim of hip disease, who had lost the use of his leg from the hip down, and during that long time could only go along with the aid of a crutch and a stick, came, and his crutch may now be seen there, he having no longer any use for it. This poor fellow has written to Father Kavanagh, telling him of his miraculous cure, and stating that he is the wonder of his own neighborhood, since he returned, and walked amongst his friends. A little girl ten years of age, who had been blind from her birth, was brought to Knock by her father and mother, and recovered her sight before she left, the dust of the cement of the gable having been rubbed to her eyes. Several other miraculous cures have been effected by the application of the cement, which has been taken away in great quantities by pilgrims. To a height of nearly ten feet the cement has been scraped off the gable by pious visitors, whose faith in its miraculous effects is most confident. Crowds of people from the surrounding country, and the neighboring counties, daily visit the spot, which has now become famous, and is certain to become more and more so every day. The evidence is before the authorities of the Church, who have not yet pronounced on the matter.

The following are among the most recent cures:—

Rev. Edward Murphy, S. J., writes to the editor of the *Ave Maria*, under date of June 22, that on that day, a Protestant child, who had been born blind, returned to his happy parents, in England, rejoicing in the recovery of his sight.

Sister M. Xavier, of the Presentation Convent, St. John, N. F., writes

Continued on page 360.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. IV.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 4.

"I NEVER performed a more reasonable, a more manly act, or one more in accordance with the rights and dignity of human nature, though not done save by Divine grace moving and assisting thereto, than when I kneeled to the Bishop of Boston, and asked him to hear my confession and reconcile me to the Church, or when I read my abjuration, and publicly confessed the Catholic faith; for the basis of all true nobility of soul is Christian humility, and nothing is more manly than submission to God, or more reasonable than to believe God's word on His own authority."—*Dr. Brownson.*

AN ENGLISHMAN'S PROTEST.

Nineteenth Century for August.

• THREE months ago it was possible to write the following words:—

"The best example of a commonwealth which has lost its Catholic perfection without losing its traditional but imperfect Christianity, and has at the same time returned in great part to the natural order,—that is, to the truths of natural religion and to the four cardinal virtues,—may be said to be the British Empire."

But this British Empire was not the primitive Catholic monarchy of Alfred, in which church and state were inseparable, and councils and parliaments sat simultaneously.

It was not the English monarchy of Henry the Seventh, in which, at least in public law, the unity of our spiritual and civil life was as yet unbroken.

It was not the monarchy of Elizabeth, of which Hooker could still write in his pleasant dream that church and state were coincident, and every member of the one was a member of the other.

It was not the monarchy of the Stuarts or of William the Third, in which whole classes of men were excluded from civil rights and from legislative powers because of non-conformity with the legalized form of Christianity.

Neither was it the British Empire of George the Fourth, when civil rights and legislative powers were thrown open to Catholics and Protestants, who for three centuries had endured proscription and persecution, to fine, imprisonment, and death, for their Christian conscience.

Nor, lastly, was it the monarchy and empire of Victoria, when civil rights and legislative powers were extended in full to all who, believing in the divine and imperishable theism of the Hebrew commonwealth, gave their allegiance, under the same divine sanctions, to the Christian Empire of Great Britain.

Hitherto the British Empire has rested upon a twofold divine base, both natural and supernatural. It was built up by our Saxon, Norman, and English forefathers, first upon the unity of Christendom; next, even they who saw

this unity wrecked, or had a hand in wrecking it, preserved of the law Christian all that it was still possible to save. Our old jurists used to say that "Christianity was part and parcel of the law of England"; and our feather-headed political doctors ridiculed as bigotry a dictum which has created Christendom. They no doubt had never studied the incorporation of the Christian into the imperial law; and, to take one only instance, they were probably unconscious how the Christian law of marriage in its unity and indissolubility changed the face of the Roman world, and equally unconscious how to this day the same Christian and Catholic law is the law of England, notwithstanding the legal dissolutions of the Divorce Court.

But lying deep below this Christian foundation of our empire there are the lights and the laws of the natural order; the truths known to man by the light of reason and by the instincts of humanity. The whole civil society of men in all its ages, apart from the commonwealth of Israel,—the monarchies of Assyria and Persia, the liberties of Greek civilization, the imperial law and sway of old Rome,—all alike rested upon the theism of the natural order.

I may be asked what is this theism of the natural order. I answer,—that God exists; that he is good, wise, just, and almighty; that he is our law-giver and our judge; that his law, both eternal and positive, is the rule of our life; that we have reason by which to know it in its dictates of truth and of morals; that this law binds us in duties to him, to ourselves, and to all men; that this law is the sanction of all personal, domestic, social, civil, and political life: in a word, without God there is no society of man,—political, social, or domestic. Society springs from God, and lives by his pervading will. Deny the existence of God, and nine thousand affirmations are no more than nineteen or ninety thousand words. Without God there is no lawgiver above the human will, and therefore no law; for no will by human authority can bind another. All authority of parents, husbands, masters, rulers, is of God. This is not all. If there be no God, there is no eternal distinction of right and wrong; and if not, then no morals: truth, purity, chastity, justice, temperance, are names, conventions, and impostures.

There are two conditions possible to men and empires. The one is the order of nature with its recognition of God, with its lights of reason and conscience, its laws and morality, its dictates of conscience and of duty, its oaths and sanctions of fidelity and truth. On this rested the great empires of the Old World. It is the order of nature, but it is also divine. There is another condition possible to individual men, and therefore, though hardly, to multitudes,—that is, the state in which God and morality have passed out of the life and soul of man. This condition is not divine, nor is it natural, nor is it human. I read its description in an inspired writer, and he says that such men are as the irrational creatures, the *ἄλογα*,* who in the things they know naturally, in these they corrupt themselves.

But this is not the order of nature as God made it. In creating man

* 2 St. Peter ii. 12; St. Jude 10.

he created human society, from its first outlines of domestic life to its full imperial grandeur as the world has seen it in Rome, and we see it now in the Greater Britain. Where the lights and the laws of nature and conscience and morals are lost, men become herds or hordes, but are civilized men no longer.

Sir William Blackstone, after quoting Sir Edward Coke as saying, "The power and jurisdiction of Parliament is so transcendent and absolute that it cannot be confined, either for causes or persons, within any bounds," goes on to say, "It can transcend the ordinary course of laws; it can regulate the succession of the crown; it can alter the established religion of the land; it can change and create afresh the constitution of the kingdom." So that it is a matter most essential to the liberties of this kingdom that such members be delegated to this important trust as are most eminent for their probity, their fortitude, and their knowledge; for it was a known apophthegm of the great Lord Treasurer, Burghley, that "England could never be ruined but by a Parliament." Judge Blackstone further quoted the President Montesquieu, who foretold that "as Rome, Sparta, and Carthage have lost their liberty and perished, so the Constitution of England will in time lose its liberty and will perish; it will perish whenever the legislative power shall become more corrupt than the executive."*

The purity of Parliament depends, therefore, upon the eminent probity, fortitude, and knowledge of its members. And these qualities are tested, so far as is in man, by the oath or solemn declaration of allegiance by which every man intrusted with a share in the supreme power of legislation binds himself, by a sanction higher than that of any mere human authority, to be faithful to the commonwealth. The oath of the Catholic members of Ireland, and of the Christian members of England and Scotland, and the affirmation of the members of the Hebrew religion, and the affirmation of the members for Birmingham and for Manchester, all alike bind their conscience by the highest sanctions of the divine law. So also, if there be any who, resting, as many in the last century did rest, on the theism of the Old World, and on the lights and laws of nature, affirm their probity and their allegiance under the sanctions which trained the *prisca virtus* of the Roman commonwealth of such men, under the obligations of the four cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude, enforced by the dictates of natural conscience and the eternal laws of morals, we feel sure. Their build and make is natural and human, in conformity with the common sense and patriotic traditions of the Christian civilization of Europe, by which they were created, and by which they are sustained, in a higher moral life than a defective belief can account for.

And such, three months ago, was the mixed foundation of the British Empire, — a mingled system of gold and silver, brass and iron, and the good honest clay of the order of human nature as God made it, with its rights and

* Blackstone's *Commentaries*, by Robert Malcom Kerr, Vol. II., pp. 128, 129.

laws, like our English mother earth, in which our secular oaks root deep, and outlive generations and dynasties, but not the monarchy of England.

Thus far I have heard from my forefathers, and understood the English Constitution. It has a basis of two strata, both divine: the one, the law Christian; the other, the law of nature.

It knows nothing of a race of sophists, who, professing to know nothing about God and law, and right and wrong, and conscience, and judgment to come, are incapable of giving to Christian or to reasonable men the pledges which bind their moral nature with the obligations necessary for the command of fleets and armies, and legislatures and commonwealths. Men will not intrust to them the august and awful powers of parliament described by Lord Coke. The dearest and tenderest and most vital interests of life and home and welfare depend upon legislation. Ten thousand times, rather, would I vote for an upright member of the Hebrew race, whose commonwealth stands in history as the noblest and most human, as well as the most divine government of man, than for the young gentlemen who cannot make up their mind whether God exists or no, or whether, in the body they adorn and pamper, there be a soul which will have to answer for all they have culpably done, and all they have culpably failed to know.

When Parliament, to meet the scruples of those who so firmly believed in the majesty of God that they doubted the lawfulness of adjuring Him by way of oath, relieved them by accepting a declaration, it rested its act on its profound belief of the reverence and fidelity of the Society of Friends to the Divine Lawgiver, whom they feared to offend.

But let no man tell me that this respectful confidence is to be claimed by our Agnostics; much less by those, if such there be, who, sinking by the inevitable law of the human mind below the shallowness and timidity of Agnosticism, plunge into the great deep of human pride, where the light of reason goes out, and the outer darkness hides God, his perfections, and his laws.

No law of England has intrusted the powers of legislation to such men. Parliament has never yet weighed and voted the following resolution: "That the British Empire, having ceased to be Catholic, ceased to be Christian, and ceased even to be theistic, has descended below the level of the order of nature and the political civilization of the cultured and imperial races of the Pagan world." We Englishmen still believe that it rests upon a level which the Old World in all its demoralization never reached. The French pantomime of the last century voted out and voted in the "Supreme Being." *Delicta majorum immeritus lues*. The French people of to-day have no tradition and no basis. It was one of their own wisest sons who said, "*Sans Dieu point de société*." Where God and the unity of his divine law cease to reign, there can be no commonwealth.

But Parliament has never yet made such a law. There still stands on our statute-book a law which says that to undermine the principles of moral

obligation is punishable by forfeiture of all places of trust;* but there is no law which says that a man who publicly denies the existence of God is a fit and proper person to sit in Parliament, or a man who denies the first laws of morals is eligible to make laws for the homes and domestic life of England, Scotland, and Ireland. A by-vote like that which shut the door of the House of Commons against Horne Tooke because he was a clergyman, has furtively opened the door to one whose notoriety relieves me of an odious duty. But Parliament has not yet confirmed that by-vote, and the moral sense of this great people has not been asked. And yet it has been heard; and I trust that there is still left in our statesmen at least the probity and the courage of Roman senators. One by-vote of a party majority, if not reversed, will lower forever the basis of the British Empire. The evil it has wrought would be complete. It has laid down forever that for the highest offices of man — namely, the making laws for man — it is no longer necessary for a man to be Catholic or Christian, or Jew or Theist. He may publicly deny and profane all these things. He may deny the existence of God, and therefore of divine law, and therefore of all law except the human will and human passion. But as yet no statute of the legislature has declared such men to be eligible to Parliament.

If, however, this by-vote be accepted, Lord Burghley's forecast will be on the horizon. England will begin to be destroyed by its Parliament.

HENRY EDWARD, *Cardinal Archbishop.*

SAINTS PETER AND PAUL.

SAINT PETER, the prince of the apostles, was a native of Bethsaida, and, as tradition goes, was our divine Lord's senior in age by about ten years. He received at his circumcision the name of Simon, or Simeon, meaning, in Hebrew, "Jehovah hath heard," but this was afterwards changed by our Lord to "Kipho," generally written *Cephas* in English, from the Syriac "*a Rock*." St. Peter was a married man, but a very ancient tradition, upon which St. Jerome lays particular stress, assures us that, after his call to the apostleship, he and his wife (a very holy woman) agreed to live continent the rest of their lives. He had a daughter named Petronilla, whom the Church honors as a saint on May 31. Our glorious apostle, as is well known, suffered death under Nero on the Vatican Hill, where, at his own request, he was crucified head downwards. He is represented in most of the early paintings as bald on the crown of the head, but having a thick circle of hair growing round the under part, after the manner of some of the clerical tonsures worn by members of religious orders. In Anglo-Saxon art he is always beardless, to favor a long-standing tradition that the Pagans, in order to make him as despicable-looking as possible in the eyes of the people, shaved his head closely. Ever since the eighth century, it has been customary to represent him with a pair of keys in hand, symbolic of his power in heaven and on earth. Many will have it appear that the ecclesiastical tonsure, so called, owes its origin to the indignity practised on our apostle by the pagans, — viz., shaving his head. — *Father O'Brien's History of the Mass.*

SAINT PAUL was a native of Tarsus, a city of Cilicia, in Asia Minor. After his miraculous conversion to the faith, he went to Jerusalem, where, through the mediation of his companion, St. Barnabas, he made the acquaintance of Saints Peter and James. With the former he became associated in the See of Rome, and together with him suffered martyrdom about the year 67 of our era, and the twelfth of the reign of Nero. The two holy apostles are generally named together, for, as the Church sings of them, "in life they loved each other; in death they are not separated." According to some, our apostle changed his first name, *Saul*, to *Paul*, through respect for the Proconsul, Sergius Paulus, whom he converted to the faith. Others say that he took the name from the Latin *paulus*, "little," because, as he says in his own profound humility, *he was the least of the apostles.* — *Father O'Brien's History of the Mass.*

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD: POLITICIAN,
STATESMAN, AUTHOR.

"T is not a year or two shows us a man." — *Othello, Act III. Scene 4.*

It is the proverbial fate of the great to be misunderstood. Leaders or rulers of peoples, raised as they are above the common herd, see, if they are fitted for their position, farther than those of lower place, and if they are blessed with the courage which gives reticence, it follows that many actions of theirs will be misinterpreted by those whose positions will not enable them to discern the cause of the proceedings they criticise. The watcher in the watch-tower of a beleaguered city discovers many an ambush, foresees many an impending attack which those who are manning the ramparts or trading in the streets below will not, and if he takes precautions, without deeming it necessary to tell the crowd why he takes them, he may even be twitted with being an alarmist or a coward. So it is in politics as in war; and most of the mistaken interpretations put upon the actions of those who hold the helm of power are due to the inability of those others who talk or write in criticism to realize that they who are in the highest place generally see the farthest. Few eminent men can ever have witnessed more diverse conclusions arrived at as regards the general policy of their life, or as regards their public character, than he whose career we review in these pages. We find him described by one party as —

"An almost life-long opponent of every useful measure; an opponent of free trade, an opponent of the ballot: a man whose whole career has been one of glaring inconsistencies and unrelieved selfishness." *

While the other, his own, admires —

"His tact, his courage, his readiness, his adroitness, his wit, his marvellous command of temper, his reticence, his patience, and his cheerfulness in adversity." †

They tell us that he was never —

"One of those *détachée* philanthropists who content themselves with amiable platitudes and sweet-sounding sentiments, nor was his name at any time conspicuous on lists of charitable committees, or amongst those who find their greatest gratification in showing themselves at public meetings. But for all that, he was the active and practical friend of the poor, the warm and tender sympathizer with the wrongs and sufferings of the laboring classes."

They rank him as —

"A poet of no mean order, a wit whose delicate small-sword is more than a match for the heavy cutlasses and bludgeons of his opponents, a novelist of no ordinary powers."

They believe that —

"His aspirations are, and always have been, purely national and patriotic. His aim in life has been the extension and consolidation of the national power. In his eyes, British interests are the first interests to be studied; British possessions those which need to be most carefully guarded and most lovingly developed."

* "Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." London: S. O. Beeton. Vol. I. pp. 266-67.

† "Public Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield." By Francis Hitchman. London: Chapman & Hall.

They regard with admiration "his wonderful re'icence," his power of being "always generous to his opponents," the fact that —

"He has invariably given credit to those who assailed him or his policy for purity of motive, no matter how strongly he may have condemned their public acts, and more than this, he has always kept his temper"; and they point out that though his enemies be many and loud-voiced, "his own leading characteristic was, and is, a certain proud and lofty stoicism, which, however deeply he may have been wounded, never allows his assailant to see the effect of his blow."

To us the career of Lord Beaconsfield is only a study, but not an unpleasant or difficult one. We do not mean to review it as Whigs or Tories would, we do not mean to judge it as most Irishmen would, or as most Englishmen would either. We do not look upon him as the personification of mingled Mephistophelian and Machiavellian principles any more than as an immaculate tribune, preferring, in a spirit of disinterestedness, abstractions to realities. In a word, we wish to regard the story of his life free from the bias which comes of prejudice, to make fair allowance for the exigencies of place and time, and to deal with the record of the actions of Benjamin Disraeli, equally freed from the dazzling halo his admirers would enfold it in, and the mire of abuse his opponents would defile it with. Doing this, while condemning many things, while meeting some hot and hasty words, while discerning some ill-done deeds, we shall, we think, clearly see, too, that the career of Lord Beaconsfield reviewed in its totality is not one to be regarded otherwise than favorably, one to be deemed aught but honorable to himself, or one that, regarded generally, has been aught but beneficial to his native land.

We believe that there are several aspects in which the life of this eminent man should be scrutinized in order to justify the forming of any decided opinion as to his character. We believe that the career of Lord Beaconsfield as a politician, as a statesman, and as a writer, is equally interesting and remarkable, and we believe that it is by gaining a clear perception of the aims of his politics, the effects of his statesmanship, and the drift of his writings, we shall be best able to estimate the value of his life and deeds.

Politics and statecraft are so closely allied that the public life of Lord Beaconsfield as politician and statesman is best considered in the first place; because, while few writers are so generally credited by their critics with having their heart in their pen-hand, and while his writings undoubtedly throw light upon his character, we yet think as equally undoubtedly it has not been his books which have made his fame, but rather the laurels won in wider fields which have made his books the things of note they are. So may the consideration of his writings lie until another time.

We have it on the authority of Lord Beaconsfield himself, in the memoir of his father, prefixed to the edition of his works which he published in 1849, that the first of his family who settled in England was his grandfather and own namesake, one Benjamin Disraeli, who, towards the end of the first half of the eighteenth century, came to that country. In the memoir just referred to Lord Beaconsfield has traced, in some of his most brilliant as well as unreliable sentences, a semi-mythical history of his ancestors, and while indulging in some hackneyed remarks upon the Inquisition, and even in the shallow bigotry of speaking of "the fell religion of Torquemada," he tells the world that his forefathers were "children of Israel, who had never quitted the shores of the Midland Ocean until Torquemada had driven them from their pleasant residences and rich estates in Aragon and Andalusia and Portugal, to seek greater blessings even than a clear atmosphere and a glowing sun amid the

marshes of Holland and the fogs of Britain." It is perhaps needless to say that this allusion to the loss of "pleasant residences and rich estates" by his family is merely one of those well-sounding phrases with which the eloquent writer so often secured a hearing, and one of those ill-founded but flattering sentences which unfortunately appear to have at times almost deceived himself; but, be this as it may, certain it is that about 1748 the first Benjamin Disraeli is known to have been settled in England. Whether this was the period of his first landing in England or not is a matter of little moment; there is, however, no doubt that he gave himself to monetary pursuits, probably at first of that class which men of his race most affect, and speedily amassed considerable wealth. The son of this Benjamin Disraeli, the well-known Isaac Disraeli, was the father of the future statesman, the author of that laborious piece of book-making, "*The Curiosities of Literature*," as well as of some other works creditable neither to his taste or mind. He has been described by Lord Beaconsfield as "a complete literary character, a man who really passed his life in his library," for "he rose to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls." Isaac Disraeli has also been described as one "saturated with the theories of Voltaire and Rousseau,"* and certainly ceased to be a Jew in aught but name. During many years of his life, like his religion itself, he became merely ceremonial, and towards the end ceased to be even as much of a Hebrew as that would signify. It is true that he took care his children were admitted to the fold of the synagogue, but he seldom entered within its walls himself. He paid niggardly, and with much grumbling, the sum at which he was assessed, towards its support; and when, in 1813, he refused to accept the office of *Parnass*, or Warden of the Synagogue, to which he had been elected, he did so in a cold, insulting letter, which clearly proved that, whatever he may have believed or disbelieved, no part of his faith was that of his father's, and in which he told the *Mihamad*, or Assembly of Wardens, that it was folly to seek to maintain the laws of Moses or the rules of the Covenant, because —

"The whole constitution of Israel had passed away; the sacrifice and the sacrificer had vanished; the altar sank with the throne."

The second clause of the sentence quoted shows that Disraeli had found out part of the truth, and therefore it is all the more to be regretted that he did not recognize its completion. The wardens held a meeting to consider his reply, and summoned him to appear before them. His response was a refusal to do so. They fined him forty pounds and sent him intimation of their decision. His reply was a denial of their authority, and a request to have his name erased from the list of members of the synagogue, thus finally severing his connection with Judaism.

On the 31st of July, 1817, Benjamin Disraeli, the future Prime Minister, then about twelve years old, was baptized in the Protestant Church of Saint Andrew, in Holborn, London. What religious training he was likely to have received in a household ruled by his father we may perhaps infer, but have no means of knowing whether before or after baptism he received any, and therefore have the more reason to wonder at the reverent way — leaving aside some expressions against Catholicity, probably more the outcome of want of knowledge than of malice — in which Lord Beaconsfield has ever spoken of religion and Christianity. Nor should we forget that in one of his works he

* Hitchman.

has recalled with regret the hard days when the Tudor tyrant gave free rein to the rapacity of his lords, and when to the gate of many an English abbey —

“The stern decree arrived that the bells should no more sound, and the hymn was no more to be chanted in the Lady’s Chapel, and the candles were no more to be lit on the high altar, and the gate of the poor was to be closed forever, and the wanderer was no more to find a home.”

Of his secular education as little is known as of his religious. One writer asserts that the future Premier was for a short time at a boarding-school at Winchester, another places him in an academy at Walthamstow, while yet another gives the credit of his education to a certain Dr. Cogan; but the probability is that what scholastic teaching he ever received was little, that his *alma mater* was his father’s voluminous library, its curriculum what his fancy chose. He was placed, when about eighteen or nineteen, in the office of a firm of respectable solicitors in the Old Jewry, on probation, with a view to his being articled as an apprentice. Either himself or some one else, however, very quickly discovered that his mind rose above the level of his desk, and that his pen had fitter work before it than any it could do on parchment, so his articles of apprenticeship were never engrossed, and he surrendered his position in the office to his brother. It may be as well, perhaps, to point out that Lord Beaconsfield never was “a copying clerk” or “an attorney’s clerk,” though he was very nearly being an attorney’s apprentice; a totally different thing. Lord Beaconsfield’s labors have been incessant, his rewards as great as his efforts; but they are not to be inscribed, as some fabulists pretend, on a scale beginning with “attorney’s clerk,” and ending with “Premier and earl.”

By the publication of the first volume of his novel of “Vivian Grey,” in 1826, when he was twenty-two years of age, “Disraeli the Younger,” as he chose to call himself, won at once an entry into fashionable and literary circles. At this time his personal appearance, rendered more striking by magnificent eccentricities of attire, was remarkable. A pale, almost delicate face, jet-black hair clustered in curls on a marble brow, beneath which flashed strangely brilliant black eyes, a lissome figure, in a dress coat of black velvet, white kid gloves with draperies of black silk fringe falling from the wrists over his hands, a waistcoat resplendent with gold lace, — such was the aspect Lord Beaconsfield presented in his youthful days. Men sneered at his effeminacy, and mockingly compared it with the bold motto written on the title-page of “Vivian Grey.”* They forgot that the sharpest sword may rest in the velvet scabbard, the silken glove cover the mailed hand, and that Disraeli’s marvellous work, for one so young, proved the possession of talents not likely to find their sole expression in the extravagancies of foppery. Nothing, we think, proves more clearly the strong right-mindedness of the youthful novelist than that, at a time when London society was certainly not at its purest or best, when its brilliancy was equalled by its frailty, when the gambling saloons of White’s and Crockford’s were crowded nightly, when wine-cups were filled by no niggard hands, when writers like Byron and Shelley were flattered and admired even by those whose condemnation of them had been but an act of reparation due to their own set, no breath of scandal rested upon his fame, never a line was identified with his name to which modesty could object, or against which the most rigid censor could charge impropriety. Small matter for praise this in most cases, perhaps, but matter for some at least in his, we think.

* “Why, then, the world’s mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.”

In 1829 Disraeli started upon an Eastern tour, during a portion of which he was accompanied by his sister, and a gentleman to whom she was betrothed. This tour was an extended one. Turkey, Albania, Syria, Egypt, all were visited, and there appears to be little doubt that the great possibilities open to these once famous countries, and their then and now miserable and oppressed peoples, under capable rulers, made an impression upon the mind of the politician and statesman, who then was as yet neither one nor the other, which has never been effaced and which seems to have dictated much of that later action, much of that diplomacy, which has been so fiercely assailed, so furiously and so undiscerningly vituperated. For there can be little doubt that the policy of Lord Beaconsfield in establishing, or, as perhaps it is more correct to say, seeking to establish a British protectorate of Asia Minor, is one of those projects which can only be unfavorably regarded by those who are determined to push the doctrine of non-intervention to what is indeed its logical conclusion, — isolation and dishonor; and who are equally determined to see no good in any proposition emanating from any party but their own. Looked at with some regard to the future, as is wisest with most things, this protectorate seems brimful of good, if reasonably enforced. It seems as if it were calculated to procure much scope for English traders; to bring to English commerce much future gain; to open to English enterprise the forgotten sources of ancient wealth; and last, though not least, it seems to Catholics as if its enforcement might be the signal for a new Crusade, of a peaceful kind, for the pitting of the Cross against the Crescent once again, and for the going forth of gallant missionaries to a glorious field, for exertion and service in the cause they love: for, if it ever be even partially enforced, assuredly valiant soldiers of the valiant army whose members during every year of the last eighteen centuries have been ready to suffer and to die, content if, by their suffering and death, even one other came to the knowledge of the truths they held themselves, will penetrate the gloomy recesses of the Taurus ranges, follow the windings of the Tigris and the Euphrates, as other followers of the self-same standard did in years gone by the depths of the Andes, the turnings of the Amazon and the Parana.

It was in the spring of 1832 that Lord Beaconsfield returned from his tour to find that the first Reform Bill was about becoming the law of the land; that the measure which had been so strenuously resisted, so earnestly and perseveringly advocated, which had been denounced as so democratic and revolutionary, and belauded as so satisfactory and liberal, was about to be tacked on to the British Constitution, and made a part of it. His father had shortly before purchased Bradenham House, a pleasant seat in Buckinghamshire; and here Benjamin Disraeli was living, too, when, a vacancy occurring in the representation of the neighboring constituency of High Wycombe, he deemed the time had arrived when he might obtain a seat in Parliament. Now over this event in the life of Lord Beaconsfield much ink has been shed, and his attitude at this election has been made equally the basis of accusations of insincerity and the foundation of eulogiums upon his consistency; and this chiefly, perhaps, from the fact that it would be difficult to say, from his addresses and speeches, whether he was then a Whig or a Tory, — the real truth being, that he was probably a little of both. At the election it was certain that the Whig electors would vote "solid" for the candidate of their party, Colonel Grey, son of the then Prime Minister, but there were two minorities in the constituency, formed respectively of the Tory and Radical electors. Disunited, neither of these parties could hope to elect a candidate of their choice, but it was calculated that united they would be able to secure the seat. Now Lord Beaconsfield, in his address, sought to gain the suffrages of both these minorities; and

therefore it is that friend and foe alike have found, in his first parliamentary address, matter for comment, praise, and assault. At the nomination he was proposed by a Tory and seconded by a Radical, and when he spoke from the hustings he told the vociferous electors that —

“He was glad to find the Tories for once on the side of the people, and he hoped the alliance would be lasting.”

Lord Beaconsfield's theory, thus broached, appears to us to have been persistently adhered to. He failed to see why the redress of grievances should be the prerogative of one party; and he has over and over again proclaimed his view that, the monarch and the titled and untitled nobility of England being the natural leaders of the people, there can be no reason why the interests of peer and peasant should be separated, or why the workers should be led to think that no sympathy for their cause exists in the breasts of the upper classes, and that their fittest leaders are those to whom they really owe least, — the money-grasping machinery and cotton lords of the great towns of their native land. Of course it may be alleged that a policy guided by such principles has only one end, — the acquisition of power. But to those who urge this or similar argument, consideration will show that they bear a two-edged weapon, for it may be parried by inquiry as to whether power is not the aim of all parties; and why, if their own love of popular progress be as pure and disinterested as they pretend, may no other hands but theirs remove antagonistic restrictions? Lord Beaconsfield himself has said that “he had to educate his party.” He had to teach the Tories that if the name of their party was to continue synonymous merely with the maintenance of old-time monopolies, restrictions, and class privileges, then, indeed, they might bid a long farewell to power. He had to almost insensibly lead his party into the track which led to victory; and it required years of patient labor, of constant parliamentary and extra-parliamentary toil, to teach the constituencies of England that the politics which bore the name “Conservative,” in the later days, were not by any means the same as those which friend and foe alike styled “Tory,” in 1830. Popular discontent undermined, and popular agitation has conquered most of the oligarchical distinctions which it was the proudest boast of the old Tories to defend, but the very abolition of class and creed distinctions has left less room for legitimate disaffection to the principles which are now classed as “Conservative.” General elections in England have generally decided some question of great internal interest. Ministries have generally fallen in defence of some ancient, though perhaps *effete*, political landmark, or through their over-zealous advocacy of some political alteration, but the last English election decided no great principle, solved no great problem; it merely registered the decision of the discontented and unlettered, and proved that the working classes of that country have adopted the very worst creed men of their rank ever believed, — that governments are bound to pay them, as the price of their support, with brisk trade and high wages, and that mere political alteration is a panacea for industrial and commercial depression.

The result of the election at Wycombe was adverse to Lord Beaconsfield, as was also another which he contested in the same place on the dissolution of Parliament in the autumn of the same year, but it is nevertheless curious to note the words made use of by the candidate at the nomination previous to this latter election. They seem to tell of a tangible policy, of a guiding theory: —

“It has been stated that I come here under the influence of the Tory party. That I deny. It is they who have joined me; and if the Tories will aid the

cause of the people, I am too sensible of the value of their assistance to refuse it."

Though defeated at this election, Disraeli was not disheartened, and in 1834 again contested the borough, only, however, to be again defeated. With characteristic persistency and determination, three months later he contested the representation of Taunton with similar want of success. It was during this contest that he delivered the speech which embroiled him with O'Connell. Reading Disraeli's words now, one sees little to call for the great vigor with which O'Connell denounced them; but it appears to be nearly certain that a perverted report was conveyed to him, and he naturally felt aggrieved that one who had a little time previously solicited his aid and influence with the Radical voters, in his election contests, should so soon describe him as "a traitor." Now, it is not to be forgotten that the members of the Whig ministry then in office had, when out of place, often vituperated O'Connell, and actually applied to him the very epithet Disraeli did; yet when called upon to take up the reins of power, finding that the support or non-support of O'Connell and his followers in the House of Commons meant the possession or non-possession of a working majority, they had been content to eat their words and sue for the aid of the Liberator. This they obtained at the cost of certain concessions to Ireland, but their best friends could not contend that their alliance with the Irish leader arose from any feeling of respect for himself, or any desire to do justice to his native land. The sudden friendship displayed by the Whig leaders towards O'Connell was palpably the product of interested motives. They had, when out of place, persistently assailed him, and had been liberally paid back in their own coin. O'Connell had denounced them as the "base, bloody, and brutal Whigs," yet the English ministers fawned upon him now, proffered favors to his supporters, gave the Irish department patronage into his hands, and by every possible means sought to secure his allegiance. No matter what his opinion of their motives may have been, O'Connell, of course, could not refuse the overtures of the Whigs, or their offers of partial justice to Ireland. Hence they sat side by side with his followers in the House of Commons, their voices were raised in unison with his, he and they worked in concert.

Disraeli, in one of his election speeches, twitted the Whigs with their inconsistency, and appears to have partially approved their past denunciation of O'Connell and his principles. Now, we do not think that there is any reason for assuming that in thus acting Disraeli necessarily recognized he was doing wrong. Of course a man may be consistent in wrong-doing, but we are rather inclined to deem his consistency often evidence of want of recognition of the truth rather than of persistent continuance in wilful error. Disraeli has been, we regret to say, a consistent opponent of any project for the restoration to Ireland of her national rights; but, much as we regret this, we fail to see in it justification for the manner in which he is often vituperated by certain Irish publicists. His words at Taunton were as follows:—

"I look upon the Whigs as a weak but ambitious party, who can only obtain power by linking themselves with a traitor. I ought to apologize to the admirers of Mr. O'Connell, perhaps, for this hard language. I am myself his admirer, so far as his talents and abilities are concerned, but I maintain him to be a traitor,—and on what authority? On the authority of that very body (the Whigs), a distinguished member of whom is my honorable opponent."

O'Connell's response to these words was one of those crushing assaults, one

of those fiercely vituperative denunciations, which made him such a source of terror to foes of his race or creed.* We do not, of course, rank Lord Beaconsfield as being the enemy of either one or the other; enough of the man's real nature can be gathered from his written and spoken words, from the story of his public and private life, to show him incapable of being anything of the kind, to any one or anything. But it is to be remembered that his life has been guided by what, after all, was no ignoble ambition; that he has been throughout it an English public man and minister, ranking England and English interests first in his mind, and determined to do what in him lay to foster and further both. When, therefore, we remember these things, and further recognize that it is almost impossible to hope that the day is nigh when English ministers, uncoerced by hard necessity, will be found willing to satisfy the national and rightful aspirations of Ireland, we are not disposed to press hardly upon the defects of his conduct towards that country. His life were a more noble one, his fame all the brighter, his historic repute as a great and good man all the more certain, had he recognized both the wrongs and rights of Ireland. He has not done so, and we think the omission somewhat mars the picture of his life; but we know that, after all, it will be judged as that of an English minister, that it is to be regarded as the career of a man steering his way in the manner he thought best through the shoals and quicksands of English public opinion, that he has had to act in the face of unscrupulous and blatant party scrutiny, and that other interests seeming bigger, perhaps, in his eyes than those of Ireland, were in his keeping. It is true that, in his anxiety to score a hit against his political opponents, he has recently blamed them for giving some encouragement to Irish hopes, and has not hesitated to avail himself of the acts and words of certain Irishmen, to arouse an ill-feeling against those whom he suspects are not unfriendly towards the Home Rule agitation. It is, however, to be borne in mind that there are Home Rulers and Home Rulers, and that Irish Nationalists exist who, while deeming a great act of restitution due their native land, would not hesitate to denounce as strongly as Lord Beaconsfield would the theories of some of those to whom we have referred. Ireland's cause has ever been strong because of the justness inherent to it. The man or men who deprive it of this element of justness, or overlay it with injustice to the cause of others, will prove, eventually, enemies of their native land. Of course we know that in Ireland, deprived as that country is of large manufacturing centres, every peasant who wishes to be aught but a day laborer must possess a little strip of land; and knowing, too, that this necessity for the possession of a farm has brought into being a kind of usury in land, and feeling certain that the crime of usury is not necessarily confined to money dealings, we deem those who trade and fatten on the agrarian necessities of their neighbors, and who would wring ill-gotten wealth from their labor-wasted muscles, every whit as blameworthy as rapacious money-lenders with bill or bond and fraudulent interest. But though errors have been defined as "only truths abused," yet, as the abuse sometimes eliminates all trace of original truth, so we regret the falling of the cause of Ireland — that of her citizens, as well as of her farmers — into the hands, in some places, of those who neither by religion or place are its fittest custodians.

* O'Connell, after speaking in laudatory terms of the Jewish race, proceeded to ascribe to Disraeli the qualities of "the impenitent thief who died upon the Cross," and concluded by "forgiving the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief." Disraeli, in response, described O'Connell as a "a public beggar," and he wrote Morgan O'Connell that he should "take every opportunity of holding his father's name up to public contempt," and concluding thus "I fervently pray that you, or some one of his blood, may attempt to avenge the unextinguishable hatred with which I shall pursue his existence." It is needless to say that these were merely words, and that Disraeli never, by word or deed, sought to fulfil them.

On more than one platform in Ireland the land claims of the people have been advocated unwisely, and upon a basis threateningly and dangerously wide. The subject, however, is a large one ; and we only touch upon it here in order to make plain why, while strongly disapproving of it, we do not deem Lord Beaconsfield's conduct towards Ireland the standard by which to judge his life and character. It is true that he has never done justice to Ireland, but he has never made justice to her and the creed of her people a party war-cry only for the nonce, while ready with marvellous tergiversation to assail that creed, and to insult the dearest sympathies of her children. It is the fashion too often to look upon English conservatism as merely the defence of oligarchical institutions ; but it is well to remember that in England few special class privileges now exist, and that when, at a period which cannot now be far distant, the last of these has vanished, conservatism will be a necessity, because the alternative will be anarchical alteration, with the too certain degradation which ever accompanies it. In Ireland, unfortunately, conservatism at present means the conservation and defence of many legalized wrongs ; but even in that country those who will read the signs in the clouds may see that the day will yet come, perhaps sooner than most think, when Catholic conservatism will be the beacon to attract those who would save the land of the Gael from the evils of revolutionary wrong-doing. In point of fact, a wisely led Conservative party was never before so primarily necessary to Ireland's well-being as on that day when the cannon thunder and the shaking belfries peal a welcome to her reassembling senate in the ancient capital of their native land.

We venerate the memory of O'Connell ; we admire the marvellous talents of the great Catholic, the pure patriotism of the great Irishman, the wondrous eloquence of the great orator, whose name, with all the majesty of his great humanity, sanctified by the recollection of his sincere fidelity to the faith of his fathers, lives, and will ever live in the minds and hearts of Irishmen, as the most glorious on the modern pages of the history of their motherland ; but we cannot help regarding his assault upon Lord Beaconsfield as regrettable, while we deem his Lordship's response not only regrettable, but eminently condemnable. O'Connell loved his native land with an ardent love ; her wrongs were his, her injuries rankled in his mind, her griefs pressed heavily on his heart. He was a man great in all things,—great in eloquence, power, and patriotism ; and that therefore, when he believed himself assailed by one who had asked favors of him, his anger should be great too, is scarcely matter for marvel. Disraeli's replies to his assaults are distinguished by—what perhaps is not to be wondered at, either—the expression of deeply injured pride, and by—it is to be regretted—fierce vituperation and the expression of an almost fiercer spirit of revenge. It was a contest, not between a giant and a dwarf, for the English politician was no dwarf, but one between a man, and such a man, and a boy,—a boy in politics if not in years ; one gifted with great powers, stung to the quick with harsh insults, seeking to give weight to his thrusts with unthoughtful, hotly uttered words. The entire episode was one impossible between the men at any other period, but it took place when politicians hit hard, and did not seek to gloss over their party or personal feelings with hypocritical amenities. They were times when men “called a spade a spade,” and when a coarsely worded insult expressed not one whit more real enmity than many a finely rounded sentence, many a brilliant but stinging phrase, does in these days of more exterior culture. At another period O'Connell would have suited his language to the tastes of his hearers, Disraeli would not have sullied paper with the words which enemies refuse to allow the dust of time to obliterate.

In July, 1837, Lord Beaconsfield was enabled to begin his parliamentary career by his election as member for Maidstone as the colleague of Wm. Wyndham Lewis, but some years had of course to be passed in the House of Commons, and much evidence of his fitness for place given, before men began to look for his name in the lists of ministers; and it is pleasing to note, in tracing his career during these years, how, after his voice was raised on behalf of the toiling masses, how his sympathies for the poor were fearlessly expressed, and how, over and over again, he reiterated his favorite theory, that, the aristocracy being the natural leaders of the people, it was their own fault — a fault easy of condonation — that they were not so still. It may be — some there are who will have it so — that in all this the man was merely acting a part. It may be so, but when we find a theory of any kind carried into practice as far as possible throughout a man's life, when we see him sacrifice personal ease on behalf of what appears to be the losing side, we do not usually rank him as a hypocrite. Why any other rule should hold good in the case of Lord Beaconsfield it is of course hard to say, but certain it is that amongst his opponents some have been found who could look back upon his career and regard it as an astutely managed deceit. It has been well said that by a man's life should his heart be judged. A man's acts for better or worse are the dictates of his mind, and though even success should not be their guerdon, even though they may not be such as to make us rank his wisdom highly, yet, if they are fair and right in principle, there can be no justification for assuming that he is a trickster who has acted so as to merit approval merely for sake of that approval and its concomitant rewards. When Disraeli entered upon parliamentary life he could as easily have placed himself on the side of the Radicals as in the ranks wherein he took his stand; but not being what his enemies depict him as being, not being a charlatan, not being merely a place-seeker, not being merely a selfish power and title hunter, he enrolled himself with those upon whom the shadow of defeat rested; and with them and for them, through years of hard political warfare, through periods of depression and contumely, his voice was ever heard, with no uncertain ring, the clearest in the fray. He might, it is equally true, have been one of those who would have banished religion from the schools; he might have been a time-server, a trimmer; everything that was and is politically despicable he might have been: but being none of these, we are yet told that his not being any of these things is evidence that in reality he was such. Little praise, perhaps, is due to him for not being so, but no light censure is due to those who judge him so differently from the manner in which they would be judged themselves. Does any one deem that England and English politics would have been the better for the absence of Benjamin Disraeli from the political arena, and that the preservation of a homogeneous Conservative party by his exertions, the alternations of Conservative with Liberal *régimes* which his talents have secured, are unmixed evils? We are not undiscerning admirers of Lord Beaconsfield, but we certainly think that there are those amongst his censors whom the world could better spare; and though we cannot forgive his unjustifiable party opposition to many measures of importance to Irish and Catholic interests, yet, for sake of the abstract good in much of the man's work, for sake of the strong vein of rightful deeds running through his life, we are almost tempted to forget them.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON POLITICS AND RELIGION.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, then Dr. Newman, when preaching at the Oratory, Edgbaston, in November of 1868, referred to the elections which were at that time impending (and which resulted in the return to power of Mr. Gladstone) in the following terms: "There are two worlds, — the one which we see and which needs no description, because we know it so well, and it presses upon us so much; and the unseen world, which is so little thought of by us. In this visible world we are often carried off our feet, as it were, in the great struggle constantly going on amongst men who are all striving, each in his own sphere, to attain the highest place; and if we do not take care to turn our thoughts continually to the New Jerusalem, the Living City, we run a great risk of forgetting that which we only see by the light of Faith. The stream will carry us into the ocean of perdition. We are, as it were, at present in the river of life which flows into the broad ocean of eternity, into which we must, each in our turn, be inevitably carried; but, before that time comes, we must strain every effort to land on the banks of the river, to land in the Holy City that is, by directing all our thoughts and desires heavenward. I am led to make these remarks at this time, because all around us, throughout the length and breadth of the land, great perturbation is to be seen. Everywhere there is great excitement, great suspense, great commotion on account of these coming elections, and at such a time one is naturally inclined to run with the stream, and to lose one's self, so to speak, in the general excitement. One forgets to look into the unseen world, to prepare one's self for the entrance into the Heavenly City. Then, again, if we look at the whole of Europe we see the same disorder and perturbation, — in one country revolution, in another war threatened, and so on. Let us compare in our own minds the two worlds, especially to-

day, the Octave of All Saints. See the harmony, the peace, the joy, the order which reigns in heaven. What a contrast! Then, on one side the world of suffering souls, suffering, indeed, less from actual pain than from the deprivation of Almighty God; but, even in their sufferings, infinitely consoled by the consideration of their perfect security and approaching deliverance. We must all die, even the greatest amongst us: whether it be greatness of abilities, greatness of eloquence, greatness of position, in a short time he is forgotten, put out of sight, and no more thought of. What difference can it make to us in all this present excitement whether one party goes in and another goes out? All we have to think about is our eternal salvation. Of course it is quite possible for a man to take an active part in political affairs and yet to offer up all his thoughts, words, and actions of each day to Almighty God; it would be too shocking to think otherwise. Let us try, then, to watch always, and turn our minds from earthly things to dwell on the thoughts of the unseen world!" We are indebted to a correspondent for this timely record of Cardinal Newman's spoken words; a record jotted down a dozen years ago, and now for the first time published.

AMEN.—At the conclusion of the prayers, says Father O'Brien, in his "History of the Mass," the server answers "Amen," a Hebrew word meaning "may it be so." The custom of thus answering "Amen" at the end of the prayers is evidently derived from the old law, for we find it in nearly every book of the Old Testament, and it is also very common in the New. According to Cardinal Bona ("Divina Psalmodia," p. 532), it is one of those words which the translators of the Bible left untouched, lest by rendering it in any other language but its native Hebrew its power and beauty might be lost.

LOUGH DERG AND ITS PILGRIMAGES.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROUTES TO LOUGH DERG—ROAD FROM PETTIGO—THOUGHTS ON NEARING THE LAKE—LITHOGRAPHIC VIEWS OF THE ISLAND—THE STATION SEASON—THE AUTHORIZED RELIGIOUS EXERCISES OF THE PILGRIMAGE—EXPLANATORY OBSERVATIONS ON THE "EXERCISES"—MOST REV. DR. DONNELLY PETITIONS THE HOLY SEE FOR INDULGENCES—COPY OF THE PAPAL INDULT.

FORMERLY a pilgrimage to Lough Derg must have been attended with much hardship and inconvenience, when we consider that pilgrims travelled, in many cases, barefoot, from the most remote parts of the kingdom. Considering, however, the facilities of travelling which we enjoy at the present day, the journey is now regarded as little more than a pleasant excursion trip. Good roads lead towards the lake, though, we regret to say, not to its shore; a line of railway runs pretty close to it; well-appointed cars in connection with each train ply between the lake and railway; in a word, pilgrims have nowadays little to complain of from fatigue or inconvenience, till they are landed on the island of Lough Derg.

There are three routes by which pilgrims reach Lough Derg. The first of these starts from the town of Donegal, and, after proceeding for about five miles along a good county road, it enters on a mountain track leading in a direct line towards the lake, passing along the side of Augh-Keen Mountain, and reaching the lake at a headland close to Saints' Island.

By this route come many of the sons and daughters of old Tyrconnell; while others of them, less observant of the ancient usage, and preferring the more easy mode of travelling by car, take the roundabout way by Pettigo. Some years since a project was in contemplation of running a boat on certain days to the mouth of the river Fluchlynn, for the

greater convenience of the Donegal pilgrims.

This would be to them a saving of about three miles across a difficult stretch of moorland, and would make the journey from Donegal to the lake only about six miles. Should the number of arrivals warrant it, I see no reason why this project may not hereafter be put into operation.

The second route leads from Castlederg, past Killeter, on through the district of Aughayarran, and terminates at the "cabin," or ferry-house. This route leads by a very good road till within view of the lake, when (the same as on the previous route) the pilgrim has to tread the remainder of the way over a well-beaten mountain track. Very many pilgrims from the counties of Derry, Tyrone, and part of Donegal come by this way; though many others prefer travelling from Castlederg to Pettigo by car.

The third and principal way is that from Pettigo. All the pilgrims, who come by train or car, proceed to the lake by this route. Nor will it be out of place here to state that "Lough Derg return tickets," available for return within fourteen days, and at a reduced rate of fare, are furnished to pilgrims at the principal stations of the different lines and branches of the Great Northern Railway. On the arrival of each train at Pettigo there are cars in waiting to convey the pilgrims to the lake. Those who prefer remaining over night in Pettigo will find there good hotel and inn accommodation, and will meet with, on all sides, kindness and attention from the inhabitants. The same may be said of the accommodation, courtesy, and civility to be experienced both in Donegal and Castlederg.

A good road leads from Pettigo in the direction of Lough Derg; but, when within about half a mile from the lake (through whose fault I do not inquire, though it certainly redounds but little to the credit either of the local magnates or of the Donegal

grand jury), the road stops short at the mountain-side, and the pilgrim has to enter on a boggy path, which in wet weather baffles description. And yet these pilgrims pay their share of county cess, and the island itself is also assessed. And, again, these pilgrims pay a tax of eightpence each to the lord of the soil for permission to cross the haunts of the hare and moor-fowl, and thence to be ferried to Station Island; and for these no road has been hitherto allowed, even at the public expense. Verily might we here moralize with Burns on "man's inhumanity to man"; but we will rest content with asking, if it were the merest Protestant conventicle of which there was question, would this condition of things, think you, be allowed to continue for a single day? At length, I understand, an effort has been made to have this track converted into a good county road, and thus the old reproach will be finally got rid of.

A portion of the mountain adjoining this track has been planted with firs in 1847, which, together with some of the islands planted the same year, gives a pleasing variety to the otherwise wild scenery of this locality; and where eagles and wild geese (as Richardson states) used to frequent about a century ago, the sweet notes of feathered songsters of the grove may now be heard.

The feelings of the pilgrim, when a sudden turn in the road brings him within full view of the lake and of Station Island, may better be imagined than described. On reaching the "cabin," as the ferry-house is commonly called, may be witnessed the spectacle referred to by Mr. Inglis, a writer by no means friendly to the pilgrimage: "As I descended towards the shore of the lake, I could see that the island was entirely covered with persons, and on the bank I found upwards of two hundred pilgrims waiting to be ferried over. They were generally respectably dressed; some were sitting, some

lying on the grass; some, more impatient, were standing close to the water, waiting the arrival of the ferry-boat; and some, more impatient still, had been warmed into devotion by the distant view of the holy place, and were already on their knees."

The large pilgrims' boat is appropriately called the "St. Patrick"; it is manned by steady and experienced boatmen, and is capable of accommodating about sixty pilgrims. A smaller boat is called the "St. Brigid," and another the "St. Columba." Any of these can make the passage from the ferry-house to the island—distance something under a statute mile—in ten or fifteen minutes. The pilgrims will receive strict attention from the ferryman, Mr. Patrick Flood, than whom a more competent person for that responsible position could hardly be desired.

When the pilgrims arrive on the island, they proceed to one or other of the lodging-houses, which are six in number, and there they divest themselves of shoes and hats, in order to perform the station both barefoot and bareheaded.

Station Island is in length one hundred and twenty-six yards; in the broadest place forty-five, and in the narrowest twenty-two yards in width. In the summer of 1871, Mr. Edward Nicholson, of Manchester, obtained permission to take a sketch of the island, and to have, at his own expense, lithographic printings of it struck off. This work was effected in 1873 by the firm of MacGregor & Company, Manchester. The lithographs, together with the lithographic blocks, were presented by Mr. Nicholson to the bishop of the diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, for the use of the island. It is a very beautiful work of art, and a number of copies of it are exposed for sale each season on the island. This sketch, which is furnished with a reference table in the margin, will be found invaluable as a

map, as a guide, and as a picture of Station Island. It clearly represents the two churches on the island, St. Patrick's and St. Mary's, the campanile, St. Patrick's cross, the penitential beds, or oratories, dedicated to Saints Dabheoc, Molaise Columba, Catherine, Brendan, and Brigid; the stations at the water, the presbytery, the boarding-house, and the boat-quay. Even the solitary sycamore-tree, which formerly served the purposes of a belfry, and which is the only tree or shrub on the island,* is accurately represented on this drawing. Mr. Wakeman, of Enniskillen, has also published a beautiful lithographic view of the lake and island, with the pilgrims' boat on its passage.

The station season at Lough Derg formerly extended from the 1st of June till the 15th of August.† In 1869, however, it was limited from the 1st of July till the 15th of August, which is still the period during which the island is open for pilgrimage. With the increase in the number of pilgrims it may, we hope, be soon rendered advisable to recur to the old station period.

We have already seen that the pilgrimage, according to modern custom, lasts for three days, though some continue their station for six and even for nine days. It is customary for the pilgrims to arrive fasting, and to perform at least one station before taking food; hence it is that most of the pilgrims arrive in the earlier part

of the day. Should the pilgrim not arrive fasting, this will necessitate his remaining an additional night on the island, as he cannot commence the station till the next day. During the pilgrimage three stations are performed each day. For the convenience and guidance of the pilgrims a large number of copies of the authorized devotional exercises of this pilgrimage were printed in the summer of 1876, and each pilgrim can obtain a copy at the island, with the aid of which he will have little difficulty in going through the routine of the station exercises. I here insert a copy of these exercises.

DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES OF THE PILGRIMAGE OF LOUGH DERG.

"Unless you shall do penance, you shall all likewise perish."—Luke xiii. 3.

"The station commences with a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in St. Patrick's Church.

"The pilgrim then proceeds to 'St. Patrick's Cross,' near the same church, and kneeling, repeats there one Pater, one Ave, and Creed.

"Next he goes to 'St. Brigid's Cross,' where, kneeling, he recites three Paters, three Aves, and one Creed. Then standing with his back to the cross, and outstretched arms, he thrice renounces the devil, the world, and the flesh.

"He then makes seven circuits of St. Patrick's Church, repeating in each circuit one decade of the Rosary, and adding a creed to the last decade.

"He next proceeds to the penitential cell, or bed, nearest to St. Mary's Church, called St. Brigid's Bed, and says three Paters, three Aves, and one Creed, whilst thrice making the circuit of this bed on the outside. The same prayers are repeated while kneeling outside the entrance of the bed, the same repeated while making three circuits of it on the inside, and the same prayers are repeated while kneeling at the cross inside the bed.

"The same penitential exercises are performed successively at St. Brendan's Bed, St. Catherine's, and St. Columba's.

"Around the large penitential bed nine circuits are then made on the outside, while repeating nine Paters, nine Aves, and one Creed. The pilgrim then kneels at the first entrance of this bed, and recites three Paters, and three Aves, and one Creed. He next repeats three Paters, three Aves, and one Creed, while making

* That there were a number of trees on the island during the last century, where the presbytery now stands, appears from the plate of the island given in Ledwich's "Antiquities of Ireland."

† In the year 1860 the station was closed, owing to the repairs and improvements effected on the island by the Rev. John McKenna, now parish priest of Pettigo. After these repairs had been completed, about the beginning of August in the same year, pilgrims were admitted to the island; and, with the sanction of the bishop of the diocese, the station was continued till the 8th of September following, during which time a considerable number of pilgrims had visited the place. This is the only case I know of in which the station was kept open after the 15th of August.

the inside circuit of it; and again, three Paters, three Aves, and a Creed, kneeling in the centre. He now proceeds to the second entrance of this bed (which entrance is the one nearer to St. Patrick's Church), and kneeling, recites three Paters, three Aves, and one Creed. The same prayers are recited whilst making the inner circuit of it, and the same kneeling in the centre.

"The pilgrim now goes to the water's edge, where five Paters, five Aves, and one Creed are repeated standing, and the same prayers kneeling.

"After this he returns to St. Patrick's Cross, from which he had first set out, and here the station is concluded by saying on his knees one Pater, one Ave, and one Creed.

"Three stations, with the foregoing prayers, are performed each day, each station being usually followed by five decades of the Rosary of the blessed Virgin.

"The pilgrim enters 'prison' on the evening of the first day, and there he makes the stations for the second day by reciting the prayers of each station as already given.

"On the second day of the pilgrimage each one goes to confession, and on the morning of the third day to Holy Communion.

"In addition to the foregoing exercises, the pilgrim assists each day at morning prayer, mass, meditation, visit to the Blessed Sacrament, spiritual reading, evening prayer, sermon, and benediction with the Blessed Sacrament.

"Any information regarding the fast, etc., may be easily obtained on the island.

"The station opens each year on the 1st of July, and closes on the 15th of August, the festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin."

According to the "Papal Indult" (a copy of which is inserted in this chapter), it is required, in order to gain the indulgence attached to this pilgrimage, to offer up prayers on this island for the propagation of the faith, and according to the Pope's intention. No particular prayers are enjoined, but Bouvier, "*Traite des Indulgences*" (p. 73), says that in such a case five Paters and Aves will suffice, or one of the litanies, or some psalms, or two decades of the Rosary, etc.

The better to enable pilgrims to understand how to get through with

their station, I shall here add some explanatory information.

The pilgrim enters "prison" (*i. e.*, St. Patrick's Church, so called because it serves the purpose of the ancient purgatorial cave) the first evening after he commences his station, and remains there till next morning. During the night "in prison" strict vigil is kept; the stations for the following day are gone through, some person well acquainted with the routine of the exercises directing the attention of those present to the different beds or oratories, etc.; and the intervals of the night are occupied with reciting Rosaries, going round the Stations of the Cross, etc.

At six o'clock, at latest, each morning, morning prayer commences in St. Patrick's Church, followed by the community mass. At twelve o'clock, noon, there is a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in St. Patrick's Church, followed by a spiritual lecture. At six o'clock each evening the bell summons the pilgrims to evening prayer in the same church, after which a sermon is preached, and this is followed by benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. The religious discourses here delivered are of the most practical kind, are well calculated to awaken in the hearts of the pilgrims a sense of the eternal truths and of their religious obligations, and are of great aid and benefit to the pilgrims in preparing for confession and Holy Communion.

Moving round the churches and saints' beds (which is a distinctive feature in this pilgrimage, which is of very great antiquity, and which, though not peculiar to Ireland, was formerly in this country a very common form of penance and devotion) is clearly explained in the "Exercises" given above. These beds are the oldest buildings at present on Station Island; they are pretty closely grouped together, and very probably they have received no material alteration for the last three hundred years, when they were first con-

structed here after the model of the little oratories on Saints' Island. Four of these beds are surrounded by a low circular wall, not over one foot in height, while the walls round two others are about three feet high. They do not exceed ten or eleven feet in diameter, with the exception of St. Molaise's Bed, which is sixteen feet in diameter. A small gap in the circular wall forms an entrance to each of these beds, the inner space is paved with stones or formed of the bare rock, worn smooth by the feet of pilgrims for so many generations; and in the centre of each bed stands a crucifix, having underneath the name of the saint to whom the bed is dedicated. Three of these bronze crucifixes, inscribed respectively "St. Patrick," "St. Brigid," and "St. Columbkille," were presented to the island by the late John Donegan, jeweller, Dublin; while the remaining three crucifixes were ordered from Munich by Mr. Edward Nicholson, of Manchester, and presented to the island during the present year.

A large stone at the verge of the lake, and partly submerged in water, is called *leac na m-bonn* (which signifies the broad stone under the feet), and here the station at the water is performed, as it is popularly credited that St. Patrick and the other saints of this retreat used here to pray and to suffer penance.

The fast, from immemorial custom, consists of one meal of meagre food each day; but wherever any just cause exists for a relaxation in this, or in any other of the penitential austerities of the place, the prior, and the other confessors on the island, will afford every reasonable concession, according to each particular case. To the credit, however, of the genuine faith and piety of the Irish people be it said, that the great majority of the pilgrims cheerfully undergo all the austerities of this pilgrimage, wisely considering a three days' mortification and penance as but light and easy in comparison to

the temporal punishment due to sin.

On the second day of the pilgrimage each pilgrim goes to confession in St. Mary's Church; and, if he should live a considerable distance from the lake, he usually gets permission from his confessor to perform one or two of the stations for the following day, in order to permit him to leave the island at an earlier hour. On the third day Holy Communion is received, the nine stations are completed, the prior's blessing is obtained, and the pilgrim leaves for home, unless he wishes to prolong his stay for six or nine days. The sum of about three shillings will cover the expenses of each pilgrim while on the island, and this includes the tribute paid to the ferryman, and also the offering paid by each pilgrim towards the support of the clergy ministering to the pilgrims, and to defray the other incidental expenditure of the place.

Pilgrims are forbidden, by a special rule, the use of intoxicating drinks on the island or within three miles of it; and they are also forbidden to carry away with them any pebbles or water from the lake, lest they should attach to these things any undue value.

Our readers will be able to form some idea of the piety and devotion practised at this holy retreat, when we tell them that a station at present consists, besides the visit to the Blessed Sacrament, of 97 Paters, 160 Aves, and 29 Creeds; that three of these stations are performed each day; and that at the end of each day's stations five decades of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin are said. There are some who perform the station according to the old practice (the ritual of the pilgrimage having undergone some mitigation in modern times), and in their case 11 Paters, 11 Aves, 3 Creeds, and 10 decades of the Rosary are said, in addition to the above. Over and above this, the pilgrim assists at mass, morning and

evening prayer, meditations, the *Angelus* three times daily, sermons, and benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. It will thus be seen that the time of the pilgrims, while on the island, is fully occupied, and that there is no room here for worldly or idle conversations.

The throng of pilgrims greatly increases towards the festival of the Assumption, when the station closes; and we here venture to suggest that if the pilgrims should come in greater numbers at an early part of the station season, they would very much consult for their own comfort and accommodation.

We have already seen that this venerable sanctuary was greatly cherished by several of the Roman Pontiffs, and that they enriched it with indulgences, which, in later ages, were granted anew after the lapse of every fifteen years. The last renewal of this plenary indulgence was granted on the 26th of June, 1870, by the late Holy Father Pope Pius IX., of holy memory. Through the kindness of the venerated Bishop of Clogher, the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, I am enabled to enrich the pages of this work with copies of the *Postulatio*, and also of the Papal Indult itself.

The form of postulation is written in Italian, and is countersigned "D. B. Smith. J—25, 1870."

BEATISSIMO PADRE,

Giacomo Donnelly, Vescovo di Clogher, in Irlanda, religiosamente espone alla Santità Vostra quanto segue.

Nella sua diocesi avvi un santuario detto il Purgatorio di S. Patrizio, frequentato dai divoti non solo d'Irlanda, ma d'Inghilterra e di Scozia; ogni pellegrino passa almeno tre giorni in detto santuario in pii esercizi, e frequenza dei sacramenti della Confessione ed Eucaristia, secondo la direzione dei preti secolari, che dirigono quel luogo: di esso parla ancora Benedetto XIII., nel Sermone 13, de Purgatorio; egle storici dicono che un tal pelegrinaggio sia stato instituito da S. Patrizio stesso. Benche nel tempo della persecuzione dei Protestanti si adoperasse ogni sforzoperrovinar detto santuario, pure non vi si vinsci; ed esso dura ancora con immenso vantaggio della

salute spirituale dei prossimi, e religione Cattolica.

Secundo il Relatio Status fatto nel 1814 da Monsigr. Murphy, Vescovo di Clogher la S. Sede aveva concessa una indulgenza alla visita del Purgatorio di S. Patrizio.

Quindi S. Oratore supplica la sanctita vostra degnarsi di accordare l'indulgenza plenaria, applicabile alle anime del Purgatorio, a tutti i fedeli che premetti i sancti sacramenti della Confessione e Comunione visita un detto santuario, e cio *toties quoties* ripeteranno dette pratiche della SS. Communion durante gli esercizi che ecc.

The following may be regarded as a pretty accurate translation of the foregoing document:—

MOST HOLY FATHER,

James Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher, in Ireland, respectfully submits to your Holiness what follows.

In his diocese he has a sanctuary called St. Patrick's Purgatory, which is frequented by the devout not only of Ireland, but from England and Scotland also. Each pilgrim spends at least three days at the said sanctuary in pious exercises, and frequentation of the sacraments of Confession and the Eucharist, under the direction of the secular priests, who have charge of the place. Of it, likewise, Benedict XIII. speaks in the 13th Sermon on Purgatory. Historians say that such a pilgrimage was established by the said St. Patrick. And although at the time of the persecution by the Protestants every effort was made to destroy the said sanctuary, yet they could not destroy it; and it still subsists with immense advantage to the spiritual welfare of the surrounding people, and to the Catholic religion.

According to the "Relatio Status," made in 1814 by Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Clogher, the Holy See had attached an indulgence to the visit of the Purgatory of St. Patrick.

Hence Petitioner begs that your Holiness will be pleased to grant a plenary indulgence, applicable to the souls in Purgatory, to all the faithful who shall have previously received the Holy Sacraments of Confession and Communion, and visited the said sanctuary, and who repeat *toties quoties* the aforesaid practice of Holy Communion during the exercises, etc. etc.

The following is a copy of the Papal Indult, granting the prayer of the above petition by according a plenary indulgence to this pilgrimage:—

Ex audientia SSimi, die 26 Junii, 1870.

SSimus D. N. Pius Divina Providentia PP. IX. referente me infra-scripto S. C. de Propaganda Fide Secretario, benigne prorogavit Indulgentiam Plenariam lucrandam ab omnibus Christi fidelibus, qui confessi ac sacra Eucharistia refectionem prædictam capellam vulgo Purgatorium S. Patritii visitaverint, ibique per aliquod temporis spatium pias ad Deum fuderint preces pro S. Fidei propagatione, et juxta summi Pontificis intentionem.

Dat. Romæ ex æd. dic. S. C. die et anno ut supra.

Gratis sine ulla solutione quocumque titulo.

JOANNES SIMEONI, *Secretarius*.

This Indult may be translated as follows:—

From an audience of His Holiness, on the 26th day of June, 1870.

Our Most Holy Father Pius IX., by Divine Providence Pope, at the representation of me, the undersigned Secretary of the Sacred Congregation *de Propaganda Fide*, has graciously prolonged the concession of a plenary indulgence to be gained by all the faithful, who, having confessed and being nourished by the Holy Eucharist, shall have visited the above-mentioned sanctuary, commonly called the Purgatory of St. Patrick, and there, during some space of time, shall have offered up pious prayers to God for the propagation of our holy faith, and according to the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Given at Rome, from the Office of said Sacred Congregation, on the date and year above named.

Gratis, without any payment under whatever title.

JOHN SIMEONI, *Secretary*.

From the foregoing Indult it will be seen that the indulgences accorded to this pilgrimage are given for an indefinite period, and consequently they may be understood to continue annexed to the pilgrimage until withdrawn by the Holy See.

To the pious pilgrim to Lough Derg it cannot but be a source of the most heartfelt satisfaction to read the above Indult, which shall ever be regarded as the title-deed of the sanctity of this penitential retreat, and as the endowment of it with spiritual graces by a Pontiff whose career was so glorious, and who loved the Irish

race so much because of their constant faith and fervent piety.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HEALTHFUL CLIMATE OF LOUGH DERG—
PECULIAR EFFICACY OF THE EXERCISES
OF THIS STATION—THE JOY AND PEACE
EXPERIENCED IN THIS PILGRIMAGE—
BENEFACTORS OF THIS TRULY CATHOLIC
CHARITY—CONCLUDING REMARKS.

VISITORS to Lough Derg speak in the highest praise of the salubrious quality of its climate. Nor is this to be wondered at; for, situated as it is within about four miles, in a direct line, from Donegal Bay, it enjoys the advantage of the sea air, tempered by the mountain breezes; so that during the dry, warm days of summer the atmosphere of Lough Derg is the most healthful, bracing, and invigorating perhaps of any other locality in Ireland. And to this circumstance may be, to a great extent, ascribed the almost total immunity from mortality which the island has enjoyed; for the oldest inhabitants of the place can only remember one or two deaths to have occurred here out of such crowds of pilgrims, many of whom were old and feeble persons, who travelled very long journeys to the island, and there performed the different exercises in all their rigor. It is now nearly forty years since the last death occurred on the island; and that was in the case of an aged woman, who was interred in the cemetery of the pilgrimage on Saints' Island, and whose funeral was accompanied to her last resting place by the pilgrims then "on station." So genial is the atmosphere of the locality, that few are heard to complain of the slightest indisposition while they remain here; and if this be owing in some part to the healthful climate of the place, it cannot be denied that the practice of penance and mortification here observed has a great deal to do with this happy state of things; the practice of mortification not only being of salutary advantage to the soul, but contributing, likewise, towards the health of the body.

It is a remarkable fact, upon which many comment, that the devotional exercises of this pilgrimage have a wonderful efficacy in securing the necessary dispositions for worthily receiving the sacraments of penance and Holy Communion. Hence it is that many persons, after having attended missions and retreats elsewhere (such persons regarding missions as only a preparatory course for properly entering on this pilgrimage), come here in order to secure that interior happiness which its exercises are so calculated to produce. Nor are there wanting many and convincing reasons to show the peculiar efficacy of these exercises. In the first place, that crucial test of the sanctity of a place, the *nonne cor nostrum ardens erat in nobis*, here forces itself on the mind. One feels in this place, as it were instinctively, that he walks upon holy ground; that here the prayer blessed by penance is certain of being heard; that here the soul is allowed close converse with God; that here Heaven bestows its choicest blessings, and that here God enriches the pious pilgrims with copious graces.

Besides, every penitential exercise here practised increases in the soul veneration for the sanctity of the place, coupled with love and reverence for God,—the author of all sanctity. At the very outset of the station the pilgrim divests himself of his shoes, out of respect for the sanctity of the place, through a spirit of penance, and in conformity with the admonition given by God to Moses, "Come not nigh hither; put off the shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." (Exod. iii 5.) In addition to this, the men wear neither hat nor cap while on the island.

Again, are not the observances of fasting, vigil, and prayer, as here observed, in direct keeping with the constant teaching and precepts of our Blessed Saviour? And where, may I ask, are these salutary precepts so

faithfully followed as on the holy island of Lough Derg? Need we wonder, then, that they are such powerful helps in disposing the pilgrims for a worthy reception of the sacraments? Next, walking round the churches and saints' beds, over the uneven surface of the rock, rough stones, water, gravel, etc., does it not convey the very idea of pilgrimage, and suggest very forcibly man's mortal pilgrimage through the desert places of this world,—of this "vale of tears"? In going round the saints' beds we are reminded of the penitential and mortified lives led by those great servants of God, who, within these little cells or in others of similar construction, at this hallowed retreat, are said to have done penance during the day, and to have reposed their weary limbs during the night. Going through these stations also reminds the pilgrims of that infinitely more painful journey, the way of the Cross, along which our blessed Lord bore the heavy weight of the Cross, for our sake, up the rugged hill of Calvary. And when the pilgrim stands with outstretched arms in front of the cross set in the eastern wall of St. Patrick's Church, does he not thereby signify that, having renounced the devil, the world, and the flesh, he is prepared to take up his cross and follow in the footsteps of his Divine Master?

By going into "prison," or the fast-cave, or sepulchre, as it is differently named, the pilgrim is reminded that he is now dead to the world and its vanities; and that having buried, so to say, his past transgressions, he may rise again to the supernatural life of grace, or to a higher degree of perfection. The ablution usually performed after leaving "prison" is expressive of the interior cleansing which the penitential works of the station and the reception of the sacraments operate in the soul of the pilgrim.

The symbolical meaning of the different exercises of the station is given

more fully and at considerable length in a little guide-book to the pilgrimage, the initials of its author, "B. D.," being only given. This little handbook was very defective and faulty, and is now superseded by the "Authorized Exercises" referred to in our last chapter. Richardson also gives a copy of the "Instructions" which directed the pilgrims in his time (1727). These "Instructions" are more diffuse and circumstantial, but substantially the same as those given in the little guide-book by "B. D." What I have said, however, regarding the scope and effect of the different exercises of the pilgrimage, sufficiently explains how efficacious they are in awakening religious sentiments in the hearts of the pilgrims, in producing feelings of compunction and sorrow for sin, and in worthily disposing for the sacraments.

The sermons here preached are of the most practical kind, and are followed by the pilgrims with the most devout attention throughout; so that we can safely say never did Gospel-seed fall on more congenial soil than is to be found in the congregation assembled before St. Patrick's Sanctuary on Lough Derg.

And even the ringing of the island bell, as it summons the pilgrims to the various station duties; the wild screaming of the trumpet announcing the departure of the ferry-boat; the solitude, desolation, and surroundings of the place, — "all kindle in the soul feelings of awe and reverence, and fill it with a keener sense of the power of God, and of the strict account which He will require of each one when his brief term of life is brought to a close," — writes the distinguished annotator of the *Monasticon Hibernicon*.

Hence, seeing the peculiar efficacy of the exercises of this pilgrimage towards renewing and increasing the spiritual life, the sanctity of the place, and the graces and indulgences there received, what wonder is it that the eye of the pilgrim is charmed, his

heart elevated, his faith enlivened — nay, even his love for holy Ireland increased — when first the island of Lough Derg meets his view? And what wonder is it that the Irish people should so love this sanctuary? We love it on account of its association with the name of our national apostle; on account of the number of saints who here practised the Gospel counsels of perfection, and whose names are in benediction in the Irish Church; we love it because of the traditions which enshrine it in the Irish heart; because of the numberless sinners here reconciled to a life of holiness, and who here "chose the better part"; and finally, we love it because of the numberless graces here received, and the blessings it obtains for its numerous pilgrims, and because it excites in us lofty desires of becoming holy.

As the island has passed through times of persecution, and as its fine monastic buildings and noble churches were demolished in the common ruin, we need not wonder to find that most of the glories of its worship had fled during this sad period, and that the buildings on the island in the mean time were of so unpretentious a character. Of late years a decided reaction has set in, buildings more in keeping with the dignity of the place have been erected, and the ceremonial of our holy religion is here observed with more befitting splendor and solemnity. Extensive improvements are also contemplated in the near future, such as additional accommodation for pilgrims, etc.; and we fondly entertain the hope that at no distant day the religious generosity of the Irish race will erect here a temple in every way worthy of this venerable pilgrimage.

The late John Donegan, jeweller, Dublin, fully realized, as so few besides have done, the importance of this sanctuary, and its claims on the generosity of the Irish race. In the summer of 1858 he made a present to the sanctuary of certain church requi-

sites to the value of £170. In connection with this presentation, the following extract from the "Nation" of August 14, 1858, will be interesting: "John Donegan, whose munificence to the Catholic church at home and abroad ranks him amongst the greatest benefactors to Catholicity, of whom we may be justly proud, has made the following valuable offerings to the chapel of Lough Derg, — a remonstrance, chalice, ciborium (of solid silver), cope, veil, suit of vestments (cloth of gold), set of candlesticks, fine brass crucifix, bookstand, missal (beautifully bound), thurible, incense boat, altar linens, incense, chime of bells, brass lamp, and wax candles. The chapel on the island, such a famous resort of pilgrims for many ages, stood in great want of these holy requisites, and priests and pilgrims shall evermore be bound to pray for this truly Catholic Irishman, whose gold and silver now adorn an altar annually visited by thousands. An inscription on the sacred utensils records the name of the generous benefactor, and states that they are presented to the Right Rev. Dr. McNally, Bishop of Clogher, and that they are to be henceforth the property of that ancient diocese, and to be used in the chapel of Lough Derg."

A large present of altar linens and other requisites was made to this sanctuary by the late Rev. Mother Beale, Superioress of the convent of St. Louis, Monaghan, who, in company with some of the sisters of her community, came here on pilgrimage about ten years ago. Several other kind benefactors, also, have not forgotten Lough Derg in their charity, and we cherish the hope that their bright example will be followed in future by many others, until the sanctuary of St. Patrick's Purgatory shall have regained the celebrity it formerly occupied, and which at present it has such claims to occupy, amongst the celebrated places of pilgrimage throughout the world.

Before drawing to a conclusion, I should not forget to mention that at two o'clock each afternoon the pilgrims' boat starts for Saints' Island, which is about two miles distant from Station Island; and a more delightful little trip can hardly be imagined. During the voyage the pilgrims while away the time most agreeably by singing litanies and hymns, and occasionally the sound of instrumental music may be heard. Having traversed Saints' Island, they start on their homeward trip, after having spent about two hours in this charming little excursion.

At seven o'clock each evening, immediately after the sermon, benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given in St. Patrick's Church. For this ceremony the altar is very richly decorated with numerous lights, and with a profusion of wild flowers gathered from the islands, — woodbine, variegated heath, water lilies, various species of ferns, purple rockets, and with many other ornamental plants and flowers indigenous to these rocky islands, the odor and beauty of which are very pleasing to the senses. A choice choir, also, can be easily improvised from amongst the pilgrims; and, as there has been lately a fine harmonium purchased for the use of the island, both mass and benediction are generally accompanied with very excellent sacred music. And I may here observe that the ceremony of benediction, and the other ceremonies of our holy religion here practised, seem to possess on this island retreat a peculiar charm, and to impart a more solemn effect than they do elsewhere.

In future we hope to see pilgrimages to Lough Derg organized in most of the towns and parishes throughout the kingdom, under the direction of the parochial clergy, the same as takes place to the Continental places of pilgrimage. And in this every priest should take the warmest interest; for we all well know what lasting fruits of penance are produced by

this pilgrimage; how the rough stone is worn smooth by the generations of pilgrims who here did penance; and how many a sinful, sorrow-laden heart found here in this "prison" chapel and on those "beds" of stone, light, and grace, and consolation. Nor can we estimate how much these religious gatherings will tend to promote piety and fervor, and to quicken the pulse of religion throughout the length and breadth of the land. For proof of this, we have only to look at Lourdes, and the many other holy places latterly so much frequented.

And now, after having given what little information I was enabled to collect concerning the holy island of Lough Derg, I will briefly conclude by hoping that the fame of this venerable pilgrimage may long continue to increase, that its churches and other buildings may come to rival the proportions and beauty of those fine monastic buildings which stood here during the ages of the faith; that crowds of votaries may long continue to feel before this sanctuary that interior happiness which its penitential exercises are so calculated to effect; and that the pilgrimage of Lough Derg may always remain as a fountain of mercy, grace, and salvation to the faithful children of St. Patrick.

THE END.

"THERE ARE THOSE GREEN FLAGS AGAIN."

Gen. Robert E. Lee.

IN an interview with Gen. Robert E. Lee, while Gen. Sherman's army was marching through Richmond, "One topic of conversation," says the writer, "was the Irish element in both armies. Speaking of the Irish, he declared with considerable feeling that the South could not reconcile with their notions of consistency and honor how Northern Irishmen, who were so desperately and violently opposed to the thralldom of Britain,—how liberty-loving Irishmen could fight against the Southerners contending for independence and equality of

rights. I suggested that the soldiers of Irish origin in our armies were equally bewildered to know how Irishmen who for centuries had gallantly contended for the freedom of the Celts could be so inconsistent and recreant to every principle of right as to be engaged in a war for a government whose corner-stone was slavery. Besides that, though Irishmen were revolutionists at home, they were conservatives in the United States, and that there was an infinite difference between a war in the interests of oppression and one in favor of the oppressed. Adverting to the character of the Irish as soldiers, the general was very enthusiastic, saying that they played a prominent part in all the wars of the world for the last three centuries, now on one side, now on the other. The Irish soldier fights not so much for lucre as through the reckless love of adventure, and, moreover, with a chivalrous devotion to the cause he espouses for the time being. Cleburne, on our side, inherited the intrepidity of his race. On a field of battle he shone like a meteor on a clouded sky! As a dashing military man he was all virtue; a single vice does not stain him as a warrior. His generosity and benevolence had no limits. The care which he took of the fortunes of his officers and soldiers, from the greatest to the least, was incessant. His integrity was proverbial, and his modesty was an equally conspicuous trait in his character. Meagher, on your side, though not Cleburne's equal in military genis, rivalled him in bravery and in the affections of his soldiers. The gallant stand which his old brigade made on the heights of Fredericksburg is well known. They ennobled their race by their splendid gallantry on that desperate occasion. Though totally routed, they reaped harvests of glory. Their brilliant though hopeless assaults on our lines excited the hearty applause of my officers and soldiers, and General Hill exclaimed, 'There are those green flags again.'"

A FEW WORDS FOR PUSS.

THOUGH many people have an antipathy to cats, and consider them treacherous and cruel, there are countless instances on record where puss has shown the most devoted and enduring affection for those who have kindly treated her. Nothing can be more unjust than to call a cat cruel, seeing that it merely seeks to provide itself with food in the manner its instinct points out to it. The artifices which it uses are the particular instincts which the all-wise Creator has given it in conformity with the purposes for which it was designed. Being destined to prey on a lively and active animal like the mouse, which possesses so many means of escape, it is necessary that it should be artful.

Puss is, however, not entirely friendless, but rejoices in many a stanch defender. For instance, Miss Isabel Hill writes: "Poor Pinky! I can scarce write a word in praise of one belonging to thy slandered sisterhood; yet a few good examples embolden me to assert that I have rarely known any harm of cats who were given a fair chance, though I own I have seldom met with any that have enjoyed that advantage. Is it their fault that they are born nearly without brains, though with all their senses about them, and of a tender turn? Suppose they only fawn on us because we house and feed them? they have no nobler proofs of friendship with which to thank us; and if their very gratitude be adduced as a crime, alas, poor pussies!" An anonymous writer says: "We may learn some useful lessons from cats, as indeed from all animals. In their noiseless tread and stealthy movements we are reminded of the frequent importance of secrecy and caution prior to action; while their promptitude at the right moment warns us on the other hand against the evils of irresolution and delay. The curiosity with which

they spy into all places, and the thorough smelling which any new object invariably receives from them, commend to us the pursuit of knowledge even under difficulties. Instances are frequent, I am happy to tell cat-haters [says the writer], of illustrious persons who have been attached to the feline race, and of cats who have merited such attachment. Mohammed would seem to have been very fond of cats, for it is said that he once cut off the sleeve of his robe rather than disturb his favorite while sleeping on it. Petrarch was so fond of his cat, that when it died he had it embalmed and placed in a niche in his apartment; and people ought to read what Rousseau has to say about the feline race."

In point of intelligence the cat has been often unfavorably compared with the dog; and yet it can be shown that puss is capable of much natural ability. Thus Dr. Smellie tells of a cat that had learned to lift the latch of a door, and other tales have been related of cats that have been taught to ring a bell by hanging to the bell-rope; and this anecdote is related by the illustrious Sam Slick of Slickville: It occurred several times that his servant entered the library without having been summoned by his master, and in all these cases the domestic was quite sure he had heard the bell. Great wonderment was caused by this, and the servant began to suspect that the house was haunted. It was at length noticed that on all these mysterious occasions the cat entered with the servant. She was therefore watched; and it was soon perceived that when she found the library door shut against her, she jumped on to the window-sill and thence sprang at the bell.

Cats do not like being transplanted from one place to another, as the following anecdote will show: A family named Shuker lived at Dawley, in the

county of Salop, but had occasion to leave and go to Nottingham. They of course removed all their household goods, including a fine cat, which had been in the family for years. Arriving at Nottingham the cat showed signs of dissatisfaction with her new abode, and after a few days disappeared. Shortly afterwards the cat walked into the old house at Dawley, to the great surprise of the neighbors. As might be expected, she was very footsore and lame. When it is considered that the distance travelled on foot by the cat, from Nottingham to Dawley, is over seventy miles, the feat seems very wonderful. Hundreds flocked to see the four-footed pedestrian, and large sums were refused by the owner for the favorite.

A family in Callander had in their possession a favorite tom-cat, which had on several occasions exhibited more than ordinary sagacity. One day Tom made off with a piece of beef; and the servant followed him cautiously, with the intention of catching and administering to him a little wholesome correction. To her amazement she saw the cat go into a corner of the yard in which she knew a rat-hole existed, and lay the beef down by the side of it. Leaving the beef there, puss hid himself a short distance off, and watched until a rat made its appearance. Tom's tail then began to wag; and just as the rat was moving away with the bait, he sprang upon and killed it. This anecdote resembles one which we related some time ago in these columns.

A lady residing in Glasgow had a handsome cat sent to her from Edinburgh; it was conveyed to her in a close basket in a carriage. The animal was carefully watched for two months; but having had a pair of young ones at the end of that time, she was left to her own discretion, which she very soon employed in disappearing with both her kittens. The lady in Glasgow wrote to her friend in Edinburgh deploring her loss, and the cat was supposed to have found some

new home. About a fortnight, however, after her disappearance from Glasgow, her well-known mew was heard at the street door of her Edinburgh mistress, and there she was with *both her kittens*; they very fat, she very thin. It is clear that she could carry only one kitten at a time. The distance from Glasgow to Edinburgh is forty-four miles; so that if she brought one kitten part of the way and then went back for the other, and thus conveyed them alternately, she must have travelled one hundred and twenty miles at least. She also must probably have journeyed only during the night, and must have resorted to many other precautions for the safety of her young.

To lead "a cat-and-dog life" means a good deal of scratching and biting; but dogs and cats have been frequently known to get on very amicably. For instance, there was a cat which had formed a warm attachment for a Newfoundland dog; she caressed him continually, advanced in all haste with her tail erect when he came home, and rubbed her head against him, purring with delight. When her shaggy friend lay before the kitchen fire, puss used him as a bed, pulling up and settling his hair with her claws to make it comfortable. Her couch arranged to her liking, she composed herself quietly to sleep. The dog bore all this with patient placidity, turning his head towards her during the operation, and sometimes gently licking her.

Instances of attachment between animals of dissimilar habits are endless, and those between puss and various creatures are certainly both curious and interesting.

The "Book of Cats" (London, Griffith & Farran), from which most of the foregoing gossip has been taken, concludes by remarking upon an absurd idea prevalent among old-fashioned Scotch people, namely, that cats suffocate infants by sucking their breath. This is declared to be unfounded and untrue, no baby having ever been so suffocated. It is impossible for a cat to suck a child's breath, as the ana-

tomical formation of the cat's mouth would prevent it. No doubt in some remote country places, among the ignorant, a popular superstition to that effect may exist; but when a child has been found dead from suffocation, in many cases the cat may have lain on the infant's mouth for the sake of warmth, but with no murderous intent. It is best, therefore, to exclude puss from sleeping apartments.

There is a well-known hospital in London for dogs; and a lady of the name of Deen has established a sort of asylum for lost cats at Rottingdean, near Brighton, in consequence of the large number she saw lying dead on the beach. But such kind friends are scarce, and pussy in her journey through life will continue to find many dangers on the road; not the least of which is when the poor creature is left to "find for itself" when her thoughtless owners leave home for summer quarters.

A LOVER'S SONG.

I WOULD not live without thy love,
For aught on land or sea;
I could not live without thy love,—
Be true, then, love, to me.
Be coy, be cold, be cruel too,
Or aught but false, my queen;
No plaint my joyous lips will make,
So thou art true, I ween.

How dark, how drear, this world would be,
If thou wert lost, my own!
No charm for me, then, there could be
In quest or gage or crown.
Nor pensive moon, nor great glad sun
Could cheer my hapless heart.
Be true, then, love; assure me, naught
But death shall make us part.

Be true, and then this life will be
A race, or joust, in fine,
In which the victor's strength and prize
Will evermore be mine.
Be true, for then our lives will be
One deep, surpassing dream,
In which all chance, all toil, all time,
One sparkling cup will seem.

FATHER WENINGER AMONG THE METHODISTS.

FATHER WENINGER, the famous Jesuit missionary, gave a mission at Troy, Indiana, twenty-one years ago, and he also gave a mission there recently at which the following singular

occurrence transpired: During his visit the pastor of the Methodist church waited on Father Weninger and told him he would be happy to have him preach a sermon in the Catholic church for the benefit of the Methodist congregation, to which Father Weninger agreed as soon as his mission closed among the Catholics. Accordingly, on the appointed evening the Methodist preacher and his whole congregation filled the Catholic church and listened attentively to the eminent Jesuit as he dilated upon the theme, "No Salvation outside the Catholic Church," which Father Weninger treated in his usual manner, and which doubtless brought conviction to many a doubting mind.

"ULTRAMONTANE."

WHAT does "Ultramontane" mean? *Etymologically*, it means "beyond the mountains"; *historically*, it means to-day precisely the opposite to what it meant yesterday. As it is an Italian word received into our language, and an Italian word from Southern Italy, the mountains spoken of are the Alps, and hence it was the direct contrary of Cisalpine, of "this (the Roman) side of the Alps." Originally it was applied by Italian writers to theologians, jurists, and polemicists of all countries beyond the Alps, and as these writers were, from their geographical position, supposed to be inimical to Papal supremacy, it began to include the idea of *hostility to Papal power*. And herein is seen how thoroughly, as used by us, it has altered from the original idea, since at present it means one who is *favorable to an extension of that power*. As used by the enemies of the church, it is a term of reproach, meaning something *beyond*, or more than true Catholicity. As accepted by Catholics, it is a term of honor, synonymous with "true Catholicity," implying, as it does, that he to whom it is applied accepts in all its fulness the doctrine of Papal supremacy and Papal infallibility.

THE MISADVENTURES OF A STATUE.

Catholic Progress, London.

WE suppose there are few readers of "Catholic Progress" who are unacquainted with the glory of the Treaty of Limerick, the articles of which were so creditable to the valor of Irish soldiers. By this treaty further resistance to the government of William III., on the part of the Irish people, was virtually terminated, and in return it stipulated that they should henceforward be secured in the free exercise of their religion. How shamefully this stipulation, guaranteed by royal commissions, and ratified by a king, was subsequently violated, is a matter of history. But while Irish Catholics had thus nothing save perfidy and persecution to associate with the memory of William, his ministers, and his Parliaments, there were those in Ireland, a mere faction, though a powerful one, who worshipped him after a fashion that was almost idolatrous. The Orange Corporation of Dublin erected an equestrian statue to his honor in College Green, which was unveiled with unusual solemnity on July 1, 1701, the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. The Lord Mayor and town councillors, accompanied by the Lords Justices, and escorted by the military, marched in procession around it, amidst an extraordinary flourish of trumpets and enthusiastic bell-ringing. The soldiers fired a volley in the air overhead, as though celebrating the obsequies of a man still in the flesh, after which the principal performers adjourned to the municipal headquarters to toast the "glorious and immortal memory," *usque ad nauseam*, and get gloriously — drunk.

Never was statue more unfortunate. The Jacobite youth of Old Trinity, finding a grievance in the circumstance that its hindermost parts were presented in full view of the College windows, gave expression to their resent-

ment by frequent nocturnal attacks upon the intruder. These attacks, though the reverse of complimentary, were more or less of a playful nature at first. But they culminated in something sufficiently serious when, during the night of June 25, 1710, the sword and bâton were violently wrenched from the hands of the king, whose face and figure were subjected to very gross indignity besides. The explosion of Orange wrath which followed was tremendous. The Irish House of Lords — in these days "true blue," like the corporation — was specially called together to address the Lord Lieutenant on the subject, and he forthwith issued a proclamation offering a large reward for the discovery of the offenders. Three unhappy youths out of Trinity College, having been clearly convicted of the regicidal act, were sentenced to fine, expulsion, and a public penance, the last to consist in certain noonday promenades in front of the outraged statue, full descriptive particulars of the offence being conspicuously placarded on the breast of each: "I stand here for defacing the statue of our glorious deliverer, the late King William III." If the culprits had been Catholics they would most certainly, in the then temper of the times, have expiated the offence on the scaffold.

William's sword and bâton having meanwhile been restored, and his face once more made clean, the processional proceedings of 1701 were repeated, and with even more than the original solemnity. But neither rewards, nor punishments, nor yet processions, sufficed to protect the ill-fated statue, which suffered similar mutilation and disfigurement again and again. To chronicle all such "misadventures" would be beyond our limits; we therefore must be con-

tented with a few. It could scarcely be expected that hostilities would long remain confined to the Jacobite youths of Trinity College, seeing that the effigy was a memorial of conquest and contumely to a multitude of persons having still deeper reasons for dissatisfaction outside. Accordingly one Watty Cox, the publisher of a national magazine, and whilom gunsmith, gave vent to his patriotic feelings, in 1798, by a laborious and determined attempt to decapitate the warrior by the application of a huge file. But the inner frame of iron foiled — as the wits of that day put it — the literary filer's foul attempt, and, strange to say, Master Watty was never found out.

Seven years later the king was the victim of another elaborate frolic, which must have been even more mortifying to his admirers, though resulting in no such material injury to the statue. Twice a year, on the 1st of July and 4th of November, the anniversaries of the Boyne and William's birthday, it was cleaned, whitewashed, and decorated with a scarlet cloak, orange sash, and other appurtenances, while bunches of shamrocks and green ribbons were placed beneath the uplifted foot of his charger, to indicate the supreme contempt felt by loyal Orangemen for the national symbols of Ireland. In 1805, the birthday anniversary falling on a Sunday, the customary Orange demonstration around the statue was postponed until the following day. In the mean time, on the Saturday night previous, the watchman in charge was accosted by a man, seemingly a painter, who stated that he had been sent by the city authorities to decorate the statue for the approaching festivities of the Monday, explaining that the apprehended violence of the disaffected portion of the populace rendered it advisable to have the work done by night. The unsuspecting watchman assisted the painter to mount the statue, and the latter applied his brush most industriously for some time. Then dismounting,

he coolly requested the watchman to keep an eye on his painting utensils while he went to his master's house for more colors, necessary to complete the work. The night, however, passed without the return of the painter, and at daybreak on Sunday morning the statue was found to be completely covered over with a disgusting black mixture of grease and tar, very difficult to rub off in a hurry, while the bucket that contained the pigment was suspended by a common halter round the outraged monarch's neck. The incident provoked an unheard-of amount of Orange indignation, but, fortunately for himself, the adventurous artist was nowhere to be found, and to this day his identity is as much undetermined as that of the author of "Junius" or "The Man in the Iron Mask." His achievement has, however, been immortalized in a well-known street ballad, to the famous air of "The Night before Larry was Stretched."

Speaking of the personal courage of his hero, Macaulay observed that it "was proved by every test, by war, by wounds, by painful and depressing maladies, by raging seas, by the imminent and constant risk of assassination." Perhaps it was only fitting that the effigy of such a man should continue to be the centre of divided politics. Anyhow, so long as they had the power, Orangemen made it a kind of a rallying point for the more effectual display of their anti-national and antichristian feeling. But when that, in the lapse of time, passed away, and they were no longer capable of protecting their wretched idol, it became a common target for the missiles of disaffected Jacobite and persecuted Papist alike. In the first few months of 1836 alone, three determined attempts were made to explode it with gunpowder, the last of which proved a complete success. During the night of the 7th of April, in that year, the king was blown high into the air, and finally landed on his back, and deposited ingloriously in

the mud. His Majesty's arms, legs, and accoutrements were widely distributed through the neighboring streets by the fearful intensity of the shock, so that it required the exercise of no common patience, as well as piety, on the part of his grief-stricken worshippers, to pick up the pieces. Ultimately, however, so much of the remains of the unfortunate monarch as could be collected were sorrowfully conveyed to the nearest police-station for identification and an inquest, after which, to the astonishment of friends and foes alike, he was once more soldered together and mounted in the old position, though now a very "king of shreds and patches."

There is little more to tell, yet that little is strikingly characteristic. Time was, and not so long ago, when Orange rowdies could, and did with impunity, on the red-letter days in their calendar, knock off the hat or knock down the person of the passer-by who omitted to make formal obeisance to the statue of King William, imitating the amiable custom of another age and another nation, which compelled the Swiss patriot to do trembling reverence before the ducal hat of a foreign tyrant. History is the record of many singular revolutions! How strangely different are things in Ireland to-day, when this same statue is barely tolerated out of regard for the fact that O'Connell took it under his protection when Lord Mayor of Dublin. He had it even handsomely decorated—though not with orange lilies—during his period of office, and having availed himself of the opportunity to give public utterance to a few conciliatory phrases *apropos* of the personal courage of William III., from that date no hostile hand has been raised against the once obnoxious effigy on College Green. This sketch would, however, be incomplete without reference to the fact that Cardinal Newman has founded a powerful argument with regard to Protestant image worship, on some of the absurd incidents arising out of

the explosion of 1836, as the following characteristic extract from his writings will sufficiently show:—

"Protestants actually set up images to represent their heroes, and they show them honor without any misgiving. The very flower and cream of Protestantism used to glory in the statue of King William, on College Green, Dublin; and, though I cannot make any reference in print, I recollect well what a shriek they raised, some years ago, when the figure was unhorsed. Some profane person one night applied gunpowder, and blew the king right out of his saddle, and he was found by those who took interest in him, like Dagon, on the ground. You might have thought the poor, senseless block had life, to see the way people took on about it, and how they spoke of his face, and his arms, and his legs; yet those Protestants, I say, would at the same time be horrified had I used 'he' and 'him' of a crucifix, and would call me one of the monsters described in the Apocalypse did I but honor my living Lord as they their dead king."

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

THE archbishop of Mechlin, in a pastoral on the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, says: "Infallibility is not what is alleged by the editors of certain papers, the members of certain Parliaments, the professors of certain universities, and sometimes also by lawyers and soldiers. No: for the pope is not infallible when he expresses only his own ideas; but he is infallible when, as the head of the Church, he defines truths contained in the depository of revelation, the Scriptures, and tradition. The pope is not infallible when he judges purely personal questions; but he is so when he judges doctrinal questions affecting faith or morals,—that is to say, revealed truth or revealed law,—the pope being infallible only when he rests on the testimony of God or revelation."

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER V.

A VISIT AT HAWTHORN HILL.

Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with his own delight,
His glowing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might — the majesty of loveliness? — *Byron.*

SOME seven or eight days passed without anything deserving of particular mention taking place. Sir Henry Damer rode out regularly each evening, generally accompanied by his cousin; and Miss Northcoate, after some time, began to remark that whilst the baronet ever consulted her wishes in the selection of the route, he always endeavored to bring into some part of the ride the road by Hawthorn Hill. Not that this roused her suspicions at all, for, judging her cousin's disposition by her own, she could not conceive it possible that a person so much beneath him in position and wealth could create in him any interest beyond a passing notice or casual inquiry. Her egotism blinded her to the indifference with which he treated her, and she imagined the union of their two vast estates to be as eagerly desired by him as it was by herself and by his mother.

As the young baronet was one morning leisurely strolling down the road which led from the gate of his park to the river bridge, he was overtaken by his friend the rector.

"This is a pleasant surprise to meet you here," said Sir Henry, as they shook hands. "Are you going far?"

"Well, I was just about paying a visit at Hawthorn Hill. If you are not otherwise occupied, would you care to accompany me? I believe you have never met either Mr. Mayville or his daughter."

"No; and nothing could give me greater pleasure, after all I have heard you say of them."

"Very good," said the clergyman; "and the walk will give us the opportunity of a chat. Have you yet decided when you shall return to Dublin?"

"Not as to the exact day. I had a letter on Thursday from my friend George Fitzgerald, in which he stated that the great Union debate stands fixed for the 23d. And as I would not wish on any account to miss it, I must leave at latest on the 22d."

"How I should like to be present at it myself! And yet, on second thoughts, I hardly know, for I should miss from the Parliament house its brightest ornament, and Ireland's worthiest son. Oh, what dangers seem to gather round our country now that he is gone! It is only in his absence that such attacks could be made upon her liberties, for patriotism and valor seem to have abandoned us with Henry Grattan. I stood in College Green on the memorable day, when, addressing that great multitude comprising all the great, noble, and brilliant in the land, he proclaimed Ireland a nation in the face of the world. I heard him there hailed, by hundreds of thousands, as the 'saviour of his country.' I saw him cheered by countless multitudes through the streets, and yet I have lived to see the day when he is living in obscurity an exile on a foreign soil, and at the very time when his country most needs his protection against the attacks made upon her very existence by her own degenerate sons, supported by all the power that English gold and English corruption can command."

"But let us not despair, sir," said the baronet, when the old man's emotion had somewhat subsided. "There are still men true and honest to be found in Ireland; and Grattan may return when he sees that her freedom is seriously menaced."

"Ah, my dear young friend, you do not consider to what class of men our liberties are intrusted, and what are the inducements held out to corrupt them. The majority of the Irish representatives are prodigals and spendthrifts, who, having encumbered their properties beyond the chance of redemption, and seeing no other

chance of escaping from their difficulties, eagerly grasp at the means thrown in their reach by the unscrupulous Castlereagh. Grattan and the Volunteers were the only hope of Ireland. Both have departed, and I fear soon, also, will her name from the list of nations. But to turn from this painful subject: who now are amongst the most promising speakers in the Historical Society? I hope the men of the present show no falling off."

"Oh, no danger of that. There never were so many good men in the society together before. Amongst the best are Moore, French, North, Fitzgerald, and Harcourt; but there is one who bids fair to eclipse all of us, seniors as well as juniors. He is the son of a Cork physician; his name is Robert Emmet."

"Is he the brother of Thomas Addis Emmet, the associate of Drennan on the 'Press' newspaper?"

"The same."

"He ought to be a clever man. But who is this Moore whom you have mentioned?"

"I do not indeed know very much of him, beyond that he is one of the few Catholics in college; his father is, I believe, a baker in Aungier Street. He is better known as a poet than as an orator. He has written very good translations of some of the odes of Anacreon."

In such conversation they passed the time until they reached the door of Mr. Mayville's cottage, when the baronet felt his heart beat more rapidly, and a strange nervousness seized upon him such as he had never experienced before; and when the two gentlemen were ushered into the presence of Miss Mayville he felt more embarrassment than he could have thought possible.

The lady rose when they entered, and with a smile of welcome gave her hand to Mr. De Vere, who, having shaken it affectionately, said, "Allow me to introduce to you, Agnes, a near neighbor of yours, Sir Henry

Damer." Agnes, smiling, turned and bowed to the baronet with an easy, unembarrassed manner. The young man caught the expression of her face as their eyes met, and at that moment an image was stamped upon his heart and memory that was to give a bent and character to his future life. As she stood there before him, never, he enthusiastically believed, was there beheld by man a vision more lovely. His heart, never contaminated by the vices of the world, was, in its virgin freshness, exquisitely sensitive to the feelings that beauty, accompanied by virtue and feminine excellence, ever inspires.

"Will you not take a seat, Sir, Henry Damer?" said Agnes. "My father, I am sorry to say, is out, but I think he will return before very long."

"I trust our visit has not disturbed you, Miss Mayville," said the baronet. "You appeared to have been diligently occupied when we came in."

"Oh, not in the least; I was only finishing a small drawing I made a few evenings ago, of old Crandlom Castle."

"Come, Agnes, you must let us see it," said the rector. "Sir Henry is a great antiquarian, and a member of the Academy."

"Certainly, if you and Sir Henry wish it," said the girl, laughing; "but you will promise not to be too severe critics." She took a small sheet of paper from the desk, and blushing handed it to the baronet.

"Oh, how like, how very like!" cried Sir Henry, as he went to the window to inspect the drawing minutely; "there is the old chimney, and there the tumble-down tower, and there the lichen-covered entrance, the small grated window, and all. The drawing is perfect. Do you know anything of the history of this ruin, Mr. De Vere?"

"There is a very old story concerning it, which would take a long time to relate, but I think there is also a modern one. Is there not, Miss Mayville?"

"I have never heard it," said Agnes, smiling, "unless you refer to the ghost said to have been seen on the tower by a farmer one night when returning from a fair."

"Oh, not at all; the story I allude to is of a poor woman found dying of hunger there by a certain young lady, who had her conveyed to a neighboring cottage, where she was supported and cared for until she was completely recovered."

"Oh, now, Mr. De Vere, you are always recurring to the old subject; such trifles as these should be forgotten when they are so long out of date."

"Not so, young lady; they ought rather to be remembered, and referred to as examples that others might worthily imitate."

The conversation passed from one subject to another, Sir Henry becoming each moment more charmed with the natural grace and ease of manner of their fair hostess.

Agnes throughout displayed a cultivated and refined taste in literary subjects, but always spoke with that maidenly diffidence and reserve, without which the highest talent and education in woman fail to confer a charm on the possessor.

At the request of Mr. De Vere, she sang a few of his favorite songs, accompanying herself on the harp, the baronet standing by entranced the while. Had the young soldier of France been present at the moment, and beheld the rapturous expression of Sir Henry's face as he greedily drank in the sweet notes of those airs he himself used so dearly to love, he might with some reason have thought that it was to *her* constancy the test was about to be applied; and would, perhaps, have been not a little apprehensive of the result.

After being hospitably refreshed with some luncheon in the simple style adopted at Hawthorn Hill, the visitors were reluctantly obliged to bid the young lady farewell. When Sir Henry had taken his leave, the rector lingered a moment behind.

"I have come here to-day, my dear child," he said, "the bearer of good news. I have something to tell of Edward, which I know will please you."

The girl's color came and went rapidly. After a few moments she spoke.

"Oh, thank God! he is well, then? He has reached France in safety?"

"Yes, you may be of good courage, and thank God, my child, for thus far He has indeed preserved him. Father O'Connor called on me last evening to tell me that the young man who gave Edward the introduction to his friend in Paris has received a letter from that person, in which he states that through his influence in the war department he has succeeded in obtaining a commission for his young Irish friend in one of the new levies. So now he is on the road to glory or to death. You will probably before long receive a letter from himself; meanwhile continue to pray earnestly to God, my dear Agnes, that He may vouchsafe at no distant time to restore him to his native land, preserved in soul and body from the many dangers that beset his path."

Agnes heard with feelings of pride and gladness of the realization of Edward's hopes, but she trembled when she remembered the dangers to which he was exposed, and the uncertainty of their next meeting. The conflict of her emotions rendered her silent.

Mr. De Vere read her thoughts. "We must not dwell, my child," he said, "only upon the gloomy side. Who can tell what honors and distinctions may not yet await Edward? What think you of the title General MacMahon," he added, merrily; "has it not a martial sound?"

Agnes smiled with forced gayety; she well appreciated the good man's endeavor thus to inspire hope.

"Yes, I think it has," she replied; "it would be a good name to employ in the rallying call on the battle-field, when mustering for the final charge that was to turn the fortunes of the day."

"Aye, so it would, as the names of his countrymen often were before; Sarsfield at Landen, and O'Brien at Fontenoy. But I shall say adieu now, Agnes. Sir Henry must be wondering at my long delay. Father O'Connor will probably call either to-day or to-morrow, and give you more accurate particulars. Good-by, my dear girl, and God bless you!" And pressing her hand tenderly, the good man took his departure.

On their return home, Sir Henry turned the conversation on his mother's hopes and intentions with regard to Miss Northcoate.

"I have long suspected," he said, "that Lady Damer has set her heart on our being married, and I have framed my conduct accordingly. I have been particular never to show Louise Northcoate anything more than the bare etiquette required from the host to his guest. Any person who has observed my manner towards her must have remarked it as almost formal. You would do me a great kindness, Mr. De Vere, if you would take the first opportunity of informing my mother that such an event as she hopes for can never possibly take place."

"I gave Lady Damer, on a former occasion, to understand that I thought as much," said the clergyman, "for your coldness towards Miss Northcoate did not escape me. Your feelings, though, may change with time, and then —"

"Oh, never, never! Impossible, I assure you, quite impossible."

He spoke so decidedly, and almost irritably, that the rector did not pursue the subject. They said but little further on the way back, but ere they parted the baronet proposed another visit to Hawthorn Hill, that he might be introduced to Mr. Mayville.

"I intend to call there myself again before the end of the week," said the clergyman.

"Suppose, then, we appoint Thursday to drive over together in my carriage?"

"With all my heart. Perhaps Father O'Connor might accompany us."

"His doing so would afford me much pleasure. I greatly desire to cultivate that good man's acquaintance."

On Sir Henry's return to the Hall, however, he found a Dublin letter awaiting him from his friend George Fitzgerald. He opened it eagerly, and perused its contents. It besought him, on account of some important political matters, to return to the city at the earliest possible moment. No time was to be lost, and his presence amongst his party was urgently required.

Had the summons to the capital come a day earlier he would have rejoiced at it, for he had been then longing to escape from the monotony of country life and the exclusive society of his cousin. But now it was with a pang and a feeling of disappointment that he threw down the letter and left the room, to give orders relative to his departure for Dublin next morning.

During dinner that day, and throughout the evening, both Lady Damer and Miss Northcoate noticed Sir Henry's manner to be unusual and absent. He seemed deeply absorbed in thought, and often answered only in monosyllables, as if mechanically.

As soon as he could free himself from the restraints of the dinner-table, he took refuge in a solitary moonlight stroll in the grounds.

For a time he wandered along the river bank, gazing on the bright water, and enjoying the fresh fragrance of the hour. He was now at the age when the golden visions of fancy are taken for realities. He possessed all the high and sanguine hope, the generous ardor, the keen sensibilities, and the glowing imagination of one-and-twenty.

As yet his life had been unclouded by sorrow. Possessed of wealth, influence, and station, which he earnestly desired to employ for the good

of his fellow-men, he looked forward only with hope and confidence, and anticipated neither disappointment nor misfortune.

"Until this day," he said to himself, "I believed not one so beautiful and good was to be found in this wicked world. She seems rather like a seraph who has assumed the fairest of human forms, and descended upon this earth to compassionate and alleviate human sufferings. How beautiful must be the soul that looks out through her deep blue eyes. Well might the Florentine ascribe all his inspiration to the influence of the beauty of Beatrice; I wonder was she like Agnes? Her complexion, he says, 'was fair as is the lily, her hair was like the purest gold'; so far the likeness holds. Beyond this he does not attempt to describe her; the powers that sustained him throughout that most stupendous work—the greatest produced by man—seem here to fail him. I can understand why now, though I never could before. Who could do justice to the expression of that face? Oh, Agnes! could I ever render myself worthy of you! Would that, like the knights of old, I might win you by sword and lance. But the age of great souls and noble deeds has departed. There is yet one course by which I may perhaps gain your favor; I know I must love Ireland and desire her liberty. In the service of my country, then, may I hope to win your smile. Henceforth with double zeal shall I devote myself to her cause. Your name and hers shall be on my lips, when I meditate great actions. For a time, Agnes, farewell!"

So thought and spoke the young lover in all the enthusiasm of his soul. In his sanguine and buoyant imagination, he saw the path which lay before him bright and cloudless as that of the planet in the fair sky above his head, and the course of his life smooth and tranquil as that of the river that flowed at his feet, gliding gently and noiselessly onward

towards the main, and supplying freshness and verdure to the banks by which it passed. Vain dreamer! he did not remember that ere morning the storm-clouds might roll over the clear space, and shut out the bright orb and its beams from the world; that the floods might come down from the mountains, and swell the clear and gentle stream to a discolored, boisterous, and impetuous torrent, hurrying onwards, and bearing with it ruin and desolation, until it had expended itself in the vast and boundless ocean, there to find its eternal goal.

CHAPTER VI.

THE OLD "HISTORICAL."

The hopes and fears
Of boyhood's years.—*Moore.*

WE must now avail ourselves of the novelist's privilege, and transport our readers to Trinity College, Dublin; to the reading-room of the once famous College Historical Society, in which some four or five young men are carelessly lounging, reading, and conversing upon the general topics of the time.

"So the Board will not allow us to discuss the tithe question, Wilson?" said one.

"No; they say it is a subject *per se* antagonistic to the 'Faith,' and dangerous to the stability of the 'Holy Church of Ireland.'"

"Or to speak more correctly, dangerous to her fat livings and gouty pastors. It is by these tithes, wrung from the starving Catholics, that they wallow in wealth and luxury, and enjoy all the delights of a life of 'lettered' indolence. It is little wonder they should confound bigotry with religion, intolerance with zeal, and the service of God with the plunder of the poor."

"It is fortunate for us they rejected the subject, Harcourt," remarked Wilson, "for if you have just given us the substance of your intended speech, it would be the so-

ciety's farewell night within the walls of old Trinity, for our expulsion would follow, as sure as the night the day."

"Small loss to us, if so," remarked a third. "We would have a happy escape from the control of the old duffers at the Board, who seem to regard oppression, exclusiveness, and fanaticism as the most precious heirlooms they have inherited from the saintly founder of their university, Queen Bess. How it must gall them to be now forced to admit Catholics! You may be sure they fought hard against it, but up to this they have little cause of regret. Tom Moore is, I believe, almost the only Catholic in college. Considering that the scholarships and all the high prizes are debarred them, it is no wonder that Catholics are careless about availing themselves of the privilege."

"Well, Fitzgerald," exclaimed Wilson, "it would not by any means suit us to quarrel with the Board just now. We are after spending £100 upon these rooms, every halfpenny of which is lost if they send us out of college."

"In that case," replied Fitzgerald, "we should trust to their sense of justice to make us compensation."

"I fear that would be leaning on a frail reed," said Harcourt. "Sense of justice is likely to be forgotten in zeal for 'Holy Church,' for emoluments, and fees. But to change the subject, how did last night's ball go off?"

"Oh, admirably. The assembly comprised all the beauty, fashion, and wealth of the metropolis."

"Indeed! Did the Countess of Londesborough honor it with her presence?"

"Of course she did; and also her daughter, Lady Elizabeth. The latter looked absolutely charming. I really think she danced in every set. I had the honor of dancing with her once."

"Well, and who else were there?"

"There was Miss Sarah Grubb,

looking as fresh, fair, and rosy as paste, powder, and paint could make her."

"Go on."

"And the pretty little widow, Mrs. Prendergast; the disconsolate old maid, Miss Hickson; the lively Miss Penroze; the lovely Miss La Touche; and last, but most material in her way, that animated flour-sack Miss Hawks."

"Who else?"

"Let me think; Mrs. Pender and her six daughters, who seem to have the charms of one average beauty evenly divided amongst them."

"By Jove, you are right in that. One has it in the hair, another in the nose, a third in the mouth, and so on. But whatever they may be in combination, taken singly they are confoundedly ugly."

"But can you tell me who was *par excellence* the beauty of the room?"

"No. At least I don't think I can."

"Permit me, my dear George, to assist your memory a little. I fear the charming Lady Elizabeth has come in for more than her proper share of it. May I venture to ask, was Lady Alice at the ball?"

Fitzgerald colored a little as he replied in the affirmative.

"One question more, George, and I have done. Were you sufficiently observant to notice with whom her ladyship danced in the first set? Could you, do you think, recollect who took her down to supper, and did you happen to hear by whom she was escorted to her carriage?"

"Really, Robert, could I have anticipated these interrogations I would have been more on the watch. In the first set Lady Alice danced with me. I believe I had the honor of leading her down to supper, and as well as I can recollect it was I who—but hallo! here he comes, he is just after passing the window." The speaker rushed towards the door, and had it opened just as Sir Henry Damer reached the landing.

"Welcome, Henry," he exclaimed, grasping his friend's hand with warmth. "We did not expect you till to-morrow. So much the better! Your country life appears to have agreed with you."

Damer, having been duly greeted by all present, was hurried off by Fitzgerald to lunch, preparatory to a country ride with his sister Cecilia.

"You are in glorious time, Henry," said his friend. "What I hinted at in my letter has really happened, although they endeavored to keep it secret at the castle. Wright has retired from Parliament, so the borough of E — is at this moment without a member. If we manage it properly we shall carry all by a clever *coup*. The government are working heaven — or, to speak correctly, hell — and earth for their candidate, but with your local influence we ought to be more than a match for them. Let us act with promptitude, and we are sure to succeed. We must at once publish the address, and follow it up with a personal canvass; then, come who may, the day is ours. Before the Tories know where they are, they will see on the opposition a worthy supporter of the patriot of '82 in the person of Sir Henry Damer."

"Many thanks, George, for your watchfulness and zeal. We will lose no time."

"Oh, Harcourt and I have arranged it all; but our ball comes off to-morrow night, and you must be seen at it. Hallo! here comes our prosaic Galway friend, Michael Dowell."

"An honest man, at all events," said Damer, smiling.

"Oh, as honest as Michael Cassio, but as dull as Roderigo, and as presumptuous as Falstaff. What do you think is his latest conceit? Why, he has absolutely taken it into his head to fall in love with Cecilia, and is continually bothering Harcourt and others to give him an introduction."

"Well. I can only say I would even wish your fair sister as faithful a

suitor, though perhaps one somewhat more eligible. But here he comes; let us speak to him."

The subject of these remarks was a short personage, short-necked, broad-chested, whose head seemed to find a comfortable resting-place between his high shoulders. His careless indulgence in slovenly postures had spoiled a naturally fine figure. His head resembled a hundred-pounder shot or a monster prize turnip in size and form. His face was not unlike the full harvest moon when she shows over the horizon, — round, red, and dull. His eyes were light gray; his nose was small, and possessed the true Celtic upward turn; his mouth, which in its normal state was open ever, displayed a broad and good-natured smile, announcing to the beholder the gratifying information that Mr. Michael Dowell was on terms of amity, peace, and good-will with the entire universal world. His dress was consistently unfashionable, both as to cut and color.

"Good morning, Mr. Dowell," said Damer, giving that gentleman his hand as he came up; "I am glad to see you looking so well, and evidently in such good spirits."

"The same to yourself, Sir Henry, and to you, too, Mr. Fitzgerald. I am pretty well just now, thanks be to God, and" (with a significant look towards the last-named gentleman) "the news from the country is very encouraging."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Fitzgerald, with a look that seemed to convey that Dowell's intelligence was to him a matter of absorbing interest. "Tell us the particulars, Mr. Dowell."

"Why then, my uncle writes to tell me that my yearlings sold splendidly at the fair of Ballinasloe, and that he got me a drove of pigs at a great bargain, and bought me twenty-nine calves at £2 4s. 2d. a head. On the whole I am a better man now by £300 than I was this time last year, though to be sure the old cow went under her value."

"Bravo! excellent! isn't that great news, Sir Henry? I suppose you will soon be looking out for a wife, Mr. Dowell?"

"Well then, I have been thinking somewhat of that same this time back; are ye going far, gentlemen?"

"Yes, Sir Henry and I are going out with my *sister* for a ride. You never mount a horse, I believe?"

"Ah, now then, Mr. Fitzgerald, don't you think a good walk would be far safer, and besides have as great diversion in it? Riding is an amusement very dangerous for ladies. Why, I was often told a story by my poor aunt—rest her soul—of one who fell into a ditch out hunting, and she never stood on her feet again for the rest of her life; now would n't it be much better not to mind the riding, and go on a fine long walk instead? Besides, maybe ye could take me with ye."

"Sir, you are a philosopher in advance of your age. In eighty years' time, perhaps, the world may believe that walking is a better exercise for young ladies than horseback. But time is passing, Sir Henry Damer, we must be off. Good-day, Mr. Dowell; good-day; thanks for your well-meant advice; good-day."

Dowell stood as if petrified, gazing after the retreating figures until they disappeared through the college gate. He then slowly and almost mechanically resumed his course for the rooms of the Historical Society.

The first person he met was Robert Harcourt.

"Ah, Michael!" he exclaimed, on seeing Dowell, "my dear friend, is this you? Where have you been this age? We missed your vote the other night at the debate; the subject was one well worthy of your honest eloquence and upright principles."

"Well then, Mr. Harcourt, I have been on some business that took me to the country. You know the saying 'business first and pleasure afterwards'; attend first to your own affairs and then to your neighbors."

"Quite right, Mr. Dowell; quite right; but that reminds me,—have you yet obtained an introduction to Miss Cecilia Fitzgerald?"

"Well, no then, I have n't. I met her brother out there just now with Sir Henry Damer, and I asked him to take me with them, but he told me they were goin' for a ride, and with that, before you could look round you, they were gone."

"Very shabby conduct, upon my word; but let us see whether we can't be equal with him in the end. Don't you ride, Michael?"

"Not to say much, then; I have sometimes gone on one of the horses over the farm."

"To be sure you have, and followed the hunt."

"Oh, no, whenever I went to the hunt I walked, so as to be able to cross the ditches."

"What! a Galway man to cross ditches or walls on foot! you surely jest, Mr. Dowell? But come along, and I'll introduce you to the lady in spite of her brother. Ay, and in spite of her lovers, too, though there be a dozen round her. I had an engagement in town, but I'll give it up on your account. So let us be off, and follow them."

"But sure it's to ride they're gone."

"So much the better, man; we can ride, too. If it was to drive they went, it was all up with us; now we are in luck."

"But he did n't say what way they'd be taking."

"No matter for that, I know where they are gone. Come away at once, we lose time."

"And where are we to go to, Mr. Harcourt?"

"To my house first, to get our horses, and then we'll be after them to the shades of Clontarf. So look alive, remember what's before you."

"But I'm not dressed for riding."

"Oh, you are. You only require a pair of top boots, a cocked hat, and a sword, and I'll lend you these."

"I'm thankful to you, Mr. Harcourt; I'll take the lend of the top boots, but I won't mind the hat or the sword."

"Just as you please; but why won't you wear a sword?"

"Well, you see it's a decoration I never had much fancy for, and, as my uncle says, it often brings a body into danger."

"I admire your good sense and prudence, Mr. Dowell, and sincerely trust these admirable qualities are duly appreciated and estimated at their worth by the fair sex. Ah, my dear fellow, if they could only understand what an incalculable blessing they would possess in a prudent, sober, and peacefully disposed young man! why, such a one is worth a ship-load of fops and dandies, who think that the best way they can gain a lady's favor is by powdering, painting, and lacing, and by running each other through the middle."

"You are quite right in what you say, Mr. Harcourt. That's sensible talk. I wish everybody else thought like you. Heaven send the lady may, at any rate."

"To that I say 'Amen,' Mr. Dowell;" and then added Harcourt, inwardly, "a nice scrape this will get me into. George will never forgive me; but the lark will be worth anything. What glorious sport it will be to see this honest fellow here, in his own original fashion, making love to the graceful and accomplished Cecilia!" Then he continued aloud, "now we are at my house, Michael; just come in and take a glass of wine while the horses are being prepared."

"I'm much beholden to you, Mr. Harcourt, but my uncle advised me never to drink a drop so long as I had business before me."

"Oh, nonsense, man; you don't call making love sober business? You must take something to give you spirit and nerve."

"I'm sorry to refuse you, Mr. Harcourt, but I can take nothing in that way."

And his host could not even prevail upon him to put a glass filled with wine to his lips, in response to the health of Miss Fitzgerald.

The horses were in due time brought to the door, and Michael, with the aid of a considerate groom, being mounted into the saddle, started, under the patronage and tuition of Mr. Robert Harcourt, upon his first mission of love.

CHAPTER VII.

A RIDE IN THE SUBURBS.

THEY turned their horses' heads in the direction of Clontarf, at that period the fashionable suburb of the city, where most of the nobility lived. They proceeded at a walking pace until they cleared the crowded thoroughfares, when Harcourt said, "Now, Mr. Dowell, let us mind our pace"; and clapping spurs to his steed, went off at a gallop.

"Aisy! aisy!" cried his companion, clutching the saddle as his horse started in company. "Aisy, aisy, or I'm off. Oh, Lord! what bumpin'. Stop! stop! I'm gone entirely. Hold hard, for the love of Heaven."

"Really, Michael," said Harcourt, drawing up, "you ought to be a good horseman, considering the county you come from. However, if you prefer it we will walk. And now, my dear Michael, let me ask you a question or two, concerning the present business. You know beyond the introduction I cannot help you, and the delicate task of bringing the matter to a happy conclusion will devolve entirely upon yourself. Now, do you know how to entertain a young lady in light and pleasant conversation, and the art of rendering your society agreeable?"

"I can tell her all the news about the markets, the cattle, and the crops, and if she be steady and sensible, these are the things she ought to like to hear most about, seeing it is by them we will all get our living."

"Certainly, but, my dear fellow, you must remember these subjects

cannot be dealt in exclusively; they must be enlivened now and then by some appropriate quotations, say from the poets."

"Well then, to tell you the truth, Mr. Harcourt, poetry was never a thing much to my liking. I never could see what it had to do with a man's getting on in the world."

"*Quid faciat lætas segetes!* you, a classical scholar, and a farmer to boot, to say that! What of the Georgics and the immortal Eclogues?"

"I know a man who is one of the best farmers in the county Clare, and he never read a line of one of them; by the same token he does n't know a word of Greek or Latin. But aisy, Mr. Harcourt, steady, ho! you're goin' off again."

"I beg your pardon, Michael, I was forgetting. But don't you know a line of verse at all?"

"Sorra a one that I can remember. Ah, but wait, now that I bethink me I do. I recollect what my uncle used to say on the bacon-and-cabbage days at home:—

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

"Bravo! think again, and you'll remember more."

"Sorra a line, Mr. Harcourt; but can't I not mind poetry, and talk to the lady in my own way?"

"Well, you see, my dear Michael, when ladies and gentlemen meet in fashionable society, such subjects as law, physic, farms, and cattle are never introduced; their talk is ever confined to things light, refined, and amusing. Now, are you well up in the fashionable topics of the day?"

"Indeed, to tell you the truth, Mr. Harcourt, I seldom bother my head about them."

"Ah, that's a loss, and you say your knowledge of the facts is not very extensive. Perhaps, though, you have something original. Did you ever write a poem yourself, Mr. Dowell?"

"Me? oh, never in my life."

"But could you not get your little class-fellow, Tom Moore—he dabbles in rhymes—to write a sonnet, or something in that way? and you could copy it out on embossed paper and send it to Miss Fitzgerald."

"Somehow or other Moore does not take to me at all, at all. I wanted him to join me in rooms and let us live together, but he said I would never suit him unless I became less chary of my wit; that my present way of talking would keep him forever in the blues."

"Indeed, your general reticence is a matter of which all your friends have reason to complain. Why do you never speak at the debates?"

"Because I can't get any subjects to my way of thinking; they are all about poetry, politics, or law."

"There is one thing," pursued Robert Harcourt, "I am rather anxious to know about,—that is, how was it that you came to enter college first?"

"I'll tell you, then, in a few words," replied Mr. Dowell. "My mother and my uncle were sitting at the fire one evening at home, talking about some pigs that were after being sold. An old teacher of mine was sitting on the hob. My mother was calculating how much she made by the pigs. 'Their feeding cost me eleven pence a week each for twenty-three weeks,' says she; 'how much is that?' None of them could tell. 'Michael my hero,' says Mr. O'Regan, 'get down your slate and make it up for your mother.' I took my slate down and calculated it up, and then says I, '253 pence.' 'Quite right, my man,' says he; 'now how much is that?' I made it up, and then I said, 'One pound one and a penny.' 'Right again,' says he, 'that's what the feeding of one pig cost, Mrs. Dowell; now what did you get for each pig, ma'am?' 'Two pounds fifteen,' said my mother. 'Put that down, Mike,' said he, 'and tell us what was the profit.' 'One pound fourteen and eleven pence,' said I. 'How many pigs were there, ma'am?' says he. 'Nine,' says my

mother, 'and the old sow that was n't sent.' 'Now, Michael my boy,' said he, 'what's the sum total your mother made?' 'Fifteen pounds six and threepence,' said I, footing it up. 'Do you hear that, ma'am?' said Mr. O'Regan, clapping his fist upon the table and turning to my mother, 'there's arithmetic learning for you. Isn't it a murderin' pity, Mrs. Dowell, that the boy isn't sent to Trinity College to take the shine out of them Dublin chaps?' 'But sure he does n't know Latin,' said my mother. 'I'll soon teach him,' says he. 'He knows no Greek,' says my uncle. 'Devil may care for that,' says the mather; 'if I pass him what more do you want?' So with that he began at me next day with the Latin grammar, and worked on for two years and a half, and then he brought me to town, after telling my mother that she'd see me yet the Mather of the Rolls. There was a minister he was acquainted with in Dublin, and to him he brought me. Well, he made interest for me, and got me a private examination, and the end of it was I got in on two books of Latin, and sorra a word of Greek beyond the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John; and so here I am, now as you see, a student of Trinity College, Dublin."

"You are a lucky fellow, indeed, Mr. Dowell; I wish I had got in on as easy terms. But by Hercules, here are our party! Now, Michael, look your best; put on your most imposing air; keep your knees in, your toes out. Take the reins in your left hand; that's it, — but confound it, man, don't hold the saddle with your right. Now for a trot up to them."

"Aisy, aisy, Mr. Harcourt! the life will be jogged out of me. Go steady, if you please. Hold him in, and God bless you."

At this Harcourt stopped his horse and allowed Dowell to ride up to him.

"You see we have followed you, Miss Fitzgerald," said Harcourt, raising his hat in acknowledgment to the salute of a strikingly handsome

girl, who, attended by the two gentlemen, rode up. "Allow me to introduce to you a particular friend, both of your brother and of Sir Henry Damer as well as my own — Mr. Michael Dowell — Miss Fitzgerald. Miss Cecilia Fitzgerald — Mr. Dowell."

The young lady bowed; the gentleman bowed also, and muttered something that sounded like "aisy," as his horse, whose flanks his heels inadvertently touched as he bent forward, performed a slight curvet.

The lady's companions stared at Harcourt, the one in anger, the other in surprise. However, he smilingly signified to them to fall back with him into the rear, and permit the newly introduced to improve their acquaintance with each other, unembarrassed by their presence.

"In the name of all that's extraordinary, Robert," exclaimed Fitzgerald, when out of Dowell's hearing, "what do you mean by bringing this Connemara cattle jobber to introduce to my sister?"

"Now take the matter quietly, George, and restrain your resentment. You know I could have done much worse. You ought to be thankful I did not do what perhaps you will provoke me to after all, — make him a rival of yours with Lady Alice."

This threat forced Fitzgerald, despite of himself, to laugh. The three young men were now far behind, and soon in earnest conversation concerning the coming election.

When Miss Fitzgerald and Mr. Dowell had ridden on for some moments alone, the young lady broke silence.

"I suppose you are fond of hunting, Mr. — your name, sir, has slipped my memory."

"Michael Dowell, miss, at your service. No, miss, I can't say that I ride much myself, but whenever there is a hunt I go to a hill at the back of our house, and from the top of it I can see all the country round."

"Oh, in that case, Mr. Dowell," said the lady, conquering a strong disposition to laugh, "you have of course no occasion to ride; but you keep, I suppose, one or two hunters?"

"No, miss, we keep none but farm horses. My uncle says it's the devil's own nonsense. I ask your pardon, miss, for telling you so; but he says it's the mischief's own mistake to have horses eating you out of house and home, when their price might be snug in the bank."

"A very wise and prudent saying; and perhaps you are generally more agreeably occupied. I dare say you go a great deal into society while in Dublin, Mr. Dowell?"

"Well, no, miss, I can't say I do; as my uncle says, 'Follow the dance and forsake the farm; your land, like your wife, demands all your attention.'"

"An excellent simile; your uncle, I should imagine, must be a very clever person."

"Oh, there is n't the likes of him anywhere in our part of the country. The congregation would follow him before any man, afther the priest. An' as for the law, there come more to consult him than 'Torney O'Grady; an' you see he gives them his advice for nothing. I tell you how it was, miss, he came by all he knows. Well thin, he was one time summoned as a witness to the Galway Assizes to give evidence concerning a dispute about a bit of a boy, and was kept there goin' on three weeks before the case was called on for hearin', and now mark what he does. Instead of goin' from house to house drinkin' and smokin' and defamin' the character of his neighbors, like many of those who thought themselves his betters, what does he do? He goes and he sits in the court-house day after day, and listens to the law. An' more on betide he came home wid enough to do himself for the rest of his life, and be able as well to make a good remark on the story any one

came to tell him. Ah, but you should hear him givin' an advice to a young woman goin' to be married; 't is then he's in his element. 'My good girl,' he says, 'remember you now are goin' to take a very important step; attend to what I'm going to say to you. When you are married, mind you don't, like too many of your sort, be led away by the follies of the world. You must not think too much of dress, or be over-fond of going to dances or wakes. The time for gallivanting is all passed now. Keep away from gossips, for when women come together to talk, 't is the devil is their adviser. Don't curse or swear, and be careful you never say or do anything to put your husband out of temper. You should humor him in his ways, and bear with him if he comes home a little hearty now and then, from a funeral or a fair. Remember that you have taken him for better and for worse. Never keep him waitin' for his dinner, for that delays him from his work. Let no one at any time find you sitting at the fire with your hands before you, as if you had nothing to do; and above all things let no one lead you into the habit of tea-drinking. Go to mass every Sunday, and twice a year to your duty. If you do this, the blessin' of God will remain wid you till the hour of your death.'"

"Certainly, most sensible advice, and I hope they all follow it. But what does he say to the gentlemen, Mr. Dowell?"

"Well, he tells them to be said by their wives in what's reasonable, and never to do anything of importance without acquaintin' them first, to live honest and keep far away from the shebeen houses, for that many a good man was ruined by drink."

"May I ask was your uncle ever married himself?"

"No, miss, he never was given much to thinkin' in that way, but 't is he that oftentimes gives me long discourses on what a comfort it would be to him an' my mother to see me

well settled, for that then, whenever God might call them, they could close their eyes in peace. My mother, too, often tells me how fond she would be of her daughter-in-law; but she should be a lady of quality, and she would let her do nothing all day long but sit in the parlor and play the piano, for she herself would manage all the rest."

"A delightful position surely the young lady would occupy. I trust you will not think the question rude, Mr. Dowell, if I may venture to ask—are your affections still your own?" here the fair speaker threw towards her companion a rather shy and timid glance; "may there be a person living so happy as to be destined by you for that truly blissful future?"

Dowell turned slowly in his saddle and gazed at the fair questioner; being not very quick at comprehension, it was some moments ere he could master the import of the words. He then began to recollect that from Harcourt's description of Miss Fitzgerald he had always set her down in his own mind as one who would be likely to value what is plain and substantial, above the gay but evanescent. He considered it not unlikely, therefore, that his description of his honest uncle, his good mother, his Galway home, might have awakened in the young lady an interest that would lead to the happiest result; so, inwardly commending himself for his shrewdness in having singled her out as the object of his choice, and bestowing on her one of his most good-natured smiles, he replied:—

"Well, miss, I could hardly make so bold as to mention any name; I would rather leave it to the lady herself to say what she thinks of me and mine, and how she would like to live in Galway."

"Oh, that reminds me; I do not think you have described your house."

Here they were interrupted by Fitzgerald calling out, "Take the next turn to Howth Road, Cecilia, it is in excellent order for a canter."

Dowell started and looked round; when he recovered himself he had forgotten the last question, so he said, "I ask your pardon again, miss, but what was it you'd be after learning of me?"

"Oh, it is of no consequence, sir; do you dance and sing?"

"Oh no, miss, I mean to leave all such things to my wife."

"You would have her, I suppose, excel in the arts and graces, and you could yourself look on and admire; is not that so?"

"Oh, yes, just so, miss."

"But tell me, would you not like a Dublin residence in one of the squares?"

"Oh, no, miss, 't is many people are broke by takin' fine houses. 'Tisn't on account of the rent alone, but of all the quality they must see in them; as an attorney one day said to my uncle, an' they walkin' down Stephen's Green, 'You see all the fine places about you; 't is only the devil and the sheriff know how half the people in them are getting on.'"

"Mr. Dowell, you ought really to write a book of maxims, for you are the strongest in wise sayings of any gentleman I know. Now we are coming out in the broad road, do you not think we might mend our pace a little?" The lady touched her horse with the whip as she spoke, and went off in a gallop.

"Aisy, miss, aisy," cried Mr. Dowell, whose steed, actuated by a spirit of either sympathy or rivalry, started off the next moment at an equal pace.

"For mercy's sake, miss, hold hard, or I'm off," he cried, as he dashed on at a thundering speed. "Hold him in! hold him in! oh, Lord help me! I'm off now." This he said as, no longer trusting for security to his hold of the saddle, he threw his arms round the horse's neck, which movement caused his heels to goad the horse's sides and make him fly on the faster.

Miss Fitzgerald soon reined in her horse, but Mr. Dowell's still rushed

on, regardless of the repeated admonition, "Aisy, aisy," nor paused until at a sharp turn of the road he freed himself of the burden by depositing it over his head into a compound of mud and seaweed, which served the purpose of rendering the fall harmless to the rider, though at the expense of soiled garments. After this exploit the animal went off at a quiet trot.

Mr. Dowell, after twisting and turning about for a moment, regained his legs just as the party rode up; all, with the exception of Sir Henry Damer, were convulsed with laughter.

"Ah, miss, you should have been careful, as I told you," exclaimed the hapless suitor, as he stood before them. "You went off without giving me a moment's warning."

"I am really very sorry at having been the unintentional cause of your accident, Mr. Dowell," replied Miss Fitzgerald, as she endeavored to look grave; "but I was not aware that the horse you were riding was so viciously disposed. Mr. Harcourt should never have allowed you to mount such a violent creature. I am afraid our interesting conversation must for the present be suspended, but I hope we shall have an opportunity of resuming it before long. There is to be a ball at our house to-morrow evening, and I would take it as a particular compliment if you would honor it with your presence."

Mr. Dowell at once expressed the pleasure he would have in doing so, and the young lady, having bestowed on him a bow and a gracious smile, rode off attended by the baronet. Harcourt, meanwhile, started off in pursuit of his fugitive hunter, and Fitzgerald obtained a sedan chair, in which the hapless horseman, but—in his own estimation at least—not unsuccessful wooer, was conveyed in safety to his lodgings.

To be continued.

TEACH your children that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

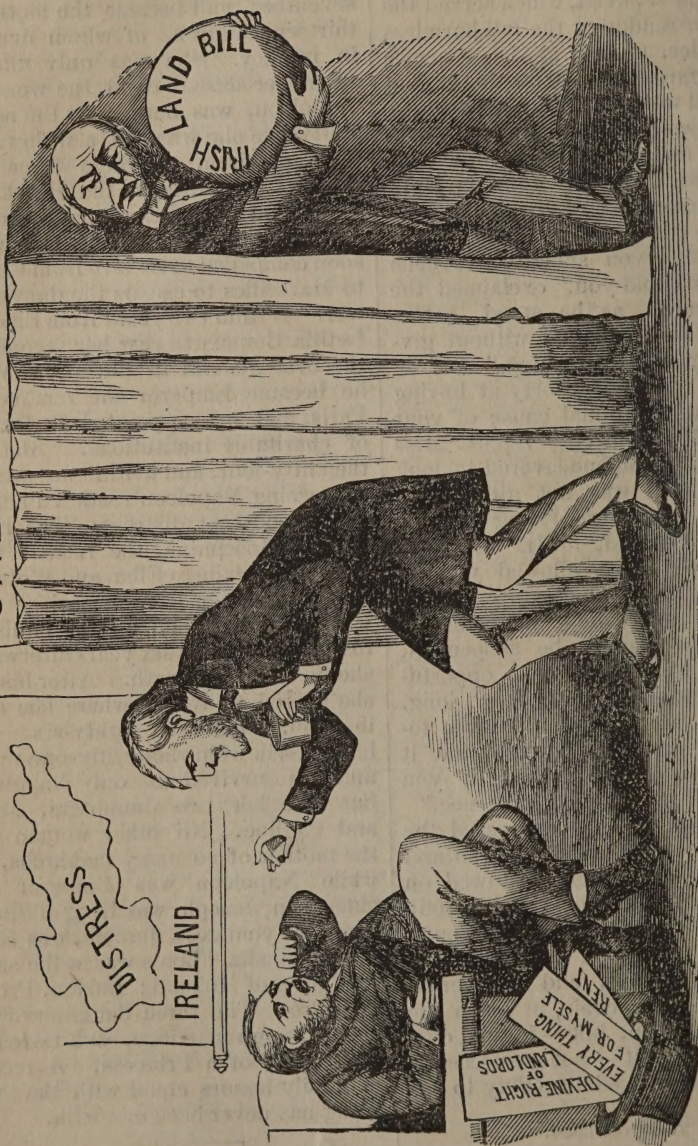
THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

How little is known of the mother of Napoleon! Letitia, the wife of Carlo Bonaparte, was married at seventeen, and became the mother of thirteen children, of whom five died in infancy. She was only nineteen when her second child, the wonderful Napoleon, was born. At the age of thirty-five she was left a widow, with eight children, of whom three were daughters. Joseph, the eldest, and Napoleon, were then attending school, and the remainder of the family was soon compelled to remove from Corsica to Marseilles to escape the dangers of war. Within two years from this time Letitia Bonaparte saw her second son the first general in Europe. When he became Emperor she removed to Paris, and was appointed protectress of charitable institutions. She was then fifty-four, and her intense anxiety concerning Napoleon rendered her life one of constant distress. The rejection of Josephine, the retreat from Russia, the exile to Elba, and Waterloo were among her sad memories. She was sixty-five when he was banished to St. Helena, and six years afterwards she heard of his death. After his fall she retired to Rome, where she died in 1836, being then eighty-six. She had lived in widowhood fifty-one years, and had survived not only Napoleon, but also her two daughters, Marie and Pauline. No other woman was the mother of so many monarchs, for while Napoleon was Emperor her eldest son, Joseph, was King of Spain, while the youngest, Jerome, was King of Westphalia. Louis was at the same time King of Holland; Lucien, Prince of Cairo. The three daughters were also, through marriage, each raised to the dignity of a Princess. A record of family honors equal with the foregoing has never been met with.

TAKE away our Christian hope, and there is not a word in human language sad enough to express the thought of death. — *Father Gallwey.*

BRINGING HIM ON BY DEGREES.

CABINET



Dr. FORSTER (to Landlord Patient). Do now, my dear sir, take this reasonable little pill. It will require hardly any effort to swallow, and must have a very salutary effect when got over.

LANDLORD PATIENT. Oh, you cruel man! How can you ask me to take such a horrid bitter thing? I have not taken any such medicine for the past ten years. I positively cannot do it.

Dr. GLADSTONE (*solo voce*). You had better take it, my dear fellow, and open your mouth as widely as possible, for I have something here that will tax all your digestive powers.

THE OWNERS OF THE LAND IN IRELAND.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Two great causes operated to bring about an almost entire change in the ownership of land in Ireland, — viz., the establishment of English rule and the attempted establishment of the Protestant religion. The attempt to achieve these two, sometimes twin, objects has caused, in this island, more bloodshed, more misery, more injustice, more international hate than the annals of any two races or countries could show from the Egyptian bondage to the present. To those two attempts may safely be laid all the miseries which have desolated the country. Almost from the very beginning of the Anglo-Norman invasion we find a greed for land developing itself among the English settlers; but it was not until the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that we find the idea of a wholesale transference of the soil from native to foreign owners evolving itself in definite form. To Elizabeth and her rapacious and sanguinary counsellors belong the credit, such as it is, of having devised the first "Plantation." It was the deliberate purpose of the English Court to clear out the whole of Munster and repeople it with English settlers. How fearfully this plan was put into execution has been graphically told by the English poet, Spenser, who could truthfully boast, with the Trojan hero, "*Quorum pars magna fui.*" Not even the remorseless Alva could have wrought the shocking havoc and misery which the poet describes, as existing in the fair valleys of the South during the dreadful period when the preliminary experiments in "Plantation" were being tried. The people were hunted like wild beasts; those who escaped the sword, the musket, or the halbert of the soldiers of the Pale, fleeing into caves and hiding-holes, and perishing miserably of famine. Then again there was the Plantation of

Ulster, devised by James I., by means of which six whole counties were cleared of their Irish inhabitants to make room for the English and Scotch settlers. Again, at the close of the Cromwellian wars there was another clearance of forfeited lands, the original holders being either shipped to the West Indian plantations as white slaves, or driven "to hell or Connaught." Lastly, there was the confiscation after the Revolution, when the Williamite adherents were largely rewarded with the possessions of the defeated Jacobites. No country of Europe has been so often subjected to confiscation, indeed, as Ireland. These repeated changes of owners of the soil have produced the most disastrous effects, economic as well as political. We may leave the latter out of consideration, as irrelevant to the present inquiry, and look at the matter from a purely economic point of view.

The tendency of all the confiscations to which Ireland was subjected was to throw the land into the hands of a few families. The tendency of the penal legislation was to further effect this result, and the tendency of the famine of 1874 was to make still narrower the ring of people who possessed the soil, by means of the operations of the Encumbered Estates Court. It was always suspected that the number of landholders was entirely too limited for a healthy state of things, but it has only been within the past few years that any definite information on the subject has been obtained. The new Domesday Book, obtained on the motion of Mr. Bright, throws some light upon the question, though, for obvious reasons, as much obscurity as possible has been cast over the returns. We may here fitly introduce the analysis and observations of the late Mr. Kay, who devotes a large portion of the

beginning of his valuable work on the Land Systems of Europe to this branch of the subject. Talking of the great want of a yeomanry class in Ireland, he says :—

Now, certainly one would have said, *a priori*, that if there was any country in the world in which it was desirable to have a large and widely distributed body of yeoman proprietors, that country was Ireland. Such proprietors, wherever they exist, are always found to be conservative in the best sense of the word, deeply interested in public peace and order, self-denying and saving, prosperous, and anxious to promote the good education of their children. In all countries where the land laws have allowed or promoted the existence of such proprietors, these results have invariably followed. Similar laws would be followed, as I believe, by similar results in Ireland. But not only are there very few proprietors in Ireland, but the system of great estates adds, in Ireland, to its other evils one which is not experienced to any great extent in England or Scotland; namely, the evil of absenteeism. A large proportion of the great land-owners of Ireland reside in distant countries, carry away the revenues of their Irish lands into those countries, and instead of spending those revenues among their Irish tenants and neighbors in the promotion of Irish industries and the improvement of their Irish tenants, spend them among other people, while their Irish tenants are left without the support or countenance of their landlords to the tender mercies of agents, who are often strangers to Ireland.

But let us see what light these returns (those of the Domesday Book) throw upon the divisions of land in Ireland.

The total area of Ireland is 20,159,678 acres. Of this —

452 persons own each more than 5,000 acres.

135 persons own each more than 10,000 acres.

90 persons own each more than 20,000 acres.

14 persons own each more than 50,000 acres.

3 persons own each more than 100,000 acres.

1 person owns 170,119 acres.

292 persons hold 6,458,100 acres, or about one third of the island.

744 persons holds 9,612,728 acres, or about one half of the island.

In Ireland the twelve largest owners hold in the aggregate 1,297,888 acres; and their respective acreages are 170,119,

156,974, 121,353, 118,607, 114,881, 101,030, 95,008, 94,551, 93,629, 86,321, 72,915, and 69,501.

Two-thirds of the whole of Ireland are held by only 1,942 persons.

A CHILD SAVED BY KNOWING HOW TO BLESS HIMSELF.

Journal I. C. B. U.

In the report of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of Chicago, an incident is related of a child in charge of the poor-house, who had been "classed by the matron as a Protestant," but proved he was a Catholic by "taking off his cap and making the sign of the cross."

A similar incident occurred not long since in Philadelphia. A well-known Catholic, ever active in all benevolent and charitable movements in our city, found a child in the possession of an officer on its way to the Home for Friendless Children, one of these "non-sectarian" institutions so destructive of Catholicity in the young. Steps were taken to have the child withheld from that establishment. The pastor of the parish would n't have anything to do with the case. The parish would have to support the little one if the pastor had it placed in a Catholic asylum. But our benevolent worker was not to be thus frustrated in his efforts to save the child's faith. He had the case brought before a magistrate, and claimed, under the law, the child's committal to a Catholic institution. The magistrate wanted proof of the belief. The boy blessed himself, and the magistrate was satisfied. So the boy went to a Catholic institution, the parish don't pay for him, his faith can be preserved, and the debt on the parish church is not delayed in payment.

RELIGION is not a thing apart from education, but is interwoven with its whole system; it is a principle which controls and regulates the whole mind and happiness of the people. — *Lord Derby*.

A GLANCE AT PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

To those earnest Protestants amongst us who have so generously contributed to the American Bible Society, the Foreign Missionary Society, the society for the conversion of Papists, etc., the great disproportion between the vast amounts of money expended in these holy enterprises, and the small number of converts said to be made, must be a matter for considerable reflection. Missionaries, who, with their wives and children, have willingly relinquished the things of this world, devoutly accepted a good salary, and gone away even into the lands of the Romanist, to enlighten those who sit in darkness, send home every year glowing accounts of the great prospects spread before them, — harvests ripe for the reaper, etc., — but somehow or other the results of the devoted labors of these self-sacrificing gentlemen and ladies, we find, to use their own words, and put it mildly, “fall far short of their expectations.” Yet the ardor of the salary-drawers is not a whit abated by ill success, and, strengthening their eloquent appeals for further aid by such original phrases as “Never despair,” “When you put your hand to the plough,” etc., etc., they commonly succeed in opening again the purse-strings of the gullible.

Millions of dollars have been spent in the attempt to Protestantize Italy, and with what result? The Pope has lost his temporal dominions, Rome has been freed from the “onus of ecclesiasticism,” and “liberal ideas” have been widely spread through the land.

These words we hear every day; but what has been the gain to Protestantism? How many of the liberalized Italians have become Protestants? Why do the sects avoid taking credit to themselves for the extraordinary increase of immorality and undetected crime which has taken place in Rome,

and throughout the whole kingdom, since the formation of United Italy?

We have seen Garibaldi praised as a demigod in Protestant papers. Does the life record of the sensual wretch do credit to his eulogists? Methodists, Baptists, and many other of the thousand and one sects have raised funds, and built splendid churches in the Eternal City, just for the name and show of the thing, and there every Sunday the well-paid pastors deliver family discourses on the evils of Vaticanism, not having, outside their own vines and olive branches, even a single dearly beloved Rogers as an auditor. Even those Italians who cease to be practical Catholics despise Protestantism, and the Socialists and Nihilists, who seem to favor it, use it only as an instrument against the mother church, — the great opponent of infidelity. As it is in Italy so is it throughout all Europe. The infidel rulers of France, and those who hold the helm of state in Belgium, though avowedly opposed to Christianity, favor any kind of Protestantism, knowing well that it can be used as a pliable tool, ever ready to change in order to suit circumstances. In Germany, the cradle of heresy, where, while all other creeds are encouraged and supported by the government, Catholics are persecuted and oppressed, Protestantism is fast dying out. The enlightened disciples of the “exact sciences” ridicule it, and even from the pulpit come, occasionally, teachings far in advance of our most advanced American notions on religion. The members of the Greek Church not only refuse to be “converted,” but, when some time since earnestly besought to acknowledge Protestant Episcopal clergymen as priests in holy orders, disdainfully refused. The missions to the Irish have been an admitted failure. Tract distributors, exhorters, expounders, soup suppliers by the thousand, were

scattered through the land, and the system of organism was pronounced perfect; but the people turned with disgust from the rampant "swaddlers," and, even in the greatest destitution, refused to sell their souls for the proffered bribe.

An English Protestant nobleman, Lord Francis Osborne, who has lately visited the Clifden mission in the county Galway, writing to the Dublin journals, describes the plan of proselytism attempted amongst the starving Connemara peasants as a disgrace to Protestantism, and denounces the whole system, by which a few officers enrich themselves on funds drawn from dupes in England and America, as a gigantic swindle.

While we see Catholicity every day recruiting her ranks from the highest and most intelligent classes, and drawing to herself in every country the greatest minds of the age, does it not seem absurd to find a religion, whose pretended mission is enlightenment, endeavoring to force members into her fold by temporal temptations, and, by constant repetition of long-since disproved calumnies against the church, trying to catch the uneducated?

Now let us see what progress Protestantism has lately made amongst pagan and barbarous peoples.

In Australia the natives listened to the white man's teaching, and lived in luxury at the mission stations, till like Jacky, in Charles Reade's famous novel, "Never Too Late to Mend," tired of civilization, and filled with unutterable longing for a kangaroo hunt, they suddenly decamped into the woods, and soon forgot all they had heard. "They are irreclaimable," said the Protestant missionaries. Catholic teachers thought otherwise, and the happy result of their endeavors has proved that they were right. Under the charge of Bishop Salvado the native missions of New Norcia have become a decided success, and the devotion to and love for their priests exhibited by these rude children of

nature is such as they have been hitherto supposed incapable of.

In South Africa, Japan, and the East Indies, there are many Protestant missions, long established and well endowed. Indeed, the difficulty is that there are too many of them, and the Methodists, Baptists, etc., in what can scarcely be described as polite language, denounce each other, greatly to the amusement of the natives, who feel amazingly tickled by this sort of thing. The learned Hindoos tell them, in the words of Red Jacket, to first settle amongst themselves what their religion means, and then propose it for the examination of others.

What progress Catholicity is making in India may be guessed from the manner in which the "Ceylon Observer," a Protestant journal, endeavors, in a late number, to explain the failure of the Episcopalians to convert the disciples of Buddha. "They" (the Buddhists), it says, "have from Roman Catholics a far more complete and splendid substitute for heathenism."

A writer in "Scribner's Magazine" for May complains bitterly of this rivalry of the Protestant sects, which, he, thinks, is one of the chief causes of the failure of foreign missions, and as a remedy he suggests the partition of the districts amongst the sects, a general agreement being made that no reserve shall be intruded on by unlicensed trespassers from without. To the Methodists he would assign the negroes, hinting, no doubt by way of compliment, that in their worship the followers of John Wesley approach nearest to Fetishism; and the disciples of Martineau and Channing are, he believes, the only ones who can with success assault the strongholds of Buddhism. The matters on which sects disagree seem to him of little importance, as he advocates a "common Christianity," failing to perceive that "common Christianity," viewed from a Protestant standpoint, means just nothing. Protestantism

embraces those who deny the divinity of our Lord, as well as those who refuse to believe in his humanity; Unitarians and Trinitarians, Baptists and Calvinists, Episcopalians and Quakers. Let these all be charitable, and agree to give up what the writer in "Scribner's" calls "pet dogmas," and what is left? But let us hear the gentleman explain: "Even if Christianity be valued only as a police power curbing the animalisms of society, this is no time to haggle over *isms* and pet fields. It would be very hard to persuade uncultured minds that as truth often advances faster when coated with error, — that as the rapid conquest of the Roman Empire by Christianity was accelerated by the adhesion to the truth of apostolic error regarding a second advent and end of the world, — so, now, an inferior type of Christianity may have adaptations to particular nations because of its inferiority and admixture with error. Yet upon the possibility of overcoming these objections depends the future success of our missions."

And this is enlightened nineteenth-century Protestantism! Truth is to be made palatable by a proper admixture of error, and falsehood, because it is adapted to particular nations, is to be largely used by ministers of the Gospel. Are these the means by which the Lord of Truth wished his teaching to be made known to all men? But we have heard doctrines of the kind before ingeniously founded on the Scriptural text, "Be ye therefore all things to all men." How it is discovered that the apostles erred by preaching a second advent and end of the world, we cannot possibly see. Perhaps this, too, is one of the "pet dogmas" which ought to be charitably surrendered for the benefit of common Christianity. But any attempt to smooth over difficulties, and unite the various Protestant sects, must, like all previous plans of the kind, prove a failure. Protestantism has within itself the

principle of disunion and disruption. Teaching, as it does, that it (the church) may be in error, and leaving every man free to form his own religion, it cannot logically lay down as positive a single dogma, even the existence of God or the certainty of an hereafter. It is thus merely a religion of doubt, and as Mr. Mallock has shown, a nursery for infidelity; therefore the folly of supposing that such an elastic, or rather nihilistic creed as it holds can ever curb the animalisms of society, is evident to every man who devotes a few moments' thought to the matter.

FREETHINKING.

Catholic Progress.

WHAT is a freethinker? An eagle with its wings cut off. Imagine the king of birds reft of his wings, and think what a ridiculous object he would appear; an eagle hopping like a sparrow and fettered to earth! Why, the goose would be a nobler bird than he! So is it with the freethinker; he assumes a fine name, a name of independence, but all the freedom that he has is confined to the name, and the name is a misnomer. Free! he is no more free than the wingless eagle; he cannot soar; he is confined to the elements that compose dirt, the fairest compounds of which are destined to corruption and decay. He may use microscope, telescope, spectroscope, but, after all, these can only bring to his cognizance things of matter, — things that are passing through a changeful state and terminating like the moon, as they say, in a dried-up cinder. Free! yes, the Christian man is free; the Catholic is the only free man on earth. He gazes on creation, but he is not confined to creation; he is not locked up in the prison-house of material things, but he soars on eagle wings above them; contemplates in the Creator the heavenly prototypes of all created things; learns to be grateful to God, his loving Father, and exults in the freedom of the children of God.

CONVERSION AND APOSTASY.

The Catholic, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE difference between conversion and apostasy is very great. The one is an honorable and advantageous act, the other an unprincipled and unprofitable one. To become a convert, is to take a step from the rut of error to the high plane of truth; to become an apostate, is to descend from the serene heights whereon truth reposes as on an altar, to the debasing level where vice dwells in its horrid revelry. The former is a duty, the latter is a crime. The individual abandoning the tenets of the denominations and entering the Catholic Church, performs a praiseworthy act; for he is simply, yet truly, making a supreme effort to emancipate himself from the thralldom of error which painfully enslaves him. He is struggling to be free, and such an effort must always, either in the order of nature or of grace, if freedom be a right, be considered justifiable.

A Protestant embracing the doctrines of the Catholic Church becomes a convert, and the epithet implies a noble movement towards the light on his part. A Catholic deserting the church of his forefathers to unite with some one of the sects, becomes a pervert or apostate, and the epithet here implies degradation and infamy. It is a base and perfidious surrender of valuable and imperishable principles, and stamps the apostate with all the marks of wrong-doing so heinous that words fail to describe it. The Catholic faith consists of many dogmas; if it did not, it would not be worth much. These doctrines are positive and clearly defined teachings,—so clear, in fact, that no one can fail to comprehend their declarations. They assert certain things in so emphatic a manner that doubt is, and ought to be, excluded. Up to the tenth century, when the Greek Church denied the

procession of the Holy Ghost from Father and Son, there was but one faith in Christendom. At that time a schism came which was fostered by circumstances and surroundings which had little sympathy with religion. The schismatic, in his denial, gained nothing; he lost much. The Catholic believes all that the Greek schismatic believes, and more. He believes two dogmas, at least, which the latter believes.

At a later period, in the sixteenth century, the Protestants, not content with the progress that the Greeks made, pushed things a great deal further. They denied dogma after dogma. Some believed in more of them than others; but all of them ran riot with the faith of their ancestors. Catholics, however, believe in all that they do. In all the Christianity which is taught from Protestant pulpits, Catholics are believers. There is and can be no controversy on this point. Yet the denominations cannot, in the true sense of the word, be called religious; because such a life as they have owes its origin to the denial of the doctrines of religion. Their belief is a disbelief, contradictory as the terms may be. Negation is not religion, and negation is the distinguishing characteristic of all the Protestant sects. Whatever is not denied is Catholic.

From the foregoing premises flows the inevitable consequence that the Protestant who enters the pale of the Catholic Church does not reject anything that he had hitherto believed in, in the way of religion. He takes and adopts the greater for the less, the valuable for that which is not only of no value, but detrimental to the interests of the immortal soul. He becomes a convert. On the other hand, the Catholic who abandons his faith, and steps over to the embrace of a

Protestant sect, is in truth an apostate, inasmuch as he abandons a secure and well-founded belief, and denies what he had heretofore believed. A learned writer, not a Catholic at the time to which we allude, once wrote: "For my part I would blame the Catholic who became a Protestant, because it does not seem reasonable that he who possesses the most should go in quest of the less; but I do not and could not blame the possessor of the less to go in quest of more." From all this the difference between conversion and apostasy is apparent. The relative merits and demerits of the acts are clearly apparent. They represent virtue and vice in a very positive way; and as virtue to all minds holds a higher place than vice, conversion is preferable to and worthy of infinitely more honor than apostasy. The one is the act of the brave individual, the other and latter the cowardly and interested misdeed of the venal and unprincipled poltroon.

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.

CHILDREN, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by her gentle hand! Make much of it while you have that most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, — fond, dear friends, — but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you, which none but a gentle mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in my struggle with the dark, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glance cast upon me when I appeared asleep, never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed since we laid her beside my father in

the old churchyard, and still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

RHEUMATISM AMONG FARMERS.

THERE is a good deal too much carelessness generally among farmers with regard even to ordinary precautions for the preservation of their health, and yet, after all, there is scarcely any class to whom sickness or disease is more irksome and inconvenient. Rheumatism is frequent among them, because they wear wet clothing, heat and suddenly chill the body, over-eat after very hard work, and because they do not keep their skin in a clean and healthy condition. If farmers would avoid suddenly cooling the body after great exertion, if they would be careful not to go with wet clothing and wet feet, and if they would not over-eat when in an exhausted condition, and bathe daily, using much friction, they would have less rheumatism.

OLD superstitions are dying out, according to the "Antiquary." It used, says a writer in that organ, to be a common thing for sailors to refuse to go to sea on a Friday. We hear nothing of this in these steam-boat days. Steam has made every day alike. Steam has been a great changer, and in the matter of popular superstitions it has proved the great reformer. Wherever steamboats and steam-engines appear, superstitions disappear; ghosts, fairies, witches, are speedily forgotten. Who ever heard of a ghost in a railway station, or of a bewitched cattle truck, or of a haunted saloon carriage? The thing is impossible. The most expert seer could not find a ghost in a first-class waiting-room, could not even imagine such a thing. Ghosts like very different quarters, — old houses, wainscoted rooms, secret passages, and scanty visitors.

FATHER BURKE, O. P., IN LONDON.

THE GREAT DOMINICAN PANEGYRIZES THE FOUNDER OF THE JESUITS. A MAGNIFICENT DISCOURSE.

THE Feast of St. Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus, was observed on the 31st of July, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, at Farm Street, with extraordinary solemnity. The announcement made some days previously that the great Dominican preacher, the Rev. Father Thomas Burke, would preach, attracted a congregation that filled every part of the building. High mass was sung by the Right Rev. Mgr. Patterson, Bishop of Emmaus, assisted by the fathers of the church.

The Rev. Thomas Burke, O. P., ascended the pulpit at the conclusion of the first Gospel, and took his text from the ninth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles:—

“And the Lord said: This man is a vessel of election unto me, to carry my name before the Gentiles and kings and the children of Israel. For I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name’s sake.”

Father Burke, in the course of a sermon that was listened to with breathless silence for upwards of an hour and a half, said the three greatest conversions recorded in the history of the church were those of St. Paul, St. Augustine, and St. Ignatius of Loyola. Paul of Tarsus, from a fierce persecutor of the infant Church of Jesus Christ, became the greatest of her apostles; St. Augustine became the greatest of the Church’s theologians and the father of Catholic scientific theology; St. Ignatius, who was a soldier, and naturally given up to thoughts of worldly honor and glory, became the greatest hero of the Church in modern times. Putting aside his warrior’s arms, he clothed himself in the armor of God, he girt his loins with truth, having on the breastplate of faith, and in his strong right hand that mighty sword which is the spirit of the Word of God to

strike aside the fiery darts of the most wicked one. Thus he appears to us in the history of the Church during the last three centuries, standing in the front and thickest of the fight, covered with wounds, but still erect, his uplifted hand waving his sword, the smoke of battle surging around him, and with the light of victory on his marble brow. There is no reading more interesting or instructive than the lives of the saints. There we shall find an answer to all the great questions which concern us most. There we shall learn the practical spirit we are to gain to battle against the enemy of our soul. This interest in the lives of the saints is increased a thousandfold, when we come on a saint such as Ignatius, one of the guiding spirits of his age,—a life so full of mystery and so replete with light and instruction. The fifteenth century closed with three remarkable events. Christopher Columbus discovered America, and opened up a new world. In 1483 Martin Luther came into this world, and in 1491 St. Ignatius was born. The sixteenth century dawned in the light of these great events. The discovery of Columbus was enough to change the whole face of society, but a far greater change than this was coming. That heresy was making its appearance which was to call in question, and, as far as possible, to destroy the unity, the authority, and the government of God’s church, and to submit the very grounds of faith to private judgment. That heresy appealed in one form to the pride of man, while in another it let loose his worst passions. Kings, nations, and peoples became divided, and lost their Christian spirit and their Catholic character. The men who brought these things about did not, perhaps, foresee

the result of their work, but we to-day taste the bitter fruits of the tree they planted three hundred years ago. In 1517, the unhappy heresiarch first preached his heretical doctrines in Germany, and in a few years France and the North of Europe were plunged into disorder, — kingdom divided against kingdom, and vast numbers of families against themselves. In 1531 appeared St. Ignatius. He was a page in the court of kings, for he was nobly born, and was, besides, a warrior in the camp. In 1521, while commanding the Spanish forces at Pampeluna in their resistance to the great army of the French, he fell, almost mortally wounded. During the long illness which ensued from the serious nature of his wounds, to while away the time he began to read the lives of the saints. He became enamored of the heroism of those glorious servants of God who had forsaken all things for Him, and, with that grand faith which is characteristic of his race, he began to question himself, "Were not these men the same frame as I? Surely I can do for God what they have done." He opened his heart to the Holy Spirit which was speaking to him, and made up his mind to consecrate himself to God. It would seem as if hell itself had a forecast of the danger to which it was exposed from this new enemy; for we read that when he consecrated himself to God's holy service a terrible earthquake rent the place, and the windows of the building were broken, as if the powers of darkness were striving to crush him. As soon as he left his bed, lamed for life, he set out for Montserrat, and meeting a poor beggar on the way, he changed with him his rich clothes, and assuming the garb of poverty, went and hung his sword at the altar of the blessed Virgin. Thus did Ignatius gain the most glorious victory soldier could ever achieve, — triumphing over the world. We hear of warriors who have consecrated themselves to God, and retired crowned with the laurel wreath of victory. But here is

a man as proud as any, who thought so much of the world's opinion that he was ready to die in defence of his honor, retiring a beaten soldier, and trodden down in a lost cause. Heedless of the suggestion of friends, the instinct of human honor, or his own flesh and blood which bade him wait until he had accomplished some deed worthy his antecedents in the field, the man of God proceeded to Manresa, where he practised on his flesh the most awful austerities. He girded his loins with an iron chain, and three times a day he scourged his body until he tore the flesh from his bones. He fasted on a morsel of bread and a cup of water, and, besides attending the duties of his community, spent seven hours each day in prayer. He lay down on the cold earth with a stone for his pillow, and spent his time tending the most loathsome cases of disease in the hospital. Soon after this the saint set out for the Holy Land, to kiss the ground sanctified by the feet of the God in the flesh. In 1524 we find him at Venice. Gone from the seclusion of Manresa, he perceived, for the first time, the change that was coming over the world. He saw that a time was coming when the old order of things would be unable to fight against the difficulties of the age, and he determined to act as a priest in the apostleship. He clothed himself in pur-suance of his purpose, and mitigated his austerities. Was that because he was tired of his life of penance? No man was ever truer to himself than St. Ignatius. His motto was *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam*: to give greater glory to God, wherever and in whatever way God deemed the best. Under the finer garments the iron chain still goaded his flesh, and the hair shirt was never absent from his back. In 1528 he set out for the great University of Paris. Little did he know the success that was awaiting him when he commenced his studies there. The best and brightest among the students became deeply

attached to him, and he led them away, by his example, until they became shining lights of modesty and purity before the whole university. The professors, unable to comprehend how such a man could exercise such mighty influence, began to suspect him, and at length decreed that he should be degraded in the public hall of the college. The authorities, however, afterwards reinstated him, and acknowledged him to be a true servant of God. This was his fate: first to be suspected, condemned without trial, then punished, and finally acknowledged as a man of God by those who had before persecuted him. This naturally added greatly to his influence amongst his fellow-students, amongst whom were numbered Francis Xavier, James Laynez, Alphonsus Salmeron, and Nicholas Alphonso. These are names of men who have made themselves immortal by their great achievements in the world, and in the history of the church by their lives. It was on the 15th of August, 1534, in the chapel at Montmartre, that St. Ignatius and his followers made their vow to renounce the world, and give themselves up to promote the greater glory of God. They were to form the nucleus of the future mighty order of the Society of Jesus. In the centre rises the saintly figure of Ignatius, and round him are his spiritual children, filled with the same beautiful spirit that animates their father and their founder. Three years later they set out for Rome—such as were not priests being ordained on the way—to obtain the confirmation of their order by the Holy Father. Ignatius took twelve months in retirement to prepare for his first mass; how that time was spent, God and his servant alone knew. Very few things are more difficult to obtain at Rome than the confirmation of a religious order, and particularly at the time when Ignatius went. The spirit of the age pronounced against all religious orders, and Protestantism declared religious

virginal chastity an act of hypocrisy, and did all that lay in its power to make that life more difficult day by day. The religious order St. Ignatius was to found was to be different to any other that existed. — it was to take in the whole range of human and divine knowledge. The Jesuit was to be the best general teacher and scholar of his day. Men could not understand this. Was it from any disregard of the monastic life, or the distinctive religious habit, that St. Ignatius established this order on such new principles? No man ever lived who was more thoroughly impregnated with the value of monasticism than St. Ignatius. What did he do to make up for these monastic benefits in his order? He took the individual man, broke in him everything that was faulty or imperfect, trained him thoroughly in all virtue, and then fearlessly flung him forth out into the world to do the work of God in every country and every clime. In 1540 Ignatius obtained the confirmation of his order. It has often been said that if a man becomes a Jesuit he loses his individuality in order that the Jesuit may take his place. Is this true? There is nothing more sacred than the personality or individuality of man, and do those who make this charge ever reflect, in what does this individuality of man consist? Is it in those mean passions and low appetites which we share in common with all men, or is it not rather in the soul, character, will, and intelligence that man differs from his fellow-man? Surely it is in the latter, and not the former, that man's true individuality consists. To break everything that is evil in man, to fill his mind with all that is holy, to strengthen his will with the highest principles, is surely not to destroy this personal character, but to improve and shape and form that character which belongs to him. St. Charles Borromeo tells us that it was from St. Ignatius he learned the first principles of his exalted sanctity. St. Philip Neri tells us that through

him he acquired the knowledge of mental prayer, and St. Francis Xavier, whose name was resounding through Europe by reason of his wonderful work in India, addressed his last letter to "My father, St. Ignatius," thus canonizing him before his death. On the 31st of July, 1566, the saint passed away, and heaven was gladdened at the sight of his holy soul. He had accomplished the end of his creation, and splendidly saved his soul. But the founder of a religious order never dies. Ignatius did not die. The sun that lights up the day sets in the western heavens, and it seems as if the light had vanished; but that light still remains. The moon and ten thousand stars return to light up the beauty of the night. Even so ten thousand Ignatiuses sprang from him, and his voice is heard in every clime. His light appears in lands of which he never heard the name. Xavier saved millions of souls, and he was but as a tendril on the vine, which is Ignatius, who will live as long as there is a Jesuit to labor and suffer for the greater glory of God. Ignatius is in his grave, but he opens up the vast region of China by his successor, Ricci.

Ignatius, though in his grave, is risen again immortal. All the great achievements of his sons in every clime have been accomplished in the face of persecution and calumny. This was the inheritance he left them. Strange inheritance, won by prayer, received from the hand of God, and handed down to his children, — the cross, the hard, heavy cross, not merely as a subject for pious meditation, but to be borne on the shoulders of every Jesuit, to be dragged on fondly and laboriously, in the midst of the jeers and contumely of the enemies of God, the sneers of the wise, the hatred of the wicked, the doubts and fears of the faint-hearted, often of those who are serving the cause of the same great God with themselves. What shall I say of the labors of the Jesuits? My words might be misunderstood. I

may be a partial witness, because of my love, affection, and veneration for St. Ignatius and his children. Let the enemies of the Catholic Church speak. One writer tells us that the Pontificate of Rome was saved by the Jesuits. Those are words, as we all know, which no Catholic would think of using. We know no order is necessary for the Papacy. It requires no human help, it is founded on the rock and destined to remain forever. The same writer tells us that before the Jesuits had been in existence one hundred years, they had filled the world with memorials of their work. The history of the Jesuit order may be summed up in three things, — hard work, great success, and terrible persecution. Take France at the present day. From the day the Jesuits were first established there, they had first the University of Paris, then the Parliament, then the Jansenists, against them. Then they had the Huguenots assembled together, and thirsting for their blood. At the present day, the men in power in that unhappy land are careful to fall back on evil laws, framed in bad times, and bring them forward to persecute them. The words of our God to St. Ignatius, "I will still be favorable to thee in Rome," should remind them that they had the strong arm, the potent voice of God, ever ready to protect them. In 1733, such was the pressure put on the Sovereign Pontiff that he signed the decree banishing the Jesuits from Rome. He did this with his eyes blinded with tears; he was never seen to smile, and he died within twelve months. Ignatius bowed down his head, and died without a murmur. It is not for us to inquire into the motives or reason for this act. The pontiff did not do it for any crime, but to escape the universal persecution of the Church with which he was threatened. Ignatius was doomed to die to save sinners from the threats they held out against the Church of God. Perhaps one reason for this act may be that God wished to show all men that no order

or individual is a necessity in the Church of God; but I find a deeper and a better reason. When Ignatius founded his order, he told his children that, though other orders might excel them, they were to permit no order to exceed them in obedience; that must be perfect. The Jesuit must be ever ready, at the word of his superior, to face death and danger, in any form or place, for the glory of God. St. Stanislaus died a saint, through this obedience. The great test of obedience is death. When the apostle was extolling the obedience of our Lord, he said, He was obedient even unto death. To St. Ignatius alone was given the privilege of being obedient unto death. There was one only hand that could slay him. For two hundred years the powers of hell raged against him, and he defeated them, but at length the word came to St. Ignatius from Rome, and he and his society died. The Jesuits are no more. Vice runs riot amongst the people. The great missions of Africa and South America languish and die. The smiling plains of Paraguay are again plunged into barbarism. In Europe, it seemed as if hell itself had broken loose: The very name of God was proscribed, until, in 1814, Pius VII. recalled to life St. Ignatius and his order. There were still some old men who had lived through these troubled times, and they returned again, with redoubled strength, to their old work of labor, persecution, and suffering, for the sake of God. Never has this society done more than since its return. Never has it been more persecuted than at the present day, when we are preparing to receive those whose only fault is that they are those of whom our Lord said, "They shall cast you forth as something evil, for my sake." Every order in the Church of God represents, in some form, the life of Jesus Christ. His holy poverty is beautifully represented by the spiritual children of the great St. Francis, his holy spirit of prayer by the sons of St. Bruno and St. Ben-

edict, his preaching by the children of St. Dominic, and his toil and his labors by many other orders in the Church. But the risen life of our Lord, which commenced on that wonderful Easter morning, when the rising sun beamed on an empty tomb, is represented only by the Jesuits, for they died and rose again; and whoever chooses to persecute them has to battle with the dead, — with those risen from the grave. Who ever made war upon the dead? What great general ever led a mighty army into a vast graveyard? The dead cannot be bribed: they can have no fear; they cannot die again; death has no longer any dominion over them. Ignatius is risen from the grave, and they who would measure swords with him are striking at one whom they can never wound, for he is immortal. Nations may rage, and peoples may attempt strange things, but He that dwelleth in the heavens shall cause their efforts to pass away like the clouds that leave no trace. God will remain; the Catholic Church will remain; and, standing at her right hand, brave and unconquered, like a true soldier, without reproach and without fear, battered, if you will, wounded and bleeding, but still with the laurel of victory on his head, will be seen the figure of Ignatius, and the great Society of Jesus.

AN IDEAL. — Life should, by all possible right means, be made enjoyable and beautiful to every one. To make the hand-worker take interest in his work it is necessary to give him as much pleasure as possible. Each should encourage each, not to outwit, but to do better than others; the hand-worker to be afraid not of doing too much work, but of not doing it well enough. Such trades-unionism would not drive trade away from British shores, — an ideal perhaps impossible, but at least not impossible of aim. — *Nineteenth Century*.

THE maiden's band of hope — A husband.

THE AFGHAN WAR.—TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE latest versions of the disaster near Candahar, although far more favorable than the "annihilation" telegram, are not by any means very satisfactory or reassuring; indeed, some portions of the London press go so far as to say that the later versions are worse than the first, and that an Isandula complete extermination would have been less lowering to English honor, and less damaging to English prestige in the East, than the *saufte qui peut* straggling rout at Kushk-i-Nahkud. We confess that we are not quite able to take this heroic view of the calamity, but still we go some length with the sentiment, and we can to some degree sympathize with the judgment that is thrown out of balance by the staggering singularity of the incident. That a British general, with a selected and well-appointed force of about 3,000 men, with cavalry, infantry, and artillery, with a considerable proportion of Europeans, acting on the offensive, and on ground of his own choosing,—that under these conditions a British general should be encountered, beaten, and routed by an Eastern horde is something outside all Anglo-Indian experience. England is fond of reciting how small was Clive's force at Plassey, and Eyre Coote's at Wandewash, and Wellesley's at Assaye, and Napier's at Meanee; and now England has to record how large was Burrows's force that failed at Kushk-i-Nahkud. It is to be remembered that, in the military estimate, the disaster at Kushk-i-Nahkud differs from the Cabul defiles massacre in the winter of 1841, as much as the defeat at Waterloo differs from the rout from Moscow. At Cabul the incapacity and poltroonery of the generals consigned the troops to helpless slaughter, but in the action with Ayoub Khan it was not so. The

English were beaten, and badly beaten, and let them retrieve it and avenge it in ever such sweeping overproportion, still the fact remains, and the fact is the first of its kind in Anglo-Indian annals. The details of the battle that have come to hand as yet are not numerous or explicit, and what we have we owe to a "Times" telegram, dated "Candahar," on Monday last. How the "Times" could have telegraphic communication with Candahar when the telegraphic lines are cut seemed a puzzle; but the explanation is, that their runner had made his way to a telegraph station at Killa-Abdulla, forty-four miles on the Quettah side of Candahar. However this may be, the correspondent says that Kushk-i-Nahkud, the scene of the battle, is fifty miles from Candahar. It is, of course, in the western direction, towards Herat and the Helmond, and it is not marked on any map of Afghanistan that we have had the opportunity of consulting. The "Times" adds that the fighting was severe, and that the battle lasted four hours. The English were then repulsed, and forced to retreat on Candahar, losing, either on the field of battle or on the retreat, 20 officers, 400 Europeans, 800 natives, and 3 Horse Artillery guns. It surely was a crushing defeat; and, more than that, it is just the sort of defeat to suggest dangerous notions to the Beloochees, Sikhs, Punjaubees, and other tribesmen. It may whisper to those wild warriors that the hated Feringhees are no longer the men they were at Hyderabad and Gwalior and Aliwal and Chillianyallah, and that now is the time to rise against the foreign race.

THE SIXTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

Linked in misfortune, the Sixty-sixth Regiment, six companies of which

have, we fear, been cut to pieces in mid-Asia, will go down in the English military history of the last half of the century with the ill-fated Twenty-fourth, whose battalions dyed with blood the fatal field of South Africa, — Isandula. The Sixty-sixth Regiment was raised in Berkshire more than a century ago. It bears on its colors many of the battle names of the Peninsula: Douro, Talavera, Albuera, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Niye, Orther, all glitter in the heavy folds of its regimental standards. The regiment embarked for foreign service ten years ago, going to Bombay. A glance over its list of officers, we regret to say, finds augury of mourning in many a happy Irish home. We find Fitzgerald and Lynch, and Chute and O'Donnell, and Pigott and Cullen, and Beresford-Peirse, amongst its lieutenants and sub-lieutenants. It will be seen that amongst its officers were men of splendid service and reproachless valor. One of them was present the day the ground for the trenches was broken before Sebastopol, and it is on record that he never absented himself from duty until the Russian citadel fell before the allied arms. No matter how one may feel about the inception and conduct of this unjust war, one can only have regret for brave lives sacrificed, and sympathy for bright homes darkened by the dread shadow of death upon the threshold. The uniform of the regiment is scarlet and green.

THE FLOOD OF EMIGRATION.

A WRITER in "Catholic Columbian," Stephen Byrne, observes: —

The arriving immigrant is no pauper. He has been supported and educated in another land. This country bore not the burden of his helpless years. He comes as a soldier already prepared for the battle of life, — anyhow for the battle of labor. Whoever, therefore, looks upon him as a pauper is a fool. Any citizen of the

United States that withholds from him his counsel, and, if necessary, more substantial assistance, is a man that understands not the country in which he lives. The Hon. Edward Young, chief of the Bureau of Statistics, in 1870, calculates that every arriving immigrant, taken in the average, is worth to America \$1,000. Taking this as a basis, he concludes that the addition to our wealth from immigration alone would be, during the last sixty years, ten thousand millions of dollars. All intelligent Americans will remember that in the year 1800 our population was only five millions of people. What has made it forty-five millions (probably) in 1880? To some extent natural increase and the acquisition of new territory; but in far the largest measure it is owing to the immense immigration during the interval since 1800. Immigration has been the very corner-stone of the greatness of this Republic.

THE miracles wrought by St. Benedict, according to his biographer, did not terminate with his death, nor were they confined to his relics. The cave in which he dwelt at one time is reported to have retained a certain healing virtue, and St. Gregory speaks of it thus in Chap. xlviii.: A certain woman falling mad, lost the use of reason so far that she walked up and down, day and night, in the mountains and valleys, in woods and fields, and rested only in that place where extreme weariness enforced her to stay. Upon a day, it so fell out that, albeit she wandered at random, yet she missed not the right way, for she came to the cave of the blessed man Bennet; and not knowing anything, in she went, and reposed herself there that night, and rising up in the morning she departed as sound in sense and well in her wits as though she had never been distracted in her whole life, and so continued always after, even to her dying day.

THE LAND-OWNERS' PANIC.

Justin McCarthy, M. P., for Longford, in the Nineteenth Century for August.

"DOCTOR, the thanes fly from me!" Did Mr. Gladstone utter any such words during the last few days, as rumor came of the resignation of some other lord-in-waiting or gold-stick in office? Is *est-il possible* gone too? Such is the one joke said to have been made by James the Second. It was announced that his daughter Anne's husband had passed over to the enemy. Anne's husband had been in the habit before that of greeting each new announcement of defection from his father-in-law with the remarkable words *est-il possible*? Therefore, when he too went, James made his one jest. Who is the *est-il possible* of the present crisis, and has he gone yet? The author of Coningsby could alone have done justice to the events and the rumors of the last few days, — the revolt of lords-in-waiting, the alarm that more substantial politicians were about to follow in their path. Mr. Gladstone was certainly placed in a difficult position when trying to carry his Compensation for Disturbance Bill through the House of Commons. Lord Elcho, I think it was, who likened the Prime Minister's trouble, with the Tories on one side and the Irish members on the other, to the proverbial condition of one placed between the devil and the deep sea. An honest French *bourgeois* once wrote to Scribe offering to pay him handsomely if Scribe would allow him, the *bourgeois*, to become a *collaborateur* in some future drama. Scribe wrote back an angry line or two, in which he declared that it was not usual to yoke together a horse and an ass. The *bourgeois* was equal to the occasion, and instantly dashed off a letter demanding indignantly how Scribe had dared to compare him to a horse. Acting on the principle of the *bourgeois*, I shall assume that Lord Elcho compared the

Irish members to the deep sea. Between the Conservatives, a section of the Whigs, and the Irish members, Mr. Gladstone was undoubtedly burdened with a difficult task. I cannot, of course, speak for the Conservatives or the Whigs, but I think I can say for the Irish members, that even when they felt themselves most strongly compelled to oppose any of Mr. Gladstone's propositions, they recognized to the full the spirit in which they had been put forward, and credited Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster with an honest purpose to serve the Irish tenantry.

The measure itself is curiously out of proportion to the amount of panic which it seemed to stir up amongst Whigs and Conservatives. Although it has been explained again and again in the newspapers, I may venture on a very few words to put clearly before the readers of the *Nineteenth Century* what the object of the bill really was. The Land Act of 1870 recognized a certain ownership or copartnership of the tenant in his holding. The labor of his hands must have gone to give the land some of its value, and the Act passed by Mr. Gladstone in 1870 recognized this fact. Where the Ulster tenant right existed, and where, therefore, the tenant had a recognized right to compensation for improvements, and to the sale of his good-will or ownership when leaving his holding or ejected from it, Mr. Gladstone simply took this Ulster custom, and made it law. Where the Ulster tenant system did not exist, the Land Act of 1870 recognized the right of a tenant to compensation for improvements, and recognized also his right to claim compensation for the loss of his holding in cases of capricious or unjust or unreasonable eviction. The one exception it made was in the case of eviction for non-

payment of rent. If the tenant failed from any cause to pay his rent, he lost that claim to compensation which it would otherwise have been his recognized right to make. But when the distress of 1879 and 1880 set in and threatened to deepen into famine, it was certain that a great many tenants would be unable to pay their rent simply because of the failure of the crops; in other words, by reason of what is formally described as a visitation of God. The question raised by the Compensation for Disturbance Bill was whether it is fair that a man who would pay his rent if he could, but whose crop had failed, should, on being evicted from his holding, forfeit all claim to the compensation to which he would have been entitled if Providence had not decreed that his field should be barren. That is the question in dispute. I hardly think there is any reasonable man who, looking at that question calmly, will not say that justice and equity, and feeling of right, and every other consideration that can influence a statesman, were on the side of Mr. Gladstone when he introduced the measure to allow the evicted tenant in such a case some claim for compensation. It was to be strictly a measure for the relief of distress. It was to apply only in districts scheduled as actually suffering from distress, and to apply only for a short and limited time. Be it observed, too, that the claim which the bill proposes to give to the tenant is not an absolute legal right which he is simply to ask for and to have. It is merely a claim which he is entitled to raise before the county-court judge. The county-court judge is to look into the whole circumstances of the case, and if he thinks the dispossessed tenant has any fair claim he may award him as much or as little as he believes the tenant entitled to demand. He may award the tenant nothing at all if he thinks he is entitled to nothing. The landlord gets his arrears of rent, and gets his land, before the tenant gets anything. The county-court

judges in Ireland are certainly not a class of men likely to be infected with socialistic doctrines. They are not, as a rule, members of the Land League. They are not enthusiasts on the subject of the Social Contract, or the rights of man. They are not likely to be absolutely indifferent to the interests or the feelings of the landlord class. I am sure I do not wrong them when I say that, other considerations being equal, they would most of them rather stand well with the landlord class than not. Assuredly the tenant is not likely to get more than justice at their hands. I believe he would get justice as a rule, but there is not the slightest probability of any leaning in the minds of the judges towards any view of the relations between property and labor which could put the landlords in the least fear for the due preservation of their interests.

A great deal was heard of the Irish Land League during all the recent discussions. The Irish Land League is supposed to set all sorts of dangerous agitation in motion. It is apparently regarded by many men in the House of Commons, as the fountain and origin of all the ills of Ireland. The Land League, it should be remembered, is a body which has been only a very short time in existence, and it seems to me that we heard something of distress and suffering and agitation and disaffection in Ireland, a good many years and for a good many generations before the Land League ever came into operation. But if the Land League is really so powerful and so dangerous a body as it is represented to be, there is only one way to render it less powerful and less dangerous, and that is to take away from it the excuse which it has at present. The other night, in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone, speaking of the alleged operation of Russian agitation and Russian intrigue in Bulgaria, made use of some words which, with a mere alteration here and there, might be applied to the present

condition of things in Ireland, and to the alleged operations of the Land League. Mr. Gladstone declared that the only way to disarm foreign intrigue was "to remove the pabulum of foreign intrigue, and take away the diet on which it feeds. . . . Our desire is to shut out that influence that approximates too dangerously to intrigue; but the only mode of obtaining that end is to procure, by just and firm measures, that some stop shall be put to the monstrous evils that prevail in the Ottoman Empire." Substitute "Ireland" for "the Ottoman Empire," and "agitation" for "foreign intrigue," and we have the moral applied with aptitude and with force. Mr. Gladstone's very simple bill for compensation for disturbance would not of itself do very much to disarm agitation, or to take from disaffection the pabulum on which it feeds. It is so simple a measure, even regarded in its application to the present moment, and to a limited district, that I myself felt bound to join in a protest against its insufficiency. Something larger, more comprehensive, and having more promise of permanence, must be introduced into the Irish land system before we can disarm agitation and take from disaffection the pabulum on which it feeds. But the bill was an earnest of an intention to do something towards the settlement of the land question in Ireland. In that spirit, and because of that promise, it was denounced and obstructed by the Tories.

But of course it was not the poor little Compensation Bill which caused so much stir amongst Conservative politicians, and which threatened to lead to the opening of a "cave" among the Liberals. What alarmed Whigs and Conservatives was the fact that Mr. Gladstone was evidently resolved to deal with the whole land question at the first opportunity, and their conviction that this little measure for the relief of temporary distress embodied a principle which could never be got rid of, and was only an

indication of the direction which future legislation is sure to take. The panic was hardly better than what some critics described it, — a mere scare. There are two or three facts which must be well known to all landlords, reasonable or unreasonable, and for which all reasonable owners of property have long since made up their minds. In England the artificial restrictions which cling around and clog the settlement and the transfer of land are undoubtedly destined to be removed before long. The object of all rational legislation must be, as far as possible, to bring about that free trade in land which shall make it as easy to transfer property in land as property in railway shares or in shipping. The law of primogeniture will unquestionably, before long, have to be abolished. The law which makes the possessor of an estate not its owner, but simply its occupant, and hands the ownership over his head to a yet unborn heir, is one which must be abolished. It is hardly possible to suppose that any educated landlord really doubts that such alterations in our law must be made. None of these alterations would in the slightest degree affect the just right of the landlord, — that is to say, in the sense of restricting it. On the contrary, such legislation would tend to free the landlord from some of the restrictions which now in so many cases prevent him from following the dictates of prudence and of justice. Such legislation would be legislation, strictly speaking, for the relief of landlords from unreasonable restraint. In Ireland it is certain that legislation must take the direction of the Ulster tenant custom all over the country, and that some extended and systematic effort must be made, after the example of the Church Commission, to facilitate the purchase by tenants of their holdings. The experiment of founding a peasant proprietary in Ireland must be tried. If it be tried under the guidance of statesmen, and with the wise co-operation of land-

lords, it will have infinitely greater chances of success than it might have under other conditions. But the man who believes that the experiment will not be made, ought to believe that the sun will not rise the day after-to-morrow. The only alarm which Whigs or Conservatives could have felt, if they looked reasonably into the question, when Mr. Gladstone brought forward his Compensation for Disturbance Bill, was that kind of alarm which people feel when the first announcement of a change is given which they always knew was certain to be made. This is not an alarm which calls for much sympathy or soothing. It is excusable on the part of the little boy who is going to be dipped into the sea to feel a nervous shudder when the moment comes for undergoing the actual immersion; but if we could assume the little boy to have sense enough to know that the dip was to do him good, and that it ought not to be postponed, we should expect him to get over his nervousness easily, and we should make no allowance for it at all in the case of one who had passed beyond the years of infancy. Even timid Whigs and old-fashioned Conservatives ought by this time to have grown out of the notion that Mr. Gladstone is a statesman of revolution. No measure that he has ever brought in has tended in any way to the disturbance of sound existing systems. On the contrary, all the measures for which he is responsible have tended to the settlement of our political systems on a more satisfactory basis. It was shown over and over again, during the course of the recent debates in the House of Commons, that where the Ulster custom existed in Ireland there has been no hint of disturbance, even in places where keen distress prevailed. Disturbance existed where there was distress, where there was the terror of famine, and where at the same time the unfortunate tenant had no security for his holding, or chance of compensation if, unable to

pay his rent, he were to be evicted. It ought to be, one would think, an axiom in politics by this time that security for a man's holding does not tend to make him quarrelsome and disaffected. The impression on the mind of the Irish peasant that he has a moral right to a certain ownership of the soil he cultivates is founded, in many cases, on strict historical justice. There are many estates in Ireland which were transferred by confiscation to the ancestors of their present owners, and of which the owners, during generation after generation, did nothing but receive the rents. I am far from saying that it is so in all cases, or in the majority of cases; but there are many instances of Irish estates, the improvement and development of which were left for generations to those who worked the soil, while the owners did nothing but receive the rents. It would be impossible that under such conditions the man who tilled the soil should not become impressed with the idea that he had a moral right to a share of its ownership, and that the law was unjust which denied to such a right its practical recognition.

What I am anxious to point out is that some change in our land system is unavoidable, and is near; that only harm will be done by trying to prevent or to shirk it; and that it can be most safely carried out under the guidance of a man at once bold and conscientious, like Mr. Gladstone. We hear much talk of a new "cave." Suppose some alarmed Whig land-owners did or do form a cave, what would come of that? We know what came of the cave formed in 1866, under the guidance of men so able as Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman, so influential as the Earl Grosvenor of that day. The secession was made in order to prevent the passing of a very moderate, not to say niggardly, Reform Bill, and it ended in the passing of household suffrage. It ended, too, in the accession of the Reform Ministry which abolished the Irish Church

and passed the Land Act of 1870, that very Land Act which is denounced as the source of all the present agitation. The lesson of that time can hardly have been thrown away upon Whig peers and members of the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone is strong in his energy, in his inexhaustible eloquence, and in his readiness to receive new ideas; but he is stronger still in the possession of that instinct which is genius in itself, and which enables him to discover long in advance the direction which an unavoidable movement of political or social forces is destined to take, and to put himself in harmony with it. This time he evidently sees that a reform in the conditions of our land-tenure systems is the demand made by the social and political necessities of the condition at which our civilization has arrived. The changes to be accomplished will of course be effected most safely and satisfactorily if they are made by a willing combination of all the great representative forces and interests of the country. It would be a solid advantage for Mr. Gladstone, or whatever Liberal statesman may undertake this reform, to have the cordial co-operation of so intelligent and influential a class as the great Whig peers and land-owners. But the movement will not stay for the great Whig peers and land-owners. It will not wait until they have made up their minds whether to help or to hinder it. With them or without them, it will still go on. Although my views on the land question are decidedly what would be called advanced, I should prefer that, in England especially, the changes to be made should be worked out by a combination of all the great interests concerned, the land-owner as well as the land-holder; the peer as well as the peasant. But if the land-owners, and especially those of the Whig order, choose to stand outside the movement, or try to prevent it altogether, and, wrapping themselves up in the obstinacy of mere class interest, refuse to help Mr. Glad-

stone in his enlightened and really moderate schemes of reform, then I for one can only hope that he will soon make up his mind to do without them, and to rely altogether upon the assistance of more robust and less prejudiced men.

There are admirers, amateur, officious, and others, who appear to think that it might be a wise stroke of policy for the Lords to pass the Compensation Bill in some emasculated form, which yet, owing to the necessity for seeming to do something, the Commons might be persuaded to accept. Personally, I should not much care. I do not much care about the Compensation Bill except as an evidence of good intention. But the territorial aristocracy would gain nothing whatever by a stroke of this kind. No one would be taken in by it. The evil day, as some of them think it, would not be postponed. The Conservatives themselves have acknowledged more than once that a change of some kind is necessary in the land-tenure system of this country. They acknowledged it even by their poor and peddling Agricultural Holdings Act. Of course by making the Act permissive they took away from it all value to the tenant, and indeed all influence of any kind on the land system. But so far as it went it was an acknowledgment that some change was needed, and its introduction was preceded and accompanied by admissions from supporters of the Conservative government in both Houses that the existing condition of things could not be allowed to remain unaltered.

In fact the English land system has long since reached that condition which draws from all parties, and all sides, and all manner of voices, the acknowledgment that something ought to be done. No one who is worth listening to insists any longer that its present state is perfection, and is destined to be perpetual. The only question is, What is this something that is to be done? For myself,

I have a considerable dread of the sort of legislation which is introduced because the government, or the public, or both have found out that something ought to be done. I fear that the Compensation for Disturbance Bill was introduced in this spirit, and because of this impulse. I fear that its defects are owing to the hasty manner in which a government is compelled to legislate when it finds that something must be done. Every excuse, of course, is to be made for the present government, because of the distress which rendered some immediate action necessary. But the bill bears the evidence of its origin, and is therefore a warning to the government when they come to prepare a general scheme of legislation as regards England no less than Ireland. We must have for England, as well as for Ireland, some scheme born of fuller deliberation and wiser counsel than that which comes of the discovery of that something must be done. The Whig territorial aristocracy, if any assistance is yet to be expected from them, could undoubtedly play a most important part in assisting and guiding such legislation. The Conservatives, it is to be feared, will recognize but one undivided duty towards such legislation, that of obstructing and perverting it. From them we cannot expect any genuine help towards a settlement of the land question. Left to themselves, they would very soon bring the country to a social revolution. The Whig territorial aristocracy, if they are really going to be worthy of their place in history, must assist Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals to avoid that revolution by sound and timely legislation. There is now a great chance for them to regain some of the active and positive influence which they once had in the political life of these countries. For a long time they have been content to be merely passive; and now there are voices, chiefly, indeed, coming from Conservative ranks, which urge them to try a negative influence, an antagonistic influence, to set them-

selves in opposition to the Liberal and forward movement on this land question. No doubt it would be a very convenient thing for the Conservatives if they could make a catspaw of a certain section of the Whigs. But this arrangement will hardly, I think, be effected. The position which the Conservatives would have the territorial Whigs now to take up was virtually abandoned by the party when Lord Hartington made his memorable declaration during the debate on Mr. Chaplin's motion for an agricultural commission. Lord Hartington frankly admitted that the existing system of land tenure in this country had broken down. Many attempts were made afterwards to give an exaggerated interpretation to his meaning, and Lord Hartington found it necessary to make some explanation. But what he meant to say, and what he said, alike acknowledged the fact, plain to every one outside the sphere of territorial Conservatism, that some change must be made in the relations between landlord and tenant in England, if the rural population are to be admitted to share in the development and improvement which are open to every other class. Political forces, as well as social and economical, are destined to act in the same direction. Not even the slowest of Tory squires, if he thinks over the matter at all, has any doubt that a large extension of the county franchise is one of the near and certain reforms. The county franchise will unquestionably, within a very short time, be put upon a level with the franchise in boroughs, and then the rural laborer will be permitted to have a say in the political business of the country. If that change be made before any alteration in the land laws of England, it seems hardly necessary to point out that the land reform will probably be somewhat deeper and wider in its character than it would be if undertaken at present. Even from selfish motives, the most prudent course which English landlords could

take would be to endeavor to get the inevitable land reform put into shape before the county franchise is so expanded as to admit the rural laborers to a vote. It would be wise on their part to assist, and even to hasten the reform, instead of trying to delay it. Delay must, to a certainty, mean greater change in the end.

An extraordinary scene was witnessed after midnight on Tuesday night (Aug. 3), or rather on Wednesday morning, in the House of Lords, when the division was taken at the close of the momentous debate on the Compensation for Disturbances Bill. There was a profound though suppressed excitement in all concerned, both among the noble lords voting and among the dense concourse witnessing the division. As it happened, too, the House of Commons was just up when the division in the Lords was taken,—the scattering members of the Lower House making a rush along the lobbies to the vestibule of the Upper Chamber. When the numbers were announced there was a moderate amount of cheering in the Lords, the sound, however, being echoed in the lobbies with a certain enthusiasm among the members of the House of Commons. An analysis of the division shows some most remarkable results. For example, the minority in favor of the bill consisted exclusively of members and supporters of the government. The Liberal peers who voted against the bill were sufficiently strong, in point of fact, to have rejected it, even had not a single Conservative vote been given. There were in the majority no fewer than fifty-eight peers classed as Liberals, and twelve who sit on the cross benches. A very noteworthy fact is that Lord Sherbrooke and Lord Brabourne (better known as Mr. Robert Lowe and Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen) both opposed the bill. Three Catholic peers,—Lord Kenmare, Lord Emly, and Lord O'Hagan,—voted in the minority. Fifteen, on the other hand,

—the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Bute, the Earls of Denbigh, Gainsborough, Granard, and Orford, Viscounts Bury and Gormanston, with Lords Arundell of Wardour, Beaumont, De Freyne, Dormer, Gerard, Lovat, and Vaux of Harrowden,—voted in the overwhelming majority against her Majesty's government. Not a single Conservative peer voted in the minority. The minority, it is further worthy of note, was made of four dukes (Devonshire, Westminster, Leinster, and Argyll), one marquis (Northampton), four viscounts, one bishop (Ely), and twenty-four barons; while the majority (two hundred and eighty-two) included sixteen dukes, nineteen marquises, one hundred and nine earls, twenty-five viscounts, four bishops, and one hundred and nine barons. "A peer," writing to the *Times*, says, "It may interest your readers to know that the fifty-one peers composing the minority in the House of Lords on Tuesday night consisted of twenty-three officials, four ex-official Liberals, sixteen independents, one bishop, and one newly created lord-lieutenant. Sixty-three Liberal peers voted in the majority. So the government were beaten by a majority of twelve by their own usual supporters."

"We care not," writes the Bishop of Louisville, "how thorough may be the teaching, how severe and careful the mental training, how conscientious the supervision of those who manage non-Catholic schools, be they public or private, the Catholic youth can never receive in them that training and knowledge which is his birth-right; a right which not even his parents are justified in depriving him of."

"You must recollect that all I am telling you happened one thousand eight hundred and seventy years ago." Sally: "Lor', miss, how the time do slip away!"

THE WONDERS OF KNOCK.

Continued from page 290.

to Father Kavanagh: "Several cures have been effected already, throughout this island, by using the cement brought from your chapel, in water. A very wonderful one has lately come under my own observation. A carpenter, who works for us, and to whom I had given a tiny bit of cement, in some holy water, met with a very painful accident a few days after. While making a door, he drove a chisel through the palm of his left hand, with such force that it came out at the back, severing, on its way, the sinews and the arteries. The poor man ran home. Scarce knowing what he did, he poured a little of the holy water containing the cement on his hand, and in a moment the pain left, and the blood ceased to flow. A strange, unaccountable feeling, he says, took possession of him on seeing the effect produced by it, and he fainted. On recovering, he found that the wound had already commenced to close. He applied to it, for all dressing, a bit of linen steeped in the water, and was able to return to his work same day. The hand is now perfectly healed, but the large mark which still remains shows what a terrible wound had been there. The brother of one of our lay sisters had his eye restored by the application of a bit of cement sewn up in silk. It was in an almost helpless condition, being horned by a cow."

The following is an extract from a letter, dated July 12, 1880, from a nun in a convent in Arabia: "Very Rev. Archdeacon,—Permit me to write and tell you of a special grace we received through the intercession of our Lady of Knock. One of our young nuns had been suffering with consumption, since her arrival from Europe, in December, 1877. Last April, the doctor said her lungs were in a very bad state. Towards the end of June, a friend gave me some of the cement from the church at Knock. It was just what we all desired, and our dear sister applied a portion

of it to her chest. Her sufferings diminished gradually, and at the end of a novena she had no pain at all, neither does she cough. The doctor is much surprised at the improvement, as he calls it, after he assured me that he could detect nothing wrong with her chest. I told him what happened. He is a Protestant, but honest enough to admit the force of prayer. I have no words to convey our united gratitude to our Immaculate Mother, who has listened to the humble prayers of her Irish children."

In all, some five hundred cures have been effected.

IRISH SURNAMES.

John O'Hart's "Irish Pedigrees."

Stone, Stoney: Irish O'Maolcluiche ("cloch," a stone).
 Sullivan: Irish O'Suilleabhain.
 Taafe: Irish O'Taibhthe.
 Tierney: Irish O'Tighearnaídh.
 Tighe: Irish O'Taidgh.
 Tilley: Irish O'Taichligh.
 Toler: Irish O'Tolairg.
 Toole: Irish O'Tuathail.
 Tully, MacTully, Flood: Irish O'Maol-tuille and MacTuile ("tuile," a flood).
 Verdon: Irish Fhear-duinn.
 Ward: Irish MacAnbhaird.
 Wesley: Irish MacUaislaídh.
 White, Whyte: Irish O'Bean ("ban," white).
 Winter: Irish O'Maolgeimhreach ("geimhreadh," winter).
 Wyne, Magee: Irish O'Maolgaoithe ("gaoth," the wind).

My children, it is like a person who has a slight illness; he need not go and see a doctor, he may cure himself without. If he has a headache, he need only go to bed; if he is hungry, he has only to eat. But if it is a serious illness, if it is a dangerous wound, he must have the doctor; after the doctor come the remedies. In the same way, when we have fallen into any grievous sin, we must have recourse to the doctor,—that is, the priest; and to the remedy,—that is, confession. — *Curé of Ars.*

IRISH LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS IN THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

[Commenced in No. 4, Vol. III.]

READING EXERCISE.

1. *2le olc.* 2. *2lel fada.* 3. *bédo, dédo ašur dñé.* 4. *Cor clé.* 5. *Cné úr.* 6. *Fe né.* 7. *Fé fada.* 8. *Feš mór.* 9. *Féd ʒaη ʒó.* 10. *ʒé bán.* 11. *le mé.* 12. *2ñēη ʒlé.* 13. *Sé ašur dó.* 14. *Sñé ašur cné.* 15. *2ñ té.* 16. *Tét mór.* 17. *Tá aη bédo olc, ašur aη dñé mór.* 18. *Tá aη féd ʒlé.* 19. *Tá aη feš mór ašur fada.* 20. *Tá aη né lāη.* 21. *Tá réʒ aη téct, ašur tá aη mēη ʒaη ór.*

1. A bad liver. 2. A long fleshfork. 3. A deed, teeth and a sledge. 4. Left foot. 5. Fresh clay. 6. Under the moon. 7. A long grave-rod. 8. A large cut, or gash. 9. A narration without a lie. 10. A white goose. 11. With me. 12. Pure ore. 13. Six and two. 14. A dowry and clay. 15. The person. 16. A large drum. 17. The deed is bad and the sledge large. 18. The narration is pure. 19. The gash is large and long. 20. The moon is full. 21. He is without a drum, and the mine is without gold.

2ñ Cúʒeað Ceac̃t.

(LESSON V.)

Words in which the vowel *j* occurs:—

bj, small, be thou.	fjle, a bard, a poet.	mjñ, fine, smooth.
bjl, hair.	ʒññ, birth.	ñj, not.
bññ, a son.	j, she (her).	pfb, a pipe, a tube.
bñññ, melodious.	jñ, is (are).	pjce, a pike.
cjb, a hand.	jññ, butter.	ñj, a king.
cjll, a church.	jñññ, we (us).	jñññ, a headland.
cññ, a bed.	lj, the sea, the ocean.	jñr, rice.
cñp, a file of soldiers.	lj, a law.	rj, she.
cññ, a comb, the cud.	ljñ, a tongue.	rjl, to drop, to shed.
ojs, a dike.	ljt, activity.	rññ, that.
oñl, fond, faithful.	mj, a month.	rññ, a collar.
oñr, a pair, two.	mjle, a thousand.	ojs, come.
oñt, the end.	mjle, a soldier.	oññ, fear.
fj, poison.	mñl, honey.	oññe, fire.
fjñ, a smile.	mññ, meal.	oñññ, sick.

Բանդա Օ Որոլլաճ Բօրսր Բարս
Շրիւան, Օօճտրա Շէրէշ.

Ի՛յ Բրի Բուճ ի՛յ Բրի Յրձօ Ծրօ-
յիճե րան ծոճ րօճ և շէրէ, ի՛յ
Բրի Բրիւնլիօն ճօնօւյիճ Ծօ Բրի
րէ րօճար Ծ՛Բձձալ Խձօ, շրիւյի
րօնիան րճար ի՛յ Ի-Շրիւյիճ Ծօ
րճիօճաճ, աճճ Ծօ Բրիճ Յրի ի՛յ
րսր ի՛յ Բ՛օրիւճօր և շօնիօնիւճ
Ծօ Շրիճ Բձր շօնիւյիճ Յճ
Բօրիւյճ Ծար Բրիճ 1, Ծօ Ծօ 1
ի-Բձճաճ, Յան Խաճ ի՛յ յօնիւճ
Ծօ Շճանի օրիւ, Բձր ի՛յ Բրիւյի
Յրի Բ Ծօնիւճ ի՛յ Բրի Ծօ
Յձձալ Բրի Շրիւյիճ րճ շա-
րիւնլիւճ Ծօ Բրիւյի օրիւ, Ծօ
Բրիճ Յրի Բ Բրի Յձօնիւճ ի՛յ
ի՛յ Ծօ Շրիճիւյի, Բձր Յիճ Լէր
Բ Ի՛յ և ի-Բրիւյի ի՛յ, ի՛յ ի-
ի՛յ Ծօ ի-Բրիւյի ի՛յ ի՛յ Լէ
Բձր, Բ շաճիւճ յօնիւճ ի՛յ
Ծար ի՛յ շրիւյի օրիւ, Բձր
ի՛յ Բրի Ծօ Շճ-Յալիւ, Ծօ
ի՛յ ի՛յ Բրիւճալ; Բձր ի՛յ Ծ
Ծօ ի՛յ Ծար Բր Բօրի Լէր Յճ
րճիւճ Ծ Ծ րճիւճի Բր Շրի-
ւյի, Ծ ի՛յ Ծար Բր Բրիւյի Լէր
Յճ ի՛յ Շալ րճիւճ Ծ Ծ րճի-
ւի Խրիւ, Բձր ի՛յ Լէր ի՛յ Ծօ
Յրիւճ ի՛յ ի՛յ ի՛յ րճիւճ ի՛յ
րճիւյի Բր Շրիւյիճ, Բր
ի՛յ ի՛յ Ծ Ծիւյիճ Ծօ Յճ ի՛յ Բր
ի-Բձ-Ծօ ի՛յ Ծիւյի Բր Շրի-
ւյիճ Լէր. Ծձ Ծ-Ծիւյի, Ծիւ,
և Ծ-Ծիւյի Բրիւյիճ Բրի Բր
Շրիւյիճ, Ծիւճ Բր ի՛յ Յ-Ծիւյի-
Բրի ի՛յ և Յ-Ծիւյի ի՛յ Ի-Ծիւյի-
Շիւճ ի՛յ Բր Ծօնիւճ ի՛յ 1 Ծ-Ծիւյի
ի՛յ ի՛յ; ի՛յ և Ծձ 1 ի՛յ ի՛յ ի՛յ.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE TO DR.
KEATING'S "HISTORY OF IRELAND."

It is not through any partiality
for any class of people, nor at
the instance of any man, in hopes
of obtaining a reward from him,
that I propose writing a history
of Ireland, but because I reflected
that so noble a country, and such
worthy inhabitants, ought not to
sink into oblivion without some
history or account of them; and
I conceive it more reasonable to
receive my testimony in the ac-
count I give of the Irish, because
I chiefly speak of the Gadelians
(i. e. the aboriginal Irish, the
posterity of Gael or Gadelius),
and whosoever thinks that I say
too much of them, should not
suppose that it is through par-
tiality, praising them more than
they deserved, since I am myself
of ancient British extraction; and
if the country be praised by every
historian who treats of it, so its
inhabitants are abused by every
modern English writer, and for
that reason, and being much
grieved at the injuries done to
the Irish, I was incited to write
a history of Ireland. If, then,
a true account were given of the
people of Ireland, they would be
found as commendable as any na-
tion of Europe in three things;
namely, in valor, in learning, and
in a steady adherence to the

leacét, i leijonetaét, aður þr á
 m-beitð dajonjon þr an éreioin
 Catoijce. Alj inéto deahar þe
 haoimajð Éijonij þj maða da
 inaojéioin eieáo a ljonimajne do
 bádar, do þijð 30 b-fuyljo uðoajr
 éojceijce þa h-éorpa ule a3 a
 aomajl, þur ljonimajne Éjné fá
 haoimajð þjá aonéioé eile þr an
 Éorajp; aður fórr 30 þ-aomaj
 rjao 30 þasbe áro-fiajtear þa
 fo3lamaj j þ-Éijonij coin ljonimaj
 aður rjij, þur þruét rj fo3ijne
 fo3lametá uajteféij do'ij f'raijce,
 do'ij eadajle, do'ij 3earmajij,
 3o fláhojur, 3o Sacrajð, aður
 3o h-álbajij; þar þr fullur ar
 an m-þollac a tá a3 an leadar
 j þ-ar reriobad beata Páðraic,
 Colunij Cille, aður þrijðoe j
 m-béapla. Alður an inéto a
 deahur þe reahéur Éijonij, þr
 inéhearða 3o þasð barahcaimijl,
 do þijð 3o in3lancaoi j b-féij
 Teaimiac 3ac trear þja3ajij é,
 do láðajr uajrle, eazlajre aður
 ollamajij Éijonij; þjoð a f'jað-
 uijrj rjij aþr 'þa þrijleabrujðro
 rjor a tá þe þ-a b-fajerij fórr j
 þ-Éijonij, þar a tá, Saltajr
 Čajrj, do reriob Corimac haoim-
 etá mac Cuijonajij, i3ð da éoj3eð
 Aljímaj, aður ardearbo3 Čajrj,
 leadar Alromajca, leadar Clu-
 anja h-aj3neac f'joncuij j laoj3ijr,
 Saltajr þa Rann, do reriob
 Alon3ur céile Dé, leadar 3liijne-
 dá-loé, leadar þa 3-cearic, do
 reriob beijén haoimeta mac Sejr-
 3ijén, Ujéij Čjapajij do reriob-
 ad j 3-clúajij in3e Kó3r, leadar
 bujðe Aljoloij3e, aður leadar
 Dub Aljola3a.

Catholic faith. As to the saints
 of Ireland, I shall not boast of their
 number, because every European
 author confesses that Ireland pro-
 duced a greater number of saints
 than any other country of Europe;
 and they also acknowledge that
 learning extended its empire so
 widely in Ireland that she sent
 forth swarms of learned men into
 France, Italy, Germany, Flan-
 ders, England and Scotland, as
 appears from the preface to the
 book containing the lives of St.
 Patrick, Columb-kille and St.
 Bridget, in English. And as to
 the chronicles of Ireland, we must
 admit them to be of good au-
 thority, because they were sol-
 emnly purged and examined at
 the convention of Tara, every
 third year, in presence of the
 nobility, clergy and learned doc-
 tors of Ireland; and to prove
 this, the following original rec-
 ords are still to be seen in this
 country, namely, the Psalter of
 Cashel, written by the holy Cor-
 mac Mac Cullenan, king of both
 the provinces of Munster (i. e.
 North Munster, or Thomond, and
 South Munster, or Desmond) and
 Archbishop of Cashel; the Book
 of Armagh, the Book of Cluan-
 Enagh-Fintan in Leix, the Psal-
 ter na Rann, written by Ængus
 the Culdee, the Book of Glenda-
 lough, the Book of Rights, writ-
 ten by St. Benignus, son of
 Sheisgnen, the Itinerary of Kee-
 ran, written in Cluan-vic-Nosh,
 the Yellow Book of Moling, and
 the Black Book of Molaga.

CÁSUIZÍ DÚORSE NI H-ÉIREANN.

Eógan Rúad Ó'Súilleodáin, do éan.

Tráit a hae ir mé tgháite a b-péin, ari fán a 3-céin 3an tuinne
am 3oinne,

Čárla tréimhe a h-doinne coille, am fáon lúide ari heoin,
25 cáraim eu3ad 'r ár ha laoc, d'fui Čárl ir Čein ba éirte
a rformha,

Š'tál mo deuri le h-jomao tuinne, a h-daoi rgháim bióin;
ir léin 3ui deariar báb inin, éáid éaoi rghuad-3eel,

25haoi hahreac láin lhin tob áine heoi3ar 'r cló,
ba éioi3a le ba r3aoi3teac réid, ba éirheac hahac tgho-
poll clu3ar,

21 cjab 3o feuri 'ha h-dl'oi3te r3te ari ao h l3 an óin.

21 tráit lem' éaoi do éáinead an béit, ba bread3a 3hé d'ár
rionhac lhin-he,

Láirheac rléac3aim t3-re a b-foin 3id h3ear dóbac,
'S h3oi b-feairde me a tráit am 3aoi, ba éáinac la3 tréit
le tme m3-re,

21 láinac 3an 3ae3e Čuip3o éirte éneac inill rló3;
le h-é3ean reair ir bári 3uin do'h bái r3ob uaral,
Réaltan hah3he Člari Čuin ir blac ha h3oi3an ó3,
Ču3 raoi3re ir réim do r3o3id breac, ir m3i do'h éléir le
h-uiriam 3uib,

ba ó3oi briac é3re a buime r3te ir caoinhah3e t3eóh.

21 báin-éneir réim ari fan fán éac, hoc d'fá3 3o h-aenar
rin3il r3-re,

3an 3árida léioiheac o3te éirte ir aer3de a'd' deoi3,
No bári mo leui an táin do'h té d'3 rárlac réin do in3ir
é3o3a,

Sáram mé 3an tuile m3ille a'r tré3 cao deó;
do r3reac do r3aim do 3áir r3, a3 rú3, ir t3i érua3 hoi,
Réimheir Čair3l éáid Čuin, le r3ár 3an r33 do m' póir
fa éuin ha h-béar d'fú3 r3ó3e, 3ao3al ha m33de 3lé ba
in3he r33te,

21 3-er3oc lem' éaoi 3o rionha éruac r3ao3ah3e a d-tóir.

[For want of space we have left over two stanzas of this poem, which will appear in the next number of the Magazine.]

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

DOES GOD EVER SCOLD, MOTHER?

"MOTHER," said a little girl, "*does God ever scold?*"

She had seen her mother, under circumstances of strong provocation, lose her temper, and give way to the impulse of passion; and, pondering thoughtfully for a moment, she asked, "*Mother, does God ever scold?*"

The question was so abrupt and startling, that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock; and she asked, "Why, my child, what makes you ask me that question?"

"Because, mother, you have always told me that God is good, and that we should try to be like him; and I should like to know if He ever scolds."

"No, my child, of course not."

"Well, I'm glad He don't, for scolding always hurts me, even if I have done wrong; and it don't seem to me that I could love God very much if he scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her innocent child. Never before had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of the child sank deep into her heart; and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one, to hide the tears that gathered to her eyes.

Children are quick observers; and the child, seeing the effect that had been produced by her words, eagerly inquired, "Why do you cry, mother? Was it wrong for me to say what I said?"

"No, my love; it was all right. I was only thinking that I might have spoken more kindly, and not have hurt your feelings by speaking so hastily and in anger as I did."

"Oh, mother, you are good and kind; only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk as you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, as if I could not come near you as I do when you speak kindly; and oh! sometimes

I fear I shall be put off so far I can never get back again."

"No, my child, don't say that," said the mother, unable to keep back her tears, as she felt how her angry tones had repelled her little one from her heart; and the child, wondering what had so affected her parent, but intuitively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, reached up, and throwing her arms about her mother's neck, whispered, —

"Mother, dear mother, do I make you cry? Do you love me?"

"Oh, yes! I love you more than I can tell," said the parent, clasping the little one to her bosom, "and I will try not to scold you again; but if I have to reprove my child, I will try to do it, not in anger, but kindly, deeply as I may be grieved that she has done wrong."

"Oh, I am so glad; I can get so near to you if you don't scold; and do you know, mother, I want to love you so much, and I will try always to be good."

The lesson was one that sank deep into that mother's heart, and has been an aid to her for many a year. It impressed the great principle of re-proving in kindness and not in anger, if we would gain the great end of re-proof, — the great end of winning the child, at the same time, to what is right, and to the parent's heart.

WHY CHARLIE PROSPERED?

"CHARLIE, come in, I want you," said a sweet womanly voice to a little boy, who was playing marbles on the sidewalk in front of a nice brick house.

Now, Charlie was very busy, and as happy as could be. To quit his play then would be like quitting the table when half through dinner. We looked on with interest to see what he would do. What would you have done?

Charlie replied, "Yes, mother," and picking up his marbles, started off with a smiling face and a bounding step up the side yard, and in at the end door of the house.

A fine boy that, I thought, as I looked after him; I wonder who he is? What a beautiful thing it must be to have a little boy or girl that will mind at once, and with a happy, loving heart! I wondered what would become of that boy, and wished to see more of him and learn his history.

I used to walk past that house every week, and always thought of that blue-eyed, light-haired boy, and the thought of him made me happy. I saw a great many naughty children. Once I spent two or three days in trying to find a naughty boy who ran away from his home, and overwhelmed his parents with grief; and when I found him some one had stolen his coat and hat, and bundle of clothes, and all the money he had. Once I chased after a truant boy and girl for several hours, and at last, late at night, found them in the woods, wet through, cold, and almost frightened to death. They had disobeyed their mother, and gone to play instead of going to school; and both of them were sick for several weeks in consequence of their folly and exposure. A child that minds is indeed a jewel.

I had been in business a year or two, and in that time had had several boys; but it was next to impossible to find one that would mind. At last I was out of patience, and I was determined that I would have no one who could not bring the best of recommendations and stand the closest test.

Several applied for the place, but none of them suited us. At last there came a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired youth of twelve years, with a bright, honest face. There was also something engaging in his aspect. Had I seen him before?

"What is your name?" I asked him.

"Charlie Warren, sir. I live on Franklin Street. My father is a carpenter; but he is lame now, and cannot work, and I have got mother's consent to go into a store, if I can find a place."

It was the very Charlie whom I had seen playing at marbles. I remembered the circumstance, and I knew that he would mind. I did not need any recommendation from him, but gave him the place at twice as much pay as I had before proposed to give.

Charlie came to work on Monday morning. It seemed hard for him the first week to work, but he behaved like a man.

The boys in the next store came in and made his acquaintance. One morning I heard two of them trying to persuade Charlie to go off with them down to the wharves in the forenoon, to see a boat-race that was to come off.

"No," said Charlie, "mother told me to mind my business, and as I am paid for staying here, I do not think it right to go off without my employer knowing it."

That was a brave word, and after that I thought more of Charlie than ever.

That was ten years ago. He has been with me ever since, and proved to be the best clerk that I ever had.

Yesterday we put up a new sign, and on it, in large gilt letters, was Charlie's full name. The store is his own. He is now a prosperous and promising young man, and if he lives, will be a rich and honorable citizen. And all this happened because one bright morning he had minded his mother when she called him.

From such little things do great results come. Always mind, and it will always be well with you.

SILENCE is not always golden. The oyster is continually getting into broils and stews, and he is quiet enough.

PUSSY GREY AND THE TINY
BLUE FLAME.

PUSSY GREY was pretty, very pretty indeed, with soft, mouse-colored fur without a single white hair, a cunning, round head, two silky ears, a pair of bright greenish-yellow eyes and lovely whiskers. And Pussy Grey was a nice cat, a very nice cat, but there's no denying she was a great busybody. She was always poking that funny little nose of hers into everything. It had been banged and scratched and almost caught in a mouse-trap, but still nothing seemed to cure her; a little busybody she remained until the day she met the tiny blue flame. But I'll commence at the beginning, and tell you all about it.

One afternoon—Kitty Black had sent out invitations that morning for a party to be held in her back yard—Pussy Grey was lying on the hearth-rug looking at the fire. It was a beautiful fire, in an old-fashioned grate, and the coals were piled up high, and each coal was doing its best to out-shine and outglow the others. Pussy Grey purred and washed her face, and purred again. She was very warm, very happy, and very lazy, and had almost fallen asleep, when her eyes fell upon a tiny blue flame that leaped up on top of the coals, and swayed and danced about in the prettiest way.

"What can that be?" said Pussy Grey to herself. "It certainly is not a mouse, for a mouse has four legs and a tail, and squeaks when it sees me; and it is not a ball of yarn, for that is round and fat, and there's always a string hanging from it for me to play with. What can it be?"

So she looked and looked for full five minutes, and all the time the flame leaped and danced as merry as could be. At last she could restrain her curiosity no longer. She stood up on her hind legs, leaned over, made a snap at the tantalizing blue thing, and—burned her nose.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" she mewed, as she fell back on the rug. "I wish I had let it alone. I hope there won't

be a blister on my nose, for of course I shall be the belle at Kitty Black's party. No other cat in the neighborhood has such lovely fur, such a graceful form, and such beautiful long whiskers. Dear me, how my eyes do smart! And what is that that smells so queer,—something like toasted cheese?"

But as there was no one there to tell her, she ceased sniffing, washed her face once more, and lay down to sleep until it was time for the party. Night came, and with it a fine moon and many twinkling stars; and Kitty Black, her glossy dress shining like satin, was singing a song for the entertainment of her guests, who had all arrived except Pussy Grey, when Pussy joined them, walking so softly in her velvet slippers that no one knew she was there, until they saw her standing among them.

"I'm sorry I'm so late," she began, in an affected voice, as Kitty politely stopped singing, "but I lay down to take a nap and overslept myself, and—"

But before she could say any more all the other cats burst out laughing so loud that somebody opened a second-story window and threw a bottle out at them.

"What's the matter, pray?" asked Pussy Grey, getting her back up. "What are you laughing at, you rude cats?"

"Why—why—where—where—are your whiskers?" screamed Kitty Black.

"And your eyebrows?" yelled Tom Spot.

"Oh, what a fright! what a fright!" meowed the rest.

Poor Pussy Grey! it all flashed upon her in a moment. The tiny dancing blue thing had been part of the fire, and when she snapped at it, revenged itself by burning off her eyebrows and whiskers. No chance of her being belle now. She turned and fled just as the cats burst out laughing again, and another bottle flew out of the second-story window.

IMPORTANCE OF EARLY TEACHING.

As the child is, so the man or woman will be. Religion is the same in its essentials for little ones and for grown-up people. The same God, the same heart, the same hindrances, the same responsibility, the same life eternal. But unless the seeds have been sown in childhood, there will be little fruit in mature years. Indeed, with all our schooling, we see too many grow up irreligious and immoral, regardless of decency and forgetful of God. Therefore, the Christian parent and pastor and teacher are anxious and busy about Christian education. Some say, "Let the child choose its religion for itself, when it can think and look about the world." This is like saying, "Straighten the tree, after it has grown crooked for years." You cannot do it. The crook is in the very fibre. You can only break it. A child not brought up religiously sucks in irreligion, because the absence of the knowledge and the love of God is not only the absence of religion, but the opposite of religion. If a thing is not white, it must be some other color. You cannot have a thing no color at all. If you take a child no older than ten or eleven or twelve, which has had hitherto no religious teaching, you will not find its mind a blank, or its heart an empty chamber; far from it. Its mind will be all written over, and the writing there will be: Thou shalt love thyself the first; thou shalt labor and strive for this world alone; thou shalt measure good and evil only by pleasure and pain; thou shalt have no heed for the things that are unseen. And its heart will be full of rank weeds of selfishness; of unworthy interests; of big passions, growing up strong and vicious, like vipers in their nest; of anger, hatred, and ill-will. Even the love of parents, of family, of neighbors, even justice, and sweetness, and kindness, even these will be dwarfed, in a heart that knows not God, to the smallness of human feelings, with no elevation to heaven, with no tinge of the grace

of Calvary, with no brightness from the life to come. When you bring God and the Gospel to a heart like this, you are too late. — *Bishop Hedley on Religion for Children.*

AMONG THE CHILDREN.

Cardinal Manning.

It gives me great joy to come here to give you the pledge to-day, that you may begin now in your childhood to abstain from all those terrible and dangerous intoxicating drinks, which are the ruin of men, women, and children, body and soul, in this life and in the life to come. It gives me joy to come here, first of all, because our Lord Jesus Christ loves little children. He loves everybody—grown men and women—because he died for all, but He loves little children. He loves you even more, if possible, than grown people, and I will tell you why: you are young, you were baptized a little time ago, and made children of God, and as yet you have not gone out into the world, and committed those terrible sins which the grown people commit every day, and grieve the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord, and the Holy Ghost, and our Heavenly Father. You have, doubtless, many faults, you have done many things and said many words which are wrong in his sight, I dare say; but, nevertheless, you are young and have not fallen into those great and terrible sins which will one day come to tempt you. Well, now, there is one great sin which is the root, and the cause, and the spring, out of which all the sins that men and women do come in such abundance, that if you take it away you take away a great many more,—I mean drink, drunkenness, intemperance, intoxication; for this is the cause and beginning of almost every sin that men and women commit. Well, now, you are to-day, by the kind and wise consent of your fathers and mothers, going to take the pledge with me. It was with you, or some of you, that some years ago

I took that pledge in your school-room; and I am come here that I may renew it to-day with you, and that you may take it with me and keep it, not only as long as I live, but, when I am gone, with these good priests, who will watch over you and help you to keep this pledge as long as you live. There is another word I have to say to you. I know that many of you come from Italy; I spent many years in Italy and in Rome, and I hardly ever saw a drunken man. I have seen some drunken men, indeed, but they were so few, and here in London they are so many, that I say to myself, "Drunkenness is the sin of Englishmen, and drunkenness is not the sin of Italians." And if I have seen drunken men in Italy, I have never, so far as I know, seen a drunken woman in Italy or in Rome; but here in London I see drunken women,—a most horrible and terrible sight. Dear boys! you will before long be men, and unless you take the pledge, and keep it, how do you know that you will not become drunken men? Dear girls! you will before long be grown women, and unless you take this pledge, and keep it, it may be that you, Italian girls, will become what you would never be in Italy, but what so many Englishwomen are,—drunken women. God forbid that! I hope that all you who will take the pledge to-day will keep it as long as you live. Remember that Jesus Christ loves you because you are children of God, washed in His Precious Blood. You are innocent in His sight, and trusting that, through His grace, you may continue so, I now ask you to take the pledge. The pledge was then administered, after which Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given.

IF I were a man of the world I should wish to have against all my sins, as a shield over my head and the heads of my children, a priest who owes to me his education and his

priesthood, and who, standing every morning at the altar, would be to me as a lightning conductor. Our forefathers, to expiate their faults, used to found a perpetual lamp before the Blessed Sacrament. Found a priest. That will be a better lamp, which will give to God more glory, and to the world more light.—*Vicar-General of Orleans.*

RECOMMENDATION OF A BOY.

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a boy to assist in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number, he in a short time selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his hat when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it and shoved it aside; and he waited patiently for his turn, instead of pushing, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked to him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like the handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you call those letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than all the fine letters he can bring me."

Useful Knowledge.

SEASONABLE AND ECONOMICAL
RECEIPTS.

BISCUIT WITHOUT LARD. — Take one quart of flour, a pinch of salt, one measure of Horsford's bread preparation (if your grocer does not keep it, address Rumford's Chemical Works, Providence, R. I., with stamp for sample package), mix thoroughly, and add sufficient water to make a soft dough. Bake immediately in a quick oven.

BOILED APPLE DUMPLINGS. — Sift your flour, add a little salt, and pour boiling water over it. Mix with a wooden spoon until the dough is smooth, then roll out and cover each apple with it. Have a kettle of boiling water, and drop the dumplings in. Eat with butter sauce.

CHEAP BLACKBERRY ROLL. — Take one quart of flour, sift, and add one measure of Horsford's bread preparation, a little salt, and sufficient water to mix. Roll out thin, and spread ripe blackberries over it, then roll it up and bake in a brisk oven; eat with sauce flavored to taste. This roll will be found light and crisp.

COLD WATER MUFFINS. — Two quarts of flour sifted, a little salt, and one measure of Horsford's bread preparation, water sufficient to make a thin batter. Bake in gem pans or muffin rings. These muffins will be found delicious, light, and particularly nutritious to invalids.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

CLEANING UP. — The season being practically ended, and the harvesting being finished, it will be a useful work to rake up the *débris* of the harvest fields, gather the rubbish in heaps, and burn it, together with the insects and seeds of weeds which it will contain. Potato stalks thus disposed of may take with them a part of the last brood of the Colorado beetle; and the rakings of wheat and corn fields will gather with them myriads of Hessian flies, chinch bugs, fleas, beetles, and other insects, besides the spores of rust and the like. The cleanings up of fence rows will remove much rubbish that harbors vermin. A few bundles of corn stalks, laid about the orchard, will attract mice, which may then be destroyed by means of poisoned corn meal or grain steeped in a solution of

sugar of lead. Cleaning around the trees will also prevent the harboring of mice, and future damage when the snow covers the ground. It is impossible to refer to everything that may be done, but it may be enough to suggest that much useful work in this way will be found during the fall, if it is only looked for.

SOME OF THE THINGS FIRST DONE BY CATHOLICS. — In Germany, the Catholic Gutenberg printed the first Bible. In England, Caxton, a Catholic, introduced printing under the patronage of the Abbot of Westminster. The oldest printed book to be found is a Latin Bible called the Mazarin Bible, supposed to have been printed between the years 1452 and 1456. Cardinal Hugues de St. Cher made the first Concordance of the Scriptures. Father Chiflet, a Jesuit, was the first to review a book, in the first Review ever established, — the "Journal des Savants." The book was the work of some African bishops of the fifth century. The first book printed in the Northern States west of the Alleghanies was the Epistles and Gospels, in French and English. It came from a press set up at Detroit by Father Richard, a Catholic priest, who was at one time a member of Congress.

RECUPERATING THE BRAIN. — The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through, is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of the brain power, the only actual recuperation of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from nutritive particles in the blood which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during the state of rest, of quiet and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they gorge the brain, and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.

The Humorist.

ON board a leaky ship everybody is "admitted to bail."

KICK your corn through a window-glass, and the pane is gone forever.

IN these oleomargarine days no one knows on which side his bread is buttered.

THE evil that men do lives after them. Cows, likewise, do not give eleomargarine until they are dead.

THE spots on the sun do not begin to create the disturbances produced by the freckles on the daughter.

THE most useful pedestrian is the man who walks up and down the room all night with the baby.

"SAM, why are lawyers like fishes?" "I don't meddle wid the subject, Pomp." "Why, don't you see? Because dey am so fond ob debate."

THE average public man cares nothing for the lies that may be told about him. It is the truth that cuts him to the quick.

A YOUNG lady who resides in Towns-town, when recently asked if she was a singer, replied that she only sang for her own "amazement."

A MAN has invented a chair that can be adjusted to eight hundred different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when having his hair cut.

A YOUNG man boasted that he had a well-stored mind, whereupon a young lady murmured: "What a pity we can't find out where he stored it!"

LOUIS XIV., who was a slave to his physician, asked his friend Molière what he did with his doctor. "Oh, sire," said he, "when I am ill I send for him. He comes; we have a chat, and enjoy ourselves; he prescribes; I don't take his medicine, and am cured."

A STORY is told of a shrewd Scotch-woman who tried to wean her husband from the public-house by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost to frighten John on his way home. "Who are you?" asked the guidman, as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush. "I am Auld Nick," was the reply. "Come awa', mon," said John, nothing daunted, "gie's a shake of your hand. I am married to a sister o' yours."

"WHAT," asks a correspondent, "what causes the hair to fall out?" Before we answer we must know whether you are married or single. This is important to a true understanding of the case.

A WRITER on style says: "It is the fashion for ladies to take tea in their bonnets and gloves." One objection to this is that some of the bonnets do not hold much more than a lump of sugar.

WILLIE SPOONLEIGH has a light and incipient mustache. One day, while fingering the few hairs, he said to Laura Dark-away, "Had n't I better dye this mustache?" "Oh, no!" replied Laura; "let it alone, and it will die of itself."

"WHEN I goes a-shopping," said an old lady, "I allers ask for what I wants, and if they have it and it is suitable, and I feel inclined to buy it, and it is cheap, and can't be got for less, I most allers take it, without clapping all day about it, as some people do."

A TEACHER in a Wiltwyck, Ulster County, school recently electrified her pupils, who were annoying her with questions, "Children, I am engaged." Noticing the general look of astonishment, she added, "but not to any fool of a man." And the excitement died away.

A LITTLE fellow, turning over the leaves of a scrap-book, came across the well-known picture of some chickens just out of their shells. He examined the picture carefully, and then, with a grave, sagacious look, slowly remarked, "They came out cos they was afraid of being boiled."

A PHYSICIAN, passing by a stone-mason's shop, bawled out, "Good morning, Mr. D., hard at work? I see you finish your gravestones as far as 'in the memory of,' and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why, yes," replied the old man, "unless somebody's ill, and you are doctoring him; then I keep right on."

A POET says: "What are the dreams of the days gone by?" This is a singular query, even for a poet. The dreams of the days gone by are like the days themselves. — gone by. But, emphatically remarks an American paper, the poet can witness just as lively and startling dreams as those that fled, if he will eat a mince pie, a dozen raw oysters, and some pickled pigs' feet, and drink a pint of cider before going to bed.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 1, 1880.

A Talk with our Readers.

THE great Cardinal Manning completed his seventy-second year in the middle of July.

A GRAND monument to Pius IX., in the form of his statue, little less than twice the size of life, has, by private subscription, been erected in Milan Cathedral.

ALL good friends to our Magazine should urge their neighbors to subscribe for it. Twelve hundred pages a year for only \$2.00.

"BOB INGERSOLL," of profane fame, becomes "Hon. Robert Ingersoll" when he makes a rigorous denunciation of the Democratic party, and circumspect deacons consent to shake hands with him. — *Boston Herald*.

FATHER MIEGE, late superior of the Jesuit Home attached to SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Detroit, has been transferred to Cincinnati. Father Miede had been for twenty-three years Vicar Apostolic of the Indian Territory east of the Rocky Mountains, but in 1874 he resigned episcopal cares and dignity, and returned to the Society of Jesus.

THE corner-stone of a college to perpetuate the memory of Father Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi, was laid in Milwaukee, Wis., on the Festival of the Assumption. The address, on the occasion, was delivered by W. J. Onahan, Esq., of Chicago, which we will publish in our Magazine.

RELIGION is no dread intruder upon innocent enjoyments. It rather encourages them. In fact, without its directing influence there can be no true joy. The world is full of deceptions to withdraw the soul of man into the byways of delusive pleasures and pastimes, and it is only religion that can rob them of their masks and disclose their true character. — *Catholic Columbian*.

WE are pleased the resignation of the Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, as president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, was not accepted. The reverend gentleman has been again re-elected for the third time. He is an energetic worker and a valuable officer.

ST. MARY'S INFANT ASYLUM. — The recent picnic at the Oakland Gardens was a great success. The proceeds amount to some \$4,000. The efforts of the sisters, and the assistance of an effective committee, brought about this grand result. The efforts of John C. Crowley, Esq., is worthy of particular mention.

THE Holy Father has approved the nomination, by the S. C. of Propaganda, of the Very Rev. Patrick Manogue, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Grass Valley, Cal., to be coadjutor, *cum jure*, of the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connell, Titular of that See. He is the third nominee to that position, Bishop Ireland, actually coadjutor, *cum jure*, of the Diocese of St. Paul, Minn., and Rev. Vincent Vinyes, O. P., Prior of the Dominican Convent of Benicia, California, having successively declined the nomination.

A CATHOLIC LECTURE FROM A PROTESTANT PULPIT. — By special request of the Protestants of the neighborhood, the Rev. Father Moriarity, of Chatham Village, N. Y., lectured in the Baptist church at East Chatham, on the evening of July 15, the subject being, "What the Catholic Church has done for Civilization." A large audience, composed of Protestants of different denominations, assembled from the surrounding country, and, what was altogether unusual in a church edifice, greeted the lecturer with frequent and warm applause. At the conclusion of the discourse the pastor of the Baptist church, the Rev. Mr. Ashley, proposed a vote of thanks, which was enthusiastically responded to by the entire assemblage.

EDITOR "Western Watchman": Are the Foresters a secret society? The Foresters of Ireland and England are in complete harmony with the church. We know nothing of the Foresters of this country, but we feel sure they do not excel their Irish and English namesakes in high-sounding titles. The title they give the Creator of "The Grand Chief Ranger of the Universe" is shocking to pious ears, to say the least. We don't like them. — *Western Watchman*.

THE HOMELESS BOY is the title of a neat paper published monthly in the interests of the Catholic Protector for Boys, in St. Louis, Mo. It is edited by Rev. John J. Hennessy, who puts a good deal of spice and wit into its well-filled pages. Some one asked the editor, "Do newspaper reporters ever die?" To which Father Hennessy replies: "Well, we have not heard of any deaths in the repertorial line. We have never seen a report of a reporter's funeral, hence we take it they vanish like the mule, and do not die. They generally belong to the same church the mule does, and, like the mule, the less one has to do with a reporter the better. Josh Billings says a mule is good for six months, just long enough to prepare to give one a magnificent and overwhelming application of his left hind foot, and so with reporters. They don't die, we believe, but are shot, hanged, smashed up in a railroad collision, or blown up in a steamboat, if they are not put in the penitentiary for life."

THE Catholics of Germany are not to be lulled to sleep by the new law which enables the government to carry out the existing oppressive May Laws with more or less severity, according as the Catholics show themselves more or less docile. Last week an aggregate Catholic meeting was held at Cologne to consider the position that is to be taken up in regard to the new law. Eloquent speeches were made by Dr. Windthorst, the leader in Parliament, and by several other orators, and the following resolutions were proposed:—

1. That the thanks of the meeting be expressed to the Catholic representatives in Parliament for the noble attitude taken by them.
2. That this meeting expresses its full and unshaken confidence in the Catholic representatives.
3. That nothing short of a complete repeal of the May Laws be agreed to.
4. That the state has no power over the religious instruction of youth.

These resolutions were unanimously agreed to, and they show clearly that the Catholics of Germany mean to go on fighting until they have recovered their rights.

THE first anniversary of the consecration of the Bishop of Hartford, Connecticut, took place on the 10th of August. The event was celebrated by Pontifical High Mass, at which nearly all the clergymen of the diocese assisted. The clergy presented Bishop McMahon with a purse of \$7,000, and the laity presented him with a horse and carriage valued at \$1,000. Such manifestations of good feeling between the bishop and his flock are worthy of all praise.

SIR EVELYN WOOD, who accompanied the Empress Eugenie on the sad pilgrimage from which she has just returned, has published a brief but affecting narrative of the circumstances of the death of the Prince Imperial,—a narrative which has its value in its authenticity being based on information gained from the Zulus themselves who took part in the ambuscade and attack. Sir Evelyn tells us that the savages were examined separately, and out of sight of one another, on the very scene of the attack. They were forty in number, and of these twelve followed the Prince, and seven or eight of them were immediately concerned in his death. The Zulus, according to their own account, fired on the Prince's party while dismounted. The Prince failed to get into his saddle, but ran alongside the affrighted horse for more than two hundred yards. All the time he was closely pressed by his pursuers. His companions, Carey and the rest, had made their escape, so at last, alone and despairing, he turned, to sell his life as dearly as he could, like, the Zulus said, "a young lion at bay." He was first struck with an assegai inside the left shoulder; when stung he rushed at his assailant, who fled. Another Zulu coming up fired at the Prince when within ten yards, and then for the first time the unfortunate young Napoleon used his pistol. He was then struck from the right rear with an assegai, which, as his sword had fallen out of the scabbard, he until the end used as his weapon against the now overwhelming foe, who pressed upon him until, exhausted, he "sank down on his hips." Then, and only then, did the Zulus venture to close on the white chief. Thus is written one of the saddest pages in contemporary history. It is plain from it that if the party under Carey had rallied and returned — though the whole incident took little longer to be enacted than we take to pen those lines — the Prince Imperial might have been saved, and the future of France, perhaps, changed.

CLUBBING OUR MAGAZINE WITH THE CATHOLIC PAPERS.—We refer to the advertisement. Besides our Magazine, Catholic families should have a good weekly Catholic paper.

THREE BEAUTIFUL VOLUMES.—Vols. I., II., and III. of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, beautifully bound in green and gold, are now ready. Price \$2 50 a volume. Sent free by mail. Address DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

ST. LAURENCE O'TOOLE.—The 700th anniversary of this great saint will be celebrated in November. We will publish a brief biographical sketch of the saintly archbishop, who governed the See of Dublin towards the end of the twelfth century.

ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN.—A magnificent square, having about twenty acres within its rails, was opened to the public as a park on Tuesday, after Lord Ardilaun had spent £20,000 in beautifying it. The rights of the residents on the four sides were purchased by the corporation for the sake of the general body of the citizens, and Lord Ardilaun generously did all the rest out of his own pocket.

MR. O'CONNOR POWER, M. P., in a speech at Bolton, England, said: A land bill had recently been rejected in Parliament, but just as the lords had hitherto to eat its own resolutions, so it would have to eat a far stronger resolution, and a far stronger land bill than it rejected a few evenings ago. (Prolonged cheering.) Hitherto, when speaking to his constituents in Mayo, he (Mr. O'Connor Power) had purposely restrained himself, and underrated the true description of the misfortunes of the situation; but he said, after the debates which had taken place on the moderate land bill introduced by Mr. Forster in the House of Commons, and after the violent treatment the bill received in the House of Lords, he trusted no Irish or English politician would insult him with the word "moderation" until the question had been settled. (Cheers, and a voice, "Sharpen their swords.") These noble gentlemen and these noble lords might discover, before the autumn and the winter campaigns are over, that they made a very serious mistake if they thought that by their hostile attitude to the demand of the government and the House of Commons they had killed the spirit of Irish national resistance. (Loud applause.)

THE Catholics of Dublin contributed £2,000 (\$10,000) to the Peter's Pence collection. This is a splendid contribution, when we take into account the numerous collections in the capital of Ireland the present year.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is, as usual, one of the most interesting among our Catholic publications. The opening article on Catholic Ireland speaks of the fealty of the Irish people to their faith and to their country. The exciting story of "High Treason" has been brought to a close, pretty much to the satisfaction of its readers. And the articles contained in the August part are very numerous. Of these, "The Battle of the Boyne," "The Philosophy of Irish History," and "The Torch of Truth, the Ark of Salvation, and the Source of Life," deserve to be mentioned, as well as "Lough Derg and its Pilgrimages," and several sketches. Cardinal Newman's excellent lecture on the "Conversion of England," which he delivered so recently to the Catholics of this country, is now re-echoed, through DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, to the Catholics of the United States.—*London Weekly Register and Catholic Standard.*

THE RESOURCES OF IRELAND.—Mr. Mitchell Henry, one of the members for the county of Galway, proposes, early next session, to invite the House of Commons to consider the following resolutions: 1 "That this House is of opinion that the general poverty of the Irish people, and recurrence of periods of dearth and famine, proceed in a great degree from the non-development of the industrial resources of the country." 2. "That under existing conditions there is no reason to believe that private enterprise will prove more capable of coping with this state of things in the future than it has done in the past, and that this House is therefore prepared to make an additional effort to enable Ireland to support her population by quickening the industrial development of the country so far as railways, harbors, and means of communication are concerned, as well as the drainage and reclamation of land, and the settling on such reclaimed land of portions of the population who now live in destitution and misery." If these resolutions are adopted, he will move to bring in a bill into committee of the whole House for the establishment of an Industrial Commission, to which funds should be intrusted to carry out these objects, the greater portion of which shall be in the shape of a loan, to be repaid by the works executed, but some portion to fall on the Imperial Exchequer.

BISMARCK weighs 238 pounds, and yet he was much grieved and frightened the other day to find that he had lost 10 pounds since last season.

BOSTON COLLEGE opens with an increased number of students, and additional teachers to its already large staff of educators.

SUICIDES and cases of mental aberration being alarmingly on the increase in the Italian army, the Minister of War has appointed a commission to inquire into the causes of this state of things.

THE Marquis of Bute has just built a villa on the Mount of Olives, overlooking Jerusalem, where he and his wife and daughter will spend the coming winter. The announcement reads like a sentence from "Lothair."

CATHOLICS have no need of sending their children to be educated abroad, while we have such institutions as Boston College, Academies of Notre Dame, St. Joseph's, and the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for September has made its appearance, and a cursory examination of its contents impels us to say that the great experience of its distinguished proprietor is manifest in all its departments. It is difficult to conceive how this Magazine could be excelled. — *Catholic Visitor, Richmond, Va.*

ON this side of the Rio Grande we are little aware of the great change which the late election in Mexico has brought about. The present president, Gonzales, is a friend of the church. The anti-Catholic legislation of the last few years will be undone. The Pope has been petitioned to re-establish diplomatic relations with the republic, and the bishops have already received communication from Rome looking to that end.

MR. E. DWYER GRAY having finally declined to accept re-election as Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. George Moyers, LL. D., has been chosen. Dr. Moyers is a Conservative. Dublin gives the chief municipal office to a Liberal and a Conservative alternately, though the Liberals are in an overwhelming majority; but there was a strong temptation this year to be revenged on the Conservative Dock Board, which has so haughtily insulted the popular party in the matter of O'Connell Bridge; but general feeling triumphed.

It is estimated that 20,000 persons visited Knock on the 15th of August, the first anniversary of the apparitions of our Lady of Knock.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART. — Many people are not aware that Boston is honored by a colony of this celebrated order. But such is the fact, as those who have daughters to educate can ascertain by calling at No. Chester Square.

THE benevolent labor of the Dublin Mansion House Committee has ceased. A final meeting was recently held, at which a general financial statement was read and adopted, and from that moment the committee practically ceased to act. It had to acknowledge the receipt of £179,000 contributed by the charitable all over the world, but in a proportion of almost fifty per cent by the generous colonists of Australia. We take leave to assert that never in the history of famines has a similar sum been so wisely and profitably expended. — *Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

REPORTED APPARITION IN CORK. — A most remarkable occurrence has taken place in the city of Cork within the past few days. A spring of pious celebrity, named "Our Lady's Well," almost in the heart of the city, and which has been completely dry for over fifteen years, suddenly burst forth on Sunday, — Lady Day. Great excitement has been caused by the rumor that an apparition of the Blessed Virgin appeared there at the same moment. Crowds of the faithful are already flocking round it and drinking of the water, which has been credited with healing properties, and which has been flowing copiously since.

REPORTED APPARITIONS IN BALLYRAGGET. — We learn from a trustworthy correspondent that a number of people of every age and condition have been favored with the most wonderful visions of Our Blessed Lady during the past fortnight in the parish church of Ballyragget. The apparitions are accompanied with spiritual consolations granted to those who beheld them. In addition to the figure of the Mother of God, the crucifixion, and the figures of a bishop and a nun, supposed to be Saints Patrick and Brigid, are occasionally seen. Many cures are also reported. Crowds assemble every evening around the church and remain there during the entire night, reciting the rosary and other prayers. — *Kilkenny Journal.*

ONE THOUSAND pilgrims from Manchester, England, under the charge of three clergymen, lately visited Knock.

As we stereotype our Magazine, we can furnish back numbers to any of the new subscribers, lately commenced, at a reduced price. Address DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

At a 10,000 people meeting in Clonmel, Ireland, the staging gave away, precipitating those on the platform to the ground. A voice in the crowd exclaimed, "The weight of the people is with you, sir." The meeting was one of protest against the throwing out of the Compensation Bill by the Lords.

A RETURN has been issued to an order of Parliament of the total number of ejectments executed in Ireland for non-payment of rent from the 1st of January to the 30th of June, 1880, compiled from returns made by sheriffs of counties and of counties of cities and towns. From this it appears that the total number of writs executed was 1,696, of which 417 were in Leinster, 493 in Munster, 552 in Ulster, and 232 in Connaught.

AUGUST 6th was the 105th anniversary of the birth of the great O'Connell. In Dublin the event was celebrated by changing Carlisle Bridge to that of O'Connell Bridge. As the magnificent monument to O'Connell will overlook the new bridge, it was thought the bridge also might appropriately be made to memorialize O'Connell.

WE copy the following from the "Kerry Independent," of Aug. 5:—

"We desire to direct the attention of our readers to an article on CATHOLIC IRELAND, which we gladly transfer to our columns from DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE (Boston). It is from the able pen of a gifted Kerryman, whose fame here at home as the 'Bard of Clanmaurice' was so distinguished before he chose a new home and a wider field for his Catholic and patriotic pen. His friends will be delighted to observe that change of clime and scene has had no other effect on our friend—DE CANTILLON CHURCH—than to increase and intensify his love and services to faith and fatherland. The same noble spirit breathes through his transatlantic productions as animated them here in his native Kerry, with a new vigor

derived from the free atmosphere he inhales, the grand, unshackled country in which his lot is happily cast. We have much pleasure in assuring his numerous friends that the 'Bard of Clanmaurice' is as prosperous and happy as their best wishes could desire."

NEW YORK HERALD RELIEF FUND. — The *New York Herald* Committee, after having disbursed £63,210 18s. 4d., dissolved itself on the 28th July, declaring by resolution in its last moments that all further contributions towards the fund will be placed in the hands of the Most Rev. Dr. McCabe, Archbishop of Dublin, to distribute as his Grace may think proper. It would be as unjust, observes the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, as ungracious, to refrain from placing upon journalistic record an acknowledgment of the debt of the Irish people to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and the gentlemen who were the mediums of distribution of the money collected through his paper for the succor of the distressed. The good work was done with a modesty which enhanced its efficiency, and nearly £70,000 was distributed at a cost of little more than £500.

OUR MAGAZINE. — A member of the Boston Philo-Celtic Society, in a note to a poem which appeared in a former number, thus refers to the Magazine, and it would give us pleasure to hear from other societies in a similar strain. "... It is to be deeply regretted that the spirit which actuated the poet O'Halloran to compose these lines—that rare spirit of truest patriotism—is almost a stranger to this generation. The poem is published for the first time in the June number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and the Irish people should feel intensely grateful to Mr. Donahoe for the patriotic enterprise which prompted him to add to his excellent Magazine an "Irish Language Department" (commenced in April), consisting of elementary instructions, extracts from Irish history with English translation, and hitherto unpublished Irish manuscript poems, which, with the other fine selections contained on every page, cannot fail to make it one, if not the gem of this century and nation. Every society, school, and family, worthy of the Irish name and race, should show their appreciation of this gentleman's efforts in their behalf, and encourage him by sending in their names as subscribers to his Magazine, and give it the place in every household now usurped by the popular literature of the day, whose tendency is to corrupt rather than to improve the minds of the old as well as the young. The language lessons

alone,—the admired and extolled language of the scholars of every nation, even of England,—should be an incentive to every lover of his country, regardless of party or creed, and should certainly arouse the people of Ireland to assist and encourage this work, devoted to their exclusive interests."

Special arrangements will be made with societies forming clubs of ten, or more, for the Magazine. Address DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY AND BOARDING SCHOOL, BOSTON HIGHLANDS.—This is one of the best educational establishments for young ladies in the country. The location is delightful and healthy, and every attention is paid to the religious and physical training of the pupils.

BISHOP BORGESS, of Detroit, has issued a pastoral prohibiting lawn fêtes, fairs, excursions, picnics, boat rides, etc., to be given as a means for raising funds for the benefit of churches in that diocese.—*Morning Star*.

Our own bishop, the Bishop of Buffalo, and the Bishop of Detroit, are all taking the same steps.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph*.

A CHURCH FLOODED.—A catastrophe occurred at Gweedore, county Donegal, on Sunday, Aug. 15, which resembled in

its suddenness the destruction done by a volcano or an earthquake. It was the element of water that was the agent of ruin and death. During mass, a rush of water burst down the glen and deluged the chapel in an instant, drowning several people. The officiating clergyman barely saved himself by clambering up to a window sill. This lamentably startling misfortune resembles, in a miniature way, the fate of the towns in Hungary, in Spain, and in the South of France, which at different times during the last year or two were suddenly engulfed. During or about the time of the occurrence a terrible thunder-storm was raging along the coast of Ireland. At Knock, a vivid description is given of the notable scene enacted there, while the lightning flashed through the crowded chapel, and before the dazzled eyes of an awe-struck people.

MASSACHUSETTS DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The convention assembled at Worcester on the 1st of September, and nominated the following ticket: For Governor, Charles P. Thompson, of Gloucester; Lieutenant-Governor, Alpha P. Thompson, of Woburn; Secretary of State, General M. T. Donohoe, of Somerville; Treasurer and Receiver-General, Colonel F. J. Parker, of Newton; Auditor, Charles H. Field, of Greenfield; Attorney-General, Hon. P. A. Collins, of Boston; Electors at Large, Josiah G. Abbott, of Boston, and Jonas H. French, of Gloucester.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

REV. W. H. BRIC, pastor of St Joseph's Church, Fall River, Mass., died in that city on the 7th of July, where he had been stationed for some seven years. Father Bric was a native of Tralee, Ireland. His funeral, which took place on the 11th, was largely attended by bishops, priests, and laity. He was very much esteemed by all classes in Fall River, and his loss is deeply deplored.

With regret we have to announce that the Rev. William Alban Sheehy, of the Order of Charity, died at Rugby, England, on the 27th July, after a lingering illness of many months. Father Sheehy was born in London in 1805, and may be said to have entered the service of the Church

in his sixth year, at which tender age the Rev. Joseph Hunt took him, as an orphan, into the Presbytery of Moorfields Cathedral. He matriculated in the *Sapienza* at Rome in 1828, and was ordained priest at Prior Park in 1843.

REV. C. FILLING, S. J., assistant pastor of St. Xavier's Church, St. Mary's, Kansas, died in that town Aug. 14. Father Filling was shot in the arm by the accidental discharge of a gun while crossing a field. His physicians recommended amputation, but Father Filling refused to submit to the operation, hoping that the arm might be saved to him. The fears of the surgeon were realized, and the hot weather brought on mortification, from which the good priest died, as above stated. *Requiescat in pace.*

THE death is announced of the Very Rev. Dean Kirwan, P. P., Piercestown, county Wexford, Ireland.

THE Richmond, Va., *Catholic Visitor* announces the death of Rev. Peter Fitzsimmons, of Keyser, who departed this life Thursday, August 5th. May he rest in peace.

REV. JOHN HENRY WALTERS, late chaplain of the Visitation Convent at Wheeling, W. Va., died in that city on Sunday, Aug. 1, in the 66th year of his age and the 27th of his priesthood.

THE Rev. Charles J. Croghan died at his residence in Charleston, S. C., at 11 o'clock on Tuesday night, July 27, after a painful illness, in the 58th year of his age and the 33d year of an active and useful ministry. Father Croghan was born in the county Galway, Ireland, in November, 1822, and came to this country in the spring of 1841.

VERY REV. FATHER MEAGHER, D. D., Commissary General of the Carmelite Order in Kentucky, died at Cairo, Ill., on the 5th August, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. Father Meagher was born in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland, in the year 1841, of parents truly racy of the land of their birth, and who can count their pedigree further back than the time when the Saxon and the Dane printed their unholy feet on the land blessed by St. Patrick.

SISTERS.

At St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, Cleveland, O., Aug. 7, 1880, aged 39 years, Miss Jane Brady, of the Community of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary. Deceased was born in the county of Westmeath, Ireland. May she rest in peace.

LAYMEN.

MICHAEL BARRETT, of South Boston, has just died, aged 107 years.

A NOTABLE Dublin man has just died at the age of eighty. Tom Arkins, during O'Connell's life, took an active part in Irish politics. He was one of O'Connell's "old guard," of whom so few remain. He was a tailor, and on his famous sign of green and gold in Cassel Street he blazoned forth as proudly as ever knight of chivalry traced his motto on a shield, "Thomas Arkins, Tailor to the Liberator." The moment O'Connell was elected first Lord Mayor of Dublin under the new corporation act, he appointed him sword-bearer, and his was a familiar figure in all processions.

SIR JOHN CHARLES BURKE, Bart., of Marble Hill, Galway, died Aug. 16, at Newbridge, where he was quartered with his regiment, the 20th Hussars. He was the eldest son of Sir Thomas John Burke, third baronet, who represented Galway in the lower house of Parliament from 1847 to 1865, by Lady Mary Frances Nugent, second daughter of Anthony Francis, ninth Earl of Westmeath, and was born July 7, 1858, and succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, December 9, 1875. The lamented young officer is succeeded in the baronetcy by his brother, Henry George, born in 1859.

DEATH OF LORD CLIFFORD. — In Baron Charles Hugh Clifford, whose death took place at Ugbrooke Park, Devon, on the 5th August, Catholicity in the West of England loses its most distinguished lay representative. The peerage was created by Charles II. in 1672, and the late Lord Clifford was the eighth baron. The Cliffords were, however, men of mark long before they came to be invested with lordly dignity. The first baron was, when a commoner, Sir Thomas Clifford. The Cliffords are of the good old English families who, through good and evil report, have always stood by God's church.

IN St. John, N. B., on the 17th August, Patrick McCourt, aged 87 years 5 months and 11 days, a native of the parish of Laugh Gilly, county Armagh, Ireland, and a resident of that city for the last sixty-one years. May his soul rest in peace. "During his long life," observes the St. John *Freeman*, "he earned a character for the strictest integrity and unswerving rectitude. Known to every one, he was esteemed and respected by every one. The fortune which he amassed by industry and economy, which some deemed a fault, he disposed of in a manner well calculated to confer a lasting benefit on the whole community. He knew that the Bishop of St. John, in his great solicitude for the orphans and the neglected children of his flock, had long desired to raise up an institution where boys could be trained in habits of industry, while they received a good Christian education generally, and anticipating the bequest which he made in a will drawn up some years previous, he two years ago gave the bishop over \$7,000 as his contribution towards a charity which he always thought most deserving. Other large sums, also, he gave for other charitable purposes. For a number of years Mr. McCourt was agent for the *Pilot*. His relations with Mr. Donahoe were of the most agreeable nature for a period of some thirty years."

Events of the Month.

AYOOB KHAN beat the Britishers, if the Fenians can't.— *Catholic Columbian*.

THE grand jury returned a true bill against Mr. Callan, M. P. for Louth, for libelling Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P. for Meath.

THERE are at the present time 1,000 Catholic priests in China, of whom one half are native Chinese, and some of the others adopted the dress, manners, and customs of the natives.

MR. DILLON, M. P., at Kildare, said that as soon as the Land League enrolled 300,000, all the arms in England would not be able to levy rent. The secretary for Ireland has since denounced the speech.

THE Holy Father has been pleased to grant an extraordinary favor to the Church of the Redemptorists attached to their chief house in Rome. He has granted to it the celebrated indulgences of the Portiuncula of St. Francis. The Redemptorist Church is probably the best served church in Rome, and the devotion of the people there, especially to the miraculous picture of our Lady of Perpetual Succor, is quite remarkable.

THOSE ill-advised people who, to suit the tastes of the lovers of sickly sentimentality, endeavored to throw a halo of romance around the late suicide of an American female at Paris, will not be pleased to learn that she was in the constant habit of getting drunk, and that her illicit relationship with the Marquis of Anglesey was broken off because of "her continual and exorbitant demands for money." Not much romance or sentimentality about that.— *Catholic Telegraph*.

MR. BURNAND has been duly installed in the editorial arm-chair at the office of "London Punch." The fitness of the appointment will be apparent to all who are acquainted with the work of the author of "Happy Thoughts." He is forty-three years of age, and he brings, therefore, a full maturity to the difficult task of editing the comic paper of the day, for which, under his auspices, we predict a renewal of youth and an increased prosperity. But what would that honest Protestant, Tom Taylor, have said a few years ago had he been told that his successor could belong to that church which the paper has persistently lampooned?

A VERY impressive religious ceremony took place at the chapel of Notre Dame Convent, Baltimore, Md., on Sunday morning, Aug 15, when forty-five young ladies forsook the world and entered the cloister.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH has made many conversions among the aristocracy of England, and many also among the poor. It is the great manufacturing and commercial classes, men of hard heads and sound sense, on whom she has made least impression; because we suppose they are too much occupied with business to have time to turn attention to those studies which lead the religious heart to seek the Communion of the Saints. Mr. William Arkwright, who, though perhaps no longer engaged in the industries of the land, nevertheless represents a family who made fame and fortune out of the discovery of the "spinning-jenny," has set an example, by joining the church, which we hope to see followed largely as time goes on among the wealthy classes, whose skill and enterprise have made England the power it is. Mr. William Arkwright owns large estates at Suttou Scarsdale, Derbyshire, where, no doubt, his conversion will give a new impetus to the work of the Church.

GAZERS OUTSIDE CHURCHES.—The following extract from a sermon delivered recently, in a Catholic church in New Orleans, will apply with equal force to the "grand army of starers" who assemble about some of our churches, much to the disgust of many. "Last Sunday," said the priest, "I was at my window, and, looking down the street (it was ten minutes before the end of mass), saw a row of straw hats in front of the church. They were all in single file. And I said to myself, 'Under these hats there can be nothing;' and an echo answered, 'Nothing!' Surely, I mused, there must be something under these hats,—heads, I suppose. Then Æsop's fable of the fox admiring a mask, and exclaiming, 'A beautiful head, but there is nothing in it!' was remembered, and I went away. It is wrong for those who call and think themselves gentlemen to stand in front places of worship for the purpose of staring at the ladies coming out of church. True, the ladies like to be admired, but this ordeal through which they have to pass of being subjected to the glances of a regiment of men in single file, is unworthy of country bores staring at strangers who chance to cross their village."

THE Chinese government has at last decided to depart from their former policy of allowing all their trade relations with other nations to be done by foreigners, and the first Chinese merchant vessel has sailed for California with a cargo of Chinese commodities.

THE RT. REV. BISHOP WALSH, of London, Ontario, Canada, says that he has confirmed 22,000 since his consecration in 1862, 8,000 of whom were accessions from different denominations, and that during that time 130 new churches have been built in his diocese.

A GOODLY crop of suicides is being reaped in St. Paul and vicinity, thanks to the newspaper canonization of the unfortunate woman who hanged herself a few weeks ago. The suicide in Christian times was looked upon as a monster. His body, denied burial, was left by the roadside, a prey to the vultures. The horrid crime was, in consequence, of the rarest occurrence. A revival of those obsolete customs might serve to cure the suicidal mania of modern paganized times.— *The Northwestern Chronicle*.

THE NEW BISHOP OF COLUMBUS — The consecration of the Rt. Rev. John A. Watterson, the new Bishop of Columbus, Ohio, took place in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Columbus, on Sunday, August 8. Rt. Rev. Bishop Elder, Bishop of Cincinnati, was the consecrator. The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. E. M. Fitzgerald, of Little Rock. The *Catholic Columbian*, of August 12, gives an elaborate account of Dr. Watterson's reception and consecration, and prints Bishop Fitzgerald's sermon in a supplement. The *Columbian* relates the following touching incident.— the tribute the newly consecrated paid his aged mother. She, with her six sons and three daughters, occupied a front pew, and the bishop, in all the glory and splendor with which the church surrounds her prelates, in company with the assistant bishops, left the sanctuary to go down the middle aisle; the mitre was removed, and the filial affection of the good bishop prompted him to imprint a fervent kiss upon that mother's lips, as he bestowed upon her his first blessing. The eyes of mother and son suffused with tears, and few in the immense congregation who witnessed the sight that were not deeply affected. It is not often a bishop's mother has survived to witness his consecration, and so our bishop felt in his heart, as did Father Burke, when he was made the recipient of an ovation in this country: "If it were not for her who called me son, I would not have been there on that great and happy day."

THE Vatican has decided to augment and reorganize the colleges for Asia and Africa, being desirous of largely developing the church in those parts of the world. A Vicariate Apostolic will be created in Morocco, and the Vatican is also considering the question of a suitable place farther in the interior of Africa for the establishment of another vicariate.

It is a most magnanimous and Christian act to ask pardon of the person whom you may have injured either thoughtlessly or intentionally, but it is very ungenerous and unchristian for the party of whom the pardon is asked to exult over what he considers a victory. The other individual has the better heart, and is the victor in such a case. — *Catholic Columbian*.

ALL over the world matters ecclesiastical are exciting the most intense interest. In England we have first had the Bradlaugh *furor*. In Germany the fierce battle between Bismarck and the church rages in and out of parliament. In France the country is convulsed by the expulsion of the Jesuits. Even tranquil little Switzerland has its religious troubles, and one of them has just come to a head. The little Republic of Geneva has just decided by a plebiscite on a question of great importance. In old days the little city and state were exclusively Protestant. Geneva was, indeed, the grand centre of Protestantism, — the "Protestant Rome," the city of Calvin's stern rule and of the bloody end of Servetus. The Treaty of Vienna added a considerable Catholic population to the population of Geneva, and the result was that ever since both Catholicism and Protestantism have been established and endowed by the state. Of late, religious troubles have vastly disturbed the little commonwealth. The Protestant community has been torn by desperate feuds between the "Conservative" party standing on the old Calvinistic lines and the Liberals or Freethinkers. The Catholic community has been disturbed by the misconduct of a few "Old Catholics," who, backed up by a powerful party in the state, have given an immense amount of trouble. The Supreme Council of the Republic, terrified at these troubles, determined to cut the Gordian knot by entirely separating Church and State, but when a few days ago this "short way" was submitted to a plebiscite of the canton, it was rejected by an enormous majority. It is a remarkable proof of the greatness of mind over matter that this little Republic — which has one of the most remarkable of European histories — has a total population only a little larger than that of the city of Cork. — *Liverpool Catholic Times*.

THERE are about 300,000 Indians in the United States. Of these 106,000 are Catholics, 15,000 Protestants, and the balance pagans.

THE murder of Mr. Boyd, in Kilkenny, is a sad affair. A father and two sons were attacked, and one of the sons, who had nothing to do with land, killed! This is not the way to help the cause of the tenantry. The Irish tenant cause has overwhelming arguments in its favor, but murder is not one of them. Crime can help no cause.

FIFTY-SEVEN orphan boys sent out by the New York Catholic Protectory were last week scattered among farmers along the road between Des Moines and Council Bluffs. This society has found homes for 1,500 boys in Iowa.

EVERY one will regret that the Lord Mayor of Dublin has refused to accept office for a second year. His reasons, however, are strong. As M. P. he had parliamentary duties which had often to be neglected. The bad health of the lady mayoress is another cause. Let us hope that in a warmer climate her ladyship may regain that health which she used so well in every good and charitable cause.

MAJOR NOLAN, Mr. Sullivan, and Mr. O'Connor Power have introduced a bill dealing with Irish distress. It proposes that when a tenant rated under £30 is served with notice of ejectment he may stay its operation by going to the County Court judge within fourteen days of its receipt, and paying some portion of the amount due. If he can assure the judge that the sum he offers is as much as he can reasonably be expected to pay, the judge is not to allow the decree of ejectment to be turned into an eviction. This would be an effective way of dealing with a difficult subject.

THE magnificent church of St. Francesco de Paolo, at Naples, after having been shut up for twenty years, was recently opened. The late king of Italy, to whom the nomination of the rector of this church belonged, appointed a priest who was not approved of by the Holy See. The king obstinately persisted in upholding the nomination, and in consequence the church was closed. The present king has now, in the exercise of his right, nominated a Benedictine monk, with the approval of the Holy See, to this long-widowed church. There was great rejoicing on the occasion of the reopening of one of the finest churches in Naples, and the crowded congregation fervently returned thanks to God in the church from which they had been so long excluded.

ON the festival of the Assumption, the anniversary of the first apparition at Knock was celebrated there with imposing solemnity, many pilgrimages arriving from various parts of Ireland; also one from Lancashire, England.

CARDINAL MANNING wishes to send to Canada about two thousand orphan children and waifs, if good Christian homes can be found for them. He has written to the Archbishop of Toronto on the subject, and his grace invites applications from persons willing to take charge of any of those children.

THE Catholic Total Abstinence Convention of the United States, assembled in Scranton, Pa., two weeks ago, adopted resolutions recommending the establishment of agencies in all seaports to aid immigrants with money, advice, and transportation. The action is a worthy one. Now let it go into effect, and not remain simply a resolution of words. — *Catholic Columbian*.

AN athletic match for the championship of the world and \$1,000 took place at the base-ball grounds, in Boston, on Monday, Aug. 16, between Thomas Lynch, of Boston, and James C. Daly, of New York, representing Ireland and the United States, and Duncan C. Ross and E. W. Johnson, of Canada, representing Canada and Scotland, and was won by the Irish team.

CLONAKILTY NEW CHURCH.—The magnificent Gothic church recently erected by the parish priest of Clonakilty, the Very Rev. Canon Madden, at a cost of £30,000, has been solemnly dedicated to the service of religion. The Archbishop of Cashel presided at the ceremony, in which also the Bishops of Cloyne and Ross, and a large number of the clergy of their dioceses, took part. The Mayor of Cork was present in his official robes, and attended by the municipal staff. The dedication sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Cashel.

COLONEL O'BRIEN, TWELFTH HUZZARS, FRENCH ARMY.—Among the colonels who received the flags for their regiments on the 14th of July was a descendant of one of the heroes of the Irish Brigade—Colonel O'Brien—the brave officer who fought so gallantly in Algeria, and in the late Franco-German war, and who, in the retreat to Switzerland, brought his regiment bravely back to France, was also made Commander of the Legion of Honor, an honor generally conferred on generals. Colonel O'Brien, who is proud of his origin, and worthy of his glorious name, is likely to be made a general in the next promotion.

THE Catholic population of Canada is 1,846,800. There are in the Dominion twenty-three bishops, 1,599 priests, and 1,617 churches. They have eighteen seminaries, forty colleges, eighty-five academies, two hundred and forty-seven convents, ninety-two religious communities, forty-three asylums, thirty-four hospitals, and 3,547 parochial schools.

QUEEN MARGARET is still in most delicate health. It is useless for her or for her family to fight against what is almost a law of nature. The Quirinal has always proved most unwholesome to all except the Popes. They who live long enough will be able to say how many of the descendants of the house of Savoy will remain to occupy it. The angels who scourged Heliodorus are living still, and are God's messengers no less now than then.—*London Catholic Universe.*

SENSATIONAL ACCOUNTS FROM IRELAND.

IN relation to the "wars, and rumors of wars," from Ireland, we give a statement made in the House of Commons, on the 6th of August:—

THE DESPATCH OF TROOPS TO IRELAND.

MR. O'C. POWER.—I wish to ask the Chief Secretary a question, with reference to a statement which has appeared in the morning newspapers, whether it is true that the government have determined to send additional troops to Ireland; and whether it is true, as stated in the "Daily News," that the government fear a rising in Ireland, in consequence of the action of the House of Lords in rejecting the Compensation for Disturbance Bill.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.—I have seen the statement in the "Daily News," and I beg leave to say that any statement that the government fears a rising in Ireland, is entirely without foundation (Cheers.) I, however, regret to say that in consequence of the many cases of outrages upon individuals in Mayo, and other parts of Connaught, and in consequence, also, of the feeling of insecurity in those districts, and in order to give confidence to the well-disposed, as well as to afford a sense of security, it has been thought necessary to order a small detachment of troops, who are to be quartered in those localities.

MR. O'CONNOR POWER.—May I ask whether it is the intention of the government to employ any military in carrying out the work of eviction, or whether the work, in cases where the government

may deem it necessary to enforce the law, will be left entirely to the Royal Irish Constabulary?

THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.—I hope and expect that the aid of the military will not be wanted for any purpose. I must add, that I do not expect that it will be employed to assist in any evictions, and I should exceedingly regret such a necessity. The ground on which we have thought it necessary to quarter this small detachment is not on account of any special resistance to evictions, but on account of the outrages which have taken place to individuals, and of the danger which individuals seem to be in, and the consequent sense of insecurity felt in the districts I have mentioned. It is in order to give confidence to the well-disposed and discouragement to the evil-disposed, that we have thought it necessary to order a small detachment of troops to the different towns in the localities concerned.

POPE LEO XIII. AND THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY COMPANY.

AMERICAN COLLEGE,
ROME, July 7, 1880.

My dear Mr. Kehoe.—About a week ago I had the honor of being received in an audience, by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., in which I presented, on behalf of The Catholic Publication Society Company, of New York, your letter, together with the complete series of the "Young Catholic's" school books. The Holy Father admired the beautiful binding, the type, and the illustrations, and requested me to express to you his pleasure and satisfaction at your efforts and success in supplying Catholic youth with standard works of education. *He said that the presentation was most opportune, as he was thinking of a like series for his own children, in the schools of Rome, and would, consequently, examine them more at his leisure.*

As a token of his sovereign good-will, he sends you, and all the members of the Catholic Publication Society, the Apostolic Benediction, with the hope that your work will meet with the success it deserves.

Allow me to thank you for the copy of the "History of the United States," and believe me, with respect,

Yours truly, in Christ,
L. E. HOSTLOT,

*Rector of the American College at Rome,
and Private Chamberlain to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.*

To LAWRENCE KEHOE, Manager of the
Catholic Publication Society Company.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Catholic Publication Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

CLAIMS OF A PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP TO APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION DISPROVED: With Various Misstatements of Catholic Faith, and Numerous Charges against the Church and the Holy See, corrected and refuted. By S. V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo. In two parts.

The above is the title-page of a work just from the press, to which we have before called attention in these columns. As noted above, the book is in two parts, and we simply present here the contents of each:—

CONTENTS—PART I.

- I.—Origin of our Little Treatise.
- II.—Apostolical Succession essential to the Christian Church—It is not found either in the Anglican Church, as by Law established, or the Protestant Episcopal Church of America.
- III.—Communion with the See of Peter the Test of Legitimate Succession.
- IV.—Protestant Episcopal and Anglican Succession repudiated.
- V.—Was Matthew Parker consecrated?
- VI.—The Lambeth Register.
- VII.—Was Barlow ever consecrated Bishop?
- VIII.—Futile Attempts to bolster up or supply for Barlow's Deficient or Doubtful Consecration.
- IX.—The Edwardine Ordinal not the same as the Roman Pontifical—Invalidity of Form of Consecration revised by Edward VI.
- X.—The Insufficiency of the Edwardine Ordinal, continued.
- XI.—Discrepancies between the Roman Pontifical and the Ordinal of Edward, continued.
- XII.—Conclusion.

CONTENTS—PART 2.

- I.—Introductory.
- II.—The Ephesine Succession.
- III.—Henry VIII.—To Whom he belongs.
- IV.—The New Liturgy—Book of Common Prayer.
- V.—New Anglican Ordinal.
- VI.—Clement's Dispensation to Henry.
- VII.—Equivocation—Authority of Saints and Doctors of the Church.
- VIII.—Papal Infallibility.
- IX.—Popes Liberius and Honorius.
- X.—Honorius Vindicated.
- XI.—St. Gregory the Great claiming and exercising Papal Supremacy.
- XII.—Catholic Bishops not simple Presbyters or mere Vicars of the Pope.
- XIII.—Teachings of the Ancient Fathers vindicated.
- XIV.—Canons of Nice and Ephesus.
- XV.—The Catholic Doctrine regarding Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction.

To the ecclesiastical student and intelligent layman, we believe the above headings will convey an idea of the value of this volume, more than any elaborate review of it we could give. Besides, as a member of the Rt. Rev. Author's household, and editor of his recognized organ, we much prefer to leave to our respected contemporaries the criticism of this book. We shall only add that the work is now

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Waterloo, N. Y.

THE THESAURUS BIBLICUS, or Hand-Book of Scripture Reference; compiled from the Latin Work of Philip Paul Merz, by Rev. L. A. Lambert, Waterloo, N. Y.

Those who have occasion to use the Concordance of the Holy Scripture are aware of the difficulty of finding, amid a mass of references, a desired text. So great is this labor that Concordances are of little practical utility. This is the reason why they have, to a great extent, fallen into disuse. A serious defect of the Concordances is, that they do not enable one to find *all* the texts in the Scriptures which treat of, or have reference to, any one subject. It is often of great importance to have a convenient means of knowing all the texts that treat of a particular subject, that without extraordinary labor one may choose from among them those that best suit the phase of the question under consideration. This is self-evident.

Now the Hand-Book which we are about to publish supplies these two serious defects of the Concordances; it enables one not only to find a particular text, by referring to the subject of which that text treats, but it also enables one to find *all the texts in the Scriptures which refer to that subject.*

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The Hand-Book will make an octavo volume of about nine hundred pages. Price three dollars. Those who desire to have a copy of this book will send in their orders immediately, as only a limited number will be printed.

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[Mr. Donahoe will furnish the book to any of his friends desiring it.]

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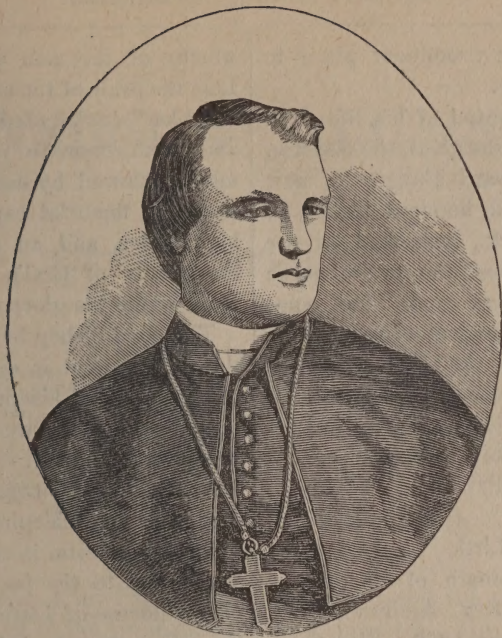
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This makes a very beautiful and attractive volume. Being very interesting and Catholic in tone, it is one of the very best books for premiums.

The above books can be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co., office of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A CATHOLIC DICTIONARY, edited by the Rev. W. E. Addis and T. Arnold, M. A., is now in active preparation. It will be published by the Messrs. C. Kegan Paul & Co., and will be in one 8vo volume of 800 double-columned pages. The work is announced in its prospectus as undertaken with the full approval of the heads of the Catholic body in this country. Writing to one of the editors, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop says: "I am very glad to hear that it is proposed to publish a Dictionary of Catholic Theology and History. It will supply a great want in our English literature. Such works exist in French and German, but we have nothing worthy of the name." Again, his Eminence Cardinal Newman, writing to the other editor, after saying that such a work has been long "a desideratum in our literature," adds: "Our doctrines, rites, and history have been at the mercy of Protestant manuals, which, however ably written and even when fair in intention, are not such as a Catholic can approve or recommend. So much have I felt the need, that once, many years ago, I began such a work myself, though I was soon obliged to give over for want of leisure." The work, which will be sixteen shillings to subscribers, will be issued from the press to non-subscribers at a guinea.



RT. REV. EDWARD FITZGERALD, BISHOP OF LITTLE ROCK,
ARKANSAS.

It is generally acknowledged, we believe, that of the counties in Ireland, Cork, in the south, has given to the Church the largest number of remarkable men. Why, it is not readily answered. We see it so asserted, and take it for granted. True or false, historically, it is no article of faith, we are sure, and therefore enters not into the sacred domain of revealed religion. It is somewhat natural for an Irishman, anyhow, to claim for his nativity the spot made immortal by being the birth-place of an O'Connell.

However, other counties there are on the face of the Green Isle better calculated than Cork to foster in the youthful mind lofty inspirations of the beauties of nature. Who could be born and brought up almost in sight of the far-famed lakes of Killar-

ney, and not have by nature imbibed somewhat of the enchantment of its picturesque scenery? To Kerry and not to Cork, therefore, we should award the palm of intellectual superiority. Much must be attributed in after life to the accident of our birth-place in the formation of our character. Perhaps it was sailing upon the lovely lakes of Killarney, and not while playing as a school-boy in the streets of Limerick, that the subject of our sketch caught up the æsthetical taste which he is acknowledged to possess for the beautiful in nature and art. He had a *quasi* domicile in both places. Descended from the ancient "Stem of the Fitzgerald family," distinguished alike in the annals of Ireland since the Anglo-Norman invasion in the twelfth century, those who bear the name even

to-day occupy a prominent place in church and state.

At an early period of his life, with a thorough knowledge of the classics, the young Edward Fitzgerald, now the beloved and honored bishop of Little Rock, Ark., embarked for the land of Columbus, the future scene of his missionary zeal. He commenced his theological course at the "Barrens," Mo., and was ordained priest by the venerable patriarch of the West, Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell. Shortly after, he was appointed pastor of St. Patrick's, Columbus, Ohio.

The see of Little Rock became vacant by the death of its pioneer bishop, the Rt. Rev. Andrew Byrne, on the 10th of June, 1862. Five years afterward the Holy See, in its wisdom and foresight, sent as his successor the Rt. Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, D. D., at the time young to boyishness. He reached Little Rock on St. Patrick's day, 1867. He was the right man in the right place. He was young, active, zealous, well fitted for an Arkansas bishop, except the saddle. There were no railroads in those days in Arkansas. The first missionary tour of the new bishop measured 1,500 miles in the saddle. His big heart sank within him after counting his flock. In numbers they were far below his former parish in Columbus, Ohio.

Still he hoped, and hope is not disappointed. To-day his Lordship is cheered by the prospect of a flourishing diocese. New churches, convents, and schools are springing up on every side. His new cathedral, a gem in style and beauty of architecture, is roofed and near completion. It is

worthy of the man who planned it. It is the pride of the city. "Jews and Gentiles" contributed to its erection, and from floor to roof it shows a mind endowed by nature and education with financial capacity of a very high order, and an eye and ear to the beauty of God's house and the place where his glory dwells.

The good bishop is idolized all over the diocese, and is ever delighted in the company of his priests. The old prophecy of his far-seeing professor was all but fulfilled, — that the young Levite, Edward Fitzgerald, would one day grace an archiepiscopal see. But vigorous protests, in the nick of time, saved him to the people and priests of the diocese of Little Rock. When the bishop went to Arkansas in 1867, he weighed one hundred and seventy pounds; now he weighs two hundred and thirty.

We give elsewhere the sermon delivered by Bishop Fitzgerald at the consecration of the bishop of Columbus, Ohio.

HE who, in the education of youth, neglects the will and concentrates all his energies on the culture of the intellect, succeeds in turning education into a dangerous weapon in the hands of the wicked. — *Leo XIII.*

A WORSE thing can happen to a man than bankruptcy. His lack of business ability may be the cause of that — his inability to compete with his neighbor, who has a larger capital and greater experience. But, whatever the cause, he need not be dishonest. If he is not he will have no trouble in making people believe he is honest, and then his good name is left, which is worth more than the greatest success won by ways that are dark.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1880.

No. 5.

"I returned from Babylon to Jerusalem, from a foreign country to my home, from isolation to society, from division to unity, from unrest to peace, from a lie to truth, from the world to God. . . . The exit from the dark cavern in which I lived was on the summit of a mountain, and by many a dark labyrinthine way I reach it. And now I stood on the top of that mountain in the open air, in a bracing atmosphere, under a boundless canopy of stars reflected in an equally boundless sea. And a voice said to me, 'This is the Church of Christ,' and I fell down in adoration. . . . I have found God in His revelation, and I believe."— *Countess Hahn-Hahn, on her Conversion.*

THE IRISH NOVELISTS.

Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor.

EMERSON, in one of his thoughtful essays, has noted the predominance of the imagination in all the writings of the Keltic intellect. The imagination, the power of "bodying forth the shape of things unseen," as Shakespeare defines it, is the highest power of the human mind. When this power is conjoined with the practical intellect, we have the supreme product which we designate "genius." Napoleon the First is an example in point. His imagination was always on fire, but with it he combined the most careful attention to practical details. His dream of the universal conquest of Europe did not prevent him from giving the minutest attention to every particular in military affairs. A great poet would rest satisfied with his dream, nor would he seek its realization. Disraeli, the late English premier, is now shown to have been but a dreamer. He meditated the English conquest of all Asia, but his fancy failed to suggest the means of its accomplishment.

Pre-eminent among those nations that possess this noble gift are the people of Ireland. Their mind frequently outruns the deductions of logic. A speech or a poem suffices to rivet their attention. They have a passionate love of learning, which consists largely of abstract ideas. All that appeals to the imagination fascinates them; they often refuse to be convinced by the inexorable logic of facts. The song, the story, the graceful and the beautiful in nature and art, hold them spell-bound. The tender and the sublime draw them with wonderful power. They are the quickest to discern oratorical or literary merit, and this power has been one of the great compensations in their unhappy lot; it has saved them from falling into that stolid indifference and despair which seize upon nations that believe only in the material. Their love of country, their veneration for religion, their sympathy with learning, their fondness for music, are part and parcel of their intellectual being.

No man rises more quickly over the reverses of fortune than the true Irish-

man. It is certain that religion has much to do with his buoyancy of spirit; but his mind has been providentially cast in a happy mould. Poverty, hardship, pain of body and of mind, brutalize most peoples. Under adverse circumstances, the Dane, the Norwegian, and the German are tempted to commit suicide. A recent writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" has gathered statistics to prove that the Kelt ranks lowest in this dismal scale of suicide. Denmark comes first in self-murder, and Spain last. No nation ever bore so dire an extremity as famine more hopefully and courageously than Ireland. And yet the fine sensitiveness of the Irish character, its love of kindred, and its detestation of injustice, make suffering more intense than if those qualities were absent.

The great authors of Ireland have helped their people by nourishing the intellect of the race. A glance over the rich legacy of Irish thought will serve to convince us of this. There breathes a strain of hope and of encouragement through the poetry and the prose of the people. The German Goethe did incalculable harm to his people by his encouragement of suicide in his "Werther," and by the general tone of recklessness and despair in the great bulk of his works. The Italian Dante terrified and depressed his people by his constant dwelling upon the tortures of the damned; his "Inferno" is the saddest book that ever was written, and its gloomy moral is that there is no happiness on earth, and the shadowiest hope of happiness hereafter. Even Shakespeare himself allowed melancholy to dim his sunny spirit, and the greatest productions of his genius, "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Lear," deal with the most dreadful calamities that can darken life. France has escaped this visitation of gloom, for her writers are not given to perpetual tears, and Spain to this day laughs over the humor of "Don Quixote."

The literature of Ireland ranks first in cheerfulness and serenity. The brave souls that poured forth their utterances were often sorely tried, but they never despaired. One of the most humiliating incidents in modern literary history was the insatiate greed of the late Charles Dickens. Although deriving a vast income from his writings and his readings, he never ceased growling at his publishers, and, like his own *Oliver Twist*, crying out for "more." What a contrast to Oliver Goldsmith, infinitely his superior in wit and learning, who thought of money the last thing, while composing his immortal works! Edmund Burke, whose political wisdom has been surpassed by no English statesman since his day, wrote and spoke principally for the benefit of his fellow-men. Fame and beneficence held a higher place in his mind than money. Charles Lever produced better novels than Dickens, yet he died poor. Brinsley Sheridan's comedies have made the fortunes of hundreds of theatrical managers, yet his funeral expenses were defrayed by a few of his friends. It is sad to think that they over whose charmed pages we have so often lingered gave the rich productions of their intellect, apparently unconscious of their abiding value; but this is a trait of a fine imagination. The pleasures of the imagination in its free and full exercise are second only to the joys of virtue.

The power to write a good story belongs to the imagination, and, though not so high in its reach as that exerted in the composition of fine poetry, it belongs, nevertheless, to by no means a low order of intellect. The Irish novelists exercise this power almost without effort. Their stories appear to grow under their pen. There is no labored and artificial plot, but genuine inspiration. The sentences of Lover are as clear-cut and rhetorical as if he had polished them with unceasing pain. Yet we know that he wrote with great rapidity, and his manuscript went to the printer with scarcely a correction. Thackeray passed hours over a sentence, and then spoiled it in trying to improve it. The Englishman was never sure of his plot, and he breaks off constantly to fill up his chapters with moral reflections. Gerald Griffin's stories are all worked out with consummate skill and mastery of language. The Irish writers of fiction enter thoroughly into the thoughts, feelings, joys, and sorrows of the creations of their brains. They have a fine eye for scenery. They do not let their characters fall into social blunders. In the description of high life, they are not guilty of snobbishness, but know intuitively the proper thing which their characters must say and do. An English critic declares that the stories of Justin McCarthy will furnish future generations with clearer and more correct ideas of the present state of English society, than are afforded by the graver contemporary historians. The Banims have also shown the gift of romance in its most agreeable aspect. They were penetrated with a deep sense of the beauty of Irish character and scenery, and their tales breathe a jocund and hopeful spirit, though one of the brothers was a helpless cripple. The mind triumphed over the frail tenement of clay. We might be inclined to think that the stories of the "O'Hara Family" would be colored with the dark tints of despair and weak complaining. They had many and bitter trials, and some of the gloomy scenes in their books could be paralleled by their own experience, but they counsel fortitude and patience. Robert Burns, though a great poet, sank under his lot, and Byron had not the moral courage to face the storms of life. But who has ever read the cheerful songs of Irish bards and not felt his heart lifted and lightened with the heroic blast to meet and overcome the trials of life? There is a sickly sentimentality in most purely English poets and romancers, who would fain have us droop in despair under the pettiest afflictions. Not so the courageous Kelt, who laughs to scorn the unmanly yielding to despair and misfortune. Not that he does not sympathize with trial, and draw the gloomy picture with marvellous force, but he teaches the lesson that we should rise superior to earthly ills, and, if they are inevitable, to face them with an undaunted breast.

The stories of Carleton have been objected to, on the ground that they were written in the spirit of servile cringing to England. The same objection is made to the romances of Samuel Lover. We do not defend them upon this score, but all must acknowledge their undoubted power as writers. The Irishman was never caricatured in fiction to the extent that he was on the English stage. The lowest type of Irish character in either Carleton or

Lover rises immeasurably superior to the grinning buffoon put upon the stage by English dramatists. Indeed, it is impossible for an Irish writer, of any religious or political creed, to do complete injustice to his countrymen. His very instincts as a writer would prevent him. His artistic perceptions cannot be wholly blunted. There may be exaggeration in Lover, but there is not caricature.

Where the Irish imagination is aided by the feminine delicacy of perception, we have such writers as Lady Blessington, Lady Morgan, Maria Edgeworth, and Mrs. Sadlier. Macaulay said that he preferred the tales of Maria Edgeworth to those of Sir Walter Scott. Who can estimate the moral influence exerted by the writings of Mrs. Sadlier, and yet they are not obviously written as "tracts"? Some of the most brilliant stories in current literature are the productions of Irishwomen. Unlike many of the women writers of England, and, alas! of France, these ladies do not degrade the modesty of their sex by pandering to vile passions. It is bad enough for men to write licentiously, but how unspeakably shameful for women! Ireland has never given birth to a female writer of dubious literature. "The Wild Irish Girl," as Lady Morgan was called, would blush to have her tales classed with those of the present miserable and impure "sensational school."

There is a charming class of stories, mainly the composition of Irish men and women, that can be read with perfect moral and mental safety. We mean the stories that appear in our Catholic journals and magazines. One's taste must be very much depraved if he cannot find genuine interest and amusement in these productions. A story may certainly be readable without having a murder and an elopement in every second chapter. Indeed, the more purified our taste becomes, the more are we drawn to the class of stories we refer to. The Irish imagination shows no sign of decadence, and when it is exercised upon lofty themes, upon pure and lovely objects, it is accomplishing its highest mission.

One of the strongest, and, perhaps, the sole moral justification of fiction, is its historical import. There are novels *and* novels. The tales of Sir Walter Scott did more to rouse the spirit of Scotland than the heavy histories and falsified Blue Books of England. The romancers of Ireland have depicted in the most touching manner the sorrows of our race. In their pages, ancient Ireland lives again. The basis of fact supports the structure of the imagination. The days of '98 are brought before us, and the heroes that made them memorable are seen under the light of the romancer's fancy. The lonely mountain glen, the conspiracy, the daring of hero and heroine, and all the thrilling pageantry of the time, pass before us. The Irish squire and the peasant, the manor-house and the cottage, the play of human passions, the capabilities of human daring, are described to the life, and personages that upon the dead page of a dull historian are but fossils, are set forth living, moving, and acting. Gérôme's picture of Napoleon at Austerlitz did more to fix the Conqueror's memory upon the mind of France, than whole bundles of state papers. The painter, the poet, and the novelist throw the warmth of imagination over what would else be but a cold generalization of facts. The sketches of Ireland given by such writers as the Halls have sunk more deeply in the thought of men than the mere chronicles furnished by the historian. Nor can such stories be thrown aside with the contemptuous sneer that they are but embodiments of fancy. The people acknowledge

their truth. The experience of millions recognizes the general truth of the impression made, even if the details are drawn from the writer's imaginative power. If novels will be read, let them be selected for their historical value. We should properly scorn the reading of namby-pamby love stories, that have to do with no greater interests than the petty feelings and fortunes of a few characters; but the novel rises to the dignity of history when it deals with influences that modify national thought and great historical movements. We need not go to the romancer for the study of mere individual character; but when he shows us people affected by a profound national crisis, he is frequently a safer guide than the chronicler of events.

The historian generally writes under a weighty sense of complete accuracy. He aims at facts which he feels constrained to relate in the plainest and coldest manner. This prosaic spirit interferes with a reader's full perception of the whole reality of the scenes described. But the novelist gives full play to his imagination, and this reacts upon the fancy of his readers. When an unsympathetic statistician merely tabulates the number of people that died of starvation in the Irish famine of 1848 or 1880, it is impossible for us to feel the pang that rends the heart when, with all the appliances of his magic art, the romancer throws the terrible facts into the form of a narrative that chains our attention. He infuses life into the dead figures. He takes up only a few names, instead of dreary catalogues; but these names are not mere shadows. What comparison is there between an article on Ireland, in a geography or a cyclopædia, and a story all glowing with life, vigor, and fire? The mountains seem to stand before us. The very faces, talk, and dress of the people are better studied in a single picturesque chapter than in pages of dry books of reference. What tourist does not tire of Murray's guide books, and lay them aside to take up a good story in which the scene is laid in the country through which he is passing?

We would warn our readers against the novels which have been written by Englishmen pretending to describe the people. Such men do not know even the "brogue" which they affect to mimic. Their idea of an Irishman is that he is a semicivilized creature, forever making blunders. Thackeray himself, though he spent a long time in Ireland, never understood the people. His "Irish Sketch Book" is as ignorant as it is in parts malicious, though he disclaimed all feelings of bitterness. Most English writers labor under the impression that Ireland is an untilled and miserable land, inhabited by people who think nothing of murder and rapine, and given over to irreclaimable savagery. Of the good traits of the race they know little or nothing, or, if they recognize them, it is with astonishment that "any good can come out of Nazareth."

But a new race of Irish novelists, who draw their inspiration from the soil itself, have sprung up of late years, and dare to tell the truth. They do not go to England or their habits of thought, nor seek a sale for their books in the English market. It is not necessary to reproduce the traditional and false Irishman in their stories, to awaken the laughter of English readers. They are trained in the true school of writing, that, namely, which recognizes the essential basis of fact and reality, fused by a glorious imagination. The old trumpery of Handy Andy, brutal ignorance and ridiculous "bulling," has been cast out. The tawdry stage and lurid footlights have been abandoned, and we are invited to breathe the fresh air of the Irish hills, to gaze upon majestic scenery, and to become acquainted with people who neither murder nor cajole us. This return to nature is in the right direction, and we hope the Irish novelist will not leave it to gratify the vicious taste of readers whose misfortune it has been to see Ireland only through English spectacles.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD: POLITICIAN,
STATESMAN, AUTHOR.

"'T is not a year or two shows us a man." — *Othello*, Act III., Scene 4.

PART II.

IN the year 1841, Mr. Disraeli exchanged his seat as member for Maidstone for one as a representative of Shrewsbury. The general election had resulted in the securing of a large majority to the Tories, and in the complete defeat of their opponents, for —

"The Whigs were unpopular in the extreme with every class of the community, save, perhaps, the middle-class shopkeepers and the manufacturers. The poor were poorer than ever. The hated Poor Law crushed them into dust, robbed them of their birthright, and made them slaves to the employers of labor. The rich saw their rights and privileges recklessly invaded, and political power torn from the grasp of those who had a real stake in the country, to be given to the much-belauded ten-pound householder, whilst even the least excitable and enthusiastic of politicians could appreciate the state of the finances of the country. The national debt under the ten years of Tory rule — 1821–1830 — had actually been diminished by forty-seven millions and three quarters, but under the ten years of Whig ascendancy—1830–1840 — it had increased by five millions; whilst the expenditure had increased by two millions, and a deficit of two and a half millions had been created."*

The Parliament which assembled after the elections was brought face to face with no light or simple task. Distress of the most cruel character was pressing hardly and harshly on the laboring and artisan class, and outrages against life and property were being perpetrated in every part of the country. By day mobs paraded the streets of market towns, demanding and taking bread, and by night the lurid glare from many a homestead told that the laborers were determined that none should enjoy the food denied to them. Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, Warwick, and Bedfordshire were literally in a state of anarchy; and in these counties, which nature had made the richest and fairest portions of the realm, poverty the most dire and depressing ground the faces of the poor; and in the very heart of their own old and famous land, in the midst of the luxuriant vales of the mother-land of St. Augustine, — there, where in olden days the doors of the monasteries would have been open to the world, and peace for the soul and food and shelter for the body offered to all who sought either, — now there was naught before God's poor but the "new Poor Law," its jail-like workhouses, its often hard and tyrannical "relieving officers," its often pompous and ignorant "guardians," bent on "doing their duty to the rate-payers," and "keeping down the rates," its rending of family ties, its partings of husband and wife, of child and mother, of brother and sister. Poverty seemed to have become a crime to be punished, or at least a thing to be banned, for though it might be endured while submitted to silently in the cold and cheerless home, if the heart-broken father, the shivering mother, the hungry and weeping child made their appeal to the world for help or aid, they were told of the "new Poor Law"; they were referred to the terrible work-house; they were taught that "beggars were not to be encouraged," that

* Hitchman's Life of Lord Beaconsfield, Vol. I. p. 181.

human affections and feelings of love or sentiment should all be alien to the poor one's heart, and that the days of which some shadowy remembrance still remained, when

"The rich man helped the poor man
And the poor man loved the great,"

were gone, with many as good a thing.

This state of affairs lent strength to the agitation for Free Trade and the repeal of the duty on imported grain. Now, that this agitation had its share of justice and wisdom it were folly to deny; but that, like many another before and since, its portion of justice and wisdom was made the cloak of some injustice and unwisdom, it were equally absurd to doubt. The theory upon which the so-called Manchester School of Free Traders built and build their dogmas was, and is, that consumers should be free to buy in the cheapest market, and that if any article offered at home for two can be bought abroad for one shilling, then there is a shilling saved to the community. They appear, however, to have overlooked one case, which, though no doubt supposititious, goes, we think, to the base of the edifice they have raised; and this is that of a purely agricultural country, the population of which might no doubt buy corn produced in other lands cheaper than they could produce it themselves, but who would nevertheless not increase by one iota their wealth, because their store of coin would be daily decreased by the withdrawals to pay for the foreign produce. Could the world and its varied peoples be regarded as one country, as one homogeneous race, Free Trade theories might perhaps be accepted in their amplitude; but both being what they are, and it being requisite that nations as well as individuals look to the future and guard against possible evils, it is not well that countries should, for sake of an only apparent saving, neglect to husband the wealth they may possess. Of course it has been said that even if money is sent abroad for corn, more money, in most cases, comes back for manufactures sent away. This is no doubt often true, and were money as money the real strength of a nation, might be an answer to our supposititious case; but just as a miser might hunger, starve, and die upon the very chest where his hoarded gold was hidden, so might a people be without all the essentials of a great nation while they counted much money amongst them. The land of every country is its real strength; towns and manufactories are, after all, only accidents, — abnormal productions of men. Shut up a people within the limits of their own country, and where will they find their sustenance, the support of their towns and manufactories, but from, through, and in the land; from, through, and by those who till and toil to develop its resources? No country can afford, in the long run, to sacrifice its rural for the sake of its urban inhabitants, and must eventually or periodically suffer unless the interests of the former are wisely and justly guarded. We do not believe that the interests of cities, or those who live in them, should be preferred to those of the dwellers on the country-side, nor do we think that any number of smoky manufactories, of wealthy merchants, will ever compensate a country for the possession, on the other hand, of a stunted, depressed, and poverty-stricken agrarian class, instead of those hardy and prosperous tillers of the soil who are ever, in our mind, the truest props and stays of a nation.

It was during the later years of the agitation for Free Trade that Lord Beaconsfield was first enabled to really display his oratorical powers, and to do so under those circumstances which afford the amplest scope to denunciatory and sarcastic eloquence: for Sir Robert Peel, from being a Protectionist, had become a Free Trader; from being a stern opponent of the demands of agitation, had determined to recognize its power; and, stooping before the wave of popular

clamor, was prepared to surrender all he had previously defended. He was successful in carrying through Parliament the measure which he introduced for the abolition of the Corn Laws; but he was fated to do so under the stinging hail of Disraeli's sarcasms, and to leave a name embalmed in such sentences as that which described him as "the great Parliamentary middle-man who had bamboozled one party and plundered another," as one who "had caught the Whigs bathing, and had walked away with their clothes." He was told that his government was "an organized hypocrisy," and to —

"Dissolve if you like the Parliament you have betrayed, and appeal to the people, who I believe mistrust you."

He had to listen to resonant appeals from his assailant to the House, to —

"Re-echo what I believe to be the sovereign sentiment of the country; let us tell persons in high places that cunning is not caution, and that habitual perfidy is not high policy of state. On that ground we may all join. Let us bring back to this House that which for so long a time it has been without, — the legitimate influence and salutary check of a constitutional opposition. That is what the country requires; that is what the country looks for. Let us do it at once, in the only way in which it can be done, by dethroning this dynasty of deception, by putting an end to the intolerable yoke of official despotism and parliamentary imposture."

He heard the House told, —

"That for between thirty and forty years . . . the right honorable gentleman has traded on the ideas and intelligence of others. His life has been one great Appropriation Clause. He is a burglar of others' intellects. Search the Index of Beatson, from the days of the Conqueror to the termination of the last reign. there is no statesman who has committed political petty larceny on so large a scale."

Some of Lord Beaconsfield's attacks upon Peel were even more personal; and it is impossible to regard many of them as justifiable, though, no doubt, the heat of party contest, the anger aroused in the breasts of those who thought themselves deserted and betrayed by Peel, will account for them. In fact, Disraeli was but the mouthpiece of an aggrieved and therefore vindictive party.

It is not possible, within the limits of such a paper as this, to trace fully the political and parliamentary life of Lord Beaconsfield; but it is not to be forgotten that, whilst he did not protest boldly against — in fact, rather gave what may be called a negative support to — the silly bigotry which Lord John Russell evoked by his malicious (in effect, if not intent) Durham letter, he did, at all events, protest against the Whigs seeking to continue in office by such appeals, and against their attempting to hold the reins of government by virtue of sudden alarms and "continual Popish Plots"; and while it is equally true that he did not vote against the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill,"* it is also to be remembered that many years afterwards, when he was Premier, he assented heartily to the tearing from the statute book of that burlesque penal law, to the repealing of the silly legislation of the noble "jack of all trades," of whom it was said that he "would take command of the Channel fleet," or attempt to perform a surgical operation, equally oblivious of respon-

* Mr. Gladstone did vote against this measure.

sibility; for Lord John Russell was prepared to undertake any task, to be a radical while the feelings of a noble really stirred his soul, and was willing to assume the airs of a democrat if thereby he might be more than an aristocrat.

It was on the death of Lord George Bentinck, in the autumn of 1848, that Lord Beaconsfield became in name as well as in fact leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons; and therefore when, in March, 1852, that party attained power, no one was astonished that Lord Derby should have selected him as Chancellor of the Exchequer. His first Budget was a very simple one, making no sweeping changes, seeking to effect no great reforms, and leaving things more or less as he found them, there was little room for the assaults of critics, who, in default of alterations by the new Chancellor, would have been simply criticising their own handiwork in previous years: but when, in December of the same year, he introduced a more elaborate financial scheme, party feeling found vent, and after an acrimonious debate extending over four nights, his proposals were rejected. This defeat necessarily brought about the resignation of the ministry of which he was a member, and once more Benjamin Disraeli became leader of "Her Majesty's Opposition" in the House of Commons, and such position he retained until again called to office in 1858. During the intervening years the Russian, Persian, and Chinese wars, and the terrible Indian Mutiny fully occupied public attention. England was called upon to make great efforts, to give freely blood and money; and she gave both, as has ever been her wont, more freely than any foe she met. During this period Lord Beaconsfield never sought to hamper the ministry in power by factitious opposition, or by carping criticism, to pave the way for his own return to office. He, no doubt, occasionally pointed out what he deemed erroneous or unwise in the policy of ministers, but he seems to have been content to regard them as men honestly doing their best for England, under the pressure of events of bewildering magnitude; and generously recognizing the importance of their task, he never sought to make it wellnigh unbearable by indiscriminate criticism.

On the night of the 14th of January, 1858, a terrible explosion startled Paris, and it and the world quickly learned that the men of the secret societies had fulfilled their threats and had sought the life of the ruler of France. Their plot had been hatched in England, their instruments of assassination had been manufactured in England, the entire foul design had been worked out under the very eyes of the English police; and therefore, naturally, all those who were well affected towards the Napoleonic dynasty felt irate against the laxity which had rendered it possible to place their chiefest hope in such dire danger. A deputation of French colonels craved an audience of the Emperor, and asked to be led against the land which had become "an infamous haunt of assassins"; the spirit of all imperial France was roused, and the previously dormant national dislike of England was fiercely awake. If there ever was an English minister from whom a bold and determined bearing, under such circumstances, was to have been expected, that minister was Lord Palmerston. He had consistently tuned his pipes to the air of "Rule Britannia," and none expected that he, of all men in the world, would ever prove that "Britons *could* be slaves." He had encouraged revolution in every state the rulers of which had not come to be ashamed of the title "Catholic," and permitted London to become a haven of refuge for the wildest of the schemers who sought to make proletarian jealousy of authority their own ladder of advancement. None knew better than Lord Palmerston and his agents in foreign countries what manner of men those were whom they upheld, and to whose designs the secret state papers of the period may

yet show they lent more than countenance ; * none knew better how utterly despicable in character and power most of these men were, and what little future benefit their success could bring to their native lands ; yet with a malign persistency, with a short-sighted though scientifically designed purpose, they alternately flattered and pitied them, they lauded their miserable achievements as the deeds of heroes, and they lamented their well-merited punishments as the wrongs of patriots. Under these circumstances, that Palmerston should introduce a special measure to punish " conspiracy to murder " excited in England disgust, not to say surprise. For a moment average Englishmen seem to have seen Palmerston as he really was ; and while probably not one amongst them approved of the attempt upon Napoleon's life, almost intuitively they appear to have generally recognized that the Premier's anxiety to punish murderous conspiracies came, not so much from high principle, as from fear that the gasconade of the French soldiers might develop into deeds.

England was engaged in probably one of the most momentous struggles she had had to endure within the memory of living men. Her trusted Sepoys had turned on her with all the sudden ferocity of fanatical Mohammedans, and waged war against her with all the ruthless barbarity of men of their creed when the spirit of revenge impels them to battle. No race of human beings make more abject, pliant slaves ; none exists one half so terrible when the shackles are broken, the galling chains flung off, and their sword-arms are free. Valiant-hearted sons of the tripartite nations were doing all that soldiers could to master the terrible tide of disaffection, to beat down their foes, to get the collar on the tiger's neck again ; but for a time their efforts seemed to be in vain. Hemmed in and cut off from succor in distant residences, in scattered cantonments, Saxons and Celts maintained the olden reputation of their peoples, and died sword in hand, facing and fighting their relentless foes. The period was one of terrible anxiety, for few families within the sea-girt isles but trembled for the life of some gallant soldier, risked for England's Eastern empire ; and, harder still to bear, gloom reigned in many a whilom happy home, and many a gray head bent low in unutterable sorrow for very fear as to the fate of the fair young daughter who had sought a home in the distant land, trustful in the strength of him she loved to shield her from every harm. Yet even at such a time the old spirit of England was not dead, and hot words paid back the fiery utterances of the Gaulish colonels. Faults enough, and to spare, Englishmen must own to, but at least their tongues have never been those of slaves ; more than once they have taught foemen that valor at bay is most to be dreaded, and that he who seeks battle with them had need to be ready of sword-hand and perhaps nimble of foot, ere the contest be over. No man was ever aught but mistaken yet who calculated on impunity in insulting the national spirit of those who come of the race which has put a girdle round the earth. A storm of indignation was aroused in England by Palmerston's truckling proposal, and he was punished for his attempted propitiation of France by the defeat of his measure and his own loss of power.

On Lord Palmerston's resignation, the Queen, as a matter of course, commanded Lord Derby to form a ministry ; and he, in performance of this duty, and equally as a matter of course, named Mr. Disraeli for the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Few more difficult tasks were ever faced than that which he had to encounter as leader of the ministerial party in the House of Commons ; for though in office, ministers did not possess the support of a

* The recently published Memoirs of Kossuth throw some light on the dealings of Lord Palmerston with the Continental revolutionaries.

majority of the members of the lower House. The change of ministry had no doubt been brought about by the refusal of the House to pass Palmerston's "Conspiracy to Murder" Bill; but the defeat of this measure was the result of the effect and fear of exterior agitation and popular indignation, and not of any change in the political tenets of the majority of the members, who, though for the nonce they might cease to be Palmerstonians, did not on that account cease to be Whigs. Under such circumstances, it was hardly possible for the ministry to accomplish much; but it is to be remembered to their credit that they formulated and passed into law the scheme of government which replaced that of the East India Company in the Eastern dominions of the Queen. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, carrying into practice his theory that there was no real reason why the Whigs should perpetually assume the part of redressors of grievances, of which very often the people knew nothing until these same Whigs told them they needed redress, introduced a measure of reform, and proposed an extensive addition to the electorate. His propositions seem to have been wise and statesmanlike, for they would have popularized the franchise while preserving a certain conservative element, and would have opened to the democracy much for which they clamored, while seeing that those members of it admitted had given some hostages in the shape of the results of past industry. The most dangerous members of a community are never those who work to save, nor will it ever be found that those who have saved are, as a rule, destructive. As none believe in luck so thoroughly as the unlucky, so none are ever so eager for change to a newer as those who have not been gainers under the older system. Recognizing this principle and bowing to the popular demands, while perhaps not admitting their justice, Mr. Disraeli introduced his measure on the last day of February, 1859. Summarized as its chief provisions were by himself in his introductory speech, it will be at once seen how plainly his intentions were proclaimed by them. He said:—

"It is not proposed to alter the limits of the franchise, but to introduce into boroughs a new kind of franchise, founded upon personal property, and to give a vote to persons having property to the amount of ten pounds a year in the funds, bank stock, and East India stock; a person having sixty pounds in a savings bank would, under the bill, be an elector for the borough in which he resided, as also recipients of pensions in the naval, military, and civil services amounting to twenty pounds a year. Dwellers in a portion of a house whose aggregate rent was twenty pounds a year would likewise have a vote. The suffrage would also be conferred upon graduates of the universities, ministers of religion, members of the legal and medical professions, and certain schoolmasters."

Not a measure likely to be accepted without criticism in a country ruled by party, and one rather, perhaps, most suitable for production where the government was paternal; yet nevertheless a wise and wisely based one. As things happened to be, however, had Solon himself devised it, so as he sat on the Conservative side of the House, it was certain to be rejected. The *deus ex machina* invoked on behalf of the Whigs was the ever-ready Lord John Russell. This pseudo-Jupiter willingly refurbished his democratic armor, and re-collected and reiterated his mock demagogic thunders. He and his allies were successful, and the Reform Bill of the ministry was defeated, though not before the Chancellor of the Exchequer had been able to flavor with a little of the salt of bitter truth the fruit of the coalition; for he told Lord John Russell that—

“There was one quality which had rather marred than made his fortune, — a sort of restlessness which will not brook that delay and that patience which are sometimes needed in our constitutional government for the conduct of public affairs. The moment the noble lord is not in power, he appears to me to live in an atmosphere of coalitions, combinations, *coups d'état*, and cunning resolutions. . . . There is only one man living of whom it can be said that in 1835 he overthrew the government of Sir Robert Peel upon an impracticable pretext; that in 1852 he overthrew the government of Lord Derby with an objectless coalition; that in 1855 he overthrew the government of Lord Aberdeen by a personal *coup d'état*; and that in 1857 he overthrew the government of the member for Tiverton * by a parliamentary manœuvre.”

Eloquence or sarcasm, however, could not prevent the foregone conclusion being arrived at, and therefore the division at the close of the debate showed a majority of thirty-nine against ministers. On the 4th of April, intimation was given to both Houses that Lord Derby had advised the Queen to dissolve Parliament, and Mr. Disraeli took advantage of the occasion in the House of Commons to express plainly his views on the subject of Reform. He said: —

“There is the Conservative view of the question, and there is — not to use the epithet in the least degree offensively — the revolutionary view of the question: that is to say, there is that Conservative view which, in any change that it recommends, would wish to preserve and maintain the present character of the House of Commons, which is a representation of the various interests and classes of the country; and there is that revolutionary view which would attempt to alter the character of the House of Commons, and make it a representation merely of the voice of a numerical majority.”

The result of the general election was to somewhat increase the number of Conservative members, but not sufficiently so to place the ministry at the head of a majority; and therefore the end of June, 1859, saw Mr. Disraeli again in opposition. And in opposition he remained for seven years, until in July, 1866, his party again attained power; his old chief, Lord Derby, “the Rupert of debate,” became Prime Minister, and he himself again filled the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. This Conservative ministry had also to deal with a hostile House of Commons, with the superadded complication of exterior popular agitation of a heated and aggressive kind. The Reform League carried on a vociferous propaganda, apparently with little thought as to responsibility and evidently careless as to the consequences produced, provided only numbered amongst these were the embarrassment and overthrow of the ministry. Mr. Bright did not hesitate to tell a crowd of his adherents that reform would be nearest to being won when —

“Parliament Street, from Charing Cross to the venerable Abbey, was filled with men seeking a Reform Bill, as it was two years before with men come to do honor to an illustrious Italian.”

The “illustrious Italian,” it is perhaps needless to say, was the dissipated elderly filibuster of Caprera, who had been received on his visit to England with much effusion by those who thought with Mr. Bright, and with equal coolness by Mr. Disraeli and those in whose ranks he stood. The leading Conservatives treated the “Master Mason” of the shaky structure of Italian unity with marked disdain, while the Whig leaders and the Birmingham school of agitators went half frantic in their adulation of the man whose semi-

* Lord Palmerston.

brigand career had been, in their eyes, hallowed by the share of success he had secured.

Under the circumstances of the time it was not, perhaps, unwise of Lord Beaconsfield to urge upon the ministry the advisability of their dealing with the subject of Reform. There are those, amongst those who wish to see no good in any of the man's work, who will have it that these efforts of his were dictated simply by a desire to hold power; but very little consideration will show that a more honorable, while equally plausible explanation of them may be found. There could be no doubt but, so excited was popular feeling, and so efficiently had pressure been brought to bear upon Parliament, that any ministry refusing to deal with the Franchise question must at once abdicate its position and resign its place to another. The problem to be solved was whether a Conservative or Liberal ministry, a moderate or extreme House of Commons, should deal with the matter; whether it should be discussed and settled by a Parliament elected before the minds of the electors had been heated by the agitators, or whether there should be a ministerial refusal to deal with it, a dissolution, and an important and difficult question thrown to prejudiced and excited constituencies to discuss. A modified and perhaps reasonable measure might be carried by a Conservative ministry in the existing Parliament, while a radical and sweeping one would certainly be introduced by a Liberal government in a new Parliament. Lord Beaconsfield did succeed in inducing his colleagues to take up the question, and they dealt with it in the well-known Reform Bill of 1866.

This measure made a considerable addition to the electorate, but we doubt if sufficient time has yet passed to enable a correct judgment to be formed as to its wisdom or unwisdom. Time enough, however, has elapsed, and evidence enough has been afforded, to very conclusively prove that any further extension of the franchise would be certainly unwise and likely to be mischievous. Of course the case of England is different from that of many Continental countries. Englishmen even of the lowest grades are actuated by an abstract, perhaps, but nevertheless jealous, patriotism; they resent almost as a personal wrong any proceeding which tends to depress England in foreign estimation; and they would make more sacrifices to keep the funds from falling than they would care to confess. Besides, even in error a strong popular right-mindedness exists. Englishmen have before now proved themselves capable of much bigotry; English mobs have been relentless and ferocious against Catholics: but he had been a bold man who would have addressed even the ruffians who followed Lord George Gordon in words which find ready acceptance from many Continental audiences. Englishmen and English mobs are sometimes anti-Catholic, but it would be difficult to make them confessedly antichristian. No one can view the magnificent pile of buildings in London wherein the Bible Society has its home, or the respect with which Protestant church dignitaries are treated in any of the old cathedral cities of England, — such as Chester, — without recognizing that though her people have revolted from the true faith, they are, in the majority, far, very far, from being unscrupulously revolutionary towards religion. Englishmen really did not so much change their religion as it was changed for them. In the days when popular ignorance and regal power were co-ordinately great, their Tudor rulers chose to change the national religion; but the perversion of England was not the outcome of sudden popular apostasy, it was the result of the cupidity and ambition of those who should have been the right guides of her people. There can therefore be no question that England is the safest country in the world wherein to try experiments in the way of extension of popular power; but nevertheless, experiments being always more or less steps in the dark, the wisdom of making them may at least be questioned.

In February, 1868, Lord Derby resigned the Premiership, and was succeeded by Mr. Disraeli. On the 5th of March the new Premier formally took his place as First Minister in the House of Commons, and addressed the assembled members at some length; recapitulated the past conduct of the ministry, and stated that it would proceed on similar lines under his guidance. He took occasion to refer to the foreign policy which had been pursued by it under Lord Derby; a policy pursued with the approbation of Parliament and —

“With the confidence of Europe. That policy is a policy of peace; not a peace at any price, not a peace sought for the mere interests of England, but a policy of peace from the conviction that such a policy is for the general interests of the world. We do not believe that that policy is likely to be secured by a selfish isolation on the part of this country, but on the contrary, we believe it may be secured by sympathy with other countries, not merely in their prosperous fortunes, but even in their anxieties and troubles.”

Fair words enough these, embodying theories fair enough, too, in all conscience; but then the difficulty which one ever meets when seeking to grasp the story of Lord Beaconsfield's life is that which has ever to be faced in reading the lives of most masters of the tongue, and which is prominent in these few sentences we have quoted: for we are often brought, in tracking his career, where, and left where, we are in a maze of doubt as to how much of his words are theories, or how much of his theories words. One finds it hard to say that they see the whole man, that all his character is before you; for you never know how much of his thoughts are in his words, or whether or not his apparent thoughtfulness is only wordiness.

Lord Beaconsfield was but a short time chief of the Cabinet when Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party generally, acted upon by the expression of Irish discontent, and impressed by the practical form into which the Fenian organization developed it, as well as by a desire to regain power, took up the question of the Irish Church, and proclaimed their wish to inaugurate an era of justice for Ireland. Now, that a more iniquitous piece of injustice was never perpetrated than the forced maintenance of the gigantic establishment of the Irish Protestant Church by the Catholic people of that country, it is needless to say. The lands and endowments of that institution had been chiefly plundered from the ancient church, or wrung from the impoverished people. Mr. Gladstone's measure, however, fell far, very far, short of giving what the Irish people had a right to expect, though, no doubt, it took a great deal more than the Protestant colony was prepared to surrender. In point of fact, it may even be questioned, if accounts were balanced, whether it has not so far resulted in a loss to Ireland. It would not, perhaps, be possible for any English minister to restore to the Catholics of Ireland that which was justly theirs, but it could hardly have been difficult to leave the Protestant clergy as dependent upon voluntary support as are the Catholic, and to have utilized for the benefit of the Irish people generally, in material works of utility, the proceeds of the operation. This, however, is exactly what as yet has not been done. That the measure may eventually prove of some benefit, and that the sum — important, though small in comparison with what it might have been, had Mr. Gladstone's Act been more comprehensive — which has been the fruit of the partial disestablishment, may be yet expended for the advantage of Ireland, is to be hoped; but in these days of “wars and rumors of wars,” with the knowledge of the readiness with which English ministers confuse Irish and Imperial interests, it behooves Irish representatives to watch the “surplus” and its disposal closely. The money annually received by the church when established was, after all, chiefly spent in Ireland; if therefore the result of Mr. Gladstone's

much-vaunted measure be the removal to English coffers of the money accumulated by its operation, those results will be nothing short of injurious to Ireland. A blunder might, perhaps, occur in an English as well as an Indian Budget, and an English minister might argue that as Ireland should bear her share of Imperial taxation, this money would be employed for her benefit in wiping out a deficit; but Irish members can "make assurance doubly sure," by insisting upon its early application to Irish needs.

It is not necessary to say that it was for no such reasons as these, or for any Catholic or Irish ones, that Lord Beaconsfield opposed the disestablishment proposals; but while we can only condemn many of his arguments and much of his eloquence, there yet remain in his oratory many brilliant passages worthy of remembrance.

The public life of Lord Beaconsfield since 1868, his recall to power in 1874, his elevation to the House of Lords, his domestic and foreign policy during the past six years, are fresh in the memories of all, and need not be recapitulated here. The time, perhaps, has hardly come when Lord Beaconsfield's character can be generally viewed free from the unjust veil party spirit raises; but, eloquent as an orator, wise as a diplomatist, astute as a politician, none can refuse to him the praise embodied in the epithet "great." Never one who regarded mere votes as the measure of justice or right, or who made principle subservient to party triumph, he has attained rank with honor, and held power with fame. Not, perhaps, a man whose mind was capable of taking note of every detail of governmental work, whose restless hands would grasp the seal of every department, and whose activity would extend from foreign affairs to domestic, from each distant consulate to every native Guildhall: one, perhaps, rather driven, of late at least, to depend somewhat upon others, and yet so loyal, even to young and humble colleagues, so true to helpmates, that none could guess to whom dispraise for work ill-done was due; one never unthoughtful of the poor, the laboring, or oppressed, and one who, when, in the turmoil of party contests, when the frailties of men are easily provoked, when hot and rash words had been uttered, was never loath to forget and forgive; pre-eminent by his talents and his deeds,—the name of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, the orator, politician, author, is written deep wherever honor is given to steadfast purpose or to life devoted to worthy aims.

W. D.

TALL WRITING.

AN Arizona paper thus discourses: And now the railroad comes along, like a giant anaconda, embracing the continent in its coil, and its ponderous machinery breathes the vitality of civilization in sonorous respirations, breaking the silence of the desert, and awakening the reverberations of the mountains for the first time since the planet commenced its revolutions in the universe. The name of the builder of the Chinese wall is lost in the Asian mystery. Eleven acres of solid masonry has served to preserve the name of the builder of the pyramids of Ghizah. They were of no benefit to the human race. But the names of the builders of roads are immortal. The Mongolian shepherd will show you the road which Gengis Khan made through the Nankon Pass. The Swiss peasant will guide you over the road traversed by Hannibal across the Alps; and the veriest yokel in England, watching his kine graze over Salisbury Plain, from the ruins of Stonehenge, will answer the question, "Who built that road to the height of Old Sarum?" "Cæsar." The typical New-Zealander, in crossing this continent by the Southern Pacific Railroad, a thousand years hence, to visit the ruins of London, will stop at the "Cassa Grande," and ask a descendant of the Pima Indians who built the citadel of that name, and the gentle savage will reply, in the soft dialect of the tribe, "Pimach" (I don't know); but ask him, "Who built the Southern Railroad?" and the child of centuries will answer, "Crocker."

ADVICE TO WOMEN.

In his recent discourse to the Pious Union of Catholic Ladies in Rome, Leo XIII. said: "Your work may bring immense advantage to the cause of God and of the church. Women formed in the school of Jesus Christ, and filled with His spirit, is called upon to exercise the most beneficent and salutary influences upon the family and upon society. Her action, gentle and attractive, constant and patient, penetrates and insinuates itself into even the fiercest minds, and overrules them. Understand, dearly beloved daughters, your mission, and study to fulfil it with fidelity."

THE Archbishop of Dublin, in the course of a pastoral letter recently issued, says:—

Two formidable enemies of holy modesty, so dear to God and His church, have, unfortunately, made a strong lodgment in the midst of us; one confronts us in our public walks, the other arrests our attention on the bookstalls of our cities and towns. Holy Job tells us that "he made a compact with his eyes that he would not even think on a virgin"; and most certainly, if the fashions of his time were in any way the precursors of the costumes of to-day, the resolution of the old saint was not the suggestion of mere counsel, but the dictate of stern necessity. These costumes too frequently seem to claim as their designers, not the virgin Queen of heaven, but the filthy goddess of Paganism. In many cases they are most offensive to Christian modesty, and the Searcher of Souls must be made sorrowful every hour at the havoc their bearers are causing to immortal souls. But then, we may be told that the world sanctions such things. Our only answer can be, "Woe to the world because of scandals." Has the church no power to confront this evil? Our cloisters shelter thousands of holy women whose whole lives are a loud protest against those of their sisters in the world; but, thanks to God, we have even in the very heart of society a band of holy souls, who, though living in the world, are not "of the world," and who have pledged themselves, by an act of solemn consecration, to take the holy Mother of God in an especial solemn manner as their mother and model. We refer to the association scattered over the land and found in

every rank of society, — the Children of Mary. We are sure, very reverend fathers, that the members of this holy association will, at your invitation, gather themselves around you, and act under your leadership, as so many little armies, to fight the battle of modesty and of God, by the strongest of all arms, the power of good example. But we must not shut our eyes to another source of demoralization which is working fearful mischief in the rising generation of this country. We allude to the torrent of filthy literature which is spreading itself over the land, and which, if allowed to flow on, may sweep away the landmarks of faith as well as morals. In large numbers of these periodicals the most grovelling sensuality may find its congenial food, and even from the less revolting sources our poor unsuspecting youths are daily drinking in deadly poison which will sooner or later destroy the supernatural life of their immortal souls, and prepare them, in due course, to be a curse to themselves, their families, and society. We grieve to be obliged to say that respectable newspapers are sometimes found aiding in this work of moral ruin, by opening their columns to detailed reports of gross immorality, which should not even be named by Christian tongues. Exert all your influence, very reverend fathers, to stem this hideous torrent. Thunder into the ears of parents, guardians, masters, and mistresses the words of the apostle, that "they who neglect their own have denied their faith, and are worse than infidels." Tell them that they are bound, at the peril of their souls, to watch at the portals of their homes to see that the accursed demon of immoral or irreligious reading pass

not into their dwellings, and tell them that He who redeemed the souls committed to their care will call them to a terrible account for sins which their vigilance could have prevented, but did not. Looking, then, at all the evils that threaten us in our public thoroughfares, our theatres, our social gatherings, and our poisoned literature, will we not go, with great earnestness but profound humility, to the throne of grace to ask for help in our troubles?

THE POTATO.

WE ("Dublin Freeman") have now the Report of the Select Committee on the Potato Crop, with the recommendations which they have deemed it right to make. The document, it need hardly be said, is of especial interest to Ireland, where the potato unfortunately forms so large a portion of the national diet. The witnesses examined by the committee were of two classes. — scientific and merely farming. Amongst the former class were Professor Baldwin, of the Model Farm, and Dr. Voeckler, the Consulting Chemist of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Amongst the latter were Mr. J. Robertson, of county Dublin, and Mr. S. Coleman, of Londonderry. Potato disease, its cause, and the likelihood of its prevention, were the subjects into which the inquiry resolved itself. All the scientific witnesses agreed in the conclusion that the disease consists in the growth, in or upon the plant, of a fungus, the scientific name of which is *Peronospora Infestans*. The fecundity of this fungus is amazing. It multiplies itself by thousands of millions in a very short time, and consequently spreads with fearful rapidity. There was a good deal of difference of opinion as to the agency by which the disease is spread, and the question whether the spores live through the winter, and reappear with the next crop, or die out and are revived. Moist weather appears to be peculiarly adapted to the spread of the disease.

There was a concurrence of opinion that the only effectual way to destroy the germs of the fungus is to burn the infected tubers, so as to prevent the spores being again cast upon the ground. The practice of sowing a second crop of potatoes within a short period, in the same land, was strongly deprecated by all the witnesses. Professor Baldwin was the only witness who believed in the possibility of stamping out the disease. Most of the other scientific witnesses believed that the best course was to try and find new varieties of potatoes more capable of resisting the attacks of the disease, though none believed in the feasibility of finding any variety which would not in turn succumb to the attack of the fungus. Even the Champion variety, it was stated, must share, in time, the general fate. All things considered, the committee think that it would be for the good of the community that some little state help should be given the farmers towards the procuring of improved species, and that experimental undertakings for the discovery of improved kinds should be encouraged in each of the three kingdoms. The committee make special recommendations with regard to this country. In Ireland they say the best plan would probably be to further extend the farms of the Agricultural Department of the National Board, and to specifically direct the attention of the superintendent of these farms to researches on the potato disease, and to the creation, the selection, and establishment of new varieties of the potato. The committee are further of opinion that in Ireland provision should be made by authority of the government for supplying good seed potatoes to small growers for cash payments.

LADY: Four of the chairs which I so lately purchased of you are broken. Upholsterer: Indeed, madam! The only way in which I can account for that is that some one must have been sitting on them.

ENUMERATING A TEUTON.

"I AM a census enumerator," said he, as he walked cheerfully up to the bar and opened his book. "I have come to take a census of your family."

"Ish dot so! Vas ish dot?" inquired the worthy German, mopping the bar with an old stocking and gazing inquiringly at his visitor.

"I want your family and your father's family and your mother's, and all about 'em."

"Gott in himmel! Vas you do mit dem!"

"I mean their names, ages, birth-places, and where they live."

"Now you moke right away owit! Go right away owit! else I throw you owit on dot strauss. Olles shimmert, of you tink you got free pier, you got mistaken quick. Go away owit, or I broke you up mit a bung-starter."

"Oh! go 'way. I don't want any beer. I want some facts about your family for the census."

"Some facts! For es olles geit! I don't go facts about dot family. Of you pays you choice taken, but of you try mit me hang 'em down for those drinks, den you got owit quick off, right away."

"What is your name?"

"Yah! You can get dot. Mein nom dot vos Yawcob Heinbockle. Now you got dot, you mok away oud."

"Got a wife?"

"Mein frau! Gretchen! Vell, you coom around along times about tay-light and leesten. Den you say, mein Gott! Heinbockle got a frau for shuner. Dot vos Gretchen."

"Any children?"

"Vell, Heinrich vos gron oop, und Hans vos drowned, und Yawcob he was in school, und Vilhelme he tend par for me, den Siebert vas in de goontry, und Fritz don't got along very well, und Emil vorks in de brewry, und Franz — vell, Franz don't gount, 'cause he vas seeckly. Den dere vos Gustav vot vos killed mit

Siegel, und Otto vot drives the vagon, und Johann vos in de Vest mit dose Induns, und doin' first rate, und Max was gone oud of town, und Adolph he vos n't born yet, so I don't know gwite vat he vill do; then Marguerite, she vorks owit, und Vilhelmina, she don't woak any more since she was pounced owit. Lowesa had de gramps by de powels, und Ottalie got schmacked across the bustle for falling down shtairs, und Lispet vas gone by de dentist to got her tooth pulled owit mit her mout, und dot vos all."

"Where was your father born?"

"Mein fader! He was born by Bawaria!"

"And your mother?"

"She vas born by Bawaria, doo. Ve vas all born by Bawaria; all but except Lispet und Adolphe und Lowesa und Hans und Vilhelmia und —"

"Hold on! I'll get to them. What is your business?"

"Yoost vat you see. I keep a Gast haus pier und schnaps. Dot vas vine schnaps, only den cents."

"How old are you?"

"How old I was? Vell, I vas vorty-nine for shuner!"

"How many children have you?"

"Don I toles ones! Dere vas Heinrich, und Hans, und Yacob, und Vilhelm —"

"How many altogether?"

"More as a dozen und a haaf. Vot you dinks, eh? Of I told you dwice about dem childs, I proke a piece right away off your hed!"

"How many of the children were born here?"

"Franz was born here, und Gustav, und Lispet, und Ottalie —"

"But how many? I don't care for the names yet."

"You don't care of dose names? Gahnn sie heim! Dos ech morgan! sie spiel owit! Gott in himmel! You don' gare of dem names? Vat you come for? Gayhen sie, mein Gott, I poke you gwick in de middle?"

"Look here, I want to get these facts for the government —"

"So-o-o? For dot gov'ment. Vy you don' say so before, und I bust a hole in you gwick. You don' got nothing from me; I vasn't naturalized"

"That don't make any difference, you must give me what I wan't, anyway."

"I moost! I moost give you vot you vant! Den you vas took dot, und dot, und dot, ah! How you like vat you vant ven you got 'em, ah? How you like 'em, ah?"

When Mr. Heinbockle was called upon for his defence by the justice, he explained that he thought the enumerator was a part of the Salvation Army raiding the beer saloons, and he did n't think it was much harm for an old Siegel man to lick an army whenever he saw one.

"GOD KNOWS MY NAME."

Harriet M. Skidn ore (*Marie*) in Portland, Oregon,
"Catholic Sentinel."

[A poor woman in Boston gave \$100, the entire savings of years of labor, to the Irish Relief Fund; and when the priest into whose charge she gave it asked her name, that it might be enrolled, she refused to tell it, saying, "God knows my name, father!" This beautiful example of noble charity united with true humility suggested the following verses.]

FROM the riven heart of Erin
Came the wild and woful cry, —
"Upon my blighted bosom
My famished children lie.
O sister lands! where reigneth
Abundance full and free,
O exiled sons and daughters,
Send aid from o'er the sea!"
Swift sped that cry of anguish
Far o'er the billows' crest,
And rang, in wailing echoes,
Throughout the boundless West.
And stranger hearts benignant
(In fondest union blent
With Erin's true-souled exiles)
A generous answer sent.
The rich man gives his thousands,
The poor his willing mite,
And over all the smile of God
Is shed with tenderest light.
Amid the generous legions
Who sent their kindly store,
From out the fair Queen City
That rules New England's shore,
Came one of Erin's daughters,
Nigh spent with toil and age:

(Oh, write her name, dear angels,
On Love's eternal page!
And, Time, adown thine ages,
Ring out each low-breathed word
That from these lips heroic
The wondering pastor heard!)
"I've brought my savings, father,"
She murmured mid her tears;
"Sole fruits of weary labor
Through long and toilsome years.
Yet freely do I give them,
As I my blood would shed,
To still poor Ireland's hunger, —
To buy the starving bread."
A hundred treasured dollars!
Her hard-earned gift, — her all!
Adown thy cheeks, good pastor,
Well may the tear-rain fall.
"My noble child!" he murmurs,
"Quick, tell me now thy name,
That gratitude may trace it
First on the scroll of Fame.
For, oh, thy gift is regal, —
All, ALL thy garnered store,
The fruit of all thy labor, —
Could kingly boon be more?"
"Nay! write no name, I pray you,"
She said in whispers low,
"God knows my name, my father,
And He alone SHOULD know."
Ay, Erin's humble daughter,
What need of earthly fame?
Thou hast a crown eternal,
FOR GOD DOTH KNOW THY NAME.
Ay, tender heart of woman,
So full of Christ-like love!
He knows, and writes forever
That name in light above.

HIS OWN GRANDFATHER. — I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. My wife had a son; he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, *i. e.*, my step-daughter, had also a son; he was, of course, my brother, and in the mean time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter; my wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather.

IRELAND'S DECAY.

FROM the Registrar General's Report, it appears that there is a decrease this year of 40,609 acres in the total extent of land under crops, the main heads under which great decreases are observable being barley, meadow, potatoes, and turnips. There are this year, in round numbers, 36,000 acres less under barley than last year, 27,000 acres less in meadow, 21,000 acres less under potatoes, and 12,000 acres less under turnips. On the other hand there is an increase in the acreage under oats of nearly 52,000 acres, and an increase under flax of nearly 26,000 acres. It is comparatively easy to account for both the decrease and the increase. As to the decrease, the hay could not be saved last year, hence the discouragement this year; the potatoes failed, and the turnips were all tops, while barley is always a varying crop, ranging within the last four years from 254,000 acres last year to 218,000 this, — its minimum for that period. On the other hand, the oats last year were in many parts of the country a success, the straw was good and plentiful, and, by the letters of our Special Commissioner from the great flax district of Rathfriland, it may be remembered that, though some of the flax steeped was lost, the crop was healthy, and more than average, and the prospect pictured then was not in this respect deprived of its buoyancy and brightness. The beginning of the revival in the flax trade, which made the first months of the present year in the North hopeful, had, of course, much also to do with the substantial increase in the acreage under flax. There are now 1,132 scutching mills in Ulster, eighteen in Munster, seventeen in Connaught, and eight in Leinster. The small number of scutching mills in one of the great, if not the greatest, of the grazing provinces brings us to the kindredly treated subject of stock. A decrease in the number of live stock is observ-

able in the returns of every description. There is a decrease in cattle since last year of 146,752, in sheep a decrease of 456,542, in pigs a decrease of 223,139, in goats, 13,155, of horses and mules a decrease of 14,837, and of asses a decrease of 2,594. In poultry we find a decrease of 356,106. In this matter of live stock the considerable decrease is curious, because there had been no great disease amongst beasts as there had been amongst vegetables during the year 1879. But it is simply, as it appears to us, due to the grazing having been overdone in Ireland, especially as foreign competition was improving in facility and character every day. For the last four years, with the exception of last year, cattle have been decreasing in Ireland; for the last three years sheep have been increasing, but these made their greatest drop of about 400,000 this year. For the last three years, also, pigs have been decreasing. In horses and mules the variation for the period has not been so notable, but all round there is a general and simultaneous falling off in every item this year. That in poultry, which could be made a very remunerative department to the tenant farmer, is very remarkable. There is a falling off of turkeys, geese, hens, etc., of between a quarter of a million and a half a million. There was a similar decrease last year, but the year before (1878) there was a material increase, and that increase was only the culmination of a gradual increase extending over eight years. We cannot look upon this general decay without feelings of the greatest misgiving and anxiety. We live in a land where neither wealth nor men accumulate, but where both decay. Every sheep, cow, horse, goat, and ass the less is so much value which the country has lost; every acre out of cultivation is so much that the country loses the benefit of; there are 40,000 acres lost

since last year, and 1,250,000 animals, not including man. When we, then, congratulate Mr. Grimshaw on the promptitude of his report, we cannot but be reminded of the saying that bad news is a fast traveller.

OLEOMARGARINE IN IRELAND.

It seems that this stuff has reached Ireland, and is interfering with the industries of the farmers. At an agricultural meeting in Clonmel, among other speakers was the Very Rev. Canon Bagot, who was, as usual, practical and sensible. He gave rather a flourishing account of the new stuff manufactured to imitate butter, and known as oleomargarine. One fact, at least, is certain about this stuff, and that is that it is not butter, but a composition of animal fats. Thousands of tons, the Marquis of Waterford said, were sold as butter every month at Leadenhall Market. This is a matter which all interested in one of the great staples of Irish agriculture ought to take up. Of course if people prefer this stuff to butter, no one can prevent their purchasing it, — that is only an every-day incident of trade. But what can and ought to be prevented is the sale of oleomargarine under the name of butter. This is fraudulent and criminal, and ought to be put down, and it is a practical matter which we recommend to all interested in Irish agriculture. We have suffered enough in many ways, without being saddled with the additional loss which must accrue if smart English dealers are allowed to sell as Irish butter a stuff which has not one ounce of Irish butter in its strange composition.

SCOTCH OPINION.

OUR Gaelic contemporary the "Highlander" — which, by the way, is doing a great deal towards the preservation and purification of the Gaelic language in Scotland — has, in a late issue, a couple of suggestions which ought to be noted. It recommends, in the first

place, that Mr. Gladstone should take into his confidence Mr. J. F. Hogan, of the Inland Revenue Department, Wexford, that he may enlighten himself in the mysteries of malting barley and smuggling; and in the second, it suggests that Irish farmers, instead of emigrating, should stop at home; and it advances very powerful reasons why they should do so. It takes the respective prices of grain here and in America, and finds that the advantage is on the side of the Irish farmer. Reducing the acreable produce from 1870 to 1878 into British measure, it finds the figures stand thus: —

		Wheat.	Oats.	Barley.
Ireland ...	cwts...	13.7	13.1	16.4
America ...	cwts...	6.5	8.0	9.5
Difference per acre		7.2	5.1	6.9

The difference in price, it need hardly be said, presents a still more remarkable fact for reflection. But what makes American farming profitable, despite the drawbacks of poorness in yield and lowness of price, is the fact that the landlords in America are the men who till the soil, and the "three profits" of Lord Beaconsfield are reduced by one. This is a fact which the "Highlander" emphasizes with great force; and when we find our Scottish neighbor reasoning thus, we see a very hopeful sign for the Irish tenant as well as the Highlander.

THE battle of Aughrim was fought in 1691. Aughrim is a village in the county Galway, famous for the crowning victory of William III., Prince of Orange, over James II. The Marquis of Ruth, a French general, commanded James's forces (25,000 strong), while Ginkel led William's (18,000). St. Ruth made able dispositions for the battle, but, jealous of the Irish generals, had kept the plans to himself, and when he was killed there was no one to succeed him. The English claimed to have killed 7,000 and taken 450 prisoners, losing only 1,700 themselves.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

Justin McCarthy, M. P.

HE ventured to think that there were few there who had not some relation, or at least some friend somewhere on the American continent, or who could not boast of some genial associations connected with the great Western republic. In some sense, indeed, America might be called "the second home of the Irish race." Just now, as they knew, there was another great wave of emigration from Ireland to America. He was in Ireland not long since, and painful and melancholy were the scenes he then witnessed at Queenstown and on the railway between Queenstown and Cork. The trains were daily crowded with young men and young women, — the bone and sinew of the land, — all streaming from their own country to find a home beyond the Atlantic. Though knowing that in America they would acquire an independence and a happy home, he nevertheless could not witness without deep regret this renewed stream of migration from the old country; for he knew from personal experience that the Irishman in America, howsoever prosperous he may become, whatever the honors he may win, still looks back with fond regret to the old home of his boyhood, and that for his own country is still reserved the undying love of his heart. But though he would like to see, as doubtless would his hearers, the Irish race firmly rooted in their own Irish soil, he thought it well that, as Irishmen and Irishwomen must emigrate to America, they should consider what kind of prospect awaits them, and what kind of homes they are likely to build for themselves on the great American continent. It had been his fate to see his countrymen in almost every part of the great Western republic, from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the narrow straits of New York to the Golden Gate of San Francisco. He had found them in New York, Chi-

cago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. But there was one spot where there was not a single Irishman to be found, and that was Salt Lake City, the chosen home of Mormonism. He was assured at the time of his stay there that he and his family were the only representatives of the Irish race then dwelling under the *régime* of Brigham Young. He regretted that so many of his countrymen were tempted to settle in large cities like New York, instead of pressing onwards into the heart of the mighty continent, where they would find a readier and more remunerative field for their talents and enterprise, and be unmenaced by the dangers which beset them of necessity in the vast centres of population. A few years ago the Irish influence in New York was so powerful — it was potent still, though not so powerful as at the time whereof he spoke — that it domineered the whole municipal government of the city; and it was a curious sight to see how on St. Patrick's day the traffic of the busiest street of that busiest of cities — the great central artery of Broadway — was stopped for hours in order that Irishmen might commemorate by procession the anniversary of their national saint. On that day the stranger to New York would observe that the traffic was brought to a stand-still for hours together, and those arrangements which in other places are only put in force when great kings or sovereigns are passing are used to facilitate the passing of the St. Patrick's day procession. It is not surprising that such exceptional honors engendered in the minds of their countrymen a complacent notion of their own importance, and it was once proposed and gravely entertained that the name of the Empire City should be changed, — that it should cease to be known as New York and become New Cork. [*Laughter.*] The Irish in America are to be found in almost every grade of

life, and if true to themselves they prove that they can win the highest honors and the most tempting emoluments. But it is not only on the social and political affairs of New York that the Irish have made their mark: they have built in the most splendid and costly quarter of New York the most magnificent white-marble cathedral that was to be seen in the world, and which will redound to the credit of the Catholic and Irish population as long as the city holds together. As it stands in its glory of white marble, he questioned if anything to rival it in imposing grandeur was to be seen even in the old cities of Pisa and Milan. And this he would say, while on this theme: he believed that his countrymen in the large cities, notwithstanding the terrible dangers that environed them, had faithfully preserved the traditions they carried from the old land; had loyally clung to that purity of life and that fidelity to faith which there distinguished them, no less than to their patriotic principles and their love of country. Cold must be the soul of the Irishman visiting New York whose heart is not kindled into a glow of gratefulness for the country he stands in, and of new love for the country he has left, when he gazes on the splendid monument which commemorates the career and the services of Thomas Addis Emmet, the Irish refugee, and brother to Robert Emmet, who proved by the sacrifice of his life his devotion to the cause of his country. The lecturer traced the triumphs of Irishmen in the different distinguished professions, dealing lastly with the services of Irishmen in the army. It was a melancholy sight that was presented to them during the late civil war, when Irishmen were found pitted in mortal combat against Irishmen. On the memorable day of Fredericksburg, when the soldiers of poor Thomas Francis Meagher, true to their cause and their banner, with green sprigs in their caps to symbolize the shamrock, rushed up the heights, they were met

by Irishmen as equally devoted to *their* cause and their banner, with whom they had, alas! to enter into mortal encounter. His observations convinced him that the Irishman had but one enemy — himself; and if he chose he could win the most honorable and lucrative positions which it was in the power of his adopted country to bestow. There was an admirable book written by his friend, Mr. A. M. Sullivan. When he took up Mr. Sullivan's "New Ireland," he confessed it was with a sort of fear and trembling that he would paint a "New Ireland" beyond the Atlantic, and that he had no hope of a permanent and prosperous settlement of the Irish race on Irish soil. But he was glad to say that Mr. Sullivan looked forward, as he did, to a prosperous race of Irish men and women settled in the land of their fathers. But looking at the great Western republic, and remembering what the Irish race owed it, they were fain to address it in the words in which Grattan apostrophized Irish freedom: *Esto perpetua* — Be thou perpetual! be thou always a home and a shelter for those who would otherwise be homeless; be that great American republic, pursuing in stately majesty its path of expansion and development, always the pattern and the model of the young and rising nations of Europe.

"We've moved into our own house now," said Spilkins, "and have quit the pay-rent-al roof forever."

THE battle of Flodden Field, between the Scots and English, was fought in 1513. In regard to the defeat which the Scotch received, Sir Walter Scott says, "Scarcely a family of eminence but had an ancestor killed at Flodden, and there is no province of Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow."

INNISCARRA.

INNISCARRA, faire-t valley of the gently winding Lee,
 Vale of beauty and of sorrow, ever dear thou art to me!
 Dear to me thy haunted glens are, where the fairy jailers play,
 When the white-robed moon is shining thro' the clouds of sombre gray;
 Dear the peasant cots that nestle 'long the pleasant river-side,
 And the ruins that like warders grim hold watch above its tide;
 But thy churchyard, though the saddest, is the dearest spot to me,
 Where my mother sleeps the death-sleep by the gently winding Lee.

Much I loved thee, Inniscarra, while I wandered o'er thy vale,
 Where MacCaura More held council with Tir-Eoghain's Hugh O'Neill;
 When my boyhood drank the story of the heroes that were thine,
 And the legends that cling round thee like the tendrils of a vine.
 But I never loved the truly, never shrined thee in my thought,
 Till the only heart I cherished to thy cold embrace was brought;
 Till the fond heart of my mother, that had ever throbb'd for me,
 Found its rest in Inniscarra by the gently winding Lee.

In that churchyard through the willows, and the ivied tower on high,
 Breathes the wind a dirge of sadness to the river flowing by;
 And the waters while they listen hush awhile their tuneful mirth,
 And all nature seems in mourning round that sacred spot of earth.
 Ah! and thus 't is with us ever! where the heart's affection lies,
 All of glory or of beauty is subservient to its ties;
 Fair to all is Inniscarra, but, oh! doubly fair to me,
 Where my mother sleeps the death-sleep by the gently winding Lee.

A SALUTATION TO THE CELTS.

HAIL to our Celtic brethren wherever they may be,
 In the far woods of Oregon, or o'er the Atlantic sea;
 Whether they guard the banner of St. George in Indian vales,
 Or spread beneath the nightless north experimental sails:
 One in name and in fame
 Are the sea-divided Gaels.

Though fallen the state of Erin, and changed the Scottish land,
 Though small the power of Mona, though unwaked Llewellyn's band;
 Though Ambrose Merlin's prophecies degenerate to tales,
 And the cloisters of Iona are bemoaned by northern gales;
 One in name and in fame
 Are the sea-divided Gaels.

In Northern Spain and Brittany our brethren also dwell;
 Oh, brave are the traditions of their fathers that they tell!
 The eagle and the crescent in the dawn of history pales
 Before their fire that seldom flags, and never wholly fails:
 One in name and in fame
 Are the sea-divided Gaels.

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BALL.

No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

At her residence in Sackville Street — at that time the most fashionable street in the metropolis — Miss Cecilia Fitzgerald was awaiting the arrival of the guests for the ball promised in the last chapter, when her brother George entered the room. "You are ready early," he said. "It wants some twenty minutes of the appointed time."

"Yes," replied his sister, "but Alice Pouncet promised to come early, for a chat."

"I hope, Cecilia, you will present to her ladyship your last honest suitor, when he arrives."

"You really don't mean, George, that Mr. Dowell — is that not his name — is coming?"

"Of course I do; did you not invite him yesterday, yourself?"

"Now that you bring it to my recollection, I believe I did; but has he sufficiently recovered his equestrian mishap to be able to appear this evening?"

"Appear! If you had only seen him this morning at the Historical, you would never have thought, but for some unmistakable traces on his garments, he had so recently escaped breaking his neck. He was giving all present a graphic account of the accident, and of how his housekeeper sent him to bed and prescribed hot jars, thin gruel, bleeding, hot punch, and such like, the happy result of all which remedies being that Mr. Michael Dowell is restored to full health and vigor of mind and body, and is in excellent condition for availing himself of your gracious invitation for this evening; let us hope he will do your ball full justice."

"Probably more than justice; but now that I reflect upon it, George, I think it cruel and ungenerous to make

a person so simple-minded and well-meaning as he a subject of mirth for the entire room, for such he is certain to become. I am sorry this did not occur to me before I asked him."

"It is Robert Harcourt who is to blame for the whole thing. Henry Damer was very much displeased with him yesterday, but he has a way about him of laughing everything off, else he never could steer clear of half the scrapes he gets into on account of his pranks. What do you think he did on Saturday night? He put some fellow with a pot of tar through the window of the College Chapel, and got him to paint over the reading-desk, in large letters, 'Rome forever,' and on the other side, above the pulpit, 'Long live the Pope.' Oh, you should have seen the old chaps as they came in to service in the morning. One would have imagined it was Beelzebub himself they saw. From provost to senior lecturer they one and all stood still, looked first at the reading-desk, then at the pulpit, but there was no mistaking the characters, which were as plain and clear as the mystic lines on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. The senior bursar was the first to speak; he muttered something about the 'Kingdom of Antichrist being at hand,' whereupon they one and all took to their heels as if the devil was coming for them before their time, or, a greater calamity still, was about summoning them to deliver up the college purse. The junior dean's eye slightly twinkled as he passed Robert, who stood at the door innocently looking on. He told us afterwards it was the greatest effort of his life to maintain his gravity, and that when he got to his own rooms he locked his door and laughed until he was black in the face. Later in the day the board sent in some porters to efface the 'words of darkness,' but they have only succeeded at the expense of two conspicuous marks which will last as long as the polished oak panels."

Cecilia laughed merrily. "But

what," she asked, "are we to do with Mr. Dowell if he really does come?"

"My dear sister, that is a matter entirely for your own consideration. For my part. I do not think you can do better than introduce him to Alice Pouncet; his conversation may prove as interesting to her ladyship as it has to yourself, and moreover, she being engaged, you will have a monopoly of the beaux."

"Your advice is admirable, and I shall act upon it in all save one particular. I will dispose of Alice for the night, but shall take the liberty of substituting my brother for Mr. Dowell."

"Oh, nonsense," said George, laughing, but evidently not displeased; "I fear she will feel but little obliged for your arrangements in her behalf; but now, my dear Cecilia, I want one serious word with you on a subject which has long been in my thoughts, though I have never even hinted at it before."

"And what may it be, George?" asked his sister, looking full into her brother's large, dark eyes.

"If I were not at last certain," he replied, "of what I have long suspected, I would not speak; but, my dear sister, though you would disguise it from even me, nay, though you are perhaps scarcely conscious of it yourself, I am persuaded you love my friend Henry Damer."

At the mention of the name, Cecilia's eyes, which had been fixed wonderingly on her brother's face, fell, and she colored deeply. "I am not conscious, George," she replied, after a moment's pause; "that my conduct at any time could suggest that I regarded Henry Damer otherwise than an old, intimate, and valued friend of my brother."

"My dear sister, your look at this moment conveys to a brother's mind more of your real sentiments than you think. But do not for a moment suppose I am otherwise than pleased and gratified at what I believe to be the case. Henry Damer possesses

all those gifts both of mind, and person, and above all those moral qualities which might justly win the love and esteem of such a heart as yours. He is noble, generous, and brave. He is devoted heart and soul to his country's cause. He has ever been my most intimate associate and truest friend. In early school days, throughout our college years, in studies and at sports, we have worked and played together. His friend was ever my friend, his cause ever my cause. Whether he has ever concealed a secret from me I know not, but I never have from him. He has been my confidant in all my affairs in life. Can you wonder that I should be glad to think that a friend so dear should win the heart of the sister I idolize, and that I should be able to call him by the still fonder name of brother?"

Cecilia was silent for some time, and when she spoke again, it was in a low, hesitating voice. "Do you not know, my dear George," she said, at length, "that Henry Damer is generally spoken of as the affianced husband of Louise Northcoate?"

"I have heard the rumor, but I have also heard its contradiction on the best of authority,—on that of Henry himself. He has spoken to me so as to leave on my mind no doubt as to his real dispositions towards that lady. Their ever being married is altogether out of the question."

"But, George," said his sister, blushing and looking down, "why should you suppose that your friend entertains any such sentiments towards me?"

"He has never yet spoken to me on the subject, but, unless I greatly err, the warm regard he has ever entertained for you will soon, if it has not already, ripen into a tenderer passion. He can think of nothing but politics just now; when the election is over he can allow himself time for other things besides speeches on Irish Rights; but hark! there is a knock,—it must be Alice Pouncet."

will go off at once, that you may enjoy a few minutes together."

George left the room, and a moment afterward the footman announced Lady Alice Pouncet.

"Ah! my dear Alice, so you have come at last," said Miss Fitzgerald, as a fair and beautiful girl, sparkling with diamonds and brilliants, entered the room. She rose, and affectionately saluted her visitor, and then putting her arm round her waist led her to the sofa. "For the last half-hour I have been anxiously awaiting your arrival."

"I could not come earlier, Cecilia," Lady Alice replied. "But how is this, love?" she said, putting her white arm around Cecilia's neck, "you look pale and agitated."

"Oh, it is nothing at all, dear," replied her friend, somewhat confused; "perhaps waiting so long and thinking of many things put me out of sorts. But sit a little away, Alice, that I may see you to advantage. Why, you are looking more charming than ever; to-night you will prove quite irresistible. Do you know there are two gentlemen invited to-night, neither of whom I think you have met? They are particular friends of my brother: one is a Mr. Emmet, the other a Mr. Moore."

"Mr. Robert Emmet?"

"Yes, that is his name."

"I had the pleasure of being introduced to him one evening at your cousin's, the Duke of Leinster's; he drove out to the Carten in company with Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He is a handsome and remarkably intellectual-looking young man, but he seems very grave and thoughtful. I am told that his speeches are full of impassioned eloquence such as is rarely heard. I never recollect meeting this Mr. Moore."

"All I can tell you of him is, that he enjoys the reputation of being the poet of the university, and that he and Mr. Emmet are inseparable companions. I have never seen him, but George tells me he is extremely small,

but very animated and lively in manner. Ah, but I was near forgetting there is another gentleman, one whom I engaged yesterday, — I hope you do not intend to rob me of my prize, — a Mr. Michael Dowell."

The company beginning to arrive, the conversation was here interrupted. Presently the doors of the dancing saloon were thrown open, and the assembly repaired thither. The musicians took their places, and the various partners arranged themselves for a quadrille. At the moment when all were awaiting the signal to commence the dance, the door slowly opened, and the voice of the footman announced "Mr. Dowell." As that gentleman entered the room, the glare of a hundred lights, and gaze of twice as many pair of eyes, were upon him. His most remarkable garment was a body-coat of sky blue, buttoned close from the chin downwards, and reaching below the knees. Next appeared homespun stockings, — it should be allowed, of the finest worsted, — and lastly, shoes calculated to make the heart of his hostess tremble for the fate of her inlaid floor. And nothing more of his attire was visible to the most critical observer.

He slowly pushed his way into the centre of the brilliant throng, and then he stood still and gazed calmly round him, in no way disconcerted by the looks of wonder and amazement that greeted him from every side. After a long and leisurely survey he recognized Miss Fitzgerald, who stood at the head of the saloon leaning on the arm of her partner, Sir Henry Damer, and to her accordingly he directed his course.

"How do you do this evening, miss," — when a few steps taken in the ploughed-field fashion brought him close to the young lady — "I hope I find you well? As for myself, I am come, as you see, none the worse after yesterday's misfortune, thanks be to God. I hope I'm not intruding on the party, though, for I see them all

standin' round, as though they wor waitin' for somebody to begin."

"Not in the least, I assure you, Mr. Dowell," Miss Fitzgerald replied. "We were just about commencing a quadrille; all the sets, I am afraid, are formed, but if you would be so good as to take a seat for the present, we can find you a place in the next."

"Oh, then, miss, I'm tired sitting, I thank ye; but I'll just take a turn here on the settle" (he referred to a lounge) "if you please, and watch the *galavantin'* goin' on; 'tis n't often I dance, miss, an' I'd rather be lookin' at ye, if no offence." Suiting the action to the word, he took his seat on the sofa, and the figure commenced.

Before long Mr. Robert Harcourt approached him.

"How is this, Mr. Dowell?" he said; "you ought not to sit alone in this fashion. Come and I'll introduce you to a very agreeable lady, who, like yourself, does not care to dance, and you can have a pleasant *tête-à-tête*"; so speaking, Harcourt led the wholly compliant Dowell to another part of the room where, seated alone, was a rather elderly young lady, who, however, still retained the costume of *la premier jeunesse*, to whom he briefly introduced, "Mr. Dowell—Miss Reeves," and went away.

Miss Reeves bowed stiffly. Mr. Dowell bowed also, and without more ado seated himself by her side.

"I presume, sir, you did not expect a ball here to-night?" said the lady, somewhat sarcastically.

"Oh, yes, ma'am—I ask pardon—miss, I mean. I was out ridin' with Miss Fitzgerald yesterday, and she asked me, so, as you see, I took the liberty of comin'."

"You were riding with Miss Fitzgerald, you say?"

"Yes, miss, and by the same token the horse I was on run away an' threw me off, but I was n't in the least hurt. You'd never know this was the waistcoat I wore, would you miss?"—here Mr. Dowell opened his

coat to let the lady see the garment referred to,— "although it was covered with mud at the time."

"It would not in the least surprise me to be told it was, sir," replied Miss Reeves, with dignity. "Your coat, I perceive, is not exactly of the pattern suited to an assembly such as this."

"Oh, askin' your pardon, I think it is, ma'am; for it is the very best cut that my tailor, Tim O'Galligan, could make, and says he to me, when I was takin' it, 'Now you have a coat, Misther Michael, fit to app ar in before the Lord Lieutenant, an' one that'll do you for walkin' in as well as for an evenin' out'."

"In my humble opinion, sir, it is rather intended for the former purpose; but this is a subject upon which I must be excused dwelling more at length. Permit me to ask how it was you first made the acquaintance of Miss Fitzgerald?"

"Well then I'll tell you, miss; it came about in this way. You see I was for some time before acquainted with her brother, Mr. George Fitzgerald, in college; for he a long time back—seein', I suppose, I was sober an' industrious, an' hearin' I was well to do at home, used to make very free with me, and would speak to me concernin' my farm when we'd meet; an' how the cattle were goin' on, an' what way I expected the crops would turn out, an' how much money I was laying by, an' all such like, an' whatever was the news, be it good or bad, I used to tell him exactly how everything stood. Well, I saw his sister once or twice, an' so thinkin'—an' I'm glad to say I was n't mistaken—that she had the same good sense an' knowledge as her brother, I soon began to like her uncommon well, and was long wishin' to get acquainted, but of course I did n't make so free entirely as to go an' tell him so, but yesterday Mr. Harcourt, whom I often had asked before, agreed to bring us together, an' so he took me off to meet her on horseback, an' lo and be-

tide the horse run away an' — I told you the rest—but as I said before, an' I'm proud to repeat, I found the young lady to be all an' more than I considered her, from when I first set eyes upon her."

"Pray how is that, sir?"

"Why, as well as being handsome an' genteel, she's what's better, steady an' wise; and she gave me, moreover to understand that she would be nothing loath to become the wife of an industrious farmer without pride or pretensions, an' she was going to say more, only for the little trouble that came upon me. But I'm in hopes it will be all settled to-night."

"I do not exactly understand you, Mr. — I forget your name, sir."

"Michael Dowell, miss. Well, I think I may make bold to speak plainly to you, seein' that you are the same as one of themselves, an' maybe you could help us in comin' to the point; I think it not unlikely, in short, that myself an' Miss Fitzgerald will be married."

"You and Miss Fitzgerald! *you* to be married to Cecilia Fitzgerald?"

"With the blessin' of God I hope so, miss."

"I trust, Mr. Dowell, you do not consider me a person with whom you may jest with impunity, for although I may be unmarried, I am not without protectors able to shield me from insult and ridicule. You must either have taken leave of your senses, sir, or else you think me one on whom you may play off with safety your vulgar, stupid jokes. You shall discover your mistake, however, before very long. You had better not attempt any more of them. Excuse me, sir." So speaking, the offended spinster rose from her seat, and, with the dignity and haughtiness becoming the occasion, moved off to another part of the room.

Mr. Dowell calmly followed the fair fugitive with his eyes, until he saw her again seated in a distant part of the saloon. What he thought of the lady's language and behavior it

would be impossible to say. He may have supposed that perhaps she favored the pretensions of a rival suitor for the hand of Cecilia, or that, with the pardonable vanity of her sex, she was somewhat mortified at so much of his conversation being devoted to the praise of another, to the neglect of her own charms. In any case he never for an instant lost either his equanimity of temper or his smile of benevolence. After gazing for a few minutes after her with a look of vacant wonder, he comfortably stretched himself at full length upon the sofa, and in a listless, dreamy manner, watched the various motions of the dancers.

It were idle to attempt the enumeration of the many paltry errors in etiquette and small offences against politeness and fashionable decorum into which our rustic hero fell throughout the progress of that memorable night.

In the course of the evening he so far gained confidence as to ask the hand of Miss Fitzgerald for a reel. The young lady having declined on the plea of ignorance, he determined, as he said, to "put the company in the knowledge of a few of the steps as taught by the Loughrea dancing-master, Misther McCormick."

In order to do justice to the figure he insisted upon taking off his coat, and then took the floor, but he was not dancing long when a difficult turn brought him flat upon the ground, and, amidst the loud laughter of the room, he retired to the corner in great good-humor, but somewhat discomfited in body, and sat down.

He was just pondering on the advisability of volunteering to sing a song, when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and, looking up, he beheld his friend and director of the previous day.

"I sincerely rejoice, Dowell, my dear fellow, in the conquest you have achieved; and would add my hearty congratulations, were it not that just at this moment they might come a lit-

tle premature, for — not to keep you any longer in suspense — a rumor has just gone about that another gentleman is likely to put in an appearance as a suitor for the hand of Miss Fitzgerald. But, granting the report be true, at the worst I suppose a little amicable meeting in the morning at the 'fifteen acres' will settle all between you."

"Lord bless us! Misther Harcourt, but shure it is n't to fight him you'd be wantin' me?"

"Indeed, Mr. Dowell, I should be the last in the world to advise you unnecessarily to such a course, but at present I can see no alternative."

"Can you tell me anything about his name, or who he is?"

"I cannot. He is reported to be an accomplished swordsman, as well as a dead shot; but that may not be true, you know. Here comes a gentleman who can, perhaps, give you fuller particulars about him."

"May I be allowed a share in this interesting conversation?" said a young man of very diminutive figure, with a bright, animated countenance, and quick, sparkling eyes, who at this moment approached.

"Well then, not to be makin' a stranger of you, Mr. Moore," said Dowell, "Mr. Harcourt is after bringing me rather unpleasant information."

"Indeed; I am sorry for that. What may it be?"

"Well then, you see, I had as good as settled with Miss Fitzgerald, Mr. Harcourt here will tell you; but now he says another blackguard is shortly coming after her as well, and that I'll have to fight him."

"And will you do so, and perhaps get shot, and then be pickled and sent home like poor Bob Acres?"

"Oh, God bless my soul! I won't fight however it goes; but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll leave it to the lady herself, an' whichever of us she fancies most, why then let him be blest and live in peace."

"You recollect what Dryden says:

'None but the brave deserve the fair'?"

"Ah then, 'tis little good 't would do me to be brave, if I was to be carried home some fine morning to my landlady on a barn door. I'm doin' what's sinsible in leavin' it all to herself; besides, she gave me the preference before."

"Oh, then you act most wisely," said Moore; "but do you know where Miss Fitzgerald is? She is engaged to me for the next dance."

"She has just gone into the conservatory, accompanied by Lady Alice Pouncet," said Harcourt. "Now is your time, Michael, follow her at once."

Dowell made his way to the conservatory, at the farther end of which the two young ladies were engaged in merry conversation.

"I ask your pardon, miss, for intrudin' myself so much on your agreeable talk," said Dowell, approaching. "but if convenient, might I have a few words with you, an' nobody by?"

"Oh, Mr. Dowell, I am really so sorry —" Miss Fitzgerald was beginning when her companion interrupted her.

"Hush! Cecilia. I hope, Mr. Dowell, neither Miss Fitzgerald nor you will object to making me your confidante?"

"For my part," replied Mr. Dowell. "not in the least, miss."

"Nor you either, Miss Cecilia; very good," said Lady Alice. "But first, sir, allow me to congratulate you upon your dancing to-night; I really admired it very much."

"An' you'd have seen more, miss, only for the misfortune, but we'll talk of that another time: what I want now to speak of is this. You honored me so much with your company an' favor yesterday, Miss Fitzgerald, that I made bold to think it was as good as agreed to between us, an' only wanted the word, an' I might go and speak to the priest; but now I'm told there is another boy comin', an' I want to know —"

"Really, Mr. Dowell, I am truly sorry —"

"Cecilia dear, you *must* be silent," said Lady Alice, playfully slapping the shoulder of her friend, and then resting her hand upon it. "Proceed, Mr. Dowell."

"It is only this, miss, that I want to know," turning to Miss Fitzgerald, "to which of us will you give the choice?"

"Now, Cecilia," said Lady Alice, "let me speak for you. I take it upon myself to represent Miss Fitzgerald in this matter, Mr. Dowell, so it is with me you will be good enough to treat; but that I may be the better able to act wisely, I must ask you who the gentleman is to whom you allude?"

"I don't know that myself, miss, for I never either seen him or heard his name; in truth I never knew there was such a man until I was told of him by Mr. Harcourt not five minutes ago. He says that he's comin', and that if I want to keep on wid her I'll have to fight him. So as I don't want that, I came here to leave it all to herself."

Both young ladies smiled when Dowell mentioned the name of his informant. "I am afraid, Mr. Dowell," Cecilia was again beginning, when Lady Alice interrupted once more. "Be silent. Cecilia, you have left this matter to me. As I said before Mr. Dowell, I act in this lady's behalf. Now let us come to the question before us. There is, I would infer from your words, some probability of what you gentlemen call 'an affair of honor' coming off between you and some person unknown, unless Miss Fitzgerald exerts her influence to prevent it. But, sir, I must say such a course as you propose for her would be, in my opinion, a highly indecorous one. Deeply as I should regret such a circumstance occurring in the case of my unworthy self, yet, if I thought the gentlemen were determined on fighting, I should not think it proper to interfere."

"But I'm not determined on fight-

ing at all at all, miss; I only came to ask the lady which of us she would have. I'll rest satisfied with her choice!"

"Really, Mr. Dowell, considering I know nothing of your rival," said Lady Alice, "I would find it hard —"

"Oh, they say he is the devil at fightin', Lord bless us! an' that he kills every man he meets."

"So much the more worthy opponent, then; but as I was about remarking, — of him I know nothing whatever; how, then, can I undertake to elect between you? The consequences might be most unfortunate to my client that would follow a rash choice on my part. The only prudent course I can adopt is to refer you to a trial by combat. Therefore this is my decision. Like a knight of chivalry, Mr. Dowell, proceed boldly to meet your adversary, fight to the death, and remember," here she held up Miss Fitzgerald's hand, "this is the reward that awaits the victor. Farewell, sir; may every success be yours; come, Cecilia, your partner awaits you at the door."

Lady Alice having delivered the above judgment with a tone and effect worthy of a Siddons, she and Cecilia glided from the conservatory, leaving Dowell stunned and dumbfounded staring after them with fixed eyes and open mouth. Presently Harcourt joined him.

"How now, my dear friend," he exclaimed; "am I to congratulate you or not?"

"Oh, I'm afraid it's all up with me, Mr. Harcourt," replied Dowell. "I think Miss Fitzgerald was willin' enough if she'd be only let speak, but the young lady who was with her wouldn't leave her say a word, an' took upon herself to settle all, an' she told me I should fight him till one of us was killed, and it would be all right wid the other."

"It is a romantic though somewhat dangerous way she suggests of settling the matter, but what do you intend doing; to fight I suppose?"

"Oh, bedad, I won't; a wife, be

she ever so grand, is not worth that much any day. I'll go home an' go to bed, and the disappointment will be all slept off again to-morrow: but still I won't be too down-hearted, she may not have the other chap after all, an' then I'll be to the good again. I'm much obliged to you though, Mr. Harcourt, for all you've done. 'T was n't your fault we had n't better luck; I won't forget it to you another time. Good night, kindly."

Mr. Michael Dowell shook hands with his friend, and, as though nothing unusual had occurred, walked out of the greenhouse with wonderful composure. He made his way through the dancers; before he reached the stairs his face had recovered its habitual happy smile, and no one would have imagined that its owner's heart had been so recently blighted.

CHAPTER IX.

A VISIT TO HAROLD'S CROSS.

The village all declared how much he knew;
'T was certain he could write and cipher too,
Lands he could measure, terms and tide presage.
Goldsmith.

Down a lane turning to the left from Harold's Cross Green, in a whitewashed thatched cottage, dwells no less a person than Denis O'Brien, Sir Henry Damer's old preceptor and mathematical tutor of Trinity College, Dublin. He is a little, stout old gentleman, a little over sixty, with bald head and bright piercing eyes. He is seated before a turf fire, which he constantly replenishes from a basket at his side, and on the table stands a teacup, which he as frequently refills, while the faithful partner of his age sits opposite to him reading for his delectation endless pages of algebraic formulas, of which she understands no more than the fire or the teakettle. Denis O'Brien is a warm-hearted little man, devoted to his favorite sciences. He has but lately married, and has brought into his married existence that restless and excitable and somewhat dictatorial manner, and a selfishness in trifles which long-bachelordom is apt to develop.

"I suppose this means," said Mrs. O'Brien, pausing to take breath after reading through some myriads of letters, figures, plusses, minuses, square roots, and the like, at the end of which she had some vague notion that x and y , after thirty lines of deadly antagonism, had at length united and become friends,—"I suppose this means that one is the same as the other?"

"You are highly entertaining," exclaimed the little man, starting up impatiently, "save when you intrude an original observation. Proceed, madam!"

"But I really don't understand one word of what anything means that you have me here reading all the evening."

"It was never expected that you should, madam. Nature never designed you for a Lady Newton; the present age, so prolific in orators, poets, and generals, has not yet produced a female mathematician."

"I was n't born to be a lady anything, but neither was I born, I'm sure, to be made a drudge of in this way. Look at me night after night readin' a heathen lingo, or maybe worse, for all I know. Shure it was a bad day for me when I first set eyes on Denis O'Brien."

"As long as you keep to the book, ma'am, you talk sense and wisdom without knowing it, but the moment you take your eyes from that page of knowledge, and branch off on your own account, why then you start on a tangent at an accelerated velocity, and it would give the devil himself enough to do to keep pace with your tongue."

"O dear! O dear!" exclaimed the woman, "to see me at this time of my life readin' here fluxions, algebra, and all such quare things, to humor an old scholar, when both of us ought to be thinkin' of the savin' of our souls."

"I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. O'Brien— But more tea, ma'am," exclaimed the schoolmaster, on finding the urn empty.

"Lord bless us, Denis! but shure it is n't more tea you'll be wantin' after your drinkin' beyant a dozen cups already?"

"More tea I want and more tea I shall have," said the little man, in a decisive tone. "I believe I'm master in my own house, Mrs. O'Brien, whatever I may be anywhere else; and never shall it be said that Denis O'Brien of Ballyhena, who offered a trial by combat that no mathematical master of Leinster, Munster, Ulster, or Connaught would venture on, is ruled at home in his own house by his own wife. Therefore more tea, I say!"

Mrs. O'Brien rose and obeyed her lord's behests, ever and anon muttering to herself, "O dear! O dear! whatever bewitched me to marry a schoolmaster!"

"Mrs. O'Brien," said her husband, as he filled the teapot with enough to supply a dozen ordinary persons, "here you are at the old song again; while the tea is drawing, ma'am, a word with you. I may as well tell you, Mrs. O'Brien, I am not generally in the habit of sounding my own praises, but I must depart from my usual practice on the present occasion. Now, ma'am, let me ask you, do you know who the schoolmaster is you have married? Inspect the annals of Trinity College, Dublin, and you will learn that he has sent pupils into that ancient university, whose careers within her walls she is still proud to remember. Three of them now hold her fellowships, eighteen are on the list of her scholars. There were honor and prize men beyond counting, and instead of possessing wealth and name, and being the intimate of the great and learned, you see him sitting here to-night in this poor cottage, because, through weal, through woe, in riches and in poverty, he ever clung to the faith of his fathers."

"Oh, my dear Denis, forgive me," exclaimed Mrs. O'Brien; "sure 'tis myself ought to be the proud and happy woman in havin' such a husband; I never would have said a word,

only I'm not knowledgable enough to know what it is about I do be readin'."

"It would be hard enough for you if you were a candidate for a sizarship, let alone a poor ignorant being that never crossed the *pons asinorum*. But now let me give you one advice." Here the schoolmaster crossed his feet, and leant back with dignity in his chair. "If you want to render your society truly agreeable to me, and make me bless the first day I met you, mind what's before you,—in other words, stick to the book. Never let your thoughts carry you off at a tangent; remember 't is in the book, and not in your head, the knowledge is. Now continue, I'm all attention."

Mrs. O'Brien resignedly resumed the volume, and was just recommencing her labors when a double knock summoned her to the hall door. "Oh, Sir Henry Damer!" she exclaimed, on recognizing the baronet. "You were never more welcome. Come in, sir. 'T is Denis will be glad to see you."

"Oh, bless my life! is this Sir Henry Damer?" said Mr. O'Brien, starting up as his visitor entered the room. "How are you? how are you, Master Henry, as I used to call you long ago when the poor old master was alive. Give me both hands. Why have you never come near us this ever so long? You are just in time to join me in a cup of tea. Mrs. O'Brien, another cup, ma'am, and put the book away for the night. Sir Henry and I will have a talk about old times."

"This is what of all things I desire," said Sir Henry. "What pleasant times they were!"

"Ah, Master Henry,"—here the schoolmaster sighed,—"I'm an old man now. I have been teaching thirty-five years. During that time three of my pupils have become fellows, eighteen scholars, twenty-two sizars, and fifty-eight bachelors of arts, and now I am retiring from my long labors with only one regret."

"What is that, my good old friend?"

"That you did not keep to the mathematics. Ah, Sir Henry Damer, the classics may be all very good in their way, but 'tis the mathematics that make the man."

"I have no doubt of it, Denis," replied Sir Henry, who invariably humored the eccentricities of his old tutor, though he usually said something to provoke a discussion. "The mathematician ranks next after the orator."

Mr. O'Brien drank off three cups of tea, then piled more turf upon the fire, next placed his hands upon the table, deliberated a few moments, and then slowly replied, —

"Sir Henry Damer, let us take two men. One, Mr. Henry Grattan, of Sackville Street, Dublin, one of the greatest orators the world ever saw. The other, Denis O'Brien, an humble mathematician of New Road, Harold's Cross. Now consider what we do, each in his own way. He is below there in the Parliament House surrounded and looked up to by the greatest men of the land; here am I in this little room, all alone except for that good woman there, who knows just about as much of what I am engaged in, God bless her! as does the cat at my feet here, of Latin hexameters. Well, what does Mr. Grattan do? He makes a speech that astonishes Europe. He demands of England free trade, and he gets it. He then calls upon her for Irish rights, and they are granted. Where is there a man in his way who could do more for his country, — a country that is, according to the most accurate measurements, some three hundred miles in length by one hundred and eighty in breadth. That is what the orator has done, and he has earned a reputation that has extended over the world, and will last as long as the world itself. Am I not right, Master Henry?"

"Most certainly."

"Now, sir, we'll take the mathema-

tician. What do I do in this little room here? I do nothing to make my name immortal on a planet whose diameter approximates some eight thousand geographical miles. No, but I do this — more tea, Mrs. O'Brien — I do this, I take my pen and ink, and I estimate and compute the weight, the mass, the density and the periodic revolution of Jupiter, a planet equal to one thousand three hundred worlds such as ours, and one which, but for the blessed laws that God made to regulate the solar system, would long, long ago have carried us off for a satellite. I next take up the sun. I compute his mean distance from the earth, I measure the breadth of one of those little spots on his disk; to us they appear not the size of a bee's knee, but some of them, as I found by my calculations, are large enough to swallow up a world eighty times as large as ours; Lord save us from all harm!

"Now I ask you honestly, Mr. Henry," said Denis, "which of us is the greater man, Grattan or I?"

"But remember, Denis, the orator in one speech obtained for over two millions of intelligent beings, each one of whom is greater than all the insentient suns and planets, the right to govern themselves; is not the happiness of our fellow-creatures an object more worthy of our concern than the magnitude, monuments, and composition of all the starry universe?" Sir Henry knew by experience how his old friend liked combating difficulties, and accordingly desired to throw a few in his way.

"Easy now, Sir Henry, if you please," replied the schoolmaster. "What I have proved is that so far as the bulk, mass, and dimensions about which the mathematician and the orator respectively concern themselves go, the palm lies with the mathematician; did I not show that?"

"Beyond the possibility of dispute."

"Good! make haste with the tea, Mrs. O'Brien. Next, I come to con-

sider how each in his way benefits humanity. I ask, 'What does Grattan do?' you answer, 'He obtains free trade.' 'What is free trade?' I ask next. 'The right of Ireland to carry on free commerce with foreign countries,' you answer again. Just so. 'How is commerce carried on?' is my third question. You say, 'By ships that sail under the control of men, who, acting in accordance with certain dynamical laws, can propel their vessels in spite of wind and current.' 'Who developed those laws?' is my last question, and this time 'tis myself that answers, 'The mathematician.' There you are, now, Sir Henry Damer." Here the little man sprung up exultingly, and struck the table a blow that made the cups and saucers dance. "The mathematician has it again." All this time the excitable little man had been heaping fuel on the fire till the blaze roared up the chimney.

"Lord! Denis," remonstrated Mrs. O'Brien, "shure it is n't to set fire to the house you'd be after?"

"I believe this is my own house, ma'am, and if it should be my pleasure to burn it, I presume there is nothing to prevent me. Now, Master Henry, I come to the third point. Mr. Grattan obtained Irish freedom, because his words were backed by the guns of the volunteers. How were these guns made? According to the laws of mechanics, as laid by the mathematician." There was a pause between each word, to give full effect to the sentence. "And again, what wins the battle? bravery in the troops is not enough; it is worth nothing if the general who commands is without skill to manœuvre his army. How is an army manœuvred? In strict accordance with the principles of geometry. A commander ignorant of science, would be little better than a talking gander. When was there ever a great leader, from Hannibal to that young man just now turning up in France, that was not a mathematician? It was the orator, Nestor,

who urged the Greeks to capture Troy, but it was the inventive mathematician, Ulysses, who showed them how to do it. Take my word for it, Sir Henry, the mathematicians will one day find the world their own. For myself, I don't expect it, but you may live to see the time when they will send ships across the sea without canvas, and drive carriages without horses along the roads."

"Oh, then, Denis," said his wife, who could no longer suppress her admiration, "shure 'tis you is the learned man!"

The baronet pushed his chair a little farther from the fire, which now somewhat resembled a heating grate or a bakery oven.

"But, however this may be," he said, holding up a newspaper between his face and the blaze, "one thing, Denis, is pretty certain,—that you are an ornament to the branch of learning you profess, and your country has good reason to be proud of you."

Mr. O'Brien sprang up from his seat, grasped the hand of the speaker, and shook it over and over again, as he exclaimed, "Master Henry! Master Henry! you were ever the gentleman to do me justice; it was you who ever strove to obtain for me my due. Ah, if you had only taken to the science, you would have been an honor to your name. There was but one other pupil I ever regarded as I did you, and like you, too, in that way he would not be said by me. Poor fellow, maybe it is cold and low in some far-off land that he's lying this night, but 't was he was once as fine a young gentleman as ever girded on a sword. Poor, poor, Master Charles, 'tis of you I often think when I'm alone; oh, dear!" Here the school-master sighed deeply, and then added, in a bitter tone, "May God forgive those who came between father and son!"

"Is it to Charles Northcoate you allude, Denis?"

"It is indeed, sir. God be with

him, wherever he is; his like we'll never see more."

"I have sometimes heard him casually referred to by my mother," said Sir Henry, "but I have never learnt the particulars of the quarrel between his father and himself. Indeed, it would interest me very much to hear it now, for I expect to see Northcoate Hall before long, as I am leaving for E—— in the morning."

"Oh, then you will see all the old place, sir. I hope you intend to become member for the borough?"

"To make the attempt, at all events," answered the baronet, smiling.

"Oh, more power, sir, more power!" said Mr. O'Brien, springing up, and again shaking hands with his visitor, after which he piled more turf on the fire, then resumed his seat, and after a moment's pause began his narrative:

"It is a sad story, Master Henry," he commenced, "but one I'm always glad to tell, in justice to the memory of the dead, and 't is right you should know it. Master Charles, as I suppose you are aware, sir, was the only child of Sir Thomas Northcoate, and his father fairly idolized him, as I think hardly a father ever did son before. I well remember with what happiness and pride beaming in his face the old gentleman would come down on a day, the time the young master was in college, and putting a letter he'd be after receiving by that morning's post into my hand, he would say, 'Denis, Charles is after taking a first honor,' or 'Charles has come out first at the littlego,' or 'Charles has obtained a gold medal at the Degree,' and so on, as the case might be. And afterwards, when Master Charles, on his college course being over, went to travel, how it used to delight Sir Thomas to read out to me his letters as they'd come, one time from Germany, another time from Italy, another time from France, and then he used to describe to me all the wonderful places they told

about. Sir Thomas himself had been over the same ground when he was young. Well, at long last Master Charles came home, and a finer young man than he was at that time never set foot on Irish ground. At first he was all for amusement and sport, thinking of nothing but races, hunts, balls, and all such like, and I'm sure in these times he broke the hearts of all the girls in the country round, for to see him was to fall in love with him. Well, what do you think but by degrees he began to change in his manner and his tastes, in every way. He first gave up parties, then races and hunts, and, after a time, he never put foot in stirrup except to take lonely rides, no one knew where, but sometimes he'd be three or four days without coming home. All this his father remarked, and it began to make him feel uneasy in his mind, so he thought it well to take the advice of many people of experience and knowledge in such things, and they one and all advised that the best thing he could do with his son would be to get him settled down in life, and then all this strangeness of ways would leave him. There was a lady the old gentleman had in view for him for a long time, but he did n't seem much inclined towards her himself, although 'twas said she was handsome and proud enough for any one, and with a fortune of twice her weight in gold.

"Well, one morning Sir Thomas called Charles into his own room, and there they remained shut up together for over an hour. Whatever passed between them there and then was never rightly known, but 't was thought the father was all the time trying to bring about the match with this grand lady, and that the son, to the end, held out against marrying her. At all events, at long last Master Charles came down from the room and gave orders to have his horse saddled, and on its being led to the hall-door, he mounted and rode off no one could tell where. A few days after

he sent for whatever property there was at the hall belonging to him, and he was never seen or heard of by any of us from that day to this."

"And were he and his father never reconciled?"

"Never, sir, although they surely would had they been left to themselves, but the devil was busy all the time. During the time Master Charles was abroad, there used a young man oftentimes come on long visits to the house. His mother gave out that it was all for to keep Sir Thomas company, but myself and others had our own way of thinking. Well, after Master Charles was gone, this chap became regularly established at the hall, still for company, not to leave the poor desolate father all alone, by the way; his mother just at the same time took lodgings at B——, and used to go over to her son and inquire about Sir Thomas every second day, and at last she became housekeeper at the hall. All this time they were poisoning the father's mind against the absent son, and in the end they got the old man to make a will cutting off Master Charles with an angry shilling, and settling the hall and the rest of his property on this young imp of Satan, on condition that he should take the family name, Northcoate; of course the title—he could not transfer that—should go to his son, but having no money to support it, it would be like to prove as little use as the golden spurs to the knight that had to go on foot. Those who know most of Sir Thomas said that he afterwards repented of this act, and was anxious to revoke the will, but the boy and his mother were always at hand to prevent any friend of Master Charles getting near him, and they had him so much under their influence, that in the end he'd be afraid to do almost anything without their consent.

"Well, to make a long story short, the whole affair preyed so much on the old gentleman's mind that his spirits gradually drooped. From the

day of his son's leaving he never was the same man; his health by degrees began to fail, and in a few years he died. Then the young serpent, as we used to call him, came in for the property, and, as you know yourself, his daughter has it now."

"Good God!" exclaimed Sir Henry, starting involuntarily in his chair, "and is this the way by which the Northcoate property has been acquired by its present owner? a property which," he mentally added, "my mother would have me unite by marriage, with my own. But, Denis," he continued aloud, "are you certain as to the accuracy of this extraordinary story?"

"Certain, sir; was n't I all the time on the spot, and did n't I see the entire thing passing, I may say, before my two eyes? Certain! I only wish I was equally so that a given angle could be trisected."

Sir Henry Damer here looked at his watch. "It is time that I wish you good night, Denis. I am glad to see you and Mrs. O'Brien so well. Thank you for your very interesting history of the last of the Northcoates. You have cleared up for me some dim and obscure notions. Now good night."

The schoolmaster interposed between his guest and the door. "Not one step you stir out of this to-night, Sir Henry Damer, until you and I drink a bowl of punch to the health of the new member for E——, and then another in honor of the triumph of the mathematics."

"My dear Denis, take care we would not be drinking to the health of a successful Tory. I cannot be member without fighting a hard battle. So we will refer the toast to a more fitting occasion. It is now half past eleven, and remember, I must be off at seven in the morning."

But Mr. O'Brien was obdurate. "Out of this room you shall not move until we drink to the success of the coming election. Here, good woman!

Whiskey, hot water, and sugar, if you please."

Though nothing could be more irksome to Sir Henry, in his present frame of mind, than the idea of hot punch, yet he saw he had no alternative but to submit, so the liquor being prepared, and Mr. O'Brien having proposed "Ireland, the member for E——, and the mathematics," for form's sake he raised the glass to his lips, but scarcely tasted its contents; then the ceremony being concluded, and his hand having been released from the grasp of his host, who had shaken it enthusiastically for at least three minutes, he managed to effect his escape.

"Good night, and God bless you, sir!" said Mrs. O'Brien, who closed the door after him; "but 't was you saved me from a night at readin', though maybe it's by and by he'll make me take up the fluctuations, he's in such great spirits now."

"Oh, no; remind him of his promise, Mrs. O'Brien; and tell him from me that I'll take it as a particular favor if he asks you to read no more until I call again. Good night!"

"Good night again, sir; and good luck attend you."

As he walked homeward, Damer, as may well be supposed, pondered deeply over all he had just heard concerning the Northcoate property, and how its present owners had inherited it. "How strange," thought he, "that I should never have learned this before! I had long guessed there was something awkward about the title of Miss Louise to the estates. Now all is explained. How very singular that on this night of all others I should have gone to see Denis O'Brien, and so learned all from him. But that I am as well assured of his honesty as I am of that of any human being, I might well be disposed to set down his story as a romance. It is now getting late, I must hurry on," he exclaimed with a start, on hearing the clock of St. Patrick's chime a quarter to twelve.

CHAPTER X.

LAST NIGHT IN COLLEGE.

AS I am a Christian, faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though it were to buy a world of happy days.
Shakespeare.

THE college clock was on the stroke of midnight when Sir Henry Damer reached his chambers, where the fire was blazing merrily in the grate, and his servant, who had completed all the necessary preparations for the coming journey, was sitting up for him. When the baronet was left alone he mused long before the fire, perhaps seeking to read in the flickering embers his future destiny. After a while he took up pen and paper, and, after much erasing and rewriting, at length produced a sonnet. After reading it over several times, and making various alterations, he at length threw it into the fire. "In the case of another it might possibly do," he said, as he watched the fruit of his long labor disappear in a blaze, "but not in hers. How vain the task I proposed myself; as easily could I have accomplished the labors of Hercules. I'll write no more to night."

He then tried to read, but soon discarded the book; and springing up, commenced to pace up and down the room.

"It is vain that I attempt to concentrate my thoughts upon any subject. In my present excited state I cannot keep my fancies under control. They will run on in spite of me," he exclaimed aloud. "Sleep is out of the question. I shall sit by the fire the whole night through." He then drank some coffee, and lay back in his chair, and his gaze again settled on the fire.

His thoughts reverted to the early life of Charles Northcoate. He passed in review that young man's college career, his attaining the age of manhood, his entry into fashionable life, his love of pleasure in the outset, then his sudden change; his dislike to society, his desire for rest, his distaste for the amusements he had

before so ardently followed. Was not his own case, Damer thought, in a great measure the same? Had not similar changes, though in a way less marked, taken place in him? What if the cause in the Northcoate case were the same as that in his? Within the last eight days what a new existence had, as it were, sprung up within himself. Such an influence as he had never known before had roused him from the lethargy into which he had been sinking, and now he had a purpose in life for which to struggle, combat, and live. He had cast aside the idle frivolities of his age. Fashionable life had become insipid. Ball-room beauty had now for him no charms. On one object alone were concentrated all his affections, hopes, and aspirations. How he longed to perform some illustrious achievement that would render him great and conspicuous before the world, in order that he might lay his triumphs at her feet! With what unmeasured joy would he not hear himself hailed as "Patriot" and "Liberator," if she were present to smile and approve.

Such were the emotions that now swayed his heart. Might not those of Charles Northcoate have been the same? He thought of the lonely rides, the mysterious absences from home, so casually alluded to by the prosaic schoolmaster. Could the secret of his father's enmity lie here, and the reason why he sent him from his home an outcast on the world? If so, was the object of his love like Agnes? Then happy must have been his lot, wherever cast, if it were shared by her. Had he been but reconciled to his father, what more had he to desire? "Oh, would I not gladly," he exclaimed, his thoughts at length breaking into words, "give up all I possess, rank, wealth, distinction, and welcome poverty and labor, if she were but even near me, as a beautiful angel, to cheer and encourage me, and guide my steps through this weary world, towards that beyond the grave, where reigns eternal peace!"

Gradually his senses grew dull, a numbness stole over them, his eyes insensibly closed, and he fell into a troubled and unquiet sleep. Confused fancies, visions wild and incoherent, haunted his dreams. At one time he thought he was speaking to Charles Northcoate, then that he was standing on the hustings at E——; next that he was in the little parlor at Hawthorn Hill. At another time he imagined he was in the Parliament House, and just rising to deliver his first speech. The eyes of the assembly were turned upon him, smiles of encouragement greeted him from both parties. He was about uttering the opening word, when suddenly his tongue refused to move, his uplifted arm became paralyzed, his speech-roll dropped from his hand, and then there was a great uproar around him, and he awoke.

At length, towards morning, he sank into a sweet, refreshing slumber, in which he dreamed that with Agnes Mayville he walked by the banks of a lovely river, the waters of which were so clear that he could distinctly perceive the shining pebbles on its bed, and the fish as they disported beneath its sparkling surface. On either side extended fragrant plains, studded over with flowers, the fairest and most beautiful he ever beheld, over all which flitted butterflies of various hues, like the spirits of the blessed in the meadows of Elysium.

They passed along, Agnes smiling and laughing joyously all the while, and stopping every moment to pluck flowers, with which she decked her hair. After a time she commenced weaving a true hero's garland, which, in his delight, he believed she destined to crown his head. All at once he missed her from his side, and turning round, to his horror, beheld her bending over the river where the bank was steep, and endeavoring to reach a lily that grew close to the water. As it eluded her grasp she bent farther forward, — farther yet. The lily receded. She bent farther still. She

had seized the flower, when, with a scream, she fell into the water and was borne rapidly away. With a cry he rushed to her assistance, plunged into the stream, and swam frantically towards her. He gained upon her fast, and had just reached her, when he perceived that another had anticipated him, and was at her side. Agnes grasped the arm of the unknown, who bore her to the opposite shore. He attempted to follow, but his limbs were benumbed, and had lost their power of motion. There were weights at his feet that were dragging him to the bottom; the water was reaching his mouth; he struggled desperately, but he was being overwhelmed. In the midst of his death-agony he beheld Agnes and the stranger standing together on the bank looking calmly on, and appearing to smile at his helpless efforts. His eyes for a moment closed; when he opened them again, he beheld her place the crown upon the brow of her preserver. The surface of the river was no longer smooth; he was now in the midst of a wild and boisterous sea. Gigantic billows dashed round and over him from every side. His eyes grew dim, his brain reeled, his breath was stopped, he was sinking beneath the waters. With one desperate and convulsive bound he seemed to break free, and awaking, he found himself chilly and stiff, sitting upright in his chair, the fire burnt out, the candles faintly flickering in their sockets, and the room in almost total darkness. He went to the window and drew back the curtains. The early tints of a cold October morning were just lighting up the Provost's house and Grafton Street, and making the trees and shrubs visible in the garden below. Turning from the window, he threw his cloak round his shoulders and left the rooms. He went out into the college park, round and round which he walked, until the great clock striking six roused him from his meditations, and warned him it was time to prepare for his intended journey.

Into the particulars of the election at E—— it is not our purpose to enter. Suffice it to say, Sir Henry Damer was triumphantly returned its representative, and a few days later took his seat in the Irish Parliament amongst the opponents to the proposed Union.

But it is now time that we should think of the young exile, whom, in our second chapter, we saw depart from our shores. Therefore, bidding a brief adieu to Ireland, we shall hasten to that land where more stirring events await us, and in which we shall be spectators of many splendid, but awful scenes, as over the fair fields of Upper Italy, through the early and brilliant campaigns of the first Napoleon, we follow the fortunes of Edward MacMahon.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE EVE OF THE MARCH.

She waks in beauty like the night,
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellowed to that tender light,
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

Byron.

ON an evening early in March, 1798, a gay and brilliant throng was assembled in the salons of Madam Josephine Bonaparte. All Paris was ringing with the fame of the army of Italy, and the reception given by the wife of its young commander was honored by the presence of many of the most distinguished men of the period, in war, politics, and science. Hoche, Moreau, Barthelemy, and S. Hilaire were there. Numbers of the younger officers in their uniforms, and wearing their decorations, joined in the dances, sauntered through the anterooms and gardens, chatting merrily to their fair partners, or surrounded the chair of their fascinating hostess, or sought in eager rivalry for the honor of dancing with the star of the night, the young Countess Madeleine du Brurier.

As may naturally be supposed, the all-engrossing topic of the evening

was the coming campaign beyond the Adige, in which the conqueror of Italy, and the deliverer of Germany, were about to meet face to face.

All were eager for the contest. The camp with all its privations, its scanty clothing, its frequent scarcity of food, and its thousand hardships and dangers, yet afforded them the means of rising to honor and distinction, and was infinitely to be preferred, by these young aspirants, to the dreary monotony of barrack-life, with its many irksome duties and its endless drill.

The hours flew swiftly amidst laughter, merriment, and jest. Many hearts beat high, and many a cheek flushed hot, in anticipation of early laurels, and of a triumphant return to France. Ere another moon had waned, many lay cold and wan upon the plain of the Tagliaments. But now all was bright and cloudless. Swiftly moved the partners in the dance, gayly laughed the speakers in the revel, as though none of the hearts and voices, then light and joyous, were soon to be stilled forever.

In the partly concealed recess of a window, two men were quietly conversing. One wore the uniform of a field-marshal, the other that of a general of brigade; the brow of each bore the furrows of deep and weighty care.

"And such you say is the state of the army of the Rhine, Moreau," said one. "Without food, without clothing, totally destitute of all requisites for maintaining an aggressive war?"

"And you may add, with the pay of the officers and men three months in arrear, and nothing to pay them with but paper assignats, 1,000 francs' worth of which, as you know, are bought for one of silver."

"And yet it must be of vital importance that your army be at once in a condition to take the field. Unless you take advantage of the present juncture in the affairs of Germany, you will probably never recover what you lost in the last campaign. Something must be done."

"And something shall be done, and everything that my means and ability can reach. I am at this moment negotiating a loan upon my private property, with the Jews. By this means I hope to obtain sufficient supplies for the outset of the campaign; I must look to fortune for the rest."

"And fortune will, doubt not, befriend an action so noble. He who is willing to make for his country a sacrifice such as this, is the man to rise victorious over all the difficulties that can beset his course, to lead Fortune herself captive. Ere you are in motion we shall, I expect, be at it hard and fast in Venicia. Your soul must be all ardor for the fray."

"Like the young enthusiasts yonder," said Moreau, with a melancholy smile. "Poor fellows! each one of these in his own mind already grasps a sceptre, or kneels for a civic crown at the feet of the Countess Madeleine; and by the way, Du Brurier, I never saw your fair niece look so charming as on the present occasion. But who is that with whom she is now conversing? See, they are moving towards the dancers; they are about engaging in a minuet,—no, they pass on towards the second saloon. On my life they are a handsome and well-suited pair. You had better look well after the countess, Du Brurier, she is too fair a prize to be left so lightly guarded."

Du Brurier smiled as he answered, "That is a young fellow who has just joined my regiment. He is one of those who sailed with Hoche on his Irish expedition. His name is MacMahon."

The subjects of their conversation, unconscious of being observed, had made their way through the crowd into the upper saloon, where they stood by an open window to enjoy the cool evening air. Since the evening we last bade him farewell at the cottage of Hawthorn Hill, great changes had taken place in the appearance and fortunes of the young exile. Se-

vere drill and active service had, in the interval, improved him in grace and elegance, and imparted a martial bearing to his figure, and the anxieties of his eventful life, since he became a soldier, had deepened the lines that gave character and expression to his face.

On his arrival at Paris during the autumn of 1795, he without difficulty obtained a commission in one of the new corps that were being raised to recruit the army of Pichegru, then hard pressed on the Rhine. Having been initiated in the art of war by a few months' campaign in Flanders, his regiment was despatched to the Alps, where it endured the almost incredible hardships of the spring of '96, in which nearly half of its number perished. Edward, with the other survivors, served in the subsequent Italian campaign of Napoleon in that year, and shared in the honors of that unbroken series of victories from Montenotte to the taking of Mantua, which at once placed the name of Napoleon amongst those of the highest in the annals of military fame. So distinguished had been MacMahon's army career, that he had risen to the rank of captain at the time of the cessation of hostilities.

After his return to Paris he took part in that ill-fated Irish expedition, which, setting sail from Brest, in December, 1766, experienced on the Irish coast the fate of a second Armada. He had now gladly availed himself of the opportunity of returning to his old regiment, under General Du Brurier, and amongst his old companions in arms. Early in the morning the entire army was to take the route for Italy, and this farewell reception had been given to its officers by Madam Bonaparte, the wife of its destined commander-in-chief.

The Countess Madeleine Du Brurier was a tall and graceful girl of eighteen or nineteen years. Over her forehead her hair of raven black was gathered into a tiara adorned with a single rose, and then fell over her neck and

shoulders in long and glossy ringlets. Her face, pale in repose, was now suffused with a tinge of animation, which brightened its transparent brilliancy. Her dark, but most expressive eyes, now sparkled with vivacity, and now grew pensive and sad, in either case imparting to her countenance an expression eminently lovely.

"You seem in a dejected mood to-night, Captain MacMahon," she said.

"You would not wonder, Countess," he replied, "if you knew all. Young as I am, I have already seen my life-purpose blasted, — my life-long dream suddenly and rudely dissipated on the eve of its realization, and the fabric raised through years of sanguine hope shattered forever."

"That can scarcely be your case," said the countess, gravely. "Your career, so far, has been one exceptionally brilliant; you have not yet seen two years of service, and you occupy a position such as is eagerly desired by many of more than four times your standing. You have passed unscathed through countless dangers of land and sea; you have escaped alike the weapon of the foe, and the fury of the storm. Have you not much for which you owe God thanks, when you contrast your own fortune with that of others? But," she added, changing her tone, "the heat is here becoming oppressive. What do you say to a walk through the gardens? the freshness of the scene without may help to dispel gloomy thoughts."

As they slowly made their way through the crowded halls, many envious glances were directed at Edward by his brother officers, and some meaning looks and whispers went quietly round, concerning "the devilish good luck that always followed MacMahon."

The unconscious pair passed out into the cool spring night. Around the gardens was a walk embowered by evergreens, amongst the foliage of which had been placed numbers of small, variegated lamps. As they sauntered along this romantic path,

MacMahon resumed his conversation.

"What you have just said is most true, Countess. God forbid I should ever forget how singularly He has favored me, but it was not of my own fate I spoke. From the earliest dawn of life, when a child on my uncle's knees, I listened to the tales he told of the Treaty of Limerick, of Ireland's wrongs, and of the deeds of my fathers on the plains of Landen, Cremona, and Fontenoy. It was my darling hope, like theirs, I, a soldier of France, might strike a blow in the cause of my country. My boyish imagination delighted to picture myself on a battle-field fighting for Ireland's freedom. Then I would imagine I was marching in triumph to the capital, there to unfurl my country's flag, to restore her religion to the dignity and splendor worthy of the 'Island of Saints.' Such were the dreams of my boyhood; they were fostered and encouraged by one who was my early friend and playmate. When I came of age I determined, if I could, to see them realized. I departed from Ireland and all the friends I had known in life. I arrived in Paris, and enrolled myself a volunteer in one of the regiments of *Lonbut*. Being preserved, by God's favor, through all the dangers of the field and of climate, I had attained to a high position in the army at the time of the truce. On my return with my regiment to Paris, I found on all sides signs of active preparation. It was generally supposed that there was a grand expedition being fitted out for some invasion. One evening, in the saloon, I met a young fellow-countryman who, noting, perhaps, the ardor of my manner whenever Irish affairs were touched upon, soon took me into his inmost confidence, and disclosed to me the object of his mission to Paris. A formidable insurrection had been organized in Ireland, and a French contingent was in a few days to sail to its assistance. The stranger, as you may have guessed, was Lord

Edward Fitzgerald. He promised me, at parting, that he would procure me a commission in the army of Ireland, and a few days after I was appointed an officer on the staff of General Hoche. Lord Edward returned to Ireland, where he was to await our coming with 300,000 men. Six weeks later we set sail from Havre; my heart leaped high as we left the shores of France. The romance of my life was now about becoming a reality. Alas! how vain are human hopes. We had scarcely lost sight of land when we became enveloped in fogs. As we neared the coast of Ireland, a violent storm assailed us. In a few hours we had become separated and scattered. For days we wandered from bay to bay; we could not come together to effect a landing. The end of all was, that after having the hill of Garryowen within sight, and the town of Bantry almost within hail, we were obliged to retrace our course, and make our way as we best might to the port from which we sailed, our purpose unaccomplished, and the project came to nought."

"But have you not much still to be thankful for?" said the countess, with energy. "You have escaped all disasters of shipwreck, and consequent loss of life. The strength of your army is unimpaired, you have only to bide your time until another occasion offers. I greatly mistake the temperament of your countrymen, if they suffer themselves to be cast down by one reverse. But attend; I think I can with confidence bid you hope. My uncle has learned, on the best authority, that the Directory, seeing the nation impoverished and exhausted by this Italian war, earnestly desires peace. With Austria off their hands, they could then direct and concentrate their own strength against England. If you saw an army of 200,000 embarked, and a favorable breeze was wafting them to the Irish coast— Let your own imagination supply the rest. You would then make light of the late failure."

The cheek of the young soldier flushed deeply, and for a moment he seemed to share in the enthusiasm of the fair speaker; but his brow soon clouded again, and he replied, —

“Alas! I dare not indulge hope so readily, Countess. It is true that, Austria and England excepted, we are at this moment at peace with all the world; but let our arms sustain but one reverse, and how many nations may we not, within one week, see against us. Prussia bides her time to strike a blow for the recovery of her lost provinces. Spain watches her opportunity. Russia is jealous of our victories. We dare not for twenty-four hours count on the friendly policy of any one state. No, the history of the past and the aspect of the present alike forbid us to be sanguine.”

“If, however,” replied the countess, in a more serious tone, “if you believe in the All-seeing Providence of God, you must know that if He has destined you for a great mission, if you be resolved to do His will, not all the powers of evil can harm you. You shall be preserved to accomplish that for which you were created. But now, Captain MacMahon, I trust sincerely you will forgive the freedom and seeming want of decorum of the question I am about to put to you. Pardon my presumption in thus openly asking it, but my reason you will presently understand. Tell me, throughout the various changes of your eventful life, have you always remembered God?”

“Most sincerely, from my heart, do I thank you for your kind and generous anxiety on my behalf; but, Countess, you know little of my country, or you would scarcely need to ask. See what a picture Ireland for the last hundred years has presented to the world: her sons, the helots of a brutal and bigoted English colony; who, usurping the name of Irishmen, and in what is termed the Irish Parliament, had for generations gone on enacting statutes against those over

whom they tyrannized, until they had deprived them of the right almost to live. Ask, What is the reason of this wanton oppression? why have her people been reduced to a state of slavery worse than the Egyptian or Babylonian bondage? You will be answered, ‘Ireland has suffered because she would not give up her faith.’ For the sake of it, she has endured three centuries’ outrage, cruelty, and wrong. She has seen her priests hunted like wolves, the same price set upon the head of each. She has seen her lands given over to the foreigner, her houses burnt and pillaged, education forbidden her children under pain of death. Religion and its precepts may have been disregarded and spurned by many peoples, but they are ingrained in the nature of an Irishman. With them his patriotism, his joys and sufferings, all that he holds dear, is so inextricably interwoven, that he can part with them only with his life.”

“Your pardon a thousand times I beseech of you, Captain MacMahon,” cried the girl with eagerness, “but the general spirit of irreligion which now seems to pervade all classes, high and low, may well cause us to fear for the faith of persons seemingly the most excellent. Had you witnessed the scenes that were a few years ago enacted in this unhappy country, amidst the great deluge of blood: priests guillotined, shrines desecrated and pillaged, all things holy profaned and polluted; doctrines the most blasphemous and detestable everywhere proclaimed, and the impious boast made by the infidel host, that the God of Heaven had been superseded by what they termed the god of reason; atheism become the fashion, belief a reproach; all things we had been taught from our earliest childhood to revere, made the sport of scoffers, — you would not wonder that I hesitated, ere I took for granted the belief of any one. But thank God, your own lips have proclaimed your faith. And now for

my purpose of inviting you hither. Amongst the heirlooms of our house is a medal inscribed with the *Mater Admirabilis*. It has been for many generations in the possession of our family. According to tradition, it was, after the last crusade, given by St. Louis to our ancestor, Huband du Brurier; and has ever been to us an object of particular veneration. It is at present in my keeping, but, alas! I cannot produce it in the light of day. Many fac-similes of it have been at different times struck, and one is always worn by each member of our family from the cradle to the grave. Even my poor dear uncle, who, as you but too well know, has unhappily abandoned the service of his Creator, still bears the ensign of our patroness on his breast, and I am satisfied would not part with it to gain the empire of the world. One of the medals I wish to bestow on you. You will now understand the reason of my question awhile ago. We have ever been cautious of admitting a stranger into our order, lest our medal should fall into unworthy hands. Now receive the true badge of our nobility."

Here the countess held up a small gold medal with a blue ribbon attached, and Edward falling on one knee and bending his head, she placed it over his shoulders and then added, "Arise, Sir Knight! Ever remember the Lady whose ensign you wear, and trust to her protection in the hour of need. If not too much, I would ask you to invoke her intercession each day in a short prayer, that my uncle may be vouchsafed the grace of repentance, and that God may bless the future for poor afflicted France."

But little more was said on either side, as they returned to the salon where General du Brurier awaited them.

"Ho! my lady countess, you have been playing the truant with me," he exclaimed, smiling good-humoredly. "I had given up searching for you in despair; our carriage has been in waiting the last half-hour."

"I really did not notice the time passing, uncle," said the girl blushing, as her eyes met the steady gaze of the general. "Captain MacMahon entertained me so much with his account of the late campaign."

"Which you have heard at least one hundred times over, my love; is not that so? Well, when you meet him next, he will probably have new stories to relate. But now I am anxious to get to bed. There is short time for sleep between this and the march. Good night, Edward. Dream of lady-loves, victories, promotions, or what you will; but be up at the first sound of the bugle. Come along, Madeleine."

Edward escorted the lady to the carriage. He fancied that her hand trembled as she gave it to him at parting, and laughingly wished him an early return, laden with triumphs, and promised him he would have her prayers for his success. Her uncle then pressed his hand and they drove away. Edward returned to the rooms to take leave of Madame Buonaparte, from whom he received a small package which he was to deliver to the general. With a mind agitated by many conflicting emotions, he departed from the saloons and leisurely wended his way towards the barracks. Here he lighted his lamp and proceeded to examine his medal. On one side were the Fleur-de-lys (the arms of France), and the chain of St. Louis; on the other an image of a child, leaning on a distaff as she mounted to the portals of the Temple; and around were inscribed the words, *Mater admirabilis, ora pro nobis*. He drew from off his neck a silk cord to which was attached an *Agnus Dei*, given at parting by Agnes Mayville, and interweaving cord and ribbon together, he pressed the two holy gifts to his lips, and replaced them upon his breast. After devoutly recommending himself to God, he lay down on his couch and was soon fast asleep.

To be continued.

FONTENOY.

THE PROWESS OF IRELAND'S SOLDIERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

LEAVES FROM THE RECORD OF A CELEBRATED IRISH BRIGADE.

Thomas DeCantillon Church.

"THE Irish fight well everywhere except at home," has almost become a stereotyped phrase. People accept this as a gospel truth, merely because they have heard others say so; whilst barren-pated quill-drivers chant the burden of the stale refrain whenever they turn their "might of mind" to the history of our old land. English literature — gutter and golden — meets us everywhere; and writers in the English interest, during all the varying years since eventful 1169, when the foreign flag waved o'er the Southern Irish shore for the first time, on English errand bound, studiously keep out of sight all the deeds of pluck and dash and reckless daring performed by the Irish on their own soil. But the almost divine sorrow that consecrates Irish history is akin to joy, when we unravel the tangled threads of the past, and find our annals full to overflowing with deeds of prowess, performed by the people of our race in all ages. A local bard enshrines in song the issue of the battle of Knuckanore, in Kerry, fought in that olden era when the round towers were built, "to puzzle posterity": —

"Thus our brave champions on the Shan-non side,
Which from the main brings forth the foaming tide,
Maintained old Erin's cause, made Grecians yield,
And like potent heroes did maintain the field."

The battle of Gabra, in Meath, found its chronicler too; and although wellnigh twenty centuries have rolled away since then, the names of Brehon

and bard, warrior and chief, who distinguished themselves on that occasion, are still enshrined in the locality. And it is so with many other battles wherein the Celts found "foemen worthy of their steel." Gerald Griffin, in "The Invasion," gives a faithful history of the contest between Celt and Dane, which will be always remembered as one of the most stubborn contests of our history. John Mitchell in his "Life of Hugh O'Neill," and John O'Donovan in "The O'Donnells in Exile," give graphic and truthful pictures of the stormy times in which these great families had their rise and fall, and these brilliant centuries are bridged over with a series of successes on Irish soil, scarcely eclipsed elsewhere.

At the battle of the Boyne, the Irish were defeated, owing to the gross inefficiency of the royal block-head, Shemus the Poltroon; but who can forget the memorable proposal of the defeated army, "Change leaders, and we'll fight the battle over again!" When brave men are over-matched by brave men, who can censure what is termed a "defeat"? But whenever the Irish soldiers were defeated on Irish soil, it was only when overwhelming odds were against them. Who came in winners in the pell-mell "Races of Castlebar"?

At Fontenoy, when Irish chivalry saved France at the expense of the allied legions, the English king, in the bitterness of his soul, "cursed the laws that deprived him of such subjects"; but the generous countries that welcome the "wild geese" to their shores had good reason to

bless the short-sighted policy of the law-makers of the predecessors of the royal George. When, within the past twenty years, an Irish regiment, composed principally of Tipperary-men, turned the tide of battle against the Sepoys in an engagement during the East Indian rebellion, their commander, Lord Napier, could not, for the life of him, repress his enthusiastic shout of "Magnificent Tipperary!" England's loss may be termed Europe's gain, or the gain of such countries of Europe as welcomed the Irish exiles to their shores. With an O'Donnell long the virtual ruler of Spain; a MacMahon the savior of France; a Nugent in Austria, an O'Reilly in Turkey, an O'Higgins in Chili, an O'Connor-Kerry in Mantua, not to speak of an O'Shaunessy and a Duffy in Australia, a McGee in Canada, a Dunne in Zululand, and a countless number of Irishmen among the foremost men in these United States, who will gainsay the fact that the Irish race have contributed more than a share to the world's weal? We care little about "putting our case stronger." Contemporary history will sustain the verdict we anticipate.

The origin of the Irish Brigade in the service of France, says an unusually truthful writer in "*Fraser's Magazine*," can hardly be assigned to any definite date; for although the brigade was not fully finally organized until 1698, yet the first germ of its existence may be discovered nearly thirty years before. As early as the year 1671, Charles II. had permitted the Comte de Hamilton to levy a body of over 1,500 men in Ireland for the service of the king of France. This regiment was known by the name of the Regiment de Hamilton, and was broken up at the count's death in 1676, and its members drafted into other French corps. Among them was a young Irishman of the name of Lee, who afterwards, at Lord Mountcashel's death in 1694, succeeded to the command of his regiment, — the

first, and not the least distinguished of the Irish Brigade. There had been Irish troops in the Spanish service since 1587; and from 1652 to 1658 a regiment of cavalry and one of infantry, both entirely composed of Irishmen, fought under the banners of France. Although the reputation of these soldiers was very high, they may be said to be distinct from the Irish Brigade of the eighteenth century. It is said that in the spring of 1690, James II. of England and Louis XIV. of France exchanged troops; accordingly, in exchange for 6,000 French troops under the Comte de Lauzun, a body of over 5,000 men and officers of the Irish army sailed for France in the transports which had brought over De Lauzun's forces to Ireland. On landing at Brest, the Irish troops were formed into three regiments, commanded by Lord Mountcashel, the Hon. Daniel O'Brien (afterwards Lord Clar.), and the Hon. Arthur Dillon; Lord Mountcashel being commander-in-chief of the whole brigade. This body, known afterwards as the "Old Brigade," was the forerunner of the real Irish Brigade, organized ten years afterwards. Mountcashel's brigade did good service to the cause of France in 1690 and 1691 (we abridge from J. C. O'Callaghan's work on the Irish Brigade and from "*Fraser*"), in Savoy and in Spain. Within three months after the smashing of the treaty of Limerick, — "broken before the ink where-with 't was writ was dry," — more than 18 000 Irishmen passed over into France with James II. Among them was a large proportion of trained soldiers who had been recruited in Ireland during the reign of Charles II and James II., and who in virtue of the capitulation of Limerick were permitted to accompany their fallen monarch to France. Some of the regiments had been only lately raised for the service of James in Ireland; but the king's dismounted dragoons dated from 1685, the regiment of Mountcashel from 1683, and the

Royal Foot Guards from 1662. These 18,000 Irish troops in the pay of the French king, although two thirds of them were nominally, it is said, in the service of James, fought bravely for the cause of France until the peace of Ryswick secured for a brief period the tranquillity of Europe. Their ranks were constantly recruited from Ireland.

After the organization of the Irish Brigade in 1692, it was immediately equipped in an expedition against England. This proposed invasion must have been planned in the interest both of James and of Louis; the former aimed at recovering his lost throne, the latter at delivering a home thrust at the chief of the League of Augsburg. However, the elements saved England from invasion in 1692, as before in 1588, and many times subsequently. The clerk of the weather has been, certainly, a good friend to England. Strangely enough, the contrary winds that enabled the Dutch squadron of Van Allemonde to effect a junction with the British fleet under Admiral Russell, prevented the French from embarking their troops on board the transports before this junction; and soon after, when the naval engagement off Cape La Hogue took place, the French navy, under the gallant Admiral de Tourville, was "entirely destroyed." James, who had watched the destruction of his hopes from the cliffs of La Hogue, retired to St. Germain immediately after the engagement, and the Irish troops were ordered to join the armies of Louis in Spain, in Italy, in Flanders, and in Germany. During the campaigns of 1692 and 1693 the Irish (says the writer in "Fraser") had abundant opportunities of wreaking vengeance upon the English king and his armies, and were especially conspicuous by their bravery at the bloody battle of Neerwinden, where William was completely defeated, and compelled to retire before the superior force of his great military rival, the marshal Duke of Luxemburg. But

nowhere was their valor more distinguished than at the celebrated battle of Marsaglia. About six thousand men of the brigade were present in the French army, which was under the command of Marshal Catinat. At the commencement of the engagement Prince Eugene succeeded in breaking the French centre; but before he could take advantage of this success, the thin battalions of Clare's regiment immediately took the place of the disorganized French regiment, and charged the Germans with such fury that they in their turn were obliged to fall back. Throughout the battle these Irish troops stood their ground, and, Colonel Wanchop leading up his regiment to the charge at a critical juncture, Eugene was at length compelled to retire, leaving Catinat master of the field.

At the peace of Ryswick, Louis XIV. acknowledged William of Orange to be the lawful king of Great Britain, and thus it was impossible for him to allow the army of James as such to remain in his dominions. Unwilling, however, to part with such brave men, Louis took them into his own service, and thus the new Irish Brigade was formed early in 1698, comprising 12,000 men of James's late army and 6,000 men of Mountcashel's brigade. During the wars of the Spanish Succession, and subsequent campaigns, the Irish Brigade proved themselves worthy of France and Ireland, and Louis turned their services to good account.

We have unwillingly strayed away from our first purpose to deal only with the brigade at Fontenoy, but our readers will thank us for thus "straying away." Meantime, we refer the reader to O'Callaghan's valuable work for a full account of the campaigns that intervened between the formation of the new Irish Brigade in 1698 until May 1, 1745.

We now recall with pleasure the vivid description of the battle of Fontenoy, by Thomas Davis; his prose sketch, we mean, for who can forget

his immortal poem on the same subject? but we prefer to give a brief description from "Fraser's Magazine" in the present instance. The writer in "Fraser" well terms the Irish success at Fontenoy "the most celebrated if not the most glorious event in the annals of the Irish Brigade."

On the 1st of May, 1745, Marshal Saxe invested Tournay, which, by virtue of the barrier treaty, was garrisoned by Dutch troops. Although broken down in constitution and so weak as to be unable even to mount his horse, the mind of the great marshal was as clear and active as ever; and the 80,000 Frenchmen who composed his army were not to be beaten by any defect in generalship. Ere the army had been long before Tournay, the Duke of Cumberland, who commanded the allied forces of the Netherlands, set out from Brussels to raise the siege at the head of a force composed of English, Hanoverians, Dutch, and Germans to the number of about 50,000 men, of whom nearly 20,000 were British. Marshal Saxe, leaving about 15,000 men to keep the garrison of Tournay in check, advanced to meet the allies, and established himself in a strong position on the plain of L'Escaut, having the village of Antoin to his right, with the wood of Barre to his left, and his right centre resting upon the little village of Fontenoy. Strong as was his position by nature, it was fortified and protected in front by redoubts, and the only possible approach, the narrow and rugged space between Barre and Fontenoy, was commanded by no less than one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon.

The French army was inspired by the presence of the king and the Dauphin; and Marshal Saxe, anxious to secure a safe retreat for the royal family in case of accidents, stationed large detachments of troops to guard the bridges over the Scheldt, and to keep up communications in his rear. The absence of these troops, as well

as those which had been left before Tournay, reduced the marshal's army to about 55,000 men; a force not much greater numerically than that of the Allies, but far superior in one respect, namely, that it was free from the jealous counsels and the divided actions which prevailed in the opposite camp. At six o'clock on the morning of the 11th of May, the cannonade began. The Dutch, under the Prince Waldeck, undertook to carry Antoin and Fontenoy by assault; but being unable to penetrate the enemy's lines at either of these points, and having suffered severely from the fire of the French batteries, they retreated in confusion to a distant part of the field, and could not be prevailed upon to take any further part in the action. A detachment of British troops, under General Ingoldsby, which had been despatched to penetrate the wood of Barre and storm the redoubts beyond it, also failed; but the Duke of Cumberland, with the main body of the army, consisting of about 14,000 English and Hanoverian troops, advanced steadily through the terrible cross-fire of the enemy's batteries upon the French centre. The nature of the ground prevented the cavalry from accompanying this column of attack, but a few light field-pieces were dragged along by the infantry. As soon as the guards, who were in front of the English column, arrived within fifty paces of the enemy, their commander, Lord Charles Hay, made a formal salute, and called upon the French Guards to fire. "*Messieurs,*" said the Count d'Anteroche, "*nous ne tirons jamais les premiers; tirez vous-memes!*" These courtesies soon gave place to more serious proceedings; and the English, after a deadly volley, moved slowly but steadily forward, driving back the Guards and the various French regiments which successively opposed their advance. Like a great wave the British column moved on, overwhelming every obstacle in its irresistible progress, and the stoutest hearts in the French army

quailed at its approach. The French infantry was beaten, the French cavalry was in confusion, many of the bravest of the French officers were killed, and defeat seemed inevitable. Marshal Saxe implored the king to retreat while there was yet time, and not to expose any longer a life so valuable to France, to the dangers attendant upon a general retreat. But Louis determined to stand his ground, and ordered the marshal to make a final effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day. At the suggestion of Count Lally, colonel of one of the Irish regiments, which bore his name, four pieces of cannon, which had been reserved for the defence of the royal position, were directed full upon the victorious column; and the household troops, the reserves, and the Irish Brigade, which had not yet been engaged, were drawn together by Marshal Saxe and hurled against the English flank "with the energy of despair." *So distinguished were the Irish troops in this charge that to them is usually ascribed the fortune of the day.* For the English, unassisted by cavalry and abandoned by the entire Dutch force, were staggered by this final onslaught; they halted, wavered, fell into confusion, and fled. At length, says Voltaire, "*ils se raillèrent; mais ils cederent; ils quitterent le champ de bataille sans tumulte, sans confusion, et le furent vaincus avec honneur.*" The Irish Brigade, on this eventful day, was composed of the regiments of Clare, Dillon, Bulkeley, Roth, Berwick, Lally, and Fitzjames, commanded by Count Arthur Dillon and Lord Clare. These two gallant officers won for themselves undying laurels at the battle of Fontenoy, and lived to serve their adopted country with equal honor both in peace and war, whilst the name of Count Lally has acquired a lasting reputation.

It cannot be that "all flesh is grass." Grass gets its dew, about the only thing that does in this world.

THE "DUBLIN REVIEW" ON THE EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS. — "But, after all," asks a writer in the "Dublin Review," "what can the French government do? It cannot suppress the Jesuits. It has pledged itself not to banish them from France. It can expel them from their houses; it is uncertain whether it can prevent them from going back, or whether the courts may not support them in their claims to live as they choose. But even if it prevents them living in large establishments, and calling themselves Jesuits, can it hinder them from being Jesuits just as much as ever,—from continuing to live in France, in smaller societies and as ordinary priests, but always owning the same obedience and preserving the same organization? Persecution, to be successful, should be thorough. In this instance the Jesuits will be annoyed, and the Catholic people will be irritated; but as long as the bishops support them, and Catholic parents trust them, there seems no reason why they should not go on with their preaching and their educational work very much in the same way as hitherto. In the mean time, the 'Decrees' of M. Grévy, like a tempest which rouses the powers and braces the energies of men, have done more good in France than their promoters could desire. The French Catholic masses wanted something like this to rouse them. There seems now, indeed, to be an opening for a grand Catholic campaign, in the name of constitutional liberty."

As for marriages between Catholics and those not of the faith, we cannot but unite ourself with the Church and deplore them. Bitter experience tells us the constraint with respect to religious matters that must necessarily exist between husband and wife who differ in religion, produces, naturally, indifference to the faith in the children, and their children in time leave the Church.—*Bishop Chatard.*

THE WATER-SPOUT AT GWEEDORE.

A. M. Sullivan, M. P., to the London "Times."

SIR. — There comes to-day the sad news that on Sunday last, in a wild and remote glen of Donegal, a mountain flood, bursting into the Catholic chapel during divine service, submerged the crowded building, several of the worshippers being swept away and drowned.

I know the place well; and the singular circumstances and the curious history of the little church thus destroyed, while they explain the tragedy which has just occurred, afford us an instructive glimpse of Ireland a hundred years ago.

Between the pass of Dunlewy and the sea, about two miles from Lord George Hill's pretty rustic hotel at Gweedore, the traveller reaches the hamlet of Derrybeg. Half a mile or more "up the glen" stands, or stood, the chapel in question. Even when told that I was within a few perches of the edifice, I looked for it in vain on my first visit to the spot some years ago. After a while I noticed, rising as it seemed in the midst of a brake of heather, a stone cross. Drawing nearer, I saw that the cross stood on the pointed gable of a building, the roof of which was below the level of the land ground. I found myself on the brink of a wild ravine, at the narrow bottom of which a noisy mountain river brawled and danced its way from lake to sea. Down below, built across or upon the stream, was the "chapel" of Derrybeg. Its walls on either hand almost touched the sides of the rocky fissure, on which wild evergreens and dwarf oak clustered beautifully. I descended, and found as neat and as impressive a little church as ever I entered, albeit everything was simplicity itself. All was well ordered, and scrupulous cleanliness and devotional care were observable in the most minute arrangements. Far remote as it was

from the noisy world, I noted that even here the village blacksmith could hear his daughter's voice, "singing in the village choir," for the hymn-books and even a harmonium were at hand; while the river outside, and beneath the floor where I stood, supplied a never-ending "thorough-bass."

Of course, I asked why so singular a spot had been chosen as the site of the building. "It was not all choice," replied my companion, the pastor of the district; "not an inch of ground would the neighboring lords of the soil give us on which to erect a roof; we are here by prescription." And then he told me the story. For nearly two hundred years, or ever since the early part of the reign of Anne, this ravine was the secret place of worship for the Catholic peasantry of the neighboring glens. Sentries were posted on the edge of the cliffs above, while on either brink of the river below the mountaineers knelt; a ledge on the rocks, still pointed out, sufficing as an altar. Indeed, the place afforded unusual advantages or facilities for such proscribed devotions, so easily could several hundreds of worshippers be secreted there. About one hundred years ago the sentries happily were dispensed with, and a little wooden box was fixed on the natural altar ledge, so that the candles were not blown out by the wind. Later on, a permanent wooden hut, open at the end facing down the river, was put up, within which the officiating priest and his attendant had room to stand or kneel. There are old men living near Dunlewy, I believe, who remember this hut; the river gorge, with the sky for a canopy, being the only church or chapel where the people prayed, under summer sun and winter rain, till a comparatively recent period.

I am not astonished that, independ-

ently of the refusal of landlords to give a site for "a popish chapel," this spot, hallowed by such memories and associations, should have been clung to by the people. So, thirty or forty years ago, they, by volunteer labor, blasted away the bottom rocks, bridged over the stream, and built their "new chapel" in the cleft of the ravine I have described.

I would ask you, sir, for kind permission to add a word or two about the poor people on whom the calamity of last Sunday has fallen,—the congregation of worshippers in that little church. It is my belief that there does not breathe within our islands a rustic community more nearly approaching in simplicity of manners and purity of lives the picture Longfellow has drawn for us of life in the village of Grand Pré. Though privations have tried them sorely during the past year, they have contributed naught to the records of disorder or crime. Death, swift and terrible, has now filled with wailing and grief their humble homes,—those homes where, as I well know, a wayfarer ever found smiling welcome, and wherein "a stranger was a sacred name." Their good friend and benefactor, Mr. William A. Ross, of Dunlewy Castle, is now away in Egypt, and may not hear of this tragedy for several weeks to come. In his absence I shall be glad to receive and forward to the clergyman of the district, or to the Most Rev. Dr. Logue, the estimable Bishop of Raphoe, any help which kindly and sympathetic hearts on this side of the Channel may feel disposed to contribute. I am aware, sir, that it is not lightly you permit any such appeal to the readers of the "Times," and I can only hope that you may perceive in the circumstances of this case some ground for extending that privilege on the present occasion.

Yours very truly,

A. M. SULLIVAN.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Aug. 17.

CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES.

KNOW-NOTHINGS and bigots of all classes try to justify the opposition to Catholics on the ground that they are foreigners. The following facts, though, must convince them of the falsehood of their assertions:—

The great majority of Catholics in the United States are native-born citizens. Take any State. In Georgia the census shows 5,000 of Irish birth, and 26,000 Catholics; in Indiana there are 29,000 of Irish birth, and 150,000 Catholics; in the State of Illinois there are 120,000 Irishmen born, and 400,000 Catholics; in Louisiana there are 200,000 Catholics, and 17,000 Irish born.

Even in New York, where there are 530,000 Irish by nativity, the Catholic population amounts to 1,250,000.

In Pennsylvania there are 285,000 Irish born, and 560,000 Catholics.

In short, there are 2,000,000 Irishmen born in America, and 10,000,000 of Catholics. Of course it is indisputable that the large majority of Catholics are of Irish birth or descent. But if we once begin to inquire who were the ancestors of American citizens, we shall soon find that there are no real Americans except the Indians.—*Catholic Herald, N. Y.*

THE Bishop of Buffalo, in his late excellent pastoral, says: "To have the holy sacrifice offered for the souls in purgatory will ever be as well a test of true Catholic faith, as a sure proof of genuine affection for the relatives and friends whose loss we mourn and whose earthly remains we accompany with sorrow to the grave."

WHEN you see the mother of a ten-year-old boy making rapid progress in the direction of the river, with a good stout bean-pole in her hand, you will not be far out of the way should you conclude she is going fishing. She is going on a "whaling" voyage—provided she can find the boy.

KNOCK.

Testimony of an American Priest.

THE venerable Father Havermans, of Troy, N. Y., a priest of over fifty years' standing, writes to the New York "Freeman's Journal," under date of Aug. 12, 1880:—

"We left New York at one o'clock, the 31st of July, and landed at Moville, Ireland, at eight o'clock A. M. of the 10th inst. I then, by steam, went to and remained in Londonderry that day, and next morning I came to this place, and started early this morning, at five o'clock, for Knock, by a hired wagon, with another priest from Australia, and a lady from Dublin, on a pilgrimage; we arrived there a little before seven, the distance being six miles. As there were so many priests there, and all from different directions, from England, Australia, Dublin, etc., and one from America, I had to wait a good while before I was able to say mass, there being only the main altar and a little side altar of the blessed Virgin to say mass on. The church was overcrowded all day, from early morning. Prayers the most fervent went up to heaven, within and without the church, because the church could not hold all; and as the wall behind the altar; where the apparitions were seen, was particularly the object of devotion, many prayed there. The walls are now all nailed up with boards, because they would have taken the wall down to obtain relics, the dust of which seems to have a healing power. The church represents the country,—it is very poor; yet to get it built, after all, was no small matter. This is certainly the poorest, but I believe the most pious part of Ireland, though Ireland is pious all over. The pastor of the church, Archdeacon Cavanagh, is a middle-aged gentleman, apparently very intelligent and educated, and very gentlemanly and courteous, and

there is an air of piety about him, together with great humility and unpretending goodness. As the pamphlet I send you describes the church and the venerable archdeacon better than I can do it, I will say nothing more about it.

"The ecclesiastical authorities have, so far, given this grave matter of the apparition—and they say that it has repeatedly occurred in different ways—no particular sanction. The cures, however, are undeniable. I doubt if there be a wagon in New York that could hold the amount of crutches, bands, and all kinds of things that were used by the afflicted, that have flocked to this place and left them behind as mementoes of God's goodness, and remembrances of their afflictions of every kind. They are lying there in a heap, and some hundreds of them are suspended on the walls of the church. Many pilgrimages are made to this place of devotion. Six hundred came from Yorkshire, England, last Monday. Among them were several afflicted people: Three of them are actually well. One was so afflicted with the palsy as to be entirely disabled. They tell me that, before he was cured, he got into a very great fit, and in his agitation, knocked his head terribly against the rough pavement, because the church has no other floor than a kind of hardened substance, of concrete stone and earth. He was in an agony for a long time, and finally he got up and was well, and could not be distinguished from anybody else, so perfect was his cure. Coming from Knock to return to Ballyhaunis, because there is no hotel in the place except a mile from it, to take my breakfast at eleven o'clock this morning, and to be able to go Tuam to see the venerable archbishop,—who has been bishop as long,

and I believe a little longer than I am a priest, over fifty years, — I happened to be on the same wagon on which was one of the three that got well yesterday. I never met with a person that was so full of joy and contentment, and thankful to God. He said he was a convert to the Catholic Church only one or two years ago, in England. He was afflicted with severe rheumatism, which had disfigured his hand, made it crooked, swollen, and raised great lumps upon it, which caused him exceedingly great pain. He had joined the party of the pilgrimage that came from Yorkshire, England, and who were there still, but scattered all over the neighborhood for shelter, as there is no place in Knock where there is anything to accommodate even a portion of the pilgrims. He said, 'I was so glad to be a Catholic; but now,' said he, 'I will do all that ever will be in my power to make others Catholics. I have the evidence of my faith on my body. My hand is the proof of God's power. I was saying my beads, yesterday, before the image of the holy Virgin, and while I was saying them, I felt I was well and my afflictions were gone, and my hands are now as straight, as good, and as sound as ever. Look at them, and see if you can see any trace on them of my former afflictions.' He was so exultant and overjoyed that the whole distance, from Knock to Ballyhaunis, the six miles, was not long enough to tell the joy of his heart and the gratitude he felt to God, and the joy it would give his wife and family in England."

WHY THEY DRINK. — Mr. A. drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little. Mr. B. because his doctor has ordered him not, and he hates quackery. Mr. C. takes a drop because he is wet. Mr. D. because he is dry. Mr. E. because he feels something rising. Mr. F. be-

cause he feels a kind of sinking. Mr. G. because he's going to see a friend off to America. Mr. H. because he's got a friend home from Australia. Mr. I. because he's so hot in the evening. Mr. K. because he's so cold in the morning. Mr. L. because he's got a pain in his head. Mr. M. because he's got a pain in his side. Mr. N. because he's got a pain in his back. Mr. O. because he's got a pain in his chest. Mr. P. because he's got a pain all over him. Mr. Q. because he feels light and happy. Mr. R. because he feels heavy and miserable. Mr. S. because he's married. Mr. T. because he isn't. Mr. V. because he likes to see his friends around him. Mr. W. because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass to himself. Mr. X. because his uncle left him a legacy.* Mr. Y. because his aunt cut him off with a shilling. Mr. Z. — We should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z.'s reasons are for drinking; but putting the question to him, he was found to be unable to answer.

SHAKESPEARE furnishes us with more familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe, "All is not gold that glitters," "Make a virtue of necessity," "Screw your courage to the sticking place" (not point), "They laugh that win," "This is the short and long of it," "Comparisons are odious," "As merry as the day is long," "A Daniel come to judgment," "Frailty, thy name is woman," and a host of others.

WHEN Charles I. of England showed his queen Henrietta the picture of Calvin in his cabinet, which portrayed the theologian with a pen in his hand, and his eyes turned up, and out of sight of his book, the queen said, smiling, "I do not wonder that Calvin wrote so much nonsense, as he seems not to have attended to what he was doing."

AN ABRIDGMENT OF THE LIFE AND MIRACLES OF SAINT LAURENCE O'TOOLE, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN AND PATRON OF EU.

By a Canon of the Abbey, Eu. Translated from the French by the Rev. J. B. L., Priest of the Ancient Order of Mount Carmel, Whitefriar Street, Dublin.

LAURENCE was born in Ireland, in the twelfth century, of one of the noblest and most illustrious families of that island. Maurice, his father, and Inian Ivrieu,* his mother, as distinguished by their piety as by their birth, had him instructed in divine and human knowledge. Born with happy dispositions, he was not long without making great progress in both sciences; and though he was the youngest of his brothers, he very much surpassed them in virtue and merit. What occurred at the moment when he was about receiving baptism, shows that the greatest hopes were conceived of him. His father had requested that the name of *Concunor* would be conferred on him; but a servant of God, regarded as a prophet in the country, said that, instead of that name, the name of Laurence should be given to him; God so wishing it, no doubt, because he should imitate, one day, the faith and the charity of the great martyred saint of that name, or, as some authors have thought, to denote the love of peace, which, throughout his entire life, he would preserve in his heart, and of which the *laurel* was the symbol amongst the ancients.

He was yet only ten years old when a dispute arising between Maurice, his father, and a neighboring prince named Dermot, it was believed that the most judicious means of putting a stop to this dissension, in its origin, was to give Laurence in hostage to this powerful and dangerous enemy; but this man, cruel and inhuman, very far from having for him the considerations due to his rank, treated him with all the severity of which he was

capable. He banished him, laden with chains, into a barren place, so sterile that it failed to furnish even the necessaries of life. Laurence was not long without suffering in that exile the most cruel misery; and as another Job, destitute of everything, he experienced hunger, cold, nakedness, and sickness. In all those afflictions he allowed not the slightest impulse of impatience or murmuring to appear.

In the mean while his father had learned the miserable state in which Laurence was discovered. He was most keenly affected, and he threatened Dermot to invade his territories with a powerful army, — and to put to death twelve of his knights, whom he had arrested, if he did not deliver to him his son. The prince, whom those threats intimidated, recalled Laurence from his banishment and confided him to the Bishop of Glendalough, until his twelve knights should be delivered up. This prelate, who regarded the young child as the restorer of public tranquillity, received him with much joy; he employed the little time during which he retained him at his house in recalling to his mind the principal mysteries of faith, and in giving him the instructions of which he was deprived during the two years of his exile; he afterwards delivered him to his father. Some days after the return of Laurence, Maurice sought the bishop, and after thanking him for his kindness to his son, asked him if he would please draw lots to know which of his four children he should consecrate to the service of the Lord. Laurence, who accompanied his father on this visit, and whom from his infancy God had called to himself to minister at his

*Signifying daughter of O'Byrne.

altar, said that it was only useless to cast lots, that he felt a most special call to the ecclesiastical state, and that it would cause him real pain to refuse him permission to embrace it. A resolution so generous filled every one with admiration; tears rushed to the eyes of his father, who, after tenderly embracing him, offered him to God, and to Saint Kevin, patron of the cathedral church, according to the custom of the time. From that moment Laurence renounced entirely all the vanities of the world, and all the wealth and fortune to which he had a right to succeed, in order to attach himself to Jesus Christ only, and to practise the most severe morality and discipline which the gospel prescribed. The Bishop of Glendalough, who had already discovered in him all the best natural qualities and the effects of grace, willingly undertook to lead him into the spiritual life. Under such a master, Laurence always continued to make the greatest advancement in the way of perfection; the zeal with which he fulfilled his duties of the ministry into which he was initiated, and his recollection and modesty in the sanctuary, rendered him the model and edification of the whole town.

He was engaged in perfecting himself in the exercise of virtue, when death snatched from him his master, with whom he had the happiness of dwelling with God, and from whose teaching he had drawn the lessons of salvation. This loss was felt much more by him than all he had suffered in his exile; he would have despaired from that moment if God had not made him experience interior consolations which won him to confidence. The Holy Ghost became his director; it was he who inspired him, directed him in all his actions, and instructed him in all his difficulties. His rare talents and his great virtues had already influenced the clergy to raise him to the dignities of the church. The abbot of the canons regular of Glendalough died; the priests and

people requested Laurence to become his successor. The honors and revenues attached to that position by no means tempted him; on the contrary, humble and disinterested, he refused from the beginning, and strongly protested, that having once left the world he would not engage himself with it again; but the more he was seen to decline this position, the more he was pressed to accept it, which he did, finally, to the great satisfaction of every one. The new abbot, wishing to guard himself against vainglory, embraced with ardor everything that was most abject in the community; esteeming himself the least of all, he only considered himself placed over the canons regular to serve them, to instruct them, and to succor them in their necessities; his sentiments, discourses, actions, and interior, all exhibited a profound humility. He regarded the revenues of his abbey as the patrimony of the poor, and distributed them with such abundance and profusion, that it was looked upon as certain that God sent him even special and unexpected means; this appeared visibly in a famine of four years, during which Laurence ceased not to supply maintenance to the inhabitants.

Such were the virtues of this holy abbot, when God permitted some evil and envious persons to calumniate him, proclaiming that such generous actions came only from a depth of hypocrisy, and a vain desire of courting esteem and reputation amongst men. But our saint, who, from his youth, had learned to suffer opprobrium, was far from being disturbed by those evil reports, — they only led him to do favors for those very persons who were the authors of them. This conduct so changed their wicked intentions in his regard, that they could not refrain from acknowledging that the spirit of God was with him. These calumniators were not the only enemies that he had to vanquish. The high price of food had filled Ireland with bands of marauders, who pil-

laged and maltreated generally all persons who had the misfortune to fall in their way; but they appeared to have a still greater hatred towards those who belonged to the holy abbot; they murdered many of them. Saint Laurence, who, in all his sufferings and afflictions, had always recourse to prayer, employed this powerful means to obtain from heaven the cessation of this evil; and this was granted to him, God having permitted, almost immediately, the leaders of those marauders to fall into the hands of the secular authorities, who condemned them to death.

The province was tasting the sweet fruits of peace, which the prayers and zeal of our saint had procured for it, when the bishopric of Glendalough became vacant; all were unanimous in demanding Laurence for bishop; he alone, though adorned with all the virtues which could characterize a worthy pastor, refused consent. For excuse he alleged his age, which was scarcely thirty years, his unworthiness, and many other reasons which his great humility suggested, and which, without doubt, would have prevailed, if God had not intended for him a position more important and more exalted. Scarcely was he made successor of the Bishop of Glendalough, when there was question of providing for the archbishopate of Dublin. Many presented themselves to fill this see, but as their merit did not correspond very well with the desire they had of occupying it, they were passed over. Our saint, on the contrary, averse to positions of distinction, though he had eminently all the qualities necessary to fill them, was the prelate on whom Providence wished the clergy to cast their eyes; he was elected unanimously to the archbishopric of Dublin. At first they had much difficulty in making him consent to his election; but finally, after a great deal of importunity on the part of the clergy and people, he was obliged to accept the burden which they imposed on him.

His promotion to this new dignity was very far from making any change in his manner of living; his zeal, his vigilance, his great piety, and his other virtues exhibited themselves with greater *éclat*. First, he used all his care and diligence in reforming the abuses which had crept into the diocese; in rooting out vice from amongst the people; and finally, that his cathedral might become a model of order, and a source of edification to the faithful, he induced the canons to embrace the institution of the canons regular; he asked of the Pope the confirmation of this reform, which he granted, and having obtained the constitutions of the abbey of Aronaise, in the district of Artois, he put them into the hands of his new canon regulars, who observed them with the most perfect exactness. The holy archbishop was always at their head, exhorting them by his counsels and inciting them by his example; but as that rule prescribed nothing very austere, he added many saintly practices which his spirit of mortification and penance inspired. All his brothers (for it was thus he called his canons) leaving after matins, he remained alone in the church to recite the Psalter, to which he joined very long prayers for the dead. He never ate flesh meat; he contented himself with vegetables only, which he even denied himself on Fridays, passing those days with a little bread and water, which he took when the sun was gone down. This abstemiousness did not prevent him having a table abundantly served, to which he admitted nearly sixty poor, so great was his charity towards them. He wore three habits: the exterior, which was that of a bishop, was simple, but becoming; the second was that of a canon regular, and the third that of a penitent; this was a coarse hair shirt, the marks of which were impressed on his body. All these austerities were for himself alone. He was full of sweetness,

generosity, and commiseration towards others. Widows and orphans regarded him as their father, their protector, and their friend; he had for all an amiable charity, never feeling more happy than when he could relieve them in their necessities, soothe them in their afflictions, and re-establish amongst them harmony and peace, which troubles and dissensions had destroyed.

Nothing was more capable of meriting for our saint a crown of glory than those beautiful actions with which his life was replete. But his love of mortification was not yet satiated; the nearer he was to Jesus Christ by his dignity of archbishop, the more he felt himself obliged to share in his afflictions and sufferings. A mile from Glendalough, where he often visited his nephew, who had succeeded him in the abbey, there is an obscure and almost inaccessible recess in a rock overhanging a lake, which had formerly served as a retreat for Saint Kevin. Our saint chose this place of retirement also, where he spent forty days every year in watching, fasting, and praying, and in contemplation of divine things. It was in this solitude, more than in any other place, that he tasted the sweet happiness of union with God and of meditating on his Holy Word. On leaving this retreat, as another Moses, full of zeal and fervor, with tears in his eyes, he reprehended, with holy ardor, the disorders of his people, and threatened them with the most terrible anger of God. But as their hearts were obdurate, his urging discourses produced little fruit, and his predication was soon followed by a sad event.

King Dermot presented himself with a powerful army before the city of Dublin, laid siege to it, set it on fire, and put to the sword a great number of the inhabitants. The holy archbishop, beholding this public calamity, was penetrated with the most lively sorrow; he redoubled his mortifications, as if his sins had been the

cause of this affliction, and he omitted nothing which his charity and prudence could suggest to appease the fury of the enemy, to exhort to a sincere repentance those who had not yet expired, and to give burial to those who had been victims of the avenging sword. This visible punishment on the part of God being at an end, Saint Laurence gathered together all that he could of his flock, in order to provide for their wants, and to relieve those who were in extreme misery. He went himself in search of Dermot, the declared enemy of his own family, to request of him that the ecclesiastics might remain in their churches, that their privileges might be respected, that their sacred ornaments and vessels might be returned, and that their goods might be restored. He spoke with so much grace and force that Dermot, though proud and insolent by his victory, could not refuse complying, and granted him what he had demanded.

To this unfortunate event succeeded another, which caused much affliction to our saint. The soldiers of the king of England having invaded the rights and privileges of his church, the saintly archbishop felt himself bound to take defensive action. He undertook, for that end, the journey to Canterbury, where Henry II. held his court. Having arrived in that city, he passed the night in prayer at the tomb of St. Thomas, who a few years previously had suffered martyrdom in a similar cause. The next morning, as he was going to the altar, clothed in his pontifical vestments, to celebrate holy mass, a simpleton, who had heard of his sanctity, believing he would do a good deed in procuring for him the glory of martyrdom, approached and struck him on the head with a large stick, which brought him to the ground. All present believed him dead, but the saint was not long till he recovered himself; he had brought to him some water, which he blessed, and, having washed his wounds, they, though mortal, were

healed immediately, and he was able to offer the holy sacrifice, after which he gave his benediction to the people, who, on their part, glorified God for so great a miracle wrought on his servant. The king being informed of this crime, ordered him who had perpetrated it to die, but Saint Laurence obtained his pardon; and the king, edified by the great mercy which the saint exhibited, willingly consented that the rights and immunities of his church should be respected. Affairs having thus happily concluded, the desire he had of being united with his flock urged him to prepare immediately to return to Ireland. He was on the point of embarking for that island when a great tempest arose, which rendered it impossible to pursue the voyage; he waited a long time in harbor, that the storm might cease, but as it continued to increase more and more he felt dejected, not then realizing the reason of Divine Providence, which thus permitted it, as the sequel proves.

A nobleman in the vicinity of the seaport had raised, within the domain of his chateau, a church in honor of the blessed Virgin, and a holy solitary of the district related that, during the night, he had had a vision, by which he learned that it was the will of the blessed Mother that the church should be consecrated to God in her honor by the holy Archbishop of Dublin. Saint Laurence at first declined, for this reason, that this ceremony pertained to the bishop of the diocese; but, when he was told of the revelation, he no longer hesitated. He consecrated the church, which afterwards became celebrated in consequence of the great number of miracles wrought in it. Finding that a calm had succeeded the tempest, he returned to the port and embarked. It is recorded that on the voyage, when they had been at sea but one day, the winds became so furious that there was left no hope of safety to the sailors and his attendants. Our saint was the only one who did not despair. He

told them they should have confidence, that not one of them should perish; but that in gratitude they should promise to contribute towards the construction of a new church in Dublin in honor of the blessed Virgin. All consented, and immediately the winds ceased and the sea assumed its former calm. On another occasion the sea became dreadfully agitated, and threatened an immediate shipwreck, when a sailor, casting himself at the feet of the saint, said to him, as the apostles said to our Lord Jesus Christ, "*Save us, else we perish!*" The saint prayed, and the tempest ceased.

Towards the end of the year 1178 our saint went to Rome to assist at the General Council of Lateran, convoked by Pope Alexander III. for the month of March in the following year. Of all the prelates who assisted at it, and there were about three hundred, he was the most distinguished for his humility, his suavity, his zeal, his rectitude, and his charity. Every one observed and admired in him a consummate sanctity, and the Pope, who conceived for him a most special esteem, constituted him legate for all Ireland, recognizing no one having more prudence and ability for that position. Saint Laurence, on his return to Ireland, thought over the best means for acquitting himself worthily of this new charge. In a general visitation, which he undertook, of all the churches, he made the best regulations for the reform of morals, and for the revival of ecclesiastical discipline in all its vigor. It is impossible to describe the zeal and activity with which he labored, without ceasing, to destroy the empire of the devil, and to cause Jesus Christ to reign in all hearts. It was during his visitations that a great famine occurred, which afflicted all Ireland. He exhibited no less charity on this occasion in relieving the corporal wants of his brethren than he had evinced for the salvation of their souls. He had fed nearly eight hundred poor, three hundred of

whom he supplied with clothing and other similar requirements. His tenderness towards orphans and deserted children was manifested in a manner no less efficacious ; it is recorded that he supplied food to more than two hundred at his own house and within his own immediate district. Every one was loud in praise of the liberality and goodness of the holy legate, who deprived himself of everything to succor those who were in indigence.

His life was the only thing that remained to him, and he would not be satisfied if he did not expose it also for the interest and well-being of others. One day he was going from Dublin to Waterford, accompanied by some of his ecclesiastics, by an officer of the king, and a registrar, who was returning to that city with his wife and child ; they all shared with him in the fear of highway robbers, who, it was said, were in great numbers through the country. As they approached a forest, twenty-four outlaws rushed forth, and coming up to them with arms in hand, demanded that the officer be delivered to them ; the saintly archbishop did not wish to consent that he who had placed himself under his protection should fall into their hands. These desperate men then advanced with fury, severely maltreated the ecclesiastics, robbed them, and slew the notary ; as one of them stepped forward with his lance to pierce the officer, our saint set himself between both, and impeded the stroke, which reached the side of his horse, and thus he was the means of saving the officer's life. The robbers having withdrawn, the holy legate consoled all those who accompanied him, and particularly the widow of the notary, to whom he gave a pension, and provided for her child, whom he afterwards placed in the church. As to the banditti, who had so cruelly treated himself, he threatened, if they would not leave off a line of conduct so infamous, to excommunicate them ; they disregarded his threats, and the saintly prelate pronounced against

them the sentence of excommunication. Being informed of this, they avenged themselves on the saint by ridiculing his excommunication with a species of mockery, as impious as it was ridiculous. They took the entrails of an ox which they had plundered, and placed them around the neck of their chief in the manner of a stole ; they lighted brushwood instead of candles, and, to imitate the sound of bells, they clapped together their brazen vessels, yelling with all their might anathemas against the archbishop. God did not permit those horrifying sacrileges to remain long unpunished. The next day one of them died of cold, though the season was moderately temperate ; three days afterwards their chief was killed, and twenty-two others perished miserably within the year. The same fate befell another outlaw, whom Saint Laurence had excommunicated for having mortally wounded one of his deacons. He expired the very night of the day that he had grievously insulted and blasphemed the holy name of God. All this was the effect of the prayers of the holy archbishop. Did he ask God to punish crimes ? He was heard. Did he send up his supplications to heaven for the cessation of diseases ? He obtained it.

Two men, guilty of a theft from the church, became immediately so furious that no one doubted that the hand of the Lord had stricken them in punishment of this sacrilege. Persons afflicted with leprosy were brought to the saintly legate, who, touched with compassion at their sad condition, gave them his blessing, and they were entirely cured.

Our saint was one day passing through a village with two of his suffragans, and Thomas, his nephew, when, a peasant approaching, begged him to exorcise his wife, who was possessed of a devil ; the saint wished that his nephew should discharge the duty. The abbot, not feeling that he possessed virtue enough to exorcise her, had recourse to one of the

two bishops, who, without sufficient reflection, willingly accepted the commission. By the time he got to the woman's house she had become more violent; she treated him so contemptuously, and gave him such abuse, that he was obliged to go away covered with confusion. Saint Laurence then came, ordered her to be bound, and approaching her, made the sign of the cross on her chest, sprinkled her with holy water, and, with his face bent to the ground, prayed for her, and then pursued his journey. Three days afterwards, returning by the same route, he found her perfectly freed. A domestic of the holy archbishop, after having vainly exhausted every remedy to have himself cured of a dropsy which had reduced him to the last extremity, requested that he should be brought into his master's presence, in order to receive his blessing. The saintly prelate having exhorted him to patience, imposed hands on him, and sent up supplications to heaven for his recovery; his prayers were efficacious, and the disease was completely removed. A priest of the church of Saint Martin, Dublin, having fallen into a deep lethargy, was three days without evincing any sign of life, having no pulse, no breathing, no movement; our saint, who came to see him, doubting not that he was dead, was very much affected, for he loved him much. He remained some time on his knees in prayer near his bed. The priest, coming to himself as from a profound sleep, declared that he was really dead, and that it was through the prayers of the saint that he was restored to life. Saint Laurence prohibited this miracle to be divulged; but the more his humility urged him to desire that his actions should remain unknown, the more God permitted them to shine before men, who regarded him, in consequence, as one of the greatest saints who had appeared in the church.

After so many marvels wrought by our saint, so many holy deeds which he performed, and so many virtues

which he practised, it only remained for him to terminate his life as he began it. We have seen that he had been given in his most tender years as a pledge of reconciliation to an enemy of his father, and he had the happiness to die when he went to procure peace for his people; behold the occasion! A serious quarrel sprang up between Henry, king of England, and Deronogus (?) * of Ireland; the holy prelate, who disliked nothing so much as war, because of the evil effects which it entailed on his flock, believed that it was his duty to reconcile the two kings. He undertook, for that purpose, a journey to England, where he made overtures of peace to the king, offering him his nephew,† whom he brought with him as a hostage; but Henry, far from listening to his propositions, caused all ports and all routes to be guarded to prevent his return to Ireland.

The saint had been detained three weeks an exile in England, when he learned that Henry had passed over to Normandy; he resolved to follow him thither, flattering himself that he might prevail on him, by his urgent solicitations, to enter into peace. Having arrived at Dover, he was attacked with a violent fever, which, however, did not prevent him embarking in order to present himself to the king; but the violence of the malady continued to increase, and God made known to him that he would soon crown his labors. On the top of the hill of the town of Eu, which is called even to this day by his name, he perceived a church, and having learned from some shepherds that it was dedicated to the blessed Virgin, and attended to by the canons regular, he felt extremely consoled that Divine Providence had conducted him to a place where he could die in the arms of his brethren; he exclaimed, in prophetic spirit, with his eyes and hands raised towards heaven: "*Be-*

* In some manuscripts, "Cognor."

† Some say it was the nephew of Roderick, king of Connaught.

hold the place of my repose until the end of time; behold the place I have chosen for my habitation." He then went down to the abbey, where Osbert, who was then abbot, received him with all possible marks of distinction and joy,* returning thanks to heaven that a treasure so precious was sent to him. The holy archbishop, after having made his prayer of thanksgiving in the church, retired to rest, confessed to the abbot, and received from his hands the Holy Viaticum. Having thus set in order the particular affairs of his conscience, he sent the tutor of his nephew to King Henry, at Rouen, to entreat him to entertain the proposals of peace which he had made to him in England. The king, at last, being favorably disposed, granted peace in favor of the holy prelate, who esteemed himself most happy in being able to render this last service to his country. This benefit having been obtained, Saint Laurence entirely abandoned the care of worldly matters, and devoted himself solely to the consideration of death. He requested the canons to do him the honor of admitting him amongst themselves. He afterwards received Extreme Unction with the deepest sentiments of devotion and piety, repeating frequently that verse of the Psalmist: "*Have mercy on me, O my God, have mercy on me, since my soul hath trusted in thee.*" At last, God having filled up the measure of his merits, he died the death of the just, the night of the fourteenth day of November, 1180. At the very moment of his death there appeared above the abbey a light so brilliant, that it was believed the abbey was on fire.

His body was laid out in the church of Our Lady of Eu, where it was interred with much pomp and solemnity, in the presence of Cardinal Alexis. Four years and a half

afterwards he was disinterred, and he was then wholly unaltered, and his body exhaled a most agreeable odor. Pope Honorius III., informed of his sanctity, and of the miracles which he had wrought during his life, and of those which took place for several days after his death, entered him on the catalogue of the saints. It is believed that he was the first on whose canonization an indulgence was granted. At present the greatest part of his body is preserved in a great shrine ornamented with precious stones, and placed behind the high altar of the abbey. His head, enclosed in a most beautiful silver case, is exposed for the veneration of the faithful on the 14th of November, which is the day of his feast; on the 10th of May, which is the day of his translation; on the 10th of August, the Feast of Saint Laurence the Martyr, and on the nearest Sunday to that feast.

THE MIRACLES OF SAINT LAURENCE
O'TOOLE AFTER HIS DEATH.

A WOMAN of the parish of Trinity, in the town of Eu, who could not move otherwise than by creeping along on her hands, had hardly approached the tomb of Saint Laurence, whither her faith had led her, when her limbs became straightened and she was perfectly cured.

A boy named Richard, of the village of Guerville, mute and lame from his birth, was brought by his parents to the tomb of Saint Laurence, who obtained for him a perfect cure; so that those present saw him immediately walk upright, and heard him glorify God, who had made him whole through the intercession of his servant.

A poor man from the village of Marne, who was so crippled that he could only move doubled up and with the aid of two crutches, and was so afflicted with sore eyes that he could only see with the greatest difficulty, hearing of the great number of mir-

* I have taken these particulars from two manuscripts worthy of reliance, contrary to the opinion of many who state that he went down to the village of Cygne, and there died.

acles which were wrought at the tomb of Saint Laurence, asked to be brought there. His request having been acceded to, the disease which so impaired his sight was removed, and his limbs, entirely crooked, were straightened, and at the same instant, filled with admiration and joy, he cried out, "*Thank God and his servant, Saint Laurence, I am perfectly healed!*"

A little girl of Bouvaincourt, and the wife of a man named Ausbert, from the same village, who could only walk with crutches, had recourse to the blessed archbishop to obtain for them their cure, and it was granted to them.

A woman of Mount Huon, from the parish of Tréport, not being able to use her arms, which were maimed, obtained her cure after having passed one night in prayer at the tomb of our saint.

A boy of Blangy, deaf and dumb from his birth, for whom his parents had made vows to Saint Gilles,* and to Saint Thomas of Canterbury, was brought to the tomb of the saintly archbishop at Eu, where God, wishing to manifest more and more the sanctity of his servant, gave hearing and speech to the child.

Two dropsical women, one of the town of Eu and the other an English-woman, were perfectly cured at his tomb.

A man named Aubert, of the village of Averno, wholly given up to his passions, had his face covered with an inflammation so horrible that it was shocking to behold. The doctors, who had treated this malady for leprosy, pronounced it incurable. This wicked man, reflecting that his crimes alone could be the cause of so great an evil, detested them with his whole heart, and knowing how much the true servants of the Lord could prevail with him, he had recourse to the intercession of Saint Laurence, who obtained for him his cure.

An old man named William, of the diocese of Amiens, having had the misfortune of losing his sight, had himself led by his wife to the tomb of Saint Laurence. The fervor of his prayers, and the power of his faith, obtained for him the recovery of his sight.

A priest of Abbeyville, whose face was covered over with leprosy, was perfectly cured through the intercession of Saint Laurence. A woman of Dommartui, afflicted with the same malady, was freed from it, after having dredged her face, for seven consecutive days, with the dust which she had gathered at the tomb of our saint.

A woman of the town of Eu, who, from the age of eight years until she was thirty, had fallen from twelve to fifteen times a day with the falling sickness, and a boy, belonging to Sept-Meules, who had attacks of the same malady not less frequently, were both cured through the intercession of our saint; the former after many days of prayer, and the latter after a vow made by his mother to carry him, clothed in white, bearing a wax taper, from the height of the hill to the tomb of the holy archbishop.

A domestic of the abbey of Sery, who, at the very time most inconvenient, suffered from a quartan ague, the gout, and an affection of the stomach, finding it impossible to fulfil the resolution he had taken of visiting the tomb of Saint Laurence, contented himself by turning his eyes in the direction of the saint's church, and addressing him in prayer, when the saint obtained for him perfect restoration to health.

A woman named Ellen, having only touched with her hand the place where our saint had been interred, recovered immediately the perfect use of her hearing and speech, which she had lost for some years.

The daughter of a man named Raoul, of the village of Touffreville, was so troubled with a painful disease, that her father believed that a surgical

* Some give the name of St. Egidius.

operation was the only means of curing her perfectly. The girl's mother, hearing the determination of her husband, had recourse to Saint Laurence, and their daughter was immediately relieved from the cause of the disease, leaving no doubt but that the favor was granted through the merits of the saint.

A gentleman of the town of Eu, named Robert Strabo, who had contributed, by his genius, to the tomb of Saint Laurence, was not long without experiencing one of the favors which God granted through means of the saint. Being suddenly seized with the agonizing pain caused by gravel, he invoked our saint, who obtained the removal of the cause.

Two men, wishing to turn into ridicule what was reported regarding the miracles of the holy archbishop, one of them, from the village of Mortemer, named Raoul des Erables, counterfeited lameness; the other, from Airaines, in Picardy, jeered his valet, who had told him of some cures wrought at the tomb of the saint. God punished those scoffers. The former absolutely lost the use of one of his arms, and the latter was attacked with the most violent headache. Both were only healed after they had made reparation for those outrages in the church of Saint Laurence.

A woman from Gravelle swallowed an insect, whose poison had caused her to become swollen to a wonderful extent; she drank some of the water in which she had dipped a portion of the hair of Saint Laurence, which proved a most efficacious antidote in her case.

A person named Robert, of the village of Brunville, having heard of the miracles that were wrought in the town of Eu, through the interposition of our saint, made his prayer to him in the place of his residence, in order to recover the sight of an eye which he had lost. His faith and great confidence obtained for him the object of his request. He saw perfectly with

that eye, and the pain which it caused him vanished.

A blind woman, belonging to the town of Montdidier, named Margaret, recovered the use of one eye after a fervent prayer which she addressed in her own house to Saint Laurence, and the use of the other eye when she came to the tomb of the saint, where she again prayed, returning the most humble thanksgiving to God, and to his servant, for a favor so signal.

A young man who had a fleshy excrescence on his nostrils, which disfigured him very much, believed that the surest means of having it removed was to have recourse to the saintly archbishop. He was seven entire weeks before his tomb, without, as he thought, being heard. But far from being disheartened, he persisted still in prayer, and prayed with so much fervor and confidence, that he finally obtained from God the cessation of the humor which fed the excrescence, and then the evil being dried up, the excrescence of itself disappeared, without having to make any incision.

The wife of a man named Roger, of the town of Eu, who, because of her infirmities, was obliged to keep her bed for seven years, and who had such a dislike for food that she could not eat, was brought to the tomb of Saint Laurence, where, having heard a voice which said to her, "*Rise up, you are healed,*" she rose immediately, and walked, and food having been given to her, she ate it without any repugnance.

A young ecclesiastic of Blangy; a girl eight years old, belonging to the town of Eu; an Englishman; and a woman named Elizabeth, who were all possessed by the devil, were delivered on their approaching the tomb of our saint.

A young man from the neighborhood of Fécamp, who, besides being possessed of the devil, had fallen with epilepsy, and had sustained a rupture, was freed from those two grievous infirmities after a vow made by his

mother to bring him to the tomb of Saint Laurence.

A woman belonging to the town of Eu, who, for about six weeks, had a flow of blood which reduced her to the last extremity, being conveyed with difficulty to the tomb of the holy archbishop, was perfectly healed.

A cripple of Longueville; a child of Long-Roe, suffering from a large rupture; an inhabitant of Saint Riquier, afflicted with the same malady; a woman of Criel, maimed of the right hand; another maimed of both hands; a man of Monchy, who had lost an eye; a boy of Tréport, who had the falling sickness; a woman of Bromville, who was paralyzed; a person from the town of Chartres, afflicted with gout; a drop-sical girl from Rouen, and many others besides, too numerous to record, recovered their perfect health through the intercession of Saint Laurence.

Three men had been condemned to close confinement, and to most rigorous punishment, for having supplied the inhabitants of Blangy with food in time of siege. One of those men, who knew the influence of Saint Laurence with God, prevailed on the two others to have recourse to the saint's protection. They promised, if they were delivered from their prison, to go to his tomb and render him their grateful thanks. They obtained their request; their chains parted of themselves, and the gates of the prison flew open.

The like miracle was wrought in favor of a *clerk* of the parish of Deville, who was falsely accused of a theft from a church. He was similarly delivered after making a vow to go in sackcloth and ashes to visit the tomb of the saint.

A vessel having struck on a rock which the pilots had not seen, several efforts to get her off proved useless, and they had no hope of saving their lives, when an attendant of the first pilot, acquainted with the miracles of Saint Laurence, declared that the

only hope that remained for them, in such evident danger of death, was to have recourse to the blessed archbishop. They all set themselves to pray, and God sent them, for sake of his holy servant, a favorable wind, which forced the ship off into deep sea, and drove her safely into port. There are also many other instances like this of persons who would have inevitably suffered shipwreck, if they had not implored the assistance of the blessed Archbishop of Dublin.

On the 25th of July, 1626, continual rain having deluged the earth, a general procession was formed, in which the shrine and other relics of Saint Laurence were carried; the people disposed themselves by fasting for three days before the ceremony, and the canons regular took part in the procession with bare feet, — a custom existing ever since; the Lord manifested on that occasion the power and influence of the saint, by granting, through his prayers, the cessation of the rain. And the year is remembered as one of great abundance.

A scorching heat and drought occurred in the month of April, 1636, and continued to burn up the cereal crops till the 20th of May, when it was resolved to make a procession with the shrine of Saint Laurence; but hardly was the precious case of relics taken down, when God sent, in favor of his servant, an abundant rain, which, however, did not prevent the inhabitants holding the procession in the usual manner. Processions are still made, and novenas offered in honor of our saint to propitiate heaven in times of public calamities, and the people have always the happiness of being favorably heard.

The 5th of August, 1626, a fire occurred in the church of Our Lady of Eu, through the negligence of some plumbers at work. Everything was done at first, which was possible, to extinguish the flames; but the lead, which was melting and pouring down from all parts, prevented any one

approaching farther. All the inhabitants knelt down and invoked the holy protector of the church. Through his powerful intercession with God, the fire was extinguished immediately. Again, the people had recourse to the protection of Saint Laurence in 1690, when a similar fire took place in the church, and, though the inhabitants of the town had exercised all their energy and zeal to extinguish the flames, it was not doubted that the holy archbishop had done much more through his prayers.

A young man named Aubert, of the village of Bellengravier, had been buried in the *débris* of a ruined house; those who witnessed the disaster were extremely touched at the calamity, and had recourse to God through the intercession of Saint Laurence. The great archbishop, who had received from heaven not only the power of procuring health for the sick, but also of resuscitating the dead, recalled the young man to life. The young man, penetrated with gratitude, came to return thanks to God in the church of the saint, and consecrated himself to his service for the remainder of his life, which was of long duration.

A young child of the town of Eu, having met his death by drowning, was carried by two men to the tomb of our saint, where God, to honor his servant, restored the boy to life.

Another child, about three years old, belonging to Rue, climbing a fence hedge, was caught there, suspended by the feet, and was instantly suffocated. His mother, afflicted at his death, offered him at once to the saint, hoping to obtain, through his intercession, what so many others had already obtained. Her faith was rewarded. When they were on the point of interring the child, they perceived that he was returning to life.

A third child, son of a man named Requier, of Durat, having died, his mother, who up to that time had laughed at the miracles attributed to

the intercession of the saints, felt herself extremely moved to have recourse to the blessed archbishop to obtain, through his merits, that her child, whom she loved as herself, would be restored to life. She humbled herself before God, asked pardon for her incredulity and contempt, promising him to make a true reparation at the tomb of Saint Laurence. She then offered many other fervent prayers, which merited for her the resurrection of her child.

All these miracles, and many others besides, should necessarily convince us of the great influence which Saint Laurence has acquired before God by the sanctity of his life, and the innocence and integrity of his morals. They have not been wrought alone in favor of corporal infirmities; for has he not obtained the healing of many spiritual maladies? How many sinners have been snatched from the slavery of the devil and brought again under the domination of God? How many graces have been obtained? How many sins have been effaced by his intercession? There is no kind of favors that has not been granted through his merits, when supplications were addressed to him with faith, with confidence, and for the greater glory of God.

APPENDIX.

In Normandy, a short distance from Dieppe, lies the ancient, quiet little town of Eu, consecrated and honored by the hallowed remains of our great archbishop and saint, Laurence O'Toole. Why our saint the lover and benefactor of his country from his infancy, should repose in death in a foreign land, is one of the inscrutable decrees of Providence. He died in the holy cause of Ireland, having sought the shores of France to calm and soften the irascible and obstinate disposition of the English sovereign Henry II., the subjugator of our country. The saintly archbishop, whose whole life was spent in

promoting the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Irish race, was intensely dear to the hearts of his people. Many a sad, inconsolable, broken heart, throughout Ireland, especially in the archdiocese of Dublin, which he governed so kindly and efficiently, and in which he labored with such indefatigable holy zeal, deplored his demise, whilst an exile from home. But thanks to God that our patriotic and saintly archbishop, still fresh in our grateful memory, found a resting-place so peaceful, so holy, so primitive as Eu. Our own Glendalough, in all its majestic solitude, the favorite retreat of so many holy hermits, and whither Saint Laurence so frequently retired to invigorate his spiritual strength, and to hold undisturbed converse with God, was not more worthy to contain the sanctified body of our saint than beautiful Eu. Yes, Eu, a rural Norman town, obscure, almost unknown to most of us, unhampered with the busy tumult of commercial life, calm in the bosom of a valley, was a fitting place to possess the earthly remains of our great saint. Eu is favored by nature and grace. They say its name is Celtic, and signifies the queen meadow, or limpid wave. It is watered by the river Bresle; the elm and the linden tree cloak its ancient walls, ruins, and fortresses; its fields are rich in golden corn, or are decked with the rosy, fruitful apple-tree; its surrounding hills, covered with green shrubs, are most picturesque; its aspect has the early sun beaming in its face; in a word, it presents altogether such a lightsome picture of charming content, that the admirers of rustic beauty have given it the sweet name of "Belle of the Sleeping Woods." To see Eu lying in all its loveliness, and in its bed of foliage, one need only climb any of its gently rising hills, and there also the ocean in all its majesty, with its azure waters, may be seen at a short distance. Eu, though inland, is but a mile or two from Tréport, a delightful watering-place, resorted to

in the summer by crowds of sea-bathers from the French cities and towns. It was from the cliffs of this seaport that Saint Laurence O'Toole espied the church of our Blessed Lady, which stands out prominently on a hill, and graces the town of Eu. It was to that church the saint repaired to offer up his solemn prayer of thanksgiving to God, before quitting this life. Having filled up the measure of his merits, God allowed him to feel certain that the end of his life was come, and from our Lady's chapel he directed his steps to the monastery close by, where the monks gladly and reverently received the saint. He there died as he had lived, in the highest sanctity, and amongst the canons regular, whom he loved to call his brethren, and whose rule of life he had introduced, established, and observed in Glendalough, and in Christ Church, Dublin. What a consolation to the saint to die amongst his brethren! and what a special blessing from God for the monks and people of Eu! With what reverence and devotion they care the tomb of the Irish saint, and in what esteem they hold his relics! And why not? Besides these being a sacred treasure in themselves, how numerous and singular are the benefits which have come to the inhabitants through the saint's intercession! How many plagues and famines averted; how many stricken by God with disease have been healed; how many lame and deformed creatures have been made whole through his merits! The charity and compassion he has exercised since his death towards those who have sought his aid, are almost commensurate with the unceasing benefits he conferred on the people of Ireland during his life. His deeds of charity were most generous and universal, and almost without number. What is it he could have done for his people that he did not do? Oh, how our hearts should burn with love for our great benefactor and archbishop, St. Laurence O'Toole! But, alas! he

is comparatively forgotten, I might say, almost unknown amongst Irish, even Dublin Catholics, whilst his memory is cherished in abiding love by the people of Normandy, especially those of the town of Eu. There they have erected a gem church to his honor; there his sacred remains are preserved in a shrine of silver, gold, and precious stones; his name is blessed, and his intercession sought by grateful and confiding hearts. Why should our love towards him remain cold? Why should not our faith and confidence in his intercession become strong and firm? Why don't we have recourse to him in our necessities, public and private? In November this year (1880), seven centuries will have passed by since his holy death. And what a year of distress and misery has set in. This year may bear on its records scenes and calamities as heartrending as in days of yore. How such circumstances remind us of the devoted love of St. Laurence for his native country! Has the love of the saint for his country and people ceased? Is he less powerful with God now than when alive? No, certainly not; his charity for us, and his power with God, are the same, and he will come to our rescue if we seek his aid. Is this not a time for Irish Catholics in their devotions to pray to St. Laurence, to obtain from God for his beloved people timely assistance? Would it not be well for them also to prepare to celebrate his centenary by a formal, solemn, and religious ceremony? What wonderful benefits might come on this nation, if hundreds of Catholics would join in a solemn pilgrimage to his sacred tomb? If the Catholics of Dublin, who have a special claim on the saint's power, a special right to his intercession, and a special place in his heart, would make in large numbers, and in humility of soul, a visit to his shrine, bearing in their hands a petition to the saint, setting forth the calamities and dire necessities of their country, who would doubt, through his influence in

heaven with the Giver of all good gifts, that most prompt, beneficial, and glorious results would follow? Oh, how efficacious are faith and devotion! What glory is rendered to God by honoring his saints! What heavenly graces have come to individuals and nations because of pilgrimages to holy shrines and sacred places. A pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Laurence O'Toole is most feasible, and would be attended with little expense and fatigue. Leaving Dublin any morning, and going *via* London and Dieppe, Eu could be reached by the evening of the following day. The journey of a few hours by diligence from Dieppe to Eu is most pleasant and interesting. The contentment and happiness of the French peasantry, as well as their simplicity and truly Catholic spirit and practices, may be seen to advantage along the whole route. The hotel accommodation in the town of Eu is ample and commodious, and the tariff remarkably moderate. The principal hotel is built, it is said, on the ruins of the old monastery. One of its rooms is called St. Laurence's, because constructed on the very spot, and with some of the old wall of the cell in which the saint died. But it is at his holy shrine that the devotion of the people of Eu towards the Irish saint is principally seen. They approach it with the most religious respect, there they pray with all the earnestness of their hearts, and touching it, they kiss their hand, thus expressing the love and esteem they have for the saint, who is in heaven. Oh, how God has rewarded them for thus honoring his saint! Many a cripple, many a sickly creature, many a sorely afflicted soul went to that hallowed tomb and returned healed in body and cheered in heart. We read in the annals of Eu, that peasant, noble, bishop, and king have prostrated on that sacred spot. The present Queen of England visited Eu in August, 1843, and knelt at the tomb of Ireland's saint. Our late deceased

and revered cardinal archbishop made a solemn visit to the tomb of his illustrious predecessor, and was received with the highest mark of esteem and love by the Cardinal of Rouen, the clergy and laity of Eu. Before this year has closed may the Catholic world learn that the Irish people, still steadfast in the faith of their forefathers, and clinging to their priests, bishops, and saints, have not forgotten the benefits which St. Laurence O'Toole conferred on their country; and may those who bear his illustrious name, and who have the means, assemble at his tomb to honor the saint, to glorify God, and to obtain the heavenly interference of the saint for Ireland; and let these here at home show, by the religious celebration of his seventh centenary, that they know how, like other Catholic nations, to glorify God by honoring his saints.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

THE legend of the foundation of the Church of St. Mary Major may be unknown to many of our readers. It is as follows: Under the pontificate of Pope Liberius, a patrician of Rome named John, and his wife, a noble Roman lady, who were childless, resolved to give up all their wealth to the Blessed Virgin; and, in order to employ their riches in the way most pleasing to our Blessed Lady, they gave themselves to earnest prayer. On a sultry night, on the 5th of August, in or about the year 353, each one, in a dream, was favored by a visit from the Mother of God, who bade them at the first streak of dawn go to the Mount Esquiline, where they should find a space covered with snow; there they were to build a church in her honor. The sleepers, on awaking, related to each other their dream. John immediately repaired to the Sovereign Pontiff, who had also been favored with the same vision. The priests were summoned, the people flocked together, and hardly had

the sun shed his first golden beams on the city, when Liberius, followed by the favored spouses, the clergy, and a great concourse of people, proceeded in procession to Mount Esquiline, where they found, as the vision had indicated, a large space covered with a beautiful carpet of snow. They marked out the site of the building, and the pious couple, overjoyed at this fulfilment of their desires, raised there a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and named it, to distinguish it from others, "Our Lady of the Snow." The people sometimes called it the Church of Liberius, because it had been erected under his pontificate; it was also called "Our Lady of the Crib"; but subsequently by way of indicating its pre-eminence, it has been called the Church of St. Mary Major.

PLUTARCH, in his life of Argesileus, king of Sparta, gives us the origin of a quaint and familiar expression. On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king over his capitol. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame — knew that though only nominally king of Sparta he was yet ruler of Greece — and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers, for the defence of the town; but he found nothing of the kind. He marvelled much at this, and spoke of it to the king. "Sire, I have visited most of the principal towns, and find no walls reared for defence. Why is this?" "Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Argesileus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me tomorrow morning, and I will show you the walls of Sparta." Accordingly, on the following morning the king led his guest out upon the plains, where his army was drawn up in full battle array, and, proudly to the serried host, he said: "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta, — ten thousand men, and every man a brick!"

CATHOLIC FAITH AND THE PRESENT GENERATION.

THE PRIESTHOOD AND THE WORLD.

Sermon delivered by Rt. Rev. F. M. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Little Rock, at the Consecration of Rt. Rev. John A. Watterson, D. D., as Bishop of Columbus, Ohio, Sunday, Aug. 8, 1880, in St. Joseph's Cathedral.

"But you are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people, that ye may declare his virtues who hath called you out of the darkness into his marvellous light."—1 Peter xi, 9.

MOST REV. AND RT. REV. BISHOPS, REV. CLERGY:

1. The partiality of your bishop, dear brethren, induced him to ask me to speak to you on this occasion. I wish he had chosen one more competent for the task, but I make no apology to you, for I do not disguise from you that it gives me great pleasure to face a Columbus congregation from the pulpit once more; and my heart misgives me, or you too are not unwilling to give a hearing to the plain and homely speech of your one-time pastor.

2. It is now twenty-four years, nearly a quarter of a century, since I, then a young priest just ordained, first stood at the altar of old St. Patrick's to offer up the holy sacrifice for the people whom the venerable archbishop had put under my charge. A quarter of a century! A long time, certainly, in the life of a man; a short space in the world's history. And what eventful years they have been! For we make history, as we do everything else, hurriedly, in this age of ours. They have witnessed (a rare event in history) the calling of one of the great councils of the Church—the Vatican—to utter its warning against the prevailing infidelity of the day, and to put the capping-stone on the edifice of church unity by the definition of the *ex cathedra* infallibility of the pope. Within this time a powerful empire was seen to crumble into dust at a touch, and its imperial ruler, whose word made law for the nations, at whose frown Europe trembled as at a god's, to die a broken-hearted exile in a strange land. These years have seen the destruction of the venerable fabric of the pope's temporal principedom, gift of the affection and reverence of his children for a thousand years; the further dismemberment of what was once the Holy Roman Empire, and the establishment of a powerful Protestant empire on its ruins. Numerous wars and unheard-of projections have marked this brief period. Famine has left its melancholy trace across it; persecution has not been wanting to try the faithful of Christ; and even now, history is repeating itself. Barabbas is preferred to the world's Redeemer by a chosen people; and the

French nation, to the disgust of every right-thinking person, is expelling the learned Jesuits to clasp the miscreant communists to its bosom.

3. But all these mighty social and political convulsions, even the calamities which the Church is called upon to endure, are instruments in the hands of Him who rules the winds and directs the course of the storm. As in the physical creation, the whirlwind, whose course is marked by destruction, carries on its wings the seeds of vegetable life to clothe distant regions with a new and beautiful growth; so, in the moral world, the upheavals of society, the ebbing and flowing of people in the old world, will bring a blessing, if we are faithful to the designs of Providence, to the new. For in this highly favored land of ours, after a stupendous conflict which would have shaken any other nation to its foundations, a revolution that struck the shackles from the limbs of 4,000,000 bondsmen, and clothed them with the rights of manhood and equal citizenship, has been accomplished. Scarce a vestige of the fierce struggle is left; peace and prosperity smile upon us, and again our shores offer a welcome to the war-harassed, to the famine-stricken, to the oppressed of every clime.

4. It is this which suggests the topic to which I would call your attention this morning; one suggested, too, by the occasion which draws us together. "You are a chosen people, a kingly priesthood," says St. Peter in my text. "A kingly priesthood" to what end? "That ye may declare His virtues who hath called us out of this darkness unto this marvellous light"; that is, that in union with his ordained priesthood, you also, members of the mystical priesthood of Christ, may bring the evangel of peace, of truth, of Christian unity to those among whom you live, or whom Providence may hereafter direct to our shores.

5. And you have not been unmindful of this your apostolate. You have done well, you of Columbus. The two small parishes of twenty-five years ago are now the seat of a flourishing diocese. The two churches are now six, one a cathedral which can vie with the best in grandeur. A "kingly priesthood," you have given with royal bounty and with priestly sacrifice out of the very slenderest means, to found and foster the institutions of religion, education, and charity. Much, very

much have you done; but much yet remains, and ever will remain to be accomplished.

6. Let us try, therefore, to take counsel with each other, as we used to do in the olden time, on this important matter, — the duties of your apostolate, — you of the laity; for you are a kingly priesthood in Jesus Christ. The Church is not inaptly compared to an army. Now, an army is strong when the men have confidence in, attachment and love for their officers, and obey cheerfully and with alacrity the orders which they receive. So your strength as members of this diocese (and it is of your corporate duties as such, not of your individual duty, I am now speaking) will lie in the esteem, the reverence, the affection you show to those who are placed over you, particularly to him whom a special consecration sets apart to-day as your chief pastor, "who has to give an account for your souls," and in the readiness with which you will aid him in the work for the apostleship. In a word, you must co-operate with him heart and hand: heart, by giving him your confidence and reverencing his sacred character; hand, by materially assisting him in whatever he undertakes for religion, for education, for sweet charity's sake. Obey your prelates who have spoken to you the word of God, consider well the issue of their conversation, imitate their faith.

7. By a singular coincidence, it is, if I am not wrong in my recollections, exactly this day twenty-three years ago that I first made the acquaintance of your youthful bishop. He was then a young lad of twelve, but already had dedicated himself to serve God, like another Samuel, in his sanctuary. Years followed of studious retirement and preparation for his life's work, until the voice of his ecclesiastical superiors called him to the office and dignity of a priest.

8. Have you ever reflected on what that means, brethren? Have you ever thought of the sacrifice which the young Levite must make as he approaches the sanctuary? One of the most powerful feelings of the human heart (and what, at the same time, is the bond of society) is that which creates in the young man a desire to perpetuate his name, to found a home, to surround himself with loving and loved ones who would be the joy of his life, the solace and support of his declining age. At the entrance to the sanctuary, and when life's vistas are opening most brightly to the ardent mind of the youth, the Catholic priest renounces this happiness, and renounces it forever! I tell you it is a miracle of the heroism of self-renunciation; a miracle which is not

a miracle only because it is so common, so ordinary an occurrence in the Church of the living God, that we cease to wonder at it, even as we wonder not at the miracles of the divine wisdom, power, and love which the creation presents to our every-day vision. But it is a miracle; it is a heroism of which all are not capable but "to whom it is given of the Father." "This life is a godlike life," says St. Chrysostom; "this profession is an angelic profession."

9. And why is the priest called on to make this renunciation? That he may bring to the service of the sanctuary an undivided heart; that being "a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedech," he may be "without father, without mother, without genealogy," without the usual ties which bind a man to this world, so he may give himself wholly to the service of his people. For the married man thinks of the things of this world, how he may please his wife, and is divided; and the unmarried thinketh of the things of God, how he may serve the Lord; and "every priest is taken from amongst men and is appointed for men that he may offer gifts and sacrifices in the things that are of the Lord." The old law enjoined a singular purity in even the inferior ministry of the temple: "Be ye holy who carry the words of the Lord." A much greater holiness is enjoined of those who are ministers of the better and greater tabernacle of the new or Christian law not made with hands.

10. We live in an age of hard materialism, and our lot is cast in the midst of Christians who yet are not members of the true Church; and it is not to be wondered at if sometimes we unconsciously imbibe their notions, and take a low view of the functions and character of the sacred ministry. For instance, an ordinary non-Catholic view of the ministry is that it is a profession, like law or medicine. According to some Protestant denominations, the atonement of Christ is a bare historical fact which occurred eighteen hundred years ago, the fruits of which are to be obtained by faith; *i. e.*, by believing that Christ died for us, and by the imputation of his righteousness to ourselves. The Church, though, is only a voluntary association of persons holding this fundamental idea, or perhaps other ideas also in common, and banded together for the purpose of public religious worship. The sacraments have no inherent virtue or power: they are but initiatory ceremonies into the church, or religious symbols; or at most the occasions for the exercise of that faith by which we take hold of the atonement of Christ; and so the ministry is reduced to the bare ministry of announcing the faith,

and of taking the lead (there being no essential difference between the layman and the clergyman) in the public services of prayer and of instruction.

11. The Catholic faith teaches altogether differently. With us the atonement through the blood of Christ is not only a historical fact of eighteen hundred years ago, but it is a living, divine energy permeating the Church of the present day. The grace of redemption flows like a mighty, perennial stream, fertilizing the uttermost bounds of the earth; or, to speak more accurately, it is the vital current flowing through every vein and artery of Christ's body, which his Church is. The Church is like himself, human and divine. She is, as it were, a second incarnation of him in history. The sacraments therefore are quickening energies, and the ministry has a mysterious or sacramental character. Theirs it is not only to announce the truths of Christianity, but to announce them with "power," as though Christ himself were speaking through them. Theirs is the ministry of reconciliation. They pronounce the words of pardon over the repentant sinner, and the sentence is ratified in heaven. They stand at the altar, and pronounce the awful words of consecration; and behold, the heavens are opened, and Christ, who once came down into the Virgin's bosom, renews the mystery of his incarnation, sufferings, and death. The priest, he is another Christ! A bold saying; but borne out by the words of sacred Scripture, "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, teach all nations. He that hears you hears me," and "As the Father hath sent me I also send you"; and then, breathing on the face of his apostles, he says to them, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, whose sins you shall retain they are retained," thus giving them that divine power which belongs to God alone. Wherefore, St. Chrysostom exclaims, "Oh, how great is the power of the priesthood, for God hath given them a power which surpasses that of kings of this world, that of the angels." Kings have power, but only over the body. The power of the priest extends to the very soul. And again to the priest is said at the Last Supper, "Do this in commemoration of me," so that at the holy sacrifice the priest, in the person and with the very words of Christ, says, "This is my body, this is my blood."

"Let a man therefore account us," says the apostle, "as the ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God." And again, "We are ambassadors of Christ," he cries out, "as though God did beseech you through us. We pray you,

in Christ's stead." But bolder still the language which he uses writing to the Galatians: "Ye have received me as an angel of the Lord, yea, as Christ Jesus himself."

12. And this, my brethren, is said of the simple priest. He holds the same mission which the Lord had received from the Father,—of preaching, of ruling, of pardoning, of sacrificing. What reverence, therefore, and affection is due to him who holds the place of Christ toward us! "We pray you in Christ's stead." Now, what greater reverence is not due to the character of the bishop, who is the crowning grace of the priesthood? To him, as the more direct representative of the apostles, is the commission given. *He* is a corporate witness to the truths of the Christian faith; the fulness of the priesthood hath been granted him, that he may beget other priests in Christ,—as the Apostle says, "In Christ Jesus have I begotten you in his gospel,"—*i. e.*, that he may communicate to others by the sacrament of order the priestly powers which he himself has received in their plenitude. So he represents in himself the unity of the Christian order, faith, and sacramental holiness; a unity which is well represented by the ceremonies of his consecration. He receives a ring as a pledge of his inviolable union with his Church,—a union almost as indestructible as that of the marriage tie itself; the mitre is placed on his brow as the emblem of the crowning grace of his priesthood; and the staff is put into his hands, the sceptre of ruling, the emblem of the pastor of souls, who should give his life for his flock. All will tell us with what affectionate reverence we should regard him who did not take the honor of the episcopacy "to himself, but was called thereto, as Aaron."

In the Christian priesthood, therefore, and in its culminating grace, the episcopacy, we are to regard not the person of man, but the person of Christ, with which his ministers are clothed. From the beginning he taught us this. He was pleased to be born in poverty and obscurity; he chose his first apostles from the illiterate poor: for there is no wealth, no birth, no talent, no wisdom before God. Yet he declared of the Christian ministry, so high is their character and so sublime their functions, that the least of them is greater in the kingdom of heaven than John the Baptist, of whom it was said, that none greater had been born of the children of woman.

13. Great, brethren, is the dignity of the bishop; but great, too, are the responsibilities and heavy the burden he is called upon to bear,—so heavy, that whatever

may be said of other times or places, there are very few found in this United States of ours to seek the dignity of the episcopacy. The young priest this day consecrated did not take honor to himself, but is called to the work of the episcopacy by the voice of the father of the faithful. Were he to consult his own wishes, he would no doubt prefer the studious retirement of college life; but, trusting in God and in his people, he bends his back to the burden. It is for you to lighten by sharing it with him. For you are a kingly priesthood to declare the virtues of Christ. You, too, are apostles and evangelists of the Word. Yours will it be to aid him cheerfully and readily in whatever he undertakes for the good of religion, of education, or of charity in the diocese to preside over which he is called, and in which your lot is cast. "Bear ye one another's burthens, and so ye will fulfil the law of Christ."

14. The first care of your bishop will be to provide suitable churches, and to furnish the altar with all things necessary for the decency or even the splendor of divine worship. As the diocese grows, and the congregations become more numerous, new churches will be needed, old ones will give place to newer and more commodious buildings, and it will be necessary to pay off the indebtedness that will be incurred. To aid in this work should be a pleasure and a privilege, as it is a grace to the members of the diocese; a grace, indeed, which is not given to every one, — that of building a house to the Lord, in which his name may be hallowed and the victim of salvation be offered for the living and the dead. Without churches, and particularly without his cathedral church, a bishop can do nothing. They are as necessary as the store to the merchant, as the shop to the mechanic, as the office to the clerk. They are his *point d'appui*, the fulcrum on which he rests the lever by which he is to move his diocese. Mindful, therefore, of your apostolate, you will aid him, and with no niggardly hand, in this important part of your and his duty. And all will aid him; not, as is so often the case, casting the burden on a few, and leaving the responsibility on his shoulders to crush all life and energy and good out of him. Nor is much required of any one; let all give, no matter how little, and give that little regularly, the aggregate will be immense, even as little drops of water compose the immensity of the ocean.

15. What I am going to say may not be thought altogether appropriate for the present occasion; nevertheless, I will say it. It has been said in my presence that

your late lamented Bishop Rosecrans erred in building so large and expensive a cathedral. If he erred, it was the error of a generous heart. He took counsel from his own nobleness, — *noblesse oblige*, — and thinking there was nothing too noble, too great, too grand for God, he nobly dared! If he erred, it was because his faith in God was great, and also his reliance on the hearty and zealous co-operation of his people. But I will not admit that he erred. He was not wrong in planning largely, nobly, grandly, nor in relying on his people. The times were unpropitious; but if death had not snatched him away in the prime of life, who doubts that his disinterestedness, and with returning prosperity, your generous assistance would have lifted the burden of debt from his soul? You will yet prove it was no error. You will vindicate his memory and clear-sightedness in providing this grand cathedral for the worship of the Almighty.

16. Another great care of your bishop will be education: the founding and sustaining of colleges and academies, and more than these, of the schools attached to the several churches of the diocese. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this matter. The voice of the holy fathers, and of the whole Catholic episcopate, declares there is no security for the faith or morals of Catholic children, if, while their minds are still plastic as clay in the hands of the potter, they are subject to the influence of teaching which is anti-Catholic, or un-Catholic, or at least not in full harmony with the principles and practices of the Catholic religion. Hence the need of schools under the supervision of the Church, in which, while secular learning is by no means neglected, the children may be thoroughly grounded in the principles of their faith; in which a Catholic tone and habit of thought may be formed; where the air which they breathe may be impregnated with the spirit of religion. The duty of establishing and maintaining such schools belongs to all; for all hold the episcopate in common, *in solidum*, to use an expression which St. Cyprian used sixteen hundred years ago, speaking of the apostolic ministry; but it particularly belongs to parents, who are the first priests and the first teachers of the little flock intrusted to them, we of the ministry being in this respect only their assistants. Happy the father or mother who can say when Christ shall come to judge, "Father, of those whom thou hast given, I have not lost any one." But what a terrible account will not those parents have to render, who, dazzled by the false glare of this deceitful world, allow their children

to grow up strangers to the practice of their faith, to grow ashamed of the religion of their fathers and of the Church of the saints! What shall all this profit when the Lord shall come to judge? What will it profit to have gained the whole world and lost your own and the souls of your children?

17. Among the great educators of the day, whether for good or evil, we must place the press; and again it is your duty, as a kingly priesthood in Christ, to aid your chief pastor in counteracting the influence of a degraded and corrupting press by the dissemination of a sound, pure, healthy Catholic literature. There is no question at all about it, beloved brethren. If I am not mistaken, one of the leading journalists in the country has lately publicly deplored it. The press, and particularly the newspaper press, of the country is one of the great corruptors of public and private morals. The most superficial glance at the columns of any of the "great dailies"—the factors and exponents at the same time of public opinion—will convince the most incredulous. Filthy personals; housekeeping and medical advertisements; divorce cases in all their pruriency of detail spread before the impressionable mind of youth; seductions and marital infidelities served up as a piquant dish with the morning meal; murders, suicides, robberies, in all their particulars; scandals, particularly those involving clergymen or other reputable members of society; love stories, told in the most sensational manner; a cynicism that mocks at religion and anything that we have been accustomed to reverence; the most unchristian motives of action openly avowed and acted on,—this is your great daily. Can we wonder that such teaching produces its legitimate fruits, and that the country is overwhelmed with a deluge of vice and crime of every description,—murders, suicides, divorces, seductions, robberies, assaults on female innocence, embezzlements, and the most astounding corruption in public life?

18. Nor is it so easy to apply a remedy. The newspaper is become a necessity of our modern life: we must read; we must have a paper. What we can do is to lessen the evil by trying to provide an innocent and pure literature for our young. This we are to do by encouraging and supporting sound Catholic publications. If you value the purity of your hearts, if you would keep the minds of your children uncontaminated, keep them from those newspapers which are sewers of filth and the veritable Police Gazettes and Day's Doings of our times. Provide good reading for your young. Especially

aid your local publications. Do this, for your children's sake and for your own. Familiarity with vice in the columns of the daily newspapers will deaden the sensibility of the most delicate conscience. And

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

19. Another care of your chief pastor, and of your apostolic officer, will be the various institutions of religious charity belonging to the diocese. The care of the unfortunate of every kind has been a distinguishing mark of the Christian religion. Already, in the apostle's days, the Pagans remarked, "These Christians, how they love each other!" Our Lord inculcates the practice of pity toward the poor, the erring, the afflicted with bodily or mental diseases, as a chief duty; and St. James makes it a test of true religion, saying that man deceives himself, and his religion is vain, who, seeing his brethren in want, opens not the bowels of his compassion toward him.

20. We hear a great deal in our times of the religion of humanity. God is dethroned, and Christianity censured and condemned for its persecution for conscience' sake, for its neglect of the cry of the poor and the distressed.

Brethren, as long as the world exists there will be misery and suffering. "Man, living for a short time, is filled with many miseries," says the sacred penman; and no matter how numerous and efficient the agencies for alleviating the sufferings of poor fallen humanity, there will still be suffering until human nature is changed. But which shows itself the true parent of mankind, the Christian religion or the religion of humanity? The miseries to which man is subject are ignorance, vice, poverty, and sickness. Where are the temples of the religion of humanity? Where are its schools, its reformatories, its hospitals? Where are its priesthood who devote their whole lives to the care of the poor, the ignorant, the sick? Where are its vestals, its white-robed or dark-robed nuns, moving with noiseless tread from cot to cot of the fever-tossed sufferers? Where are its virgins who consecrate themselves to the service of the lazar-houses; or, themselves angels of purity and innocence, do not shrink from the touch of the most degraded of their sex, but hold themselves fully rewarded if by these unceasing ministrations among them for sweet charity's sake they can save them from a life of further degradation, misery, and despair? Ah, beloved brethren, let your common-

sense answer who is the true parent of the child, — the Christian religion or this much-lauded religion of humanity of to-day!

21. Your young bishop's duty — but I will not call it by that hard name, duty — your young bishop's joy, and your joy as his collaborators in the gospel of good tidings to all the people, will be to foster the institutions in your midst for the care of orphans, of the sick, for the protection of those in danger, or the reformation of the fallen; for "you are a kingly priesthood, to declare His virtues who hath called you out of the darkness into his marvellous light." And great will be your joy, — the consciousness of doing good. God will be your eternal joy, for not even a cup of cold water given in his name shall be without its reward. In his poor and afflicted and erring, he would have us see his one person: "Amen I say to you, whatever you have done to the least of these little ones, you have done unto me."

22. Thus, beloved brethren, will you honor the apostolate to which you are called by working with your chief pastor. Let there be among you, as in the days of the apostles, *cor unum et anima una*, "but one heart and one soul." Give him your generous confidence, respect, and love. Sustain his hands as Moses's were held up on the mountain when he prayed for his people. *Opus facite evangelistæ*. Do the work of your apostolate, for "you are a kingly priesthood," etc.

And oh, how great the reward of the apostolic office! "I will make you princes sitting on twelve thrones to judge the twelve tribes of Israel." What a happiness will be ours, if, when he comes to judge, we can say, "Father, of those whom thou hast given me, I have not lost one!" if, with St. Paul, the great apostle, we can say, "I am now passing away, and the moment of my dissolution is close at hand; but I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. For the rest, there is laid up for me the crown of life which Christ has promised to those who love him."

A blessing I wish you all. Amen.

A WOMAN was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore that "he had worked on a farm ever since he was born." The lawyer who cross-examined her said, "You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?" — "I do." — "What did he do the first year?" — "He milked." The lawyer evaporated.

COLOR-BLINDNESS. — The attention of railroad managers having been called to the fact that a certain percentage of men are color-blind, and cannot distinguish red from green, many companies have had their employes examined in this regard, so as not to have color-blind men employed in such duties as to involve danger by not distinguishing signals. Mr. Reynolds, in London, has recently called attention to another fact, namely, that looking into a bright fire produces a temporary color-blindness. This suggests the necessity of letting the locomotive engineer have nothing to do with the fires, and never to trust a fireman with watching the signals. In case necessity requires this, the party in charge of the fires should wear dark smoked-glass spectacles while he attends to the fires, so as to protect his eyes against the glare and heat.

HENRY JOY McCracken was executed in 1798. He was a splendid type of the United Irish leaders in Ulster. He was a man of wealth, — a Belfast cotton manufacturer, — well educated, accomplished, brave, resolute, and possessed of indomitable will. With him was associated another Presbyterian gentleman, Samuel Orr, brother of the gallant martyr, William Orr. McCracken determined not to let the time fixed on for the rising pass without striking one blow, and so he collected around him a number of determined spirits. An attempt was made to seize the town of Antrim, and success at first crowned the efforts of the patriots; but a fresh English force came up and routed them. McCracken and his staff were compelled to take to the Antrim hills. Here they were captured, brought to Belfast, and were there tried and executed.

My first is unfathomable, my second odoriferous, and my whole is a people of Africa. *Abyssinians*.

IRISH LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS IN THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

[Commenced in No. 4, Vol. III.]

READING EXERCISE.

1. bʲ rˠlˠaːn. 2. bʲl bˠaːn. 3. bʲn ˠoː. 4. ˠaːn bʲn. 5. Cʲb
 ʲaˠa. 6. Cʲll ˠaˠo. 7. Cʲn mˠoˠ. 8. Cʲp ʲaˠa. 9. Cʲn mʲn.
 10. ˠʲʒ ˠoː. 11. bʲn ˠʲl. 12. ˠʲr ʲeap. 13. ˠʲc aˠuʲ ʲʲ aˠuʲ
 ʲʲo. 14. ˠn ʲʲle aˠuʲ aːn ʒn. 15. ʲr ʲ ˠaː aːn. 16. ʲm ˠn.
 17. ʲr n. 18. ʲʲ mˠoˠ. 19. ʲ, ʲr aˠuʲ ʲc. 20. ˠʲʲ olc aˠuʲ
 mʲʲle mʲʲle. 21. ˠʲʲ aˠuʲ mʲn mʲn. 22. ʲʲ ʲʲb ʲ, aˠc ʲʲce.
 23. ʲʲʒ ˠoː. 24. ʲʲn ʲaˠa. 25. ʲʲ aːn ʲʲr. 26. ˠaː ʲʲ cʲn.
 27. ˠn ʲʲn ʲʲn? 28. ˠʲʒ ˠʲm le cʲne mˠoˠ.

1. Be thou sound. 2. White hair. 3. A young son. 4. A
 melodious poem. 5. A long hand. 6. A high church. 7. A
 large bed. 8. A long file of soldiers. 9. A fine comb. 10. A soft
 dyke. 11. A faithful son. 12. Two men. 13. End and poison,
 and a smile. 14. The bard and the birth. 15. It is she (who)
 is there. 16. Fresh butter. 17. It is we. 18. A large sea.
 19. Law, tongue and activity. 20. A bad month and a thousand
 soldiers. 21. Honey and fine meal. 22. It is not a pipe, but a
 pike, (literally, Not a pipe it, but a pike.) 23. A young king.
 24. A long promontory. 25. Drop the rice. 26. She is sick.
 27. (Whether) is that a collar? 28. Fear comes with a large fire.

Now, that we have disposed of the single vowels, we will com-
 mence with the diphthongs in the same order as the single vowels
 appeared.

There are in Irish thirteen diphthongs, which are as follows:
 aˠo, aːe, aːj; oːj; uˠa, uːj; eˠa, eo, eu, eːj; ʲa, ʲo, ʲu. Of these the fol-
 lowing six, aˠo, aːe, uˠa, eo (except in a few words), eu and ʲa, are
 always long, and are termed the *invariable* diphthongs; the other
 seven, aːj, oːj, uːj, eˠa, eːj, ʲo and ʲu, are sometimes long and sometimes
 short, and are, consequently, termed *variable* diphthongs.

If the accent, or ʲʲne ʲaˠa, is on the first vowel of a variable
 diphthong, it divides the diphthong into two separate sounds; this
 is what is called the Irish diæresis. Should the second vowel of a
 diphthong be accented, its sound prevails, and that of the first is
 scarcely noticed in the pronunciation. If none of the vowels of
 the variable diphthongs are accented, they are pronounced short.

CÚISUÍH DUAJRSE NA HÉIREANN.

Continued from page 364.

Le fáin tóil Dé fuair páir ir péin, tá an báire a5 teáct 'na
5-coinne ari buile,

Fá3faro, reuifaro iúfio-rin, ar caoin éirio, Eó3aia,
Tá ariolo laoc náir ríán a m-bao3al, a fá3aia an lae ari a
b-fuiriú eile,

Aia mal ro maóma 'r a mlla biiie, an élaon úl3e iuaó;
Tá a5 teáct á m-baicaib fáir 3iúin 3o má3 m3in Cuail3ne,

Aia triaoéa an t-íleaéca éiaio ríin, na táinre iú3-3ar ó3,
Claio3feair ériúifeair úir3feair triáo3ca an feill 'ra béarla
a i-omóda a t-riormá,

Ir é3feair 3aoóai 'na i-iniioo iuí3te a raon rí3e ró3ac.

ba fáin do'í te aia ro tá 3an iéim ó éaiueaó tpeam an uile
tar uir3e,

Le 3aipeair 3léarfaio euiú an éuúie, céao iú3-leó3an,
'S ar úiúal le fiaoc 3ac áira 3aoóal, a5 cáriua béair 'r a5
cup an éuióte,

Le ná3 a céara an éaiue éueaó, le féioil úl3e, Póil,
Réiofio ieaéca ir nácaíóe an t-áiró Rí3 Cuáéai,

'S 3ac méiueac meabaia acá 3o teáin faoi blác a iú3eacé
mo ríóin,

'S 3o eirio mo fáo3aia iú iuí3feao féin le riúirte éaoé éui
an iomaó,

Aia é3eacé mo Séaraia óil a'm' coine, 'r 3uió3ó é iuíóe
a 3-rióin.

Aiáie Ní Lao3aie, do éan.

Aio ériua3 éu a iúéi3 éubairéi3 ir triua3 do rí3e,

Do féaiar Aiiue 'r do é3olair Aíéaiú Éiúio,

Ir triua3 do éuió3 a i-riúon r3óléa ríor,

Aia réioe buil3 faoi éuue 3an páó 3an ó3ol.

'S iú b-faóai céao rucaiaó éui rílle 3o bíac ariú,

Aia fáio beio ari a3ur uir3e iú feicri do 3iú éui éin,

Fé píaiú buile ó'iéi éui3riúe na i-ú3oi 3-riaoi,

'S iú ééaiueaó an iúiríóin éúaiue oir r3ac 'ná ó3on.

Aio ériua3 éu a ríonaiue iúlé ir olc do ériú3te,

Ir coríai le caora éló3eac tu iúéi3 ó'í t-tréao3ca,

Aíacéaiú iú ríí ariú aia Aiiue Klaóéa,

'S 3lacfaíóeair 3o ríóeac tu faoi é3on na Ériúe Klaóéa.

RAHHA Ó BHOILLAC FOPUR FEARA
ÉIREANN, DOCTÚRA CÉJTG.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE TO DR.

KEATING'S "HISTORY OF IRELAND."

Jr mójde fód jr mhearta
reanúr Einnionn dób deit bará-
tánuil, mar do bí ór cionn dá
céad ollainn ne reanúr a3 co-
mhéad reanúra na h-Éinnionn, 'r
coctúad ó uairle Éinnionn a3
3ac aon tjob d'a éionn, a3ur
fionnaó uairle a3ur eazulrj
Éirean onna ó amrrjr 3o h-am-
rrjr. Jr mójde, mar an 3-ceadna,
jr mheirde dób j h-airuidead a
tá an, a3ur fód, naó deaó
beáruaó ná mucaó air le fopu-
heart eadtraan. On, tar éan
3o maóadair Loólonnuj3 a3 bua-
reáó Éireann real, do bí an
uinnod rjn d'ollainnuj3 a3 co-
mhéad an t-reanúra, 3ur caon-
naó rynn an t-reanúra leó,
b3od 3o ránn an ionnaó d'a lea-
ra3 ná Loólonnuj3. 3rdeáó, nj
mar rjn do énnóu3 e3le na
h-eorpa, do buj3 3ur mucaóair
Roíannuj3, Gaul, 3otj, Vanóal,
Sacroha3, Sapanen, Múnn, 'r
Loólonnuj3 a reanúr jr 3ac
mucaóair njó3 dá t-tu3adair fu-
cá3, 3rdeáó, nj éánn d'j t-ponn
é3od rjn Éire d'air3uinn do nénn
Cambrenrrjr, mar a h-abair, 3o
ra3 Éire ó éur raon o mma-
cánn nánaó, ne a mucaóair a
reanúr no a reanóala, a3ur nj
mar rjn d' aonénn e3le jr an
Eorup; uime rjn meara3nn 3ur
ab córa cne3dean do reanúr

The history of Ireland must
be esteemed still more of great
authority, when it is considered
that there were more than two
hundred professors of history,
whose business it was to preserve
the annals of the country, who
were maintained at the expense
of the nobles, and examined by
the nobility and clergy from time
to time. It must also receive ad-
ditional credit for its antiquity,
and because it has not been sup-
pressed, or its connection de-
stroyed by the tyranny of foreign
powers. For, although the Danes
occasioned troubles in Ireland for
a long time, there were so many
learned men employed in record-
ing our history, that the princi-
pal part of our annals were pre-
served, although the Danes car-
ried off a great number of valua-
ble books. This, however, was
not the case with other nations
of Europe, for the Romans, Gauls,
Goths, Vandals, Saxons, Saracens,
Moors and Danes destroyed their
records in their respective incur-
sions; yet none of these ever
plundered Ireland, according to
Cambrensis, who says that Ire-
land was always free from the
incursions of enemies, by whom
their history or antiquities could
be destroyed, which was not the
case with any other people in
Europe; wherefore I humbly con-
ceive that the history of Ireland
is more to be credited than the

Éiríonh, nā do fēančur don-
čnyce esle rean Eoruyr, azyr fōr
mar do rcazad le fādoraž azyr
le naonhčléjri Éirēan h é, ó am-
riri zo h-amriri.

Žrēad tujz a lejčēojri, zo
h-deārihar malarit ari an ari-
eāh bjažan jhijrtear do bejt j
b-fłajčor beažān do jsožuyb
pāžāhca hā h-Éirēan h reāc mar
cujrčor rfor, jr an Rēmh jsož-
rujze azyr jr hā duahcuyb a tā
cumčā orma, azyr jr é jr fač
čāh čujze rj h, hāc b-fažāmh až
teāčt re h-ārijo h hā h-amriri
ó žlōāh zo žejh Črforč é, do
rējri uždari barihcaihajl ari hč
cojzeryce jad. Žlōbar esle, fōr,
a tā ažan do bryž zo b-fajc-
čear čāh zo d-tužčar arijo h
ējzhear da bjažan do čiojz h
čjōb, mar a tā, Sfori h rāožlāc
dā d-tužčar tui čāožad bjažān;
azyr lejčtear hji h j rean leābar
žadāla, zo rajbe Sfori h cēad
bjažān rul do žad fłajčear
Éirēan h, azyr da ž-cujri h rfor
a bejt j b-fłajčor tui čāožad
bjažān hč cnejorčōe mē. Ujme
rj h do bejri h bjažān ari fčjō
čō, do rējri an rajh h a tā 'h-
fłajčear, mar bur follur dō h
lejčēojri. Do bejri d čāožad
bjažān do fłajčear do Čobčāc
Čaolmhreāž, žrēad, hč h-jhtužčā
čō acč tuičā d bjažān, óri
Žlori hč mžean Scojri hč rjž
Čorca-cujbhe tujz žrād do Žiāon
dā hjojričj leāra Lojzreāc, ari
h-bejt ari deoruižēacč čō, azyr
ari marbač Čobčuyž jr j ba
bahčēle čō, azyr do čuij
rjjočt ari.

history of any other European
nation, more especially as it has
been, from time to time, ar-
ranged by St. Patrick and the
holy clergy of Ireland.

Observe, reader, however, that
I have made a change in the
number of years attributed to
the reigns of a few of the pagan
kings of Ireland, and have varied
from the account given in the
Book of Reigns, and the poems
founded upon it; and my reason
is, because I do not find them to
agree in the number of years
from Adam to the birth of Christ
with the accounts of any foreign
writer of authority whatsoever;
and, again, because there appears
an inconsistency in the number
of years allotted to some of them;
for instance, Sheerna the Long-
lived, to whom are assigned 150
years; but we read in the old
Book of Conquests that Sheerna
was 100 years old before he as-
sumed the government of Ireland,
and if I made him reign 150
more, no one would believe me.
Therefore I allow him twenty-
one years, according to the poem
which mentions his reign, the
propriety of which must be ob-
vious to every reader. Coffy
Cael-mra is made to reign fifty
years, yet we must allow him
but thirty, for Moria, daughter
of Scoria, king of Cbreca-duivny,
fell in love with Mayne, other-
wise called Lavra Lyngshy, while
he was in exile, and married him
on the death of Coffy, and bore
him several children.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE STORY OF A TEACUP.

THE teacup had many cracks across it, but it was nevertheless a very beautiful teacup, with lilies and roses and forget-me-nots and butterflies painted upon it; the handle was gold, and there was a deep border of gold round the rim. The mother kept it in a glass corner cupboard high up, and the children got upon chairs to look at it.

"Who broke the cup?" asked little Jack, the youngest child.

"I did," said the mother.

"You, mother!" exclaimed the children in a chorus; "we thought you never broke anything."

"How could you be so careless, mother! Was it when you were a very little girl?" asked Charlotte.

"I was a little girl when I broke it," said the mother, "but it was not through carelessness; I was in a passion."

"Mother! in a passion!" There was an incredulous look, with something of awe in it, upon the children's faces. They drew nearer to their mother and looked up anxiously at her.

"Oh, mother, it cannot be true; it's only a tale."

"It is quite true, Lotty. It happened on a Christmas eve many, many years ago, when I was a passionate little girl; and if I was angry with any one I never minded what I did."

Again the chorus rose up, "Mother!" and the little faces assumed a very serious expression.

"Shall I tell you how it all happened?" asked the mother.

"Yes, oh yes!"

And the children came closer to their mother; Lotty sat down upon the hearth-rug beside her, whilst Rose perched upon one arm of the chair, and little Jack seated himself on his mother's lap.

"Yes, Lotty, I was a very naughty

little girl at one time, and it did not seem to any one that I should ever be good. I was the youngest child of your grandfather and grandmother, and had been petted and spoiled and allowed to have my own way too much. But no one had thought of this until your grandmother, who was a very gentle, meek woman, began to see what a dreadful temper I had. She tried to reason with me, but in vain; for when I was in a passion it only made me more angry, and when I was in a good temper she was afraid of rousing me.

"When I was about ten years old your grandfather died. He had been to see his only sister, who was living in France, and on his way home he caught a violent cold, which, growing worse and worse, turned to fever, of which he died in a few days after his return home. On his journey he bought the beautiful teacup, which is of Sevres china, and brought it as a present for your grandmother. It was the last thing he ever gave to her, so you may imagine how she prized it. It was kept locked up, as I keep it, excepting on special occasions when it was brought out to be used by her. On her wedding day, on your grandfather's birthday, and on Christmas eve, she always drank her tea from the Sevres china teacup.

"The last time it was used was on a Christmas eve.

"It had been a bright, clear, frosty day, and we had all been busy putting up the holly and mistletoe. Your grandfather's picture was wreathed with holly and ivy, and underneath it on a bracket was a bunch of beautiful hot-house flowers. The room was lighted up, the fire was blazing up the chimney, the table was laid for tea, and the china teacup placed ready for my mother.

"There were six of us boys and girls, and some of our cousins had

come to help us to have a merry evening. We were looking forward to 'Hunt the Slipper,' 'Blindman's Buff,' 'Forfeits,' and all sorts of Christmas games. I had lost my temper several times during the day, as I wanted to have everything my own way, and the others, being older and wiser, would not allow me to have it. However, I had not had any very violent outburst, and we all sat down to tea; I, as the youngest, being seated beside your grandmother.

"As she poured the tea into your grandfather's last gift, we all thought of him, and of the famous times we had had in the holidays when he was living, and I saw the tears come into your grandmother's eyes, though she wiped them away, and talked to us as cheerfully as usual."

Here the mother paused for a moment.

"Go on, mother," said Rose; "what came next?"

"At one end of the table," continued the mother, "was a very pretty cake; it was iced over with sugar, and there was a group of doves made of sugar placed on the top of it.

"Your grandmother spoke to her eldest son, 'Stephen, will you cut up the cake?'

"So Stephen, your uncle Stephen, stood up and cut the cake into as many pieces as there were persons at the table, and amidst much mirth and laughter the cake was sent round.

"Now it so happened that the piece that fell to my share was either smaller, or I thought it so, than the rest, and in a moment I began to get very angry. I sat quite still for a minute, and then burst into a passionate fit of crying. Every one turned to look at me, wondering what was the matter.

"What is it, Patty?" asked your grandmother.

"They're as ill-natured as they can be to me, and they've given me the smallest piece of cake," I answered between my sobs; "but if I can't have as large a piece as the rest, I

won't have any, and Stephen may have it back again.' And I raised the cake in my hand to throw it at my brother; for, children, when my temper got the better of me I did not care what I did."

Charlotte grasped her mother's dress tighter, and little Jack, with his eyes growing rounder and rounder, said, "How naughty!"

"Yes," said the mother, "it was naughty. But the worst has to come. Your grandmother gently laid her hand upon my arm, saying, 'Hush, Patty, you shall have my piece.'

"But I was too angry to listen to her; I shook her hand so rudely away that I knocked it against the beautiful teacup, which fell to the ground breaking into half a dozen pieces, whilst the tea was all spilled over your grandmother's silk dress.

"There was a general silence, every one looked frightened, and I came to myself. All the passion had left me, and I sat, white, trembling, and frightened. Your grandmother stooped and picked up the broken pieces, and laid them carefully in the saucer, and then she covered her face with her hands and burst out crying. 'My husband's last gift,' she said; 'his last gift, O Patty, Patty, what have you done?' No one spoke; but at last my sister Lucy got up and came to your grandmother, and putting her arms round her neck, whispered, 'Poor mother, do not cry, perhaps it can be mended.'

"I am foolish to cry, my children," she said, looking up; "but I thought so much of my teacup; your father brought it home on his last journey."

"No one spoke to me; I seemed to be forgotten, and I stole out of the room and into my little bedroom, where, sitting down by the bedside, I laid my head against it and began to cry quietly. I had never felt so miserable in my life; it seemed as if all at once I had come to know how wicked I was, and to think what my ungovernable passion might lead to. I grew quite frightened at myself; I

shivered and trembled, and could not tell how long I had been there, but it seemed a very long time. I heard the dining-room door open, and the party go across the hall into the drawing-room. But they went very quietly, not with the joyful merriment that should have been, for this wicked passion of mine had cast a gloom upon them all, and had awaked afresh all the grief that my mother was bearing so patiently.

"Presently nurse came into the room with a light. 'You had better go to bed, Miss Patty,' said she, 'no one will want to see you again to-night'; and she put down her candle, and began to undress me. I made no objection, and was going to get into bed, when nurse said, 'You've forgotten your prayers, Miss Patty. You should pray that your sinful temper may be taken away, and that you may grow to be a comfort instead of a torment to your mother.'

"So I knelt down, but my thoughts were all confused; I remember feeling that I was the worst girl in the world, and that I wished I could be better.

"When nurse went away I tried to go to sleep, but it was of no use. And every now and then the drawing-room door opened, and I fancied that my brothers and sisters and cousins were getting merrier, for there was more noise. 'Yes,' I thought, 'they are enjoying themselves more without me; they are happier when they have no one to spoil their play, and here am I alone and miserable on Christmas eve. But it is my own fault, — it is my own fault.'

"Then I listened again, for again the door opened, and a louder burst of mirth came forth; so loud, that I did not hear the footsteps that were coming nearer and nearer to my room, and I started when I heard some one close by my bed, and some one in the darkness put a hand upon mine. Then your grandmother, for it was she, said, 'My poor little Patty!'

"In a moment my arms were round her neck, and I was sobbing.

"'Oh, mother! mother! what can I do? I am so wicked, and so unhappy!'

"'Yes, my child,' she replied, 'and you will be unhappy as long as you give way to your ungovernable temper. You see what mischief you do now; and you will grow worse and worse, till, at last who knows but in a sudden passion you might give a blow that might perhaps kill some one?'

"'Oh, mother, mother! I should never be so bad as that'

"'You cannot tell,' answered my mother sadly; 'no one is bad all at once. It comes by little and little, and at last it conquers us, and we are quite unable to resist.'

"'Mother, what shall I do?' I asked.

"'You must pray for strength to be a better girl,' said your grandmother, 'and you must watch all the time when you feel the slightest rising of anger, so that you may put it away. It is of no use saying a prayer in the morning, if you don't try to act in accordance with your prayer. We have to strive as well as to pray.'

"I was silent, for I knew how difficult it would be.

"'I will try,' I answered, 'but I shall forget sometimes.'

"'I will help you,' said your grandmother, 'and I will give you something to remember by. I will have the cup mended, and it shall be yours, and when you look at the broken teacup it will put you in mind of the resolution you have made. And if your father's last gift to me should be the means of curing my little Patty's terrible temper, I shall look upon it, though it is pieced and disfigured, as more precious and beautiful than if it had never been broken.'

"And from that day the china teacup was mine, and I have kept it carefully. It was the means of opening my eyes to my great sinfulness, and I value it more than any other piece of china that I possess."

Here the mother paused, and the children were silent, for it had been

quite a new idea to them that their mother could ever have been a naughty little girl, she was so good now.

At last Charlotte, who had crept closer and closer to her mother, was now grasping her hand tightly, said, "I am glad that you were naughty when you were a little girl, mother"

"Oh, Lotty!" exclaimed Rose and little Jack in a tone of surprise.

"Yes," said Charlotte, "if mother was naughty when she was a little girl, perhaps I shall be as good as she is when I grow up to be a woman; and I was afraid until I heard this story that that was impossible."

The mother stroked Lotty's curly head.

"Mother is no better than other people," she said, smiling.

"Oh yes, you are," said Rose, "there is no one like you."

Little Jack looked up, and said very gravely, "You are quite good now, mother; you will never break any more china teacups."

THE DUNCE'S CAP.

BILLY BARNETT was, without doubt, the greatest dunce in school. Day after day he was punished for not knowing his lessons, yet the next day he was found in the self-same predicament. He was nine years old, and had been for five years attending school, but he was never able to rise above the lowest class. Sometimes he did not go to school for weeks together, and sometimes he went two days out of the six. His mornings were chiefly spent in crying over his hard fate at being obliged to go to school at all, or in pretending he was ill, in order to be allowed to remain away. Billy Barnett was also a cruel boy. Dogs, cats, birds, and all helpless animals dreaded the sight of him, and scattered themselves in every direction at his approach. One morning, when his parents insisted on his getting ready to go to school, he joined his companions with a sullen face and ill tem-

pered air that augured ill for his conduct that day. His schoolfellows were too well used to these moods to heed them, and indeed they did not care enough for his society to take any pains to put him in better humor. Suddenly a pretty black-and-white dog came running up the road, and advancing to the boys wagged his tail, and seemed, by the wistfulness of his eyes, to be inquiring for some person. Most of the boys stooped to pat him, but Billy Barnett, pretending to do the same, picked up a large sharp stone, and, when the other boys had gone on a short distance, he flung it with all his might, and struck the poor little animal in the eye. With a piteous howl the dog turned to run away, but, blinded with pain, he fell and rolled over and over in the dust of the road. The good-natured boys ran back and would have stanchd the wound, but the affrighted dog would not let them touch him. Still smarting from the blow, he rolled on to the wayside, and the coagulated blood and dust gathered the leaves and grass and weeds, and fastened them like a thick mask to his poor wounded head, till it could scarcely be seen beneath them all.

"You did that, Billy Barnett," said one of the boys, indignantly turning to the ill-natured youngster who had caused all this suffering to the dumb animal.

"He, he, he!" was the stupid response, "don't he look funny? His head-dress is like a dunce's cap."

Billy, judging from the menacing looks of the boys that it would not be safe for him to remain any longer, scampered off to school as fast as he could, for, as all cruel boys are, Billy was a coward.

When the hour came for Billy to say his lessons, he knew not one word of them.

"Spell cruelty, William Barnett," said the master sternly,

"C-r-u-l-e-t-y, sir," answered Billy.

As his reply was passed over without remonstrance, Master William

thought he was right for once, and he grew elated.

"Now spell cane," said the master.

"That's a short one," whispered Billy to the boy at his side.

"And it won't be long before you get it," said the master, as Billy shouted, "c-a-i-n."

"Bring the dunce's cap here," said the master, who had from the school window himself witnessed Billy's treatment of the dog. "Put it on his head. Come, sir, hold out your hand—now the other—there, there, there!"

For each repetition of the word, there was a sharp sound of the cane, a yell and a jump from Billy.

I need not tell you that the boys were not a bit sorry for him, and many thought of his reference to the dunce's cap on the poor tortured animal, and they said, "Billy Barnett was served quite right."

COURAGE.

A GREAT deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in fame. The fact is, to do anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand back, shivering and thinking of the cold and the danger, but just jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well long before the flood, where a man could support his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see his success afterwards. But at present a man waits and doubts, and hesitates and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his particular friends, until one day he finds he is sixty years of age; then he has lost so much time in consulting his first

cousin and particular friends, that he has no time to follow their advice.

THE PLANET JUPITER.

JUPITER is now a splendid object in the evening sky. He has nearly reached his perihelion, and his brilliancy is so great that his light, in the absence of the moon, casts a shadow; Saturn, his near neighbor, although equal to a first-magnitude star, seems very dim by contrast. Even such famous twinklers as Arcturus, Vega, and Capella, which ordinarily would appear the most brilliant objects in the sky at this season, are hardly noticed by the eye that turns from the overpowering light of the great planet. The steadiness of Jupiter's light, especially when he is near the meridian, adds to the beauty of the scene. The naked eye can almost detect the outlines of the disk. Shining so serenely against the sky, it is difficult to realize the gigantic power of this planet. Yet astronomers say Jupiter's attraction is so great at his perihelion that even the sun shows its effects in physical convulsions, and in the extraordinary display of electric forces. Some think that Jupiter's near approach is the cause of the earthquakes and the electric storms that have of late wrought destruction in various parts of the earth. Yet the beautiful star that illumines these autumn nights gives no hint of the mighty forces that are every instant radiated from it.

DISRESPECT.—One of the greatest evils known in the family circle is the disrespect so frequently shown between members, one to another, in speech, action, and dress. The gruff "Yes" or "No" of husband to wife, in answer to a pleasant query, leads to unpleasant consequences, and begets a cold, calculating style of address on either side, which sooner or later is adopted by the younger members, and the love and affection which should dwell within is dispelled like dew before the morning sun.

Useful Knowledge.

SPICED LAMB (COLD). — Boil a leg of lamb, adding to the water a handful of cloves and two or three sticks of cinnamon broken up. Boil four hours.

TO DESTROY LICE ON FOWLS. — Grease the top of the head and under each wing with an ointment of mercurial ointment, two parts; lard, three parts; crude petroleum, one part. Apply in half-melted state.

CHOW-CHOW. — Chop together a head of cabbage, six green peppers, six green tomatoes, and add two teaspoonfuls of mustard, a little salt, vinegar, cloves, and all-spice to suit the taste.

BAD HABITS. — Bad habits are formed in many instances from affectation. There is not much plain, honest sin resulting from real impulse. The most of it is committed in imitation of something which we think fine. One silly fellow's imagination is dazzled by the glories of the table; he accordingly drinks — not at all because he likes drink, but — because he thought some other people appeared to be uncommonly fine fellows when they were drinking, and so he must drink, too. Another swears, because he liked the sound of an oath one day in the mouth of a friend. In the same manner, the most of the instances of men who have become degraded by their vices, are in reality only pretenders, or little better, setting themselves with great anxiety to ruin themselves into a character for cleverness, by imitating the bad habits of others.

IS THE MOON INHABITED? — Mr. Flammarion, the great French astronomer, being desirous to test the truth of his surmise that there are inhabitants in the moon, proposes to construct a telescope of sufficient power to definitely settle the question. A committee has been organized to collect the necessary funds, the cost of the instrument being estimated at 1,000,000 francs. This will be the most costly telescope in the world, unless the American proposition to erect one on Pike's Peak, at an expense of \$1,000,000, should be carried out, and it now seems probable that it may be. Four years will be required to complete the instrument; and if funds are provided, there is no reason why it should not be completed. Its power would be sufficient to distinguish buildings of any magnitude, and to show the topography of the moon's surface.

A CLAM SHELL is more convenient for scraping kettles and frying-pans than a knife. It does the work in less time.

WINDOW WASHING. — It is not any easy thing to wash windows so that they will look clear and well polished; and if soap-suds are used, it is quite impossible to do it. The old-fashioned way of taking out all the windows, and washing them in soap-suds, and setting them aside to dry after the suds have been rinsed off, is, to be sure, the easiest way of cleaning them, but it is also the worst way to make them look clear and bright. First brush off with a sponge or brush, and then wrap a bit of cloth about a sharp-pointed stick, and wipe out the dust that adheres to the corners. Next take some weak tea boiling hot, and add to it a tablespoonful of alcohol and a few drops of ammonia or hartshorn. Dip a piece of sponge or old flannel or of old Canton flannel into it, and rub the glass one way only until it shines clear. Wipe it off with another cloth, rubbing it until well polished.

LEARN ALL YOU CAN. — Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that, even in the stage-coach, he always found somebody who could tell him something that he did not know before. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom we think to be ignorant; for a little sociability on our part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach us something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this kind, respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stone-mason, and working in a quarry. Socrates well said there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make up the heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a large lump some time. So, in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, we should spend it over good or instructive talking with the first person we meet.

The Humorist.

THERE are men so constitutionally dull, a blister will not make them smart.

WHY not have female conductors? The ladies are adepts in the management of trains.

It is possible for three people to keep the same secret, but only after two of them are dead.

A MAN that has riches and enjoys them not is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

LEARNING is a good thing for a man to have in his upper story, if he has common-sense on the ground floor.

"ABOUT the greatest tail-bearer I know," said the farmer's boy, "is our peacock."

WHY is a night watchman smaller in the morning than he is at night? Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

It is sometimes pretty hard to decide which gives us more pleasure,—to hear ourselves praised, or to hear our neighbor run down.

BISHOP (reproving delinquent page): "Wretched boy! Who is it that sees and hears all we do, and before whom even I am but as a crushed worm?" Page: "The missus, my lord!"

It is a great and a noble thing to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw the veil before his defects, and to display his perfections; to bury his weakness in silence, but to proclaim his virtues upon the housetop.

LANDLADY (to Smith, who's just left his luggage at the station, and is hunting for lodgings): "Well, we are rather full just now, I must say, but I daresay we can manage to take you in."

INTENDING purchaser (doubtfully): "What makes him lay his ears back like that?" Dealer (more in sorrow than in anger): "Lor, sir, that shows what a sensible hanimal he is, sir. He's a-list'n'ing to all what we says about him."

"EDWIN, dearest," said Angelina, looking up from an article in her matutinal "Daily Telegraph," "why do they always call a ship 'she'?" "Why, my ownest" replied Edwin, "can't you guess? Why, because you see the rigging costs more than the hull." Angelina's little pout was delicious.

A DAILY contemporary has the following advertisement: "Two sisters want washing." Well, why don't they wash without telling the public about it? Whene'er we take our walks abroad, we see a great many that would be all the better for that operation.

A CONTEMPORARY has been asked, "Can a man belong to a brass band and be a Christian?" It replies: "We see no impediment in the way. But if he is a member of a brass band, and is given to practising on a cornet or trombone at home, it is a very difficult thing for the man living next door to be a Christian."

GENERAL LEE one day found Dr. Cutting, the army surgeon, who was a handsome and dressy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass. "Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation." "Why, General?" "Because," said Lee, "you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on earth."

AN old farmer, intent on making his will, was asked by the lawyer the name of his wife when he gravely replied, "Well, indeed I really don't recollect what it is; we've been married for upwards of forty years, and I've always called her my old woman." The lawyer left a blank to be filled up when the "old woman's" name was ascertained.

AN attorney recently took exception to a ruling of the Court that certain evidence was inadmissible. "I know, your Honor," said he warmly, "that it is proper evidence. Here I have been practising at the bar for forty years, and now I want to know if I am a fool?" "That," quietly replied the Court, "is a question of fact and not of law, and so I shall not offer an opinion upon it, but let the jury decide."

WHEN the shrewd, small boy, who is left alone in the house during the evening, makes such a mess of his raid on the pie closet that it is bound to be noticed when his parents return, he hies him to his room, puts a pillow in his bed to represent himself, extinguishes the gas, and gets under the bed. And when the old man comes up stairs, madder than a wet cat, and without stopping to light the gas, lathers that pillow with a trunk strap, the boy yells as though he was getting it, and the old man goes off satisfied. That's the sort of boy who will grow up to run ward caucuses and be a senator.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1880.

A Talk with our Readers.

THE birth of a princess in Spain has caused great rejoicings in that country. She has been christened Mercedes Teresa. The water used at the baptism was from the river Jordan.

A DISASTROUS hurricane passed over the island of Jamaica, lately. Crops, fruit, and farm produce generally were destroyed, and thousands of persons rendered homeless. Famine is imminent, and help is required for the starving multitude.

ENGLAND has during the last few years been making some effort to educate the ignorant lower classes of the English people. The total amount expended for educational purposes in 1870 was a little more than \$5,000,000. It has now reached \$23,750,000, and the number of school-children has risen during the past ten years from 1,750,000 to 3,750,000.

McGEE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. — We are glad to welcome back again the familiar face of Mr. McGee's paper. We were really lonesome without it. The revival is dated Sept. 18, and is well filled with interesting reading, and well illustrated. The engravings are great improvements on former issues. We are sorry to see a black list in its columns. The publisher says: "Three thousand subscribers four months ago owed us \$13,000. Six hundred since then have paid us, leaving 2,400 still owing about \$9,000." The list commences in Savannah, Ga., and includes delinquents in that city, Davenport, Iowa, Norfolk, Va., Lowell, Mass., Fall River, Mass., etc. It is a burning shame that those who subscribe for a publication do not pay for it. Among the delinquents, we are sorry to see several women. "McGee's Weekly" and DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE are furnished for \$4.00 a year.

LOYSON, the French apostate priest, wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Paris some ten years ago, to which he got this reply: "Go your way, poor man. You will miss the Church more than the Church will miss you."

THE Sovereign Pontiff has sanctioned the departure of the French Jesuits to labor in the conversion of Central Africa. And they will do it if it is to be done. It is thus that the visible Head of the Church is inspired by Divine Providence to work good out of evil. They whom the atheists of France have driven into exile will be the bearers of salvation to the uttermost parts of the earth.

WELL PUT. — Mayor Prince, in his fine oration on the 250th celebration of the settlement of Boston said: —

"THE growth of Boston was at first slow. Those who came out with Winthrop suffered so much from sickness and scarcity of food that at times the safety of the colony was seriously threatened, and on this account Boston was called 'Lost-town' It is a noteworthy fact that, when we were threatened with famine in 1630, the danger was averted by food sent from Ireland; so that the corn we gave in after years to feed her starving thousands was but the return of what we had of her in our own distress. Thus literally the bread cast upon the waters was returned after many days."

The "Pilot" well remarks upon the above (we were present and can testify to what Mr. O'Reilly says): —

"With all respect to you, Mr. Mayor, let us have no nonsense on this point. The Puritan element of Boston *did not* help Ireland during the recent famine. They were asked, but they did not respond. You, Mr. Mayor, called a meeting by circular of the same rich men who responded when Memphis was stricken, *and not one answered*. The money sent from Boston to Ireland was sent by people of Irish blood. A few notable exceptions there were, such as yourself, Mayor Prince, Eben D. Jordan, Governor John D. Long, the Boston 'Herald,' Abraham Shuman, Jacob Pfaff, Sheriff Clark, Asa P. Potter, George Hobbs, Judge Woodbury, Charles Weil, Collector Beard, Leopold Morse, Judge Russell, Hon. Wm. Aspinwall, Thomas C. Amory, Wendell Phillips, W. T. Adams, and S. Friedman. Out of all Boston, these were the only men, outside the Irish, who sent a dollar to Ireland. The Puritans ate Ireland's wheat in their distress, but Ireland got none of theirs to eat, at least from Boston, when she cried out for it."

THE will of the late Margaret Murphy contains the following public bequests: Association for the Protection of Destitute Roman Catholic Children, \$1,000; the Society of the Redemptorist Fathers, \$100; Little Sisters of the Poor, \$50; St. Vincent Orphan Asylum, \$50.

REV. FATHER FITZPATRICK, of St. Gregory's Catholic Church, Milton Lower Mills, Mass., will immediately begin the erection of a new church at Neponset. The contract for the building has been awarded to Beal & Spear for \$3,880. The body of the church will seat about four hundred, and the building will be completed about Christmas.

THE Catholics throughout the world will regret to learn that the able editor of the Paris "Universe" has been stricken with paralysis of the brain. What sadder fate can be imagined? A great mind, whose light shone gloriously before men, suddenly shrouded in darkness; and an ardent champion of truth deprived of the weapon he had wielded so vigorously, just when the battle is raging fiercest around him. And yet how glorious to have lost that weapon in so noble a cause; to have fallen fighting for truth and justice!

COL. BOB INGERSOLL was introduced to a Republican meeting in Maine by a Baptist preacher. Bob addressed the Liberal League in Chicago a few evenings afterwards. In the course of his remarks he said: "I have no time to speak of the Baptists, but as Jeremy Taylor said, 'they as much deserve to be rooted out, as the worst pest and nuisance of the earth.'" We would like to know what the Baptist minister thinks of Bob now.

THE recently appointed Archbishop of Chicago, Dr. Feehan, is a native of Tipperary, and made his distinguished theological course in the College of Maynooth. At the close of his studies he offered himself to, and was cheerfully accepted by, the venerated Archbishop of St. Louis—an Irishman, too, the Most Rev. Dr. Kenrick, who still lives to preside over his great diocese—for missionary work under his Grace's jurisdiction. He was intrusted by the Archbishop with the direction of the ecclesiastical seminary, and discharged all his duties with admirable zeal, prudence, and ability. When Nashville was erected into a bishop's see, Dr. Feehan was appointed its first prelate, and has ruled that diocese from that time to the present with consummate judgment and with the happiest results.

WE are indebted to the "Catholic Columbian" for the good report of Bishop Fitzgerald's sermon, which we reproduce elsewhere in this issue of our magazine.

A WISCONSIN cow died not long ago, after a lingering illness, attended by a persistent cough. After her death a veterinary surgeon opened the windpipe to discover the cause of the irritation, and found in the upper part of the lung a live striped frog of ordinary size. The surrounding portion of the lung was much discolored.

ST. LAURENCE O'TOOLE.—We give in our issue of this month a biographical sketch of the last canonized saint of Ireland, the anniversary of whose death occurs on the 14th of November. Drawing near his last end, a friend remarked to him that he should make his will. The saint replied: "Of what do you speak? I thank God I have not a penny left in the world."

EX-GOV. BAGLEY, of Detroit, has notified the Little Sisters of the Poor in that city that hereafter, so long as he shall live, he will provide the inmates of their hospital with all the tobacco they may need.—*Ave Maria*.

The "Catholic National" observes: If some saint from St. Louis, or Alton, or thereabouts, will only donate *the beer*, the poor old bodies can have just as good times as if they were out in the world, where very often

The whole of one's living, the best of life's cheer,
Is found in tobacco and a glass of good beer!

THE REV. CANON WALSH.—The Halifax "Herald" says: "The Rev. Canon Walsh, in former years parish priest of Windsor, N. S., but who left this diocese and went to the States some eighteen years since, is now on a visit to Halifax. He officiated at the 9 A. M. service at St. Mary's yesterday. The reverend gentleman is well known to many of our older citizens, as well as to those of Windsor and other parts of the Province. These will be pleased to know of his visit, and to have again an opportunity of seeing him. One thing in connection with his visit amongst us will cause it to be long remembered, especially by the inhabitants of Shelburne and Wolfville: at both these places, with that charity for which he is far-famed, he is erecting Catholic chapels at his own expense. The chapel at Shelburne is already almost completed, and that at Wolfville has its foundation laid, and the contract signed for the rest of the work."

THE RT. REV. BISHOP WALSH, of London, Ontario, Canada, says that he has confirmed 22 000 since his consecration in 1862, 8,000 of whom were accessions from different denominations, and that during that time one hundred and thirty new churches have been built in his diocese.

We have authority for saying that the above statement, which appeared in our last issue, must refer to some other locality, as no such grand results have taken place in the diocese referred to.

THE total number of ejections in Ireland, made for non-payment of rent, between the first of January and the first of June of the current year, was 1,696. Of these four hundred and seventeen were in Leinster, four hundred and ninety-five in Munster, five hundred and twenty-two in Ulster, and two hundred and thirty-two in Connaught.

WHEN Gen. Hancock takes up the Cincinnati "Commercial" and reads the following from the Rev. Joseph Cook, he will wish that he had never been born: "He is one of those ungetable preponderosities of luminiferous political firmament that causes the homogeneity of infinitudinal bioplasticity to yield before the cachinnation of the imperishable portion of the palpable corporosity of its prototype."

MR. J. H. TUKE, in his remarkable pamphlet on the condition of Ireland, relates this experience: "We heard a curious instance of the late Lord Leitrim's capricious, arbitrary treatment of his tenants. In passing by a tenant's holding, Lord Leitrim noticed that a good new cabin had been built in place of the miserable house. He stopped and asked how it was he had not been consulted, and at once ordered his bailiff to pull the chimney down and partly unroof it, and the man was compelled to leave it and live in the old house again."

AMERICAN SPICED FOOD FOR HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, SWINE, AND POULTRY. — The attention of all owning or having the care of horses is called to this remarkable compound, for the cure of various cuts, scratches, old and recent sores, sore backs, galls, bruises, lacerations, and all inflammations therefrom. Its properties are soothing, astringent, and healing. Mr. O'Boyle, the manager of the American Spiced Food Company, will be glad to explain still further the good effects of this medicine in eradicating the various diseases to which our dumb animals are heir. See advertisement elsewhere.

DURING the persecutions in Ireland, while £5 was offered for the head of a secular priest, £15 was the price for a Jesuit's head!

A CLERK who absconded from a Liverpool firm of high standing, after, it is alleged, embezzling £20,000, has been arrested in Ireland, disguised as a Catholic priest.

It is human, but still unreasonable, for Catholics to become impatient when they hear their religion and ministers misrepresented. They feel that they have the truth, and that all the efforts of the world, combined with the gates of hell, shall not prevail against the church, and then why be uneasy at these efforts? He that said, "I am with you always, even to the end of time," meant what He said, for He spoke as Almighty God. — *Catholic Columbian*.

BOSTON completed her two hundred and fiftieth year on the 17th of September. Her age is a very respectable one, and all but measures the entire history of the country. Add the twenty-three years that separate the settlement of Jamestown from the settlement of Boston, and you have the country's age, — two hundred and seventy three years; but Jamestown no longer exists. We have added territory to the United States — the old thirteen — that contains some places that are older than any that exist in the English settled part of our vast dominion. St. Augustine (Florida) is, we believe, the oldest place we have; and that dates from 1565, making it almost two generations older than Boston, and fifty-five years older than Plymouth.

THE famous cathedral of Cologne, in Germany, which has occupied six hundred and thirty years in building, was finished on Saturday, Aug. 14, the last stone being inserted in the second tower. It is five hundred and eleven feet long and two hundred and thirty-one feet in breadth, and its twin towers are five hundred and eleven feet high, exactly the same as its length. The Germans of all creeds hail the completion of the work as a national triumph. The Emperor has signified his intention of being present at the coming consecration. The Pope will be asked to come in person, or send a legate. Of course the exiled Archbishop of Cologne will be invited to occupy his throne. The German papers give it out that on the day of the consecration William will announce the perfect reconciliation of Prussia and the Vatican. — *Western Watchman*.

We will give a full-page engraving of this magnificent building, together with a description, in our next issue.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set: but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

THE death of the Very Rev. Dean Kirwan, P. P., Piercestown, county Wexford, took place recently.

REV. JEREMIAH PHELAN died at St. Augustine's Villa, West Hartford, Conn. He was buried from St. Mary's Cathedral, Hartford, on the 15th of September.

REV. THOS. KEENAN, of Portage, Wis., has passed from the scene of his earthly labors. He has been pastor of St. Gall's Church, Milwaukee; of St. Thaddeus's Church, East Troy; of St. Peter's and St. Mary's, Oshkosh; but for several years past he has been stationed at Portage.

REV. RICHARD E. HENNESSEY, of Susquehanna, Pa., died suddenly of apoplexy on Friday night, Aug. 20. Deceased was born in Kilkenny County, Ireland, in 1844. He was educated in the seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, in Philadelphia, and in 1868 was ordained by Bishop Shanahan, of the diocese of Harrisburg, Pa. May he rest in peace.

GOOD, genial Father Arent, the oldest priest of the diocese of Buffalo, N. Y., has at last laid down his armor, and gone to his rest. His death occurred in that city Friday night of the 10th of September. He was calmly conscious of the approach of his last hour, and made rigorous preparation for the dread event. His death was peaceful.

THE Sydney papers announce the death of the Very Rev. Dr. McAlroy, V. G., of Goldburn, who breathed his last at Albury. Dr. McAlroy was a native of King's County, Ireland, and began his missionary work in Australia thirteen years ago. He built convents and churches at a cost of £40,000, and raised schools far and wide, and his capacity for labor seemed unlimited.

THE death of Rev. Matthew Mullen, P. P., Termonmaguirk, county Tyrone, is announced. His regretted demise took place at Portrush, county Antrim, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. Father Mullen was sixty years of age, having been born in 1820 in Ballygawley, county Tyrone. He entered Maynooth in 1842, was ordained to the priesthood in 1848, and shortly afterwards was appointed to a curacy in Errigle Kieran. He was some years afterwards appointed to Killeshal, county Tyrone.

SISTERS.

ON Aug. 29, Sister Dominic Boone, of the Sisters of Charity, died in St. Louis, Mo. The good sister died after sixty years' service in the religious order she was a member of. She was about ninety years old, and was buried in Prince George County, Md. She united with the Sisters of Charity in Baltimore about 1820, and at the time of her death was probably the oldest sister in the religious community of Sisters of Charity in the United States.

LAY WOMEN.

MRS. MARY BOBIE, full of years and of good works, departed this life Aug. 20, at Thamesville, Canada West. Mrs. Bobier, of old Irish Catholic ancestry, was born in county Kildare, 1806, and was married to the descendant of one of the Huguenot refugees of the time of Louis XIV., who, emigrating to Ireland, became, according to the saying, "more Irish than the very Irish." Mrs. Bobier, with her husband, Patrick Bobier, native of Wexford, emigrated to Canada West, and was known as the helper of Catholic missionaries, the fosterer of the poor and needy, the instructor of the ignorant, and last, not least, the mother of a zealous priest, the Rev. James E. Bobier, of the diocese of Brooklyn, whose presence cheered the last days of his good mother, and who assisted at her obsequies.

THE remains of Mrs. Margaret Rowan, wife of Michael Rowan, of Laurel Hill, L. I., were lately taken to Hagerstown, Md., for interment. She was the niece of the late Archbishop Hughes, of New York, and was for a long time his private secretary. She expressed a wish to be buried at the family home, and in the plot with her brothers. She was a woman of extraordinary nerve-power. After the battle of Fredericksburg she sought among the slain for the body of her brother, who belonged to the Sixty-ninth Regiment, and found his body beneath the historic stone wall, riddled with bullets. She had his remains conveyed to Hagerstown and buried. On the battle-field of Antietam she held another brother in her arms while the surgeon amputated his shattered arm. This brother also died and was buried at Hagerstown. She had travelled extensively in the Old World, and was a ripe scholar.

Events of the Month.

REV. FATHER BURKE preached in Liverpool on the 5th of September, in aid of the debt on St. Joseph's Church.

IRISH HARVEST. — A late article on harvest prospects says: "On the whole there is a respite to the Irish farmer and cottier, and the crops are generally a full average, as far as can be ascertained."

THE JESUIT SCHOOL AT MANS having just scattered for the holidays, the bishop announced that the establishment would reopen under the management of the priests of the diocese; so that the government, on the 31st of August, on sending policemen to disperse the Jesuits, will find the birds flown.

M. PAUL FOURNIER, Professeur Agrege des Facultes de Droit in the University of Paris, has been deputed on behalf of that illustrious body to examine from a legal point of view the working of the Irish land laws, and has left Dublin for the South and West with that object.

CARDINAL MANNING was present for some time in the private lobby of the House of Commons on a recent occasion. His Eminence had a conversation with Mr. Forster, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. J. H. Raper, and others, and the vigor of his movements seemed to betoken improved health.

THE Voters' Registration (Ireland) Bill was rejected by the House of Lords on Wednesday night. It proposed to apply to Ireland the regulations in force in England; but the House thought it ought not to be asked to consider anything so novel at so late a stage, and refused a second reading by forty-two votes against thirty.

FRIGHTENED. — A strange circumstance in connection with the land agitation is reported from Truagh, county Clare. It appeared that a Mr. Bentley took a farm recently, from which the previous tenant had been evicted for non-payment of rent. The utmost indignation was exhibited towards him by the members of the Land League, and at a meeting held at Truagh, under the auspices of the League, he was denounced in unmeasured terms. Since then a grave was dug opposite Mr. Bentley's hall-door, and the gentleman was so frightened that he has, it is stated, given up the farm and made arrangements for quitting the country.

It is quite significant of the *entente cordiale* between the Vatican and St. Petersburg, that Leo XIII. has interceded with Alexander for the pardon of four Polish priests now serving a sentence of life banishment in Siberia.

In the recent examinations of the London University the ladies have nobly upheld the superiority of their sex. In French two ladies have distanced all the male competitors, and in German, Latin, English, mathematics, botany, and chemistry, lady students have borne off high honors.

MR. A. M. SULLIVAN is very happy in retort. During protracted sitting in the House of Commons, Mr. Labouchere, seeing that he had some buns on his knee, rose to order, submitting that it was contrary to rule to eat in the House. "I thought, sir, we were in Committee of Supply," said Mr. Sullivan, and the point was seen and enjoyed by all present.

MANILA, the capital of the Philippine Islands, was recently destroyed by an earthquake. The most remarkable, as indeed the most consoling feature of the catastrophe is that, notwithstanding the almost total obliteration of this crowded city of Manila, with its population of close on 300 000 souls; notwithstanding the fall, prone to the ground, of stately spires, the crumbling to pieces of the grand cathedral, the swallowing up of the great sugar factories in the gaping earth, the tottering to their foundation of the myriad houses as if they were built of cards, — by the mercy of Providence less than a score of persons lost their lives, although all lost their property, and the poor people are now camped upon the ruins of their shattered and piecemeal homes. Manila is the home of the earthquake. Nature was convulsed there five times during the present century; and in the last but one appalling shock, — viz., that of 1865, — the cathedral and palace were swallowed up, and 2,000 people with them. This time, happily, there was only one death for every hundred then. But the dreadful upheaval extended over three days, and beginning on Sunday, ceased not before the following Wednesday forenoon. Splendid ships in the spacious harbor rocked in the agony of land and sea, like infantile cradles, while the ground is described as reeling like a ship in a storm. The damage is estimated at \$6,000,000.

PRINTING presses are now being made in New York which will work off complete papers at the rate of 14,000 copies per hour, printing from rolls on both sides at once, cutting the pages across the top, pasting the two sheets together, folding the papers in five folds, and counting and delivering them ready for mailing.

MR. MARK O'HAIRE, father of the Rev. James O'Haire, the African missionary, resides at present in Dublin, is in perfect health, and has reached the wonderful age of one hundred and two years and seven months. He travelled with his reverend son for many years in South Africa, having left Ireland for that purpose when in his eighty-seventh year.

NEXT YEAR'S MYSTERIOUS NUMBER.—1881 is in many ways a most remarkable number. The sum of its digits is $9 + 9$. It is divisible by 9 without remainder. The remaining quotient consists of two prime factors, 11 and 19. It reads the same both ways. If 18 be set under 81 and the two added, the sum is 99. If the 18 be reversed and then added to 81, the sum is 162, the sum of the digits of which is 9. The 162 is also divisible by 9, giving a quotient by 9. If the 81 be reversed and added to 18, the sum is 36, which is also divisible by 9, and the sum of its digits is also 9. Now the number 9 has always been regarded as possessed of great significance. It is a factor of all the great dates of judgment,—of the Flood, the destruction of Sodom, the overthrow of Pharaoh, the Captivity, and the final destruction of Jerusalem.

THIS REMARKABLE PROPHECY, known as "Mother Shipton's," was published in 1488. It was republished in 1641. All the events predicted in it, save the last, which is to happen in the near future, have come to pass:—

"Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do,
Now strange, yet shall be true.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through hills men shall ride,
And no horse or ass shall be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and found
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England at last shall admit a Jew.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

THE congregation of the Propaganda Fide has decided to send half a million lire to Malta to establish a college exclusively for the promotion of missions in Africa, which will be subject to the Propaganda.

THE fat men had their fourteenth annual gorge at Gregory Point, South Norwalk, Ct., the 9th of September; 2,000 pounds of fish, 3,000 ears of corn, 60 bushels of clams and oysters, 600 chickens, 500 lobsters, and the "fixin's," being served up for them. It was rather a dolorous gathering, however, only about one hundred and fifty being present. They retained Willard F. Perkins of Waterbury, who beat them all with four hundred and two pounds, as president of their association.

SIGNIFICANT PRECAUTIONS.—In view of the apprehended disturbances in the West of Ireland, an iron hut has been erected, containing four sub-constables and an acting sergeant, close to the hall-door of Mr. A. L. Crean, J. P., Ballinvella House, about three miles from Claremorris, for that gentleman's protection. An eviction, it appears, is pending against one of Mr. Crean's tenants, in consequence of non-payment of rent; besides which, it is also rumored that Mr. Crean lately received a threatening letter. Three or four iron huts, containing from three to six policemen each, are encircling the town at distances of one and two miles apart. Another iron hut is to be erected close to the residence of Mr. Thomas Connaughton, who some months ago took a farm which had been given up, at a reduction of rent.

THE FEAST OF ST. JOACHIM.—The faithful Romans celebrated the Feast of St. Joachim, the patron of his Holiness. On this occasion the majority of them had the happiness of being received by Leo XIII. The Catholic journals of Italy adorned their columns with appropriate artistic devices, to celebrate the personal fête of one who is always for them at the same time the spiritual chief of the Catholic Church, and the temporal sovereign of the Roman States. This manifestation is significant. It coincides with the solemn declaration made by Leo XIII. in his last allocution, in which his Holiness protested anew against the attempt "of designing men who had sought by fraud or violence to deprive the Roman Pontiff of a civil principality which had been recognized with the spontaneous accord of centuries as a means manifested by Divine Providence to preserve forever the security and liberty of the Holy See."

THE PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM, Mgr. Bracco, reports that there are now in the Holy Land more than 11,000 Catholics. At the establishment of the Patriarchate, about thirty years ago, there were not more than 4,000, and now there are upwards of 11,000.

THE JESUIT SCHOOL AT DOLE broke up on Saturday, when fifty of the boys' parents signed a declaration pledging themselves to combine in judicially resisting any attempt to close the establishment. The Archbishop of Paris presided on Sunday at the distribution of prizes at the Rue de Madrid School.

THE notorious Kansas murderers, known as the Bender family, have at last been captured in Nebraska after years of hiding among the Indian tribes. The family consists of old Bender and his wife, and young John Bender, and his sister Kate, who, it appears, has been living with him as his wife. These people committed no less than ten murders in their shanty in Kansas.

IN Great Britain there are 2,750,000 voters in a population of twenty-six millions, or nearly one man in every ten has a vote; even in poor down-trodden Ireland there are 230,000 voters in a population of five and a half million people, which makes about one voter to every twenty-four inhabitants. In France one man in every four has a vote, and in Germany one man in every five. In Italy, on the contrary, which was put under Victor Emanuel by the so-called popular vote, only one man in every fifty is represented.

FINED FOR SELLING FAT FOR BUTTER. — At the Dublin Police Court five persons were convicted of selling mixtures of animal fats as butter, and were fined £2 each. Even if the mixtures in question were the most wholesome and palatable ever made, it is intolerable that they should be sold as "butter." Whatever the mixtures, they are no more butter than sawdust is pepper, or sand sugar. Apart from this, such prosecutions not alone protect the honest butter-maker and butter-dealer, but are also equally necessary to the public health. Butter is, perhaps, the most nutritious and one of the most wholesome of the common articles of food. No one can tell what "oleomargarine" or any similar stuff is made of. They might be made of horse fat or of the fat of any other animal whatever. It is quite intolerable that when a man sends to a shop for a pound of butter he should get a pound of grease instead. There never will be a sound state of things in these matters till the law is enforced with far more stringency and severity than at present.

FATHER BECKX'S GOLDEN JUBILEE. — The *Voce della Verità* appeared on Saturday with an address of congratulation to Father Beckx, the General of the Jesuits, on the fiftieth anniversary of his religious profession, which it ascribes as his golden wedding with the company that generates its children in the throes of persecution.

THE TWO GREAT JESUIT SCHOOLS AT PARIS pronounced the eulogium of the educational institutions of France prior to 1789, while denouncing, at the same time the attempt to un-Catholicize education as the repetition of the vandalism and despotism of a century ago, a confident hope being expressed the while that the present gloomy times would be triumphantly weathered. The schools are to reopen in October, dropping their titles of St. Ignatius and the Immaculate Conception, and being vested in a "Society of Fathers of Families," with a lay board of directors. "The new schools," adds the prospectus, "will hold it their duty and honor to maintain, from the stand-point both of Christian education and the direction of studies, the principles which recommended the present institutions to the confidence of families."

THIS month (September) the Germans are celebrating the tenth anniversary of each of the great battles by which the Franco-German war of 1870-71 was decided almost as soon as it was ushered in. The 4th of August is the date of the capture of the Weissenburg lines; the 6th, of the battles of Wörth, Reichshoffen, and Fröschweiler on the one hand, and of Spicheren on the other. The 18th of August marks, perhaps, the most sanguinary of all the battles of the present century, that of Gravelotte, by which the position of the French in and around Metz was turned, and a force of near 180,000 men, the flower of the French army, cut off and surrounded, so that three months later they had all to lay down their arms for want of food. The battle of Sedan, which is perhaps the most remarkable of all the decisive battles of "history," followed; viz., on Sept. 2. The Germans have been celebrating the anniversaries of these glorious, but fearfully costly triumphs, in a becoming manner, by honoring the dead without reviling the living. To the French, Sedan gave the Republic; but still, so far from feeling grateful for this migratory gift, to the Prussians, they are as intent as ever upon a war of revenge. Let us only hope that they will be wise in their generation, and not provoke their neighbor, for whom they won't be a match yet for years to come. — *London Universe.*

THE story of the three black crows is continually re-enacted. The Jesuit fathers have just bought from the government the disused prison at Mold, in Wales. This is true; but the price which the fathers gave for their new property has been a subject of some romancing. In most papers it was put down at £20,000. The real price paid was £3,400.

PREMIER GLADSTONE IN IRELAND. — Mr Gladstone, on his recent yachting trip, met with an enthusiastic welcome in Ireland. The steamer, the "Grantully Castle," stopped at Kingstown, a port on the coast about a dozen miles south of Dublin, and from there the premier travelled by rail to the capital, where he spent a few hours. Although there were some shouts for Home Rule and an Irish Parliament, the crowd, which gathered in large numbers, showed a most kindly feeling, thinking, no doubt, that the present head of the government could not be classed as an enemy to Ireland. Thus,

when the cheering grew louder and the crowd increased, several policemen felt called upon to interfere. But this raised the indignation of the spectators, and there were cries that the people were able to protect Mr. Gladstone without aid from the police. The event was, anyway, a characteristic one, showing the ingrained hostility of the Irish to police interference. A great many people went down to Kingstown to see the premier embark, and a priest from the country was so enthusiastic that he caught Mr. Gladstone's hand and kissed it, amid great applause. Clearly, whatever else Mr. Gladstone may lack, he is not wanting in popularity among the people. As he passed in front of the Bank of Ireland, the national sentiment irresistibly bubbled over. "Look at our Parliament House, Mr. Gladstone," "Give us our Parliament," "Home Rule," "Three cheers for the Volunteers," "Ireland forever," and other such cries were freely raised, without the least abatement in the personal enthusiasm expended on Mr. Gladstone himself.

Notices of Recent Publications.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Darling Sweet Eyes," song and chorus, words by Arthur W. French, music by J. A. Barney. "I'se Gwine in de Valley," plantation song and chorus, by Sam Lucas. "Be Gentle to the Little Ones," song, words by George Russell Jackson, music by J. A. Barney. "His Name is General G.," Republican campaign song and chorus, words by Adele M. Caragues, music by H. B. Roney. "The Huntsmen's Song," male quartette, arranged by J. P. Weston.

Instrumental: "Racquet Step Galop," by A. E. Warren. "Peaches and Cream Waltz," by T. P. Ryder. "Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock's March," by E. H. Bailey. "Concertino for Violin and Piano," by Julius Eichberg.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

This enterprising company, we are glad to see, have issued a cheap edition, in paper covers, of Bishop Spaulding's Religious Mission of the Irish People and Catholic Colonization. The price will be as follows: single copy, \$0.30; twenty-five copies, \$4.50; fifty copies, \$8.50; one hundred copies, \$16.00. This is surely cheap enough to insure the sale of one hundred thousand copies if cheapness makes a book sell. Send in your orders at once.

John B. Piet, Baltimore.

THE CATHOLIC'S POCKET MANUAL.

This is a most convenient little manual. It contains all necessary prayers for morning and evening, prayers at mass, vespers, confession, communion, etc. It is convenient in size, measuring 2½ by 5½ inches, and can be put in the side or vest pocket.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. P. Fox, of St. Louis, has now in press and will soon offer to the public the little work of Cardinal Hergenroether, entitled, "A History of the Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the First Ten Centuries." This little work is worth its weight in gold. The learned author in it gives the real data on which all devotion to the blessed Mother of God is based, and shows the same to be one of the oldest and most hallowed of Church traditions, as one of the most familiar phases of Church life. In it the cardinal does not moralize; does not argue; does not deal in rhetoric: from beginning to end the book contains only facts, solemn facts, well authenticated facts, edifying facts, convincing facts. The appearance of this little work will be hailed with pleasure by Mary's children everywhere. — *Western Watchman.*

All the above publications can be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston.



THE GRANDEST STRUCTURE IN THE WORLD.

THE COMPLETION OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

It was on August 14, 1248, that the foundation stone of this magnificent edifice was laid by Conrad of Hochstaden. But it rose on the site of a still more ancient cathedral, which was commenced about the beginning of the ninth century, by Hildebold, Metropolitan of Cologne, and was finished in 873. This structure, ruined by the Normans, was rebuilt,

but destroyed by fire in the year above mentioned. Before the year had expired, the piety of the people of Cologne led them to commence the building of another Dom, which in splendor and proportions should surpass all the Gothic cathedrals that Germany had seen. The name of the architect is unknown, though it has been attributed to Gerhard von Rile.

(No doubt he was an Irishman, and changed his name of Gerald O'Reilly to suit the tongue of his adopted countrymen.) The new choir was consecrated in 1322, and the relics of the three kings were transferred to it from the place they had occupied in the former cathedral.

Thus the sacred building represents in stone the ecclesiastical traditions of more than a thousand years; and though after Conrad's death the building proceeded slowly, and suffered a long check at the time of the so-called Reformation of Luther, the municipality of Cologne and the sovereigns of Prussia have never ceased to take a deep interest in it, and to look forward to the possible completion of its grand design. Preparations were taken in hand in the beginning of this century, and in 1842 the building of fresh portions necessary for finishing the entire structure was commenced. It is in the form of a cross; its length is four hundred and eighty feet, and its breadth two hundred and eighty-two. Indeed, the vast and transcendent grandeur of the plan has been all along through six ages an obstacle to its completion. Hence Mr. Baring-Gould says, "Cologne Cathedral, with all its beauty, disappoints, because the compass has been too much for the creative genius." On the other hand, its wide extent and the elaborate work in the architectural details have won the admiration of all classes of society, and so excited the pride of the citizens of Cologne and Germans in general that subscriptions have poured in from Lutherans as well as Catholics, and the plan of the gorgeous façade and the two majestic sister towers has been wrought out according to the exact intention of the original architect. It was King Frederick William III., a Protestant prince, who, in 1817, granted money to the Cathedral Chapter, enabling them to resume operations; and it was King Frederick William IV., his son and successor, who revived the undertaking by a solemn inaugural

festivity and the donation of a large sum.

Political differences have not, any more than religious, prevented donations towards the achievement of the desired object being abundantly supplied. The last thirty-two years of building period has resulted in the largest and finest edifice in the Gothic style ever reared on German soil, standing perfect before us. The last stones set on the towers, on the eve of the Assumption, Aug. 14, 1880, crowned the enterprise of a municipality founded by the Cæsars, and the united flags of Prussia and Germany floated from the flower and pride of Gothic art. Enthusiasm, it is said, filled the streets of the ancient city, and the citizens were seen shaking hands in token of mutual congratulation. They entered anew the sacred courts, and admired, as perhaps they had never admired before, the beauties specially claimed by this grand specimen of the pointed style: the triforium or gallery, carried round the building in a manner differing from other Romanesque churches; the buttresses and flying buttresses: the "tabernacle finial to buttress"; the mullions, the window tracings, the trefoils and quatrefoils, the ground plan, the entrance, the nave, — all singularly approved by architects, and not lost on the general multitude, whose sense of artistic perfection is taught by nature and instinct rather than by art. They recognized in their completed Dom the beau-ideal of Gothic architecture in its noble and harmonious design, bearing the stamp of a far higher development of style than the cathedral of Amiens or any of its prototypes. Even from the river, if they sailed over the bosom of the stately Rhine, they could perceive that its bold proportions are conceived with solidity and force, that its individual parts display multifarious richness, that the whole is designed in one spirit, and executed with harmonious chastity and purity of touch. Nothing arbitrary in the structure offends the eye,

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

LET us stand at our post, and do our duty like good soldiers, under the eye of our true and sovereign Chief, and when death comes it will find us ready; its summons will be to us an awakening from sleep, the vanishing of a dream, the dawn of the real day, and of the life which is the beginning of bliss.—MGR. DARBOY.

TRUTH, remember—and this is one great distinction between Catholics and heretics—truth is not ours, but God's. Truth is not ours to bate and pare down. Truth is God's; it has God's majesty inherent within it, and it will convert the souls of men even when it seems rudest and most repelling; and it will do so for this one reason, because it is God's truth, and because we, through the grace of God, have boldness and faith to put our trust in it.—FABER.

THE DEMORALIZATION OF THE STAGE.

Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor.

THE announcement that a theatrical company propose to play the "Passion of Jesus Christ" during the present season, at one of the New York theatres, has called attention to the mad freaks and generally offensive character of the modern drama. It is exceedingly questionable whether the stage ever had any "dignity," and none but the hopelessly stage-struck would set up such a claim for the contemporary play. While every art and science has measurably progressed during the past century, this meretricious "art of acting" still lingers as an instrument of low vice, a panderer to ignoble passions, and a shameless parody on the realities of life. The decent, as well as the artistic mind avoids it. It offers no inducement to genius, and it usually reacts as fatally upon its professors as it does upon the thoughtless public that patronize it.

Our own unhappy land has been doomed to see the stage in all its brazen effrontery. The spirit of the theatre has always been impure, but this spirit is kept somewhat in check in Europe by rigid governmental regulations. Here our public officials seem to have no power over the theatre as such, and when they *do* move against a vile show, it is only after the harm is done. In France, which we are falsely told produces all the filthy dramas, the government exercises a strict censorship, and no play can be acted, until it has been submitted to the authorities. The *Comédie Française* belongs to the government. The police, at a moment's notice, may interfere during the performance of a play, clear the stage, and lock up the theatre. Here, a demoralizing performance may continue through long engagements, while the magistracy is taking evidence. Emboldened by the law's delay or indifference, the players are at liberty to exhaust all the filthy possibilities of their "profession."

With a culpable disregard for truth, the playwrights of the New York "Passion Play" adduce in its defence the moral and religious nature of the Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. There is no parity. In the first place, the German Passion Play does not fall within the scope of the theatre. It is exceptional, unique. It partakes of the nature of worship. The performers regard it as a work of piety. They prepare themselves for it as for a pious and reverential action. All the surroundings are the furthest removed from the character and traditions of the modern theatre. It has no affiliation with such. The simple-hearted peasantry that engage in the performance would repudiate with horror the idea which would identify them with the knights of the sock and buskin. The Passion Play comes into their lives as an element of religion, and exercises a beneficent influence upon them. The whole atmosphere of the drama is charged with the holiest intimations. All who have seen this play agree that its acknowledged good effect is possible only under its present conditions. To transplant it to the arid boards of a variety theatre would ruin it utterly. As it is, there is not even a *consensus* of opinion regarding its advisableness among the ecclesiastics of Germany, and its indefinite production is problematical. The Church condemned the miracle plays which she had tolerated, as soon as they threatened to degenerate into buffoonery, or to give occasion of scandal.

On the other hand, this New York "Passion Play" would be placed upon the same footing as the current drama. It might be "sandwiched" between the performance of Sara Bernhardt and the production of the "Black Crook." The very possibility of such a connection shocks any sensibility, nor should such a possibility be allowed. The modern play has laid its unclean hands upon every great historical event, and upon the most delicate and tender relations, joys, and sorrows of life. Let it at least respect the holiest of all events that have taken place on this planet. If not, let New York follow the example of San Francisco, which summarily stopped a like performance.

This new departure of the stage is an evidence of its demoralization. It plainly shows that the spirit of the theatre hopes to regain the ascendancy which it possessed in Pagan times. It is useless to deny that this spirit is intrinsically heathen and anti-Christian. Well intentioned but ignorant men have sought to defend the stage on the ground that Christianity has made its return to Paganism impossible. Distinctions are drawn between the legitimate and the illegitimate drama. St. Francis de Sales is appealed to as tolerating comedies, and the example of eminent churchmen, such as Richelieu and Mazarin, is adduced in defence of the theatre.

It is high time that Catholics, who may have been deluded by this sophistry, should know clearly where they stand on this question, and where the theatre stands. The stage in its origin, methods, and results is heathenish to the last degree. Nay, more, the drama, in its original essence, is a Pagan religious worship. It has not changed this nature in a career of two thousand years. The theatre still deserves and always will deserve the definition given to it by the Fathers of the Church. They called it the school and temple of Satan,

and the vestibule of hell. On what grounds? Let us see, and let us also determine whether the grounds remain.

Modern critical research into the ancient Greek drama shows its quasi-religious nature. The plays of Sophocles and Euripides are clearly modes of worship. The ancient theatres were temples of the gods, and the modern theatre still clings to the old Pagan dedication to the Muses. The entire *mise en scene* of the Pagan drama was religious, and sacrifices were offered upon the stage. The "Prometheus" of Æschylus is a fierce arraignment of the god Jupiter, for punishing a friend of man; just as in such modern plays as "Divorce," "Matrimony," etc., there is a more polished sneer at the divine institution of the indissolubility of marriage, or the idea that there is anything divine about its origin. The Greek chorus is mainly composed of sacred hymns. The worship of the Evil One, which consists in the deification of bad passions, goes on continually in the ancient drama. Revenge, murder, and all uncleanness are represented as virtues. The old Pagans left the theatre under the impression that they had assisted at divine worship.

If we are asked to sum up the elements of Paganism, we answer, Study its drama, for there is the heathen religion. Now, we know that Paganism was devil-worship, and devil-worship *under scenic representation*. The aids of the modern theatre, with few exceptions, were employed in this work. The majestic simplicity of the public worship of the ancient Church of God, and of the Catholic Church, stands out in divine relief. True, all public worship must be more or less ceremonial. For this, we have the divine warrant. But what a task had the Church to perform when she converted Paganism! She was obliged to adapt herself to the ingrained modes of thought, deepened by the habits of centuries. She had to purify the temples, and to give sacred meaning to the rites which she found it at first impossible wholly to banish. When captious critics object to what they call "traces of Paganism" in the ceremonies of the Church, they forget that she had to turn the demon's arms against himself. She had to supplant Venus by the immaculate Mother of God. She had to dethrone Jove to enthrone Christ. She had to cast out the devils of the Pantheon, to introduce the Christian saints. But here she stopped. Catholic ceremonies have no similarity to the Pagan orgies. The sacred dress of the priesthood was taken from the ordinary dress of the Roman citizen. The Christian altar is a resemblance to the table of the Last Supper. The Catholic festal joy has nothing in it of the Saturnalia; and as soon as she could, the Church planned the Gothic architecture to supplant even the remembrance of the architecture of the Pagan temple and theatre.

During the ages of faith, the theatre did not exist; or if there were scenic representations, they took place in the open day, and they were of a moral character. The miracle plays or "mysteries" of the Middle Ages were mainly dialogues. There was no attempt at the involved plots and situations of the modern drama. These plays, specimens of which may be found in the works of the poet Longfellow, were only pious chronicles, designed to convey in a popular form some portions of Scripture history. They were not encouraged

by the Church, and they gradually fell into disuse, especially when they had degenerated into unseemly farces, as was the case in Germany a short time previous to the Reformation. The attempt to fasten their authorship upon the Catholic Church is supremely ridiculous. When the modern drama arose, she unqualifiedly condemned it. Actors were denied Christian burial. Molière was refused this sepulture, and Adrienne Lecouvreur was buried ignominiously; although, indeed, she was outside the pale of society for graver reasons. Of course the stage retaliated upon the Church, just as soon as it could do so with security, for it always instinctively felt that she was its worst enemy. Nor is there any necessity for our apologizing for the severity of the Church in this matter. Where it is practically impossible to draw a distinction, the Church would only stultify herself by distinguishing between plays and plays. The whole dramatic system is radically vicious. There is no necessity for its existence, even on the ground of rational amusement, for the amusement is not rational. Ages of experience have convinced the Church of the manifold evils of the dramatic art, and she would be derelict to her duty as custodian of souls to sanction it. The device is of demoniac origin, and can never rid itself of its inherited evils. Hercules himself could not cleanse this Augean stable, which has collected the filth of ages, from Aristophanes and Plautus to Wycherley and Dumas.

The trail of the serpent is over all the drama, legitimate and illegitimate. What is the Faust of Goethe but an impious defiance of the providence of God? What resemblance does the gentlemanly Mephistopheles bear to the fiend against whom our Saviour warned us, in language awe-striking even for himself? What moral purpose does "Hamlet" subserve? Even the stage blushes to reproduce Shakespeare entire. Take the whole body of dramatic literature, and you will find it fetid with abominations; and then ask if the palpable representation of such scenes can be else than unspeakably destructive of all virtue. Men of the world, like Lamb and Macaulay, unite in denouncing, in the strongest terms, the English dramatists of the Restoration; and an infidel like Taine says of these plays, "We hold our noses while we read them." Thomas Carlyle says that if a man is bent on going to the devil, he should try not to go by the way of lying. We think that even an ignobler way is by the way of the theatre.

In the Devil's temple, Falsehood, of course, is the presiding genius. Indeed, the theatre would soon be emptied, if it presented the truth of life. A glamour is cast over reality and fact. This is so well known that people plead to go to the play, because it makes them forget their present miseries. Now, we are no Gradgrind, deadly opposed to everything in the way of fiction and imagination. But, we submit, if the witnessing of fictitious joys and sorrows does not tend to weaken the moral and mental fibre? People shed maudlin tears over the sorrows of the heroine of "East Lynne," but they have not a sigh of repentance for their sins. The dissatisfaction with work, trial, and patient study comes from the false glare cast by the foot-lights upon life. The mimic stage of the world, forsooth! If such lamentable consequences did not flow from it, we could afford to laugh at this precious mimicry.

What under the sun can be more absurd than the staple of even those

plays that are not openly immoral? A duke falls in love with a seamstress. She spurns his advances. "Ha! ha! R-r-r-venge!" he cries, in harsh gutturals, as he leaps over a pasteboard wall, while she faints into the arms of a bold carpenter, who never lays aside his trusty jack-plane. The duke disguises himself as a fellow-carpenter, but betrays himself by trying to use the plane for a gimlet, and only saves himself by leaping a cataract. The maiden loses all her customers, and even her beloved sewing machine is seized, although the play takes place in Venice, A. D. 1260, a few years before Elias Howe was born. The duke hires two bandits, disguised as monks, who carry the maiden off, over the same cataract, and nothing is left for the carpenter to do but make short work of himself with the plane. Even where there is only weak trash in these plays the moral is bad. Suicide is a common affair. Indeed, we cannot find any defence in even the merely spectacular plays, wherein no attempt at acting or speaking is made, and where the railway engine, a snow-storm, or a fire is the principal star performer. A column of witticisms in any good newspaper furnishes more fun than the gags of minstrel performers, who, indeed, draw all their wit from the press, though without acknowledgment.

Not content with the shamelessness of the performances before those that frequent them, theatrical companies of a certain type blazon abroad their iniquity, in the shape of posters and placards which would be seized as obscene matter if they went through the mail. The public press has called attention to this matter, but the most effective way is for decent citizens to tear the offending pictures down. A troupe of dancing women, known as the Rentz-Santley combination, outrageously offends on this point, and if there is any law in the land, exposes itself or its manager to a criminal prosecution. Beer-shop windows and cigar stores seem to be the academies that exhibit this style of the fine arts. Surely, immodesty should not be suffered to thrust its deformity into the public highways, and insult every decent man and woman that walks the street. We have not got so reckless of purity as the pagan Romans, who placed shameful statues at the corners of streets, unless, indeed, we have gone back to paganism for our religion. In this, as in all devil-worship, the theatre is foremost. The evil effect upon the morals of youth, and the contamination that reaches those who never go to the theatre, must be appalling.

If there is any one who thinks this article too severe upon the drama, because its writer is a clergyman, let him take up and read any play that is now upon the boards. If he does not drop it with a sense of shame, he will lay it aside as foolish and puerile. If the most famous plays fail in point of morality and of high artistic excellence, how immeasurably lower must be the average drama! If he avers that he can frequent the theatre without moral harm, he deceives himself, for his example may prove scandalous. People do not distinguish between plays and plays, or theatres and theatres. At best, he can only plead the necessity of recreation. But what recreation is there in a heated and noxious atmosphere at night, with a blaze of eye-destroying light, in painfully listening to the stilted and unnatural talk of personators who cannot even personate? If he is a man who feels any interest in the welfare of youth, he will at least set the example of abstention from the theatre; if he is a Catholic, he will recall the warnings and condemnation of his Church; and if he lays any claim to the reputation of being a man of scholarly refinement and artistic culture, he will set his face against a system fit only to amuse barbarians incapable of thought or reading, a system which should have been suffered to die with the childish gratification of gaping wonder, which partly originated it.

THE DEFINITION OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Sister M. F. Clare, in "Life of Most Rev. Dr. Dixon."

How differently history is recorded on earth and in heaven! In earthly records the great events of this century will be wars and the conflicts of political parties; but the event of events in the heavenly record will be the definition of the Immaculate Conception of the faultless Mother of God. Few dogmas of the Church have been, we had almost said more willfully misunderstood by those without, and few have been received with more joy by those within the fold of the Son of Mary. And in the world's history the men whose names shall be famous are the men who have caused most misery to others, the men who have headed armies, the men whose desire for political greatness has led them to make war on other countries, and the men who have made their names notorious in the world of science, by brilliant theories whose chief fascination seems to be their real or apparent contradiction of eternal truth; but in the history of the Church—the only history which records that which shall be in eternal honor—we have the men whom the world knew not, the men whom the world despised; and foremost of these men we have such saints as the curé of Ars, and such popes as our Pius IX. No one has felt more keenly than he has that the crowning honor and glory of his glorious pontificate is the promulgation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. He has been the child of Mary and the prince of Mary. In writing of this period of his life, Dr. Dixon says:—

His Holiness took care that each bishop, on his arrival in Rome, should be furnished with a copy of the answers which he had received from the bishops of the world, whom he had consulted by an encyclical letter, when he was in exile at Gaeta, on the question of defining the Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Virgin. Those letters, together with various dissertations on the question pro-

posed to the bishops in the above-mentioned encyclical, filled nine octavo volumes; a tenth has been since added to them. The Holy Father justly supposed that a perusal of these volumes would be of great use in enabling the bishops then in Rome to prepare for the discussion of the matter on which they would be called to deliberate. About the 18th of November, each of the bishops received a printed copy of a brief narration of what Pius IX. had done up to that time respecting the question of defining the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and also a rough draft of the bull which in certain particulars was to be submitted to their deliberation. Shortly after this time, the official note was sent round, informing the patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops present in the city that they should meet on Monday, the 20th of November, 1854, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, in the ducal hall of the Vatican Palace, under the presidency of the cardinal delegates of his Holiness,—Brunelli, Caterini, and Santucci,—for the business of which they were already aware, dressed in mantelletta over the rochet; but that the prelates of the Eastern rite should appear in the dress usual to them. The Patriarchs, if any should be present, were to wear the mozetta, and to sit in the first place, according to the dignity of their respective sees. The archbishops and bishops in taking their seats were to follow the order of the dates of their promotion; the archbishops at the same time all taking seats before the bishops. We may here observe, that at Rome, now, no rank below that of a Patriarch entitles an archbishop to take his seat above any other archbishop, the date of whose promotion to the archiepiscopal office is more ancient than his own. We met, then, in that noble hall, on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. The deliberations lasted between four and five hours each day. When the venerable prelates were seated, they presented a sight not easily to be forgotten. At the head of the great hall sat the cardinal delegates, in their red dress; the bishops sat in six rows running lengthwise along the sides of the hall, three rows on each side of the cardinals. The two front rows of seats were occupied by the archbishops; the Patriarch of Alexandria, the only one of that dignity present, occupying the first seat on the right of the cardinal delegates. The bishops, who were in the proportion of about two to one as compared with the archbishops, occupied the

other four rows of seats. The theologians who had assisted in preparing the bull sat at the foot of the hall on the first day; on the other days they sat near the presidents, at the head of the hall, for the convenience of being better heard by all present. This meeting was not a council, and yet the churches of the world were never, perhaps, so fully represented in Rome. In addition to the many bishops who came from other parts of the world, and from other sees, almost every one of the great capitals of Europe had its bishop there, — Paris, Dublin, Florence, Vienna, Milan, Turin, Genoa, Munich; and reckoning the cardinals, who came to Rome for the occasion, but held their meetings for deliberation apart from us, there were also represented London, Naples, Brussels, Lisbon, Madrid, Prague. When the bishops took their seats according to the date of their promotion respectively, without regard to the sees which they occupied, the combinations which resulted everywhere through the hall presented a striking idea of the Catholicity of the Church. Thus, for example, I had on my right, during those deliberations, the Archbishop of Halifax, in Nova Scotia; and on my left, the Archbishop of Naxos, in the Grecian Archipelago. Ireland had its full share in the representation of the world there present, for besides the six prelates who came from Ireland, there were four other Irishmen, whose sees lay in other parts of the world, — viz., the Archbishop of Halifax, in Nova Scotia, the Archbishop of Baltimore, the Archbishop of New York, and the Bishop of Pittsburg, in the United States of America; so that the Most Holy Virgin could count there, of the sons of Ireland, six archbishops and four bishops, all of whom had made a long, long journey to do her honor. At these meetings, the question simply turned on the preparatory parts of the bull; for the chief pontiff, having before consulted all the bishops, by his encyclical letter from Gaeta, had already concluded, not only that the Immaculate Conception of Mary could be defined as a dogma of faith, but also that the time had now arrived for such definition. The prefatory parts of the bull, therefore, as I said, were alone submitted to the discussion of the bishops, who were to say whether those parts ought to be diffuse or concise; what they ought to state, and how they ought to be arranged; or in other words, they were to say whether, as regards all these points, they approved of the draught of the bull which was now submitted to them. The object of the meeting was most clearly stated by Cardinal Brunelli, who, as senior delegate of his Holiness, acquitted

himself of his high function in a manner worthy of his exalted character, and far above any praise which I could bestow on it. The bishops most freely expressed themselves on the matter submitted to them, and when they spoke in favor of a change of any kind in those prefatory parts of the draught of the bull, which all held in their hands, then it devolved on the theologians who had assisted in drawing up the bull to reply to these observations; that thus, if any change were to be made, it might be made after due examination of all that could be said for and against. Of course all the bishops did not speak; for had they done so, many days would have been required for our meeting. However, a great many bishops spoke at least once, and many spoke often; of which latter the principal were, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Archbishop of Baltimore, the Bishop of Bruges, the Bishop of Pittsburg, the Archbishop of Vienna, the Archbishop of Munich, the Archbishop of Genoa, the Archbishop of Tuam, the Bishop of Southwark, the Bishop of Montauban, etc. The most delightful spirit of harmony pervaded the assembly from first to last; and when, at the end of Friday's sitting, Cardinal Brunelli was about to dissolve the assembly, he was moved even to tears by the strong and universal expression, on the part of the bishops, of attachment to the Holy See, and of love for its present pontiff, and applause for the great act which he was soon to consummate. The 8th of December in this memorable year fell on a Friday. The preceding was kept as a fast; but on the day itself, in honor of so glorious an event, even the word "abstinence" was dispensed with. How hearts burned and longed for the dawn of that day will never be known on this side the heavenly Jerusalem. How the saints and angels in heaven rejoiced, and saluted their queen and mistress, we shall know hereafter. How the hearts of the faithful throughout the whole world exulted with gladness, will be told through all the ages to come.

Happily we know how this fervent, this devoted lover of Mary passed the vigil of that day. There were to be magnificent illuminations in Rome, as elsewhere throughout the Christian world, and in Rome the most brilliant display that could be made was prepared to do honor to the occasion. For some time the weather had been very severe, and on the 7th the rain poured down in torrents. Certainly there was no human hope of sunshine

for the next day; but the saints on earth were praying, and we cannot doubt the saints in heaven were praying also. Perhaps there has rarely been such a record of simple faith and love as that penned by this holy Primate of all Ireland, in which he tells us he had no fear of unpropitious weather; and adds, that if he had this one fact only to record,—the fact of fine weather,—it would be reason enough for writing his notes of his visit. These are his words:—

The rain had been almost incessant for days before, and on the 7th of December it rained in torrents during the entire day. I still felt assured that the rain would cease at the approach of a day on which so much glory would be given to God, so much honor to Mary, and so much joy and gladness to angels and men. I could not admit the thought that on that day, when Rome, the mother and mistress of truth, was to perform an act which might almost excite the envy of the angels in heaven, the sun would not shine upon her, and give to her streets and people the festive appearance of great joy, instead of the gloomy aspect of a city in mourning, which she had worn for some days previous. And hence, on retiring to bed on the night of the 7th of December, it was rather an ardent desire which I felt for the coming of a fine day on the morrow, than any anxiety on the matter. On account of this desire, I got up repeatedly during the night to look at the appearance of the sky; and when, about four o'clock in the morning, I saw that my hopeful anticipations for the great day were to be fully realized, it delights me now to remember with what joy and thankfulness I repeated the *Ave Maris Stella* (Hail, Star of the Sea). Early in the morning, the cardinals and bishops offered up the Holy Sacrifice, that they might be ready to await, in the Sistine Chapel, the forming of the procession which, about nine o'clock, was to move forward to St. Peter's by the grand staircase. A little after nine o'clock, the procession of cardinals and bishops began to move, chanting the Litany of the Saints; and when it had entered St. Peter's, what an assemblage did that church, itself the wonder of the world, embrace within its vast limits! The Pope, borne in his chair of state, wearing the tiara; the long line of the procession of cardinals and bishops, who, to the number of two hundred, walked two and two, wearing their mitres; the penitentiaries of St.

Peter's, who followed, wearing their chasubles; the long files of soldiers who lined the procession; the Swiss Guard of his Holiness, in their quaint antique costumes; the noble guard of his Holiness, in their grandest uniform; crowds of the clergy of the second order; the members of the religious orders, in their various habits; strangers from other lands; and in fine, a vast portion of the Roman people. Never, perhaps, had St. Peter's witnessed such a number within its walls, and perhaps a thousand years will pass by before so large an assemblage shall be congregated here again. The Pope, being seated, received the homage of the cardinals and bishops, and of the penitentiaries of St. Peter's, — a long ceremony, by reason of the number who were present. Then, after the chanting of tierce, high mass commenced; and when the Pope, after reading the *Introit*, saying the *Kyrie*, and intoning the *Gloria in Excelsis*, took his seat on the throne prepared for him, it was delightful to behold the rays of an unclouded sun greeting him through the lofty windows of St. Peter's. For, let it be ever remembered—and if I had only recorded this one fact, I should not have written this book in vain—that although the rain fell in torrents for days before the 8th of December, and for days after it, yet on the day itself, from the earliest dawn of morning until twelve o'clock at night, not one drop of rain fell in Rome. After the Gospel had been sung in Latin and in Greek, his Holiness stood up at the throne to perform one of the most solemn and important acts which a Chief Pontiff can ever be called to perform. Amidst the profound attention of the vast assembly present, he began to read, in a clear voice, the decree of the Immaculate Conception. Having read the prefatory parts and arrived at the decree itself, his Holiness, who was ever remarkable for his tender devotion to the Holy Virgin, overpowered as if by the sense of the favor which God was conferring on him, in vouchsafing that he should be the instrument of rendering such an honor to this most beloved Mother, burst into tears. He went on to read with a faltering voice, which betrayed the deepest emotion, the word "*Declaramus*"; but for some minutes could proceed no further. The effect on the vast auditory may be more easily conceived than expressed. It may be safely said there were but few present who were not profoundly moved, and many wept like children. The Pope, having recovered from his emotion, finished the reading of the decree; and almost immediately after, the booming of the cannon of Fort St. Angelo began to echo through the vast

dome of St. Peter's, and the bells of the churches through Rome rang a merry peal. The great act was consummated.

The rejoicings in the evening passed off with great success, and the hearts of the children of Mary Immaculate joyed in the joy of heaven. Strange indeed, that this truth of God should be so opposed by the world, so condemned by heresy. Of all the articles of our holy faith, it seems the most simple, and if one might so say, the most according to reason. But the devil, who hates Mary, and hates those who love her, has blinded the eyes of the poor world till it calls light darkness, and darkness light. Could we suppose, would it be even reasonable to think, that the Son of God could be born of one who had in her being the stain of sin, though that sin is only original sin? Could the sinless One have abode nine months in the womb of one thus polluted? for let it be remembered that original sin shuts the doors of heaven, and that none can enter there who are not freed from it by the blood of Christ and the waters of holy baptism. Can we suppose — is it, we say again, even reasonable to suppose — that when God chose a mother for his Son, that he should not have given her every grace that could be given to mortal? And let it be remembered by those who imagine, in their ignorant fancy, that this doctrine exalts Mary above the place of a creature, that she herself said, as the Church teaches, that she rejoiced in God her Saviour. She could not have freed herself from this stain, but she was freed from it by the merits of the death and precious blood of Him who was both her Saviour and her Child.

TOMBS OF THE CAPUCHIN FRIARS IN ROME.

THOSE tombs consist of a series of chambers in the under part of the great Capuchin convent, which are always thrown open to the public

during the octave of All Souls, commencing on the 2d of November. The floors of these rooms are covered with a certain depth of mould, brought from the Holy Land. In this earth, the deceased members of the order are buried for a number of years, until the flesh has mouldered into dust; then what remains of the body is taken up from its resting-place in the earth, and if the parts of the skeleton sufficiently adhere together, it is dressed again in its former habit, and placed near one of the walls of the apartment, in a standing or reclining posture, supported by bones placed around it, — for when the bones separate from each other, they are tastefully arranged about the room, where the very lamp which hangs from the ceiling is composed of bones. The whole presents a sight very mortifying to flesh and blood.

ADVANTAGES OF CRYING. — A French physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations, than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent better afterward. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed, the results may be St. Vitus' dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful, and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

THOUSANDS are hated, whilst none are ever loved, without a real cause. The amiable alone can be loved.

IRISH CRIMINALS IN AMERICA.

HOW THEY COMPARE IN NUMBER WITH THOSE OF OTHER NATIONALITIES.

DURING the month of June there was published a local item in the columns of the "Evening Wisconsin," of Milwaukee, stating that the majority of criminals in the House of Correction were Irish; and it ended there, without giving facts to substantiate its insult to the most law-abiding citizens of that city. We cannot say whether it was prompted by malice for the Irish race, or from false information furnished to the reporter by those in authority at the House of Correction. We have made inquiries, and find that the nationality of which the inspector is a representative is entitled to the honor which the "Wisconsin" would place upon the Irish. It is such uncalled-for squibs, which from time to time appear in secular papers, which produce the oft-repeated cant sayings by political and religious bigots: "Who build and fill our jails but the Irish?"

The tenth annual report of the Board of Commissioners of Public Charities of the State of Pennsylvania for 1880, and to which is appended a statistical report, fully attests to what extent prisons are filled by Irish.

These carefully arranged tables at the end of the volume show that 3,417 persons were convicted of crime during 1879, of whom 987 were in Philadelphia. Of these, ten were hanged, making just 250 persons thus executed in that State during the last hundred years. Of these convicts 84.24 per cent are native Americans; 5.09 per cent Germans; 4.53 per cent Irish; and 3.40 per cent English. That the data given in these statistics are a safe criterion on which to base a fair average for the States must appear manifest to any fair and impartial person. Indeed, the chances are that it would be in excess, inasmuch as the unfavorable circumstances and evil influences under which Irishmen

were placed renders the assumption highly justifiable that crime among them was at the maximum during the past few years in the State of Pennsylvania.

One of the oldest and most reliable magazines in this country, the "Penn Monthly," published in Philadelphia, in its issue for August and in an article entitled "The Watch over our Public Charities," pp. 652 and 653, comments as follows on the above statistics:—

"These proportions are certainly not such as coincide with popular impressions. There is a very common notion that the Irish in America contribute more than their share to our criminal class. But this expectation is contradicted by all the statistics of crime in their own country,—which is more free from offences against person, property, and chastity than any other country in this world,—and also by these Pennsylvania tables. On the other hand the English, who form but a small percentage of our population, furnish nearly as many criminals as the Irish.

"This fact has importance far beyond any honor it may do to the Irish portion of our population: it refutes one of the most specious objections made to Sir Waller Crofton's prison system, which has been in force in Ireland for nearly a quarter of a century, and which has reduced the (never large) criminal class of that country to half its former dimensions. Sir Waller divides the term of each convict into three equal portions. The first is spent in an ordinary prison; the second in an encampment in an open plain; the third in apprenticeship under police surveillance. In case of any attempt to run off, the convict begins the whole term over again. It is claimed that this system embodies the best and most advanced ideas of

prison discipline. The advocates of the Pennsylvania system dispute this claim. When they are pointed to what it has done for Ireland, and asked what Cherry Hill has done for Pennsylvania, they are apt to shake their heads and hint that our prisons are full of Irish convicts who have escaped from such lax custody, to renew their depredations in the New World. The statistics of such escapes are easily accessible, being reported periodically to Parliament; but they are never alleged by the opponents of the Irish system, neither do they tell us that the Irish convicts in Pennsylvania prisons form less than five per cent of the whole number.

"What is officially reported of the prisons of Pennsylvania in the above is likewise true of the Irish in every State of the Union."

The above article is taken from the "Catholic Citizen," of Milwaukee. A later issue of that paper says:—

Last week we published from the Tenth Annual Report of the Board of Commissioners of Public Charities of the State of Pennsylvania statistics which fully attested that the prisons of that great State were not filled by the Irish, in proportion to the number residing in the State, as much as by other nationalities, especially the English. We also quoted from the "Penn Monthly," one of the oldest and most reliable magazines in this country, remarks claiming that what was true of the Irish in Pennsylvania could also be said of them in every State of the Union.

Some friend who read the article in the "Citizen" sent us this week the Twentieth Annual Report of the managers of the Wisconsin Industrial School for Boys, for the year ending Sept. 30, 1879, which furnishes further evidence in regard to the good and law-abiding citizenship of the Irish in this country. We publish the following tables, which we take from the Report, showing the nationality of parents and birthplace of the inmates of the school:—

BIRTHPLACE OF INMATES.

States.	No.	Countries.	No.
Wisconsin	70	Poland	1
Illinois	4	France	2
New York	7	Germany	4
Michigan	2	Belgium	1
Pennsylvania ...	3	Canada	2
Ohio	1	Norway	1
Minnesota	2	—	—
Missouri	2	Foreign	11
Connecticut	1	Native	93
Massachusetts ..	1	Unknown	13
Native	93	Total	177

BIRTHPLACE OF PARENTS.

Nationality.	No.	Nationality.	No.
American	14	Indian	1
German	32	Bohemian	1
Irish	21	Belgian	1
English	17	Norwegian	1
French	6	Welsh	4
Scotch	4	Colored	2
Polish	3	Unknown	10

It would not be Christian in us, as publishers of a religious journal, to cast reflection upon the people of any nationality for the amount of crime committed by them; and we therefore publish the above tables without comment, hoping that in the future, when local reporters of secular papers are desirous of placing upon the Irish of this country the false imputation that they "build and fill the jails," they will substantiate their assertions by statistics from official reports.

PRESERVING WHEAT.—It is said that in Poland, where ventilation and drying are continued for some time, wheat has been kept sound and good for half a century. Its age never does it injury, and such wheat is said to yield handsomer and better flour than that obtained from grain more recently harvested. At Dantzic, the preparation for keeping wheat continues for a year or longer, and after this period it is often kept for seven years, perfectly sound, in large granaries, although Dantzic is surrounded by the sea. These facts show how easily wheat may be preserved if proper precautions are taken. But the most striking feature is that some of the wheat found in the Pyramids of Egypt, and perhaps more than 3,000 years old, was still good enough to grow when sown, and produced a crop perfectly identical with the present wheat, proving that the character of this plant has not changed during that period of time.

"WHAT MUST WE DO TO BE SAVED?"

A Jesuit Father Replies to Col. Ingersoll.

INGERSOLL is regarded as one of the most audacious blasphemers against religion and revelation. But reviewing his last lecture, "What must we do to be saved?" his blasphemies and insults against logic and against charity are by far more audacious and conspicuous. To prove this assertion, we shall point out the following contradictions and calumnies contained in it. The reason why we confine ourselves to an exposition of his utter disregard of logic and the shamelessness of his calumnies, and do not discuss at length the intrinsic weakness and wantonness of his arguments, is his incredible ignorance of historical facts, and the surprising deficiency of study on the topics of his discussions.

How far this his ignorance of historical facts goes, appears at the very outset of his attacks against the authenticity of the Gospels. His argument is that the books of the New Testament were not written in Hebrew, and are therefore spurious; evidently supposing that, at the time of Christ and his apostles, the language of the Jews was Hebrew. But any scholar who has but tasted with his lips the study of history knows that at the time of Jesus and the apostles the Jews did not speak Hebrew, but Chaldaic.

The reason why the apostles wrote in Greek and not in Chaldaic was because, according to Cicero and others, Greek was spoken over the whole world, and was therefore the most suitable language in which to write the Gospels, not only for the Jews, but for mankind in general living at that time.

Ingersoll, moreover, pretends that the Gospels were only written a number of centuries after the Apostles, affirming it notwithstanding the numberless quotations of the Gospels which are found in the writings of the first, second, and third centuries.

All this Mr. Ingersoll ignores.

How, then, can we argue in earnest with one of so little historical learning and erudition? Indeed, Ingersoll is not a worthy opponent in the line of scientific discussion.

As to the style of our reply, we shall make use of the one that suits him best. A man that uses such vulgar and abusive language against God and Christianity at large is by no means to be answered with the charms and etiquette of literary decorum, but is to be rebuked without gloves. We shall apply to him the maxim pronounced by Christ, which he himself approves by his supercilious "Good," namely: "In the same measure in which you shall measure unto others shall it be measured unto you." We want to expose without any disguise that by no means original thinker, but frivolous plagiarist of Tom Paine, whose mocking-bird he is, and to unmask him before the public.

This premised, let us now first point out Ingersoll's amazing deficiency of logic.

Concerning the quoted article on the Gospels, he begins by rejecting their authenticity. And by what reasoning? Hear. He says, "'Who wrote the New Testament? I don't know. Who does know? Nobody.' (Laughter and applause.)" Shame! Is this a convincing argument? to deny the authenticity of an author by saying, for instance: "Who wrote the works of Aristotle, Demosthenes, or Cicero? I don't know. Why? Because you have made no studies. Who does know? Nobody." What logical consequence is this? Because I am ignorant, therefore all the rest of mankind are blockheads.

Ingersoll should know that from the beginning of Christianity, millions convinced themselves of the authenticity of the Gospels as written

by the very men whose names they bear. He should pay especial attention to what Justin, in the second century, wished the Gentiles to consider. He says: "Remember that we were not born Christians, but were made such. We were infidels like you, and studied with you at Athens and elsewhere. Indeed, we were not so foolish as to believe without having most seriously examined the truth of the Gospels and Christian faith; because, by embracing Christianity, we were exposed to lose everything, even our very lives." Justin and numberless others before and after him followed the maxim of La Harpe, answering to the reproaches of his infidel friends, "You ask why I return to the creed of the Church. *Mes amis, j'ai examine et je crois; examinez et vous croirez*" (I have examined, and therefore I believe. Examine, and you too will believe.) That's what Ingersoll does not want to do. He trusts with reckless audacity to the ignorance of that part of his audience which greets every assertion of his with applause.

Even when, which is but seldom, he attempts to prove his assertions scientifically, he only confirms his utter deficiency of scientific accuracy and logical training. In proof of this we refer especially to his criticism of the Athanasian Creed. At almost every sentence he objects, "I don't understand it." But is this a proof that what the Athanasian Creed affirms is not true? or does it follow from the fact that "I don't understand it" that others are not talented and learned enough to understand its meaning?

If the objection "I don't understand it" had any proving force, then all truths of history were gone, and with the "I don't understand it" all scientific culture fades away; and as Kant, the philosopher, observes, "reason has in this case to be locked up in a jail prison."

Proceeding in this reckless way, Ingersoll proclaims at the very beginning of his lecture the absurd axiom,

"I am in favor of absolute freedom of thought. In the realm of the mind every one is a monarch!"

"Absolute" means a thorough independence; but this in order of reasoning would make of the rational man simply a fool, and the worst tyrant in the realm of mind. Observe at the same time in what contradiction his principle places Ingersoll himself. If there is an absolute freedom of thought, why, then, does Ingersoll argue against others who think otherwise than himself?

Ingersoll, to gain applause, draws consequences not from premises, but from placing sentences out of their logical connection, covering his fraud with a dynamic explosion of wit to make his audience laugh, and thus cause them to overlook his logical blunders.

Very often, instead of refuting the opposite views, he simply denies the truth opposed to him; a manner of acting which, according to the known axiom of the schools, was always held in ridicule by the canon, "*Plus potest unus asinus negare, quam centum doctores probare*" (one jackass may deny more than a hundred of learned men can prove to be true).

He incessantly repeats his stupid trisagion, "I don't know," "I don't understand," "I deny it." The people applaud and cry "Good!"

The atrocity of his calumnies is still greater. Reviewing the Gospels, he simply declares that what does not suit him has been interpolated. But he does not prove by one syllable when and by whom it was done. His stereotyped answer is always the same, "I don't know." When considering his logical blunders we had to say to ourselves repeatedly, "Poor fellow! poor logician!" But considering his calumnies, we were forced to exclaim, "Infamous fellow! shameless slanderer! prove what you assert. For by your vaunted assertion you black-mail the whole body of the Church with the reproach of fraud."

Of similar calumnies is Ingersoll

guilty, by misrepresenting the tenets of the articles of the creed. For instance, he speaks of unbaptized babies as "kindling for the fire of hell." Never has any Catholic theologian taught that unbaptized children were doomed to the fire of hell. The view of the most prominent theologians is that such children are placed in a state of natural, but not supernatural happiness.

The same calumnies are almost constantly re-echoed touching the Christian doctrine. We ask, Is this honest? Is this the real brotherly love and charity which Ingersoll pretends to substitute for Christianity? Again, in order to prove that mutual love and happiness would be the result if his principles of infidelity and denial of Christianity were adopted by mankind, he tries to prove by referring to the condition of France. "Infidelity," he says, "made France prosperous." Behold what an absurd and stupid assertion. Has he never read how historians termed that period of French history when, a hundred years ago, infidels ruled France? They called it "The Reign of Terror." What streams of innocent blood were then shed by the guillotine, drawn around the country; and when infidels tanned human skins, making pants of such leather!

And, when in France some years ago, infidels reigned again, was it not a new "Reign of Terror," shedding innocent blood in torrents amidst the flames of the burning city? And, concerning Ingersoll himself, does he really think to increase the happiness of mankind by depriving them of the consolations of religion in the time of poverty and distress? Ah, little does he care for that, provided that, by blaspheming against God and his Church, he can succeed in filling his pockets. Pay him every year double the amount of money which he now earns by his blasphemous lectures, and he will be as silent as a fish, and not care what the people believe.

Finally, his whole lecture is a glar-

ing imposture, for, instead of answering the question announced, "What shall we do to be saved?" that is, What must we do in order to be well off in approaching eternity? he only tells the people how to manage to be well off here on earth. His lecture may suit Pagans and Turks, but not Christian thinkers believing in God, in a Saviour, and in the immortality of the soul. And yet this lecture is regarded by himself and others as his masterpiece! What trash, then, must the others be!

Ingersoll would have done better to announce his lecture in this way: "What shall we do to be damned?" Answer: "Do what Ingersoll did by delivering his lecture. Blaspheme against God and his Church, ridicule truth, freely abuse reason, and rashly calumniate men, and you shall have with him a reserved seat in hell."

The man is no doubt gifted in some way, and very well acquainted with the weakness and wickedness of the human heart. Besides, he possesses the power of a fascinating talkativeness, and in regard to oratory, the skill of a Nast in drawing laughable caricature. Hence his success among the lower and less educated classes in making them admire him, as being *quasi* an intrepid, independent, and upright thinker. Besides, he knows how to appear as a kind-hearted and social fellow. This softens the disgust which otherwise the better educated classes would feel towards him.

Among the most essential requirements to be saved, according to his views, he puts, "I believe in the gospel of water and soap." We, too, believe in the gospel of water and soap, especially of dirty fellows.

Ingersoll is by far — not the great thinker and lover of truth, the foremost orator of the age, but — the most unblushing, blaspheming egotist, freely abusing, for applause and money, God and men.

We pity him — still more those who believe in him, poor thinkers!

F. X. WENINGER, D. D., S. J.

A VISION OF HELL.

To the Editor of the London Tablet :

SIR,—In the notice of a book entitled “Search the Scriptures” (Washbourne, 1879), which appeared in your impression of Aug. 8, the writer says: “A sentence like the following requires corroboration: ‘We are informed that here in England there has been a lawsuit in consequence of a man *seeing* another go down into hell.’” The circumstance to which the author of the book refers is probably the same as that an account of which I inserted (under the above title) in a little volume of “Anecdotes and Incidents,” published by Messrs. Burns & Lambert in 1858. Whence I obtained the narrative I cannot now recollect; but the alleged facts were known to me when I was quite a child, for I made an imaginative sketch of them, which is still in my possession. I give the account *verbatim*.

Lieutenant-General Cockburn, in his “Voyage up the Mediterranean,” gives the following remarkable extract from the records of the Court of King’s Bench for the years 1687, 1688 :

“An action was brought by a Mrs. Booty against Captain Barnaby, to recover £1,000 as damages for the scandal of his assertion that he had seen her deceased husband, Mr. Booty, a receiver, driven into hell. The journal-books of three different ships were produced in court, and the following passages, recorded in each, submitted to the Court by the defendant’s counsel :—

“‘Thursday, May 14, 1687. — Saw the island of Lipari, and came to an anchor off the same island, and there we were, at W. S. W.

“‘Friday, May 15. — Captain Barnaby, Captain Bristow, Captain Brown, I, and a Mr. Ball, merchant, went on shore to shoot rabbits on Stromboli; and when we had done, we called all our men together to us, and about three quarters past three

o’clock we all saw two men running towards us with such swiftness that no living man could run so fast; when we all of us heard Captain Barnaby say, “Lord bless us! the foremost is old Booty, my next-door neighbor”; but he said he did not know the other, who ran behind; he was in black clothes, and the foremost was in gray. Then Captain Barnaby desired all of us to take an account of the time, and pen it down in our pocket-books; and when we got on board we wrote it in our journals; for we saw them run into the flames of fire, and there was a great noise, which greatly frightened us all, for we none of us ever saw or heard the like before. Captain Barnaby said he was certain it was old Booty which he saw running over Stromboli, and into the flames of hell.’

“Then, coming home to England and lying at Gravesend, Captain Barnaby’s wife came on board the 6th day of October, 1687, at which time Captain Barnaby and Captain Brown sent for Captain Bristow and Mr. Ball, merchant, to congratulate with them; and after some discourse, Captain Barnaby’s wife started up and said, ‘My dear, old Booty is dead,’ and he directly made answer, ‘We all saw him run into hell.’ Afterwards, Captain Barnaby’s wife told a gentleman of his acquaintance in London what her husband had said, and he went and acquainted Mrs. Booty of the whole affair; upon that Mrs. Booty arrested Captain Barnaby in a £1,000 action for what he had said of her husband. Captain Barnaby gave bail for it, and it came to a trial in the Court of King’s Bench; and they had Mr. Booty’s wearing apparel brought into court, and the sexton of the parish and the people that were with him when he died; and we swore to our journals, and it came to the same time within two minutes. Ten of our men swore to the buttons on his coat, and that they were covered

with the same sort of cloth his coat was made of; and so it proved.

"The jury asked Mr. Spinks, whose handwriting in the journal that happened to be read, appeared, if he knew Mr. Booty. He answered, 'I never saw him till he ran by me on the burning mountains.' The judge said, 'Lord have mercy on me, and grant that I may never see what you have seen. One, two, or three may be mistaken, but thirty never can be mistaken.'

"So the widow lost her cause. The defence set up was that the defendant had spoken no more than had been seen by a number of persons as well as himself."

Yours, etc.,

EDWARD HEALY THOMPSON.

LET the consideration of the noble and dignified nature of our thoughts induce us to an orderly management of them, for they are beams of that light which is inaccessible, the immediate fruits and eldest sons of that immortal parent in us, which is nearly allied to the Divinity itself; and how then can we possibly be so insensible of our own high character, who were framed after the image of the immortal God, and are designed to be made more ample partakers of his nature, as to lay out our time and our pains so busily as we do, in the management of a family, acquiring an estate, and supporting and adorning a mouldering carcass, and yet totally disregard the cause of our thoughts, which are the pride and glory of our nature? For wherein else, but in this thinking, reasoning power, do we differ from the inhabitants of our stable or our kennel? And as this in general discriminates our nature from theirs, so—I had almost said—does one man as much differ from and excel another by how much he is the better master of his thoughts, and can lay them out to more generous purposes. If, therefore, we have any just sense of the dignity of human nature, and would

advance and improve that part of us which is properly the man, we must manage those thoughts by which we manage all things else. It is unbecoming the dignity of man to be crowned with glory and honor, to have dominion over all things, and not be able to rule himself.

A YOUNG parson of the Universalist faith, many years since, when the simon-pure Universalism was preached, started westward to attend a convention of his brethren in the faith. He took the precaution to carry a vial of cayenne pepper in his pocket, to sprinkle his food with, as a preventive to fever and ague. The convention met, and at dinner a tall Hoosier observed the parson as he seasoned his meat, and addressed him thus: "Stranger, I'll thank you for a leetle of that 'ere red salt, for I'm kind o' curious to try it." "Certainly," returned the parson; "but you will find it powerful, so be careful how you use it." The Hoosier took the proffered vial, and feeling himself proof against any quantity of raw whiskey, thought that he could stand the "red salt" with impunity, and accordingly sprinkled a chunk of beef rather bountifully with it, and forthwith introduced it into his capacious mouth. It soon began to take hold. He shut his eyes, and his features began to writhe, denoting a very inharmonious condition, physically. Finally he could stand it no longer. He opened his mouth and screamed, "Fire!" "Take a drink of cold water from the jug," said the parson. "Will that put it out?" asked the martyr, suiting the action to the word. In a short time the unfortunate man began to recover, and turning to the parson, his eyes yet swimming in water, he exclaimed, "Stranger, you call yourself a 'Versalist, I believe?" "I do," mildly answered the parson. "Wal, I want to know if you think it consistent with your belief to go about with hell-fire in your breeches-pocket?"

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

"Remember, remember the Fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot!
I see no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!"

I.

In one of the prettiest suburbs of London, some few years ago, might have been seen a large green field, the delight of all the boys and girls in the neighborhood. As it was only enclosed by black wooden railings, everybody who liked could get in with very little trouble; and to those who did get in, the delights it presented were innumerable. The grass was so rich and green, the golden dandelions so large, the buttercups and daisies so numerous, that it must have been quite a land of Gesson to the children, who never seemed to know where to begin to gather them. We verily believe that if half the child population of London had been turned into that field, none of them need have gone away empty-handed. It was a pleasant place even for the rich children, who used to creep under the rail, — nurses, perambulators, and all; what it was to the poor ones, they alone knew, — to those tiny creatures owning neither nurse nor nursery, who used to gather into little groups under the sheltering wall at one end of it, and weave daisy chains by the dozen, drinking in health and happiness, instead of making mud-pies in the gutters.

At last, one morning, a great gruff man, with a boy as assistant, appeared upon the scene even earlier than the children, and began to measure the ground. There was no use in anybody trying to creep under the rail while he was there. Not a soul would he allow in that field but himself and his boy; and he shouted so terribly to one little girl who hardly attempted to make good her entrance, that she ran home nearly frightened out of her wits, and did not visit the spot again for a week.

When she did venture back at the expiration of that time, she hardly knew the place again. There were piles of timber heaped up in one place, loads of brick in another; trenches were cut in every direction; slaked lime smoked from a deep hole in a corner. Saddest of all, thrown in mounds against the wall, lay the very turf on which so many joyous little feet had once pattered, the dear little daisies growing on it still, and smiling up into the faces of bricklayers and hodmen, quite unconscious of the fate that awaited them. Yes, there lay the turf, rolled up in pieces like so many huge raspberry sandwiches, waiting to be carted away; and the field was already a thing of the past, for the spot where it had once flourished was being built over as fast as men could build.

What the children did we cannot say. Perhaps they contented themselves with the lanes and alleys in which so many of them lived. Perhaps they wandered farther off, and found for themselves another little realm of delight, full of God's treasures. We cannot say. But we know that the field they left behind them soon presented the appearance of a wilderness of bricks and mortar, which grew and grew until it took the form of a crescent of good-sized houses. One by one, each of these said houses had its roof put on, its windows glazed, its garden planned, until at length Rosherville Crescent began to look as natural as if it had stood there for years. At last, when one house was quite finished off, Mr. Grantham took it; and as it chanced to be situated on as level a piece of ground as London could anywhere boast, he called it "Topcliffe Villa."

Very smart indeed did Topcliffe

Villa look. Mr. Grantham had the garden laid out to suit his taste, and Mrs. Grantham had both the drawing-room and dining-room windows hung with handsome curtains, to say nothing of the new muslin blinds that shaded every other window in the house. It was, in fact, quite an oasis in the desert; at least, so the folks used to say who came house-hunting in Rosherville Crescent, as its pleasant face smiled upon them.

Very proud did the Granthams feel of it, though, like Alexander Selkirk, they soon grew tired of being monarchs of all they surveyed, and longed for neighbors. Londoners, as a rule, are very fond of boasting that they hardly know their next-door neighbor by sight. This may be because we only value things in proportion to their scarcity. Let the speaker, whoever he may be, go and settle himself down the first inhabitant of a new neighborhood, and we will answer for it that, at the end of two months, he will be ready to welcome the second settler as a brother. But it was not the next house to the Granthams that took the fancy of Mr. Michael Delaney and his wife. Nor was it even the next, nor the next to that, although the whole row stood "ready for occupation," with lily-white bills in the ground-floor windows, informing the passers-by that each was "to let." Perhaps Mr. Delaney did not see why he should walk the width of one house more to his omnibus than was necessary; besides, we know as a fact that Mrs. Delaney found out that the drawing-room in No. 7 was at least four inches wider than the one in No. 3. So after some discussion, and many preliminary conversations with the house-agent, No. 7 was decided upon. In due course of time, several vans filled with the household treasures of the Delaneys rolled along the newly made road, and a fortnight later, in its trimness and tidiness, No. 7 rivalled, since it could not surpass, No. 1.

Long before Mrs. Grantham made her formal call on Mrs. Delaney, a threefold acquaintance had commenced between the houses. As each husband was accustomed to take a constitutional on the sidewalk before his house, about seven o'clock in the evening, they naturally met. The first night they only exchanged looks; the second, a salutation; the third, one ventured a remark, warmly responded to by the other. By the end of a week they might have been seen walking amicably side by side, making their customary patrol together, and engaged in a friendly conversation. While the heads of the family thus fraternized, the denizens of the servants' apartments were not behind-hand in making advances. What with fetching and carrying water (the new pipes at No. 7 being found to leak as soon as the supply was turned on), — what with that, and running in and out to borrow and return a host of things gone astray in the packing, the maids, like their masters, soon grew acquainted. Indeed, within a few hours after the arrival of the Delaneys, the two cooks and the two housemaids had grown into a quartet of the most affectionate, confiding, and kindly obliging friends anywhere to be found. As to the children, there was only one in the Delaney family to conciliate, and the numerous body of the Granthams managed that as he stood beside them, watching the men unpack the goods on the morning of his arrival.

Mr. Grantham held an appointment in Somerset House, and as soon as it was ascertained beyond a doubt that Mr. Delaney held an equally honorable post as cashier in a large bank, a visit of high ceremonial was paid by Mrs. Grantham, and returned after a due lapse of days by her neighbor. Each lady, on the occasion, of course took cognizance of the drawing-room of her new acquaintance, and as fortunately, at the end of the inspection, each preferred her own, each was highly pleased with her visit, and

each pronounced the other a charming person. Matters among the children went on quite as favorably, for the more they were together the better they seemed to like each other, and to agree. The little Granthams were decidedly pleased with Wilfrid Delaney. His pretty curls, his gentle manners, his generosity, endeared him to them, one and all; while he on his part, hitherto an almost solitary child, was perfectly enraptured with his new acquaintances, who were certainly well-conducted, amiable little people. Indeed, it was with good reason that the two fathers and mothers respectively felicitated themselves on the companionship their children had formed in their new abodes.

The Delaneys had arrived at the Michaelmas quarter; consequently, very soon after they were settled, the leaves began to fall, the fogs to rise, and Rosherville Crescent, with its still numerous empty houses, began to look very desolate indeed. But two houses at least had their sunshine within; and wherever that is to be found, as our young readers know, the mists and dreariness without matter very little.

"Please, Mrs. Delaney, mamma sends her compliments, and will you allow Wilfrid to spend Wednesday evening with us? It will be my birthday, and two of my cousins and some other boys are coming."

As Edgar Grantham spoke, he looked up smilingly into Mrs. Delaney's face, and waited for an answer.

"Certainly, my dear. Tell mamma I shall be delighted. So Wednesday will be your birthday. How old will you be?"

"Nine." Had he attained the ripe old age of as many decades, the boy could not have drawn himself up more proudly.

"Three months older than Wilfrid. Well, Willie, dear," she added, turning to her own son, "would you not like to go?"

Wilfrid's eyes were answer sufficient.

II.

"HURRAH, here's Wilfrid," cried Edgar Grantham, with difficulty making himself heard amid the echoes of the tremendous din resounding through the nursery. His sisters and baby-brother had taken wing with the old nurse to the breakfast-room directly after dinner, and for the last hour Edgar and his friends had reigned supreme, in the region wisely relinquished to them.

Wilfrid advanced rather sheepishly, not a little awed as the four strange faces of Edgar's companions stared curiously at him.

"Here, Edgar," he said, as soon as he had reached him, flushing very red, and speaking very much as though he were repeating a lesson, — "here, Edgar, I wish you many happy returns of the day. And please accept this," he added, thrusting a handsome clasp-knife into Edgar's hand, by way of finale to his speech.

"Oh, thank you, so much! You are a brick, old boy, and no mistake! Just see what Wilfrid has brought me!" he exclaimed, holding it up for exhibition.

As everybody crowded round to inspect it, and admired it immensely, Wilfrid's shyness forsook him. He felt himself a person of importance, and rose on his heels proportionately, as the hero of the moment always does. When the knife had been duly admired, and a few notches cut out of a chair to prove its sharpness, the game began again. It was blindman's-buff; and certainly, if one child enjoyed it more than another, it was Wilfrid. At length the boys themselves seemed to grow tired of the noise they were making. Evening closed in, and one by one they gathered into a little group round the high fender, waiting for the tea-bell to ring, chatting together in the gloom.

Presently the door opened, and nurse entered to get something out of a drawer. As she was about to leave the room, Edgar ran after her and seized her by the apron. "I want to

speak to you a minute, nurse. Do you think it is going to be a fine night?" he asked.

"Beautiful, Master Edgar. The very thing for fireworks, I should say."

"Hurrah!" shouted the boys in chorus.

"Fireworks! What, are you going to have fireworks?" asked Wilfrid, his eyes sparkling with delight.

"To be sure we are! Everybody does on the Fifth of November."

"Do they? I did n't know; we never do. But I saw some once at the Crystal Palace, though, and they were splendid."

"Well, of course they won't be as grand as those, but in one way ours will be much greater fun. When you are at the Crystal Palace, you've nothing to do but stand still and watch. Now we shall let ours off our very own selves."

"How jolly!" cried Wilfrid enthusiastically.

"See what a lot I've got!" said Edgar, pointing to heaps of screwed-up blue and white paper. See: all those are squibs, those are crackers. What fun we'll have with them, setting them at the girls and nurse! Just won't they squeak!" and Edgar laughed madly at the prospect. "All in that paper are Roman candles," he continued; "those are Catherine-wheels, and those six are rockets. Do you think you will dare to hold one of the Catherine-wheels on a pin, while it turns round, Wilfrid?"

"I don't know, but I'll try," said Wilfrid stoutly, and beginning to frisk about and clap his hands at the delights that lay before him.

"This is all papa's birthday present to me," continued Edgar; "is n't it splendid? I know I'd rather have my birthday on this day than any other, would n't you?"

"Yes," exclaimed a concert of voices.

"Just sha'n't we have fun!" continued Edgar; and then he commenced singing as he marched round the ta-

ble, beating a drum accompaniment upon it:—

"Remember, remember the Fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot!
I see no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!"

"Remember, remember," etc., sang Wilfrid, joining in the chorus, and following the rest round the table. Suddenly the procession was brought to a standstill by the leader himself turning right about face.

"I say, we have made up such a glorious bonfire," he exclaimed. "Mamma gave us some old wood, and some straw that was used in the moving. Then we scraped up some dead leaves, and papa said we might have an old wine-hamper. It's already for firing, and we've got a Guy on the top with a pipe in his mouth. Such a beauty!"

"What's he for?" asked Wilfrid.

"Why, to be burned, to be sure! Everybody burns Guys on the Fifth of November. You must be a duffer not to know that!"

Wilfred looked rather abashed.

"Yes, everybody does," continued Edgar; "that is to say, everybody who has got one, just as they eat plum-pudding on Christmas day and pancakes on Shrove Tuesday."

"We always do that," said Wilfrid, "but we never burn Guys. I'll ask papa to let me have one next year. What fun if he does!" and he clapped his hands with delight.

At that moment the tea-bell rang; the boys, led by Edgar, hurried down stairs: and two minutes later the whole party were seated at the long dining-table, at the head of which Mrs. Grant-ham presided, smiling upon them like a sunbeam. And such a tea as she had provided for them! Huge plates full of plum-cake and seed-cake, Sally Lunn's, muffins and crumpets, jam, marmalade, and preserved ginger,—everything, in fact, that boys care for most. And then, while she poured out the tea, and watched everybody's plate as though she had a dozen

pairs of eyes at least, how that funny Mr. Grantham made them laugh over his comical stories! As to the little Grantham girls, who were seated very demurely one on either side of their mother, though they said nothing, they looked as if they were thinking a very great deal. Perhaps they were wondering why boys should be so much more hungry than girls. After all, however, the young gentlemen despatched the good things before them in less time than they generally devote to such occupations. The reason for their promptness on this occasion might probably have been found in the fact that, pleasant as cakes and sweets are, boys consider bonfires and fireworks incomparably nicer. At last all had finished: Edgar was told to say grace; Mr. Grantham called for his hat, nurse appeared at the door with the little girls' wrappers. It was a moment of tremendous excitement; so tremendous, indeed, that Nettle put his tail between his legs, and slunk under the table to get out of it.

"Come along, Wilfrid," cried Edgar, seizing his little friend by the arm. "Come along; papa's going to light the bonfire! We'll soon begin now,

'And burn the old pope
At the end of a rope.'

Come, look sharp, there's a good fellow. Where's your hat?"

"What—what are you going to do?" cried Wilfrid, starting back almost as though some hideous reptile had suddenly crossed his path. "What did you say?"

Edgar, with a look of blank astonishment, repeated the elegant couplet.

"What, burn the pope!" said Wilfrid, whose little face was quite white with emotion, and whose voice trembled with intensity.

"Not the real one, of course," cried Edgar, bursting into a merry laugh, as he thought he discovered the cause of the horror depicted on Wilfrid's countenance. "Only a pretence one, of course. It's almost the same thing

as a Guy, only it has got a crown on. One of the boys where I go to school made me the crown."

"But why do you call it the 'pope'?" persisted Wilfrid, returning as he spoke to the drawing-room, where the rest were assembled. The conversation had been hitherto carried on in the hall, whither Wilfrid had gone to fetch his cap.

"Because we pretend it is the real pope. Did you never hear of him? He is a horrid, dreadful man who lives in Rome, and who would like to burn all us Protestants, only the Queen won't let him. So now we are going to burn him all up, every bit! Come along."

"I won't!" screamed Wilfrid, tearing himself from Edgar's grasp. "You're a wicked, bad boy to talk like that of our dear Holy Father. How dare you do it?"

Wilfrid's voice arrested every one's attention; and for a minute or two after he had spoken there was a dead silence.

It was broken by Mrs. Grantham, who crossed the room, and drew him kindly to her. "What is the matter, my dear?" she asked him gently.

This was the signal for the child to burst into tears.

"I want to go home," he exclaimed between his sobs. "Edgar says he is going 'to burn the pope at the end of a rope,' and it's horribly, horribly wicked! I want to go home!"

"Go home! Why, Wilfrid! without seeing either the bonfire or the fireworks?"

"Yes, I want to go home. I don't want any of them. They are bad things, and I won't see them. Please let me go home to mamma."

Mr. and Mrs. Grantham exchanged glances. "I remember now," whispered the latter, "somebody said they were Roman Catholics, but I had forgotten it. Listen, Willie dear," she continued, turning again to the child. "Suppose the bonfire is not lighted at all, will you not stay then, and just see the fireworks? I promise you Ed-

gar will not speak of the pope again. Will you, my boy?"

"No, indeed, mamma," replied Edgar, who was looking quite scared at such a very unexpected result to his song.

"I would rather not; no, I would rather not. I want to go to mamma; she would not like me to see any of it at all, I know. She says we ought to love our dear Holy Father very much, that's what she says."

Mrs. Grantham, who was very much grieved at the unexpected turn events had taken, looked puzzled how to act. She felt terribly annoyed at the idea of the child going home.

"Well, Willie," she said, after a pause, "I will not ask you again to go and see the fireworks. But Polly has a cold, and is going to stay up here, while the rest go into the garden. Will you not stop and help her to build up Edgar's bricks?"

"Yes," said a little voice, after a moment's hesitation, while a smile stole from a pair of eyes still very tearful. "Yes, please, I should like to stop with Polly."

III.

THE dining-room seemed very quiet after the departure of Mr. Grantham and his noisy party, although the shouts of childish voices and the popping and fizzing of fireworks echoed in from time to time through the closed shutters and heavy moreen curtains. Inside the room itself, for some time, nothing was heard save the hum of a gas-jet, the clicking of Mrs. Grantham's needles, and the rattle of the wooden bricks, as Wilfrid and Polly toiled away indefatigably at the erection of a magnificent castle, — we may add, an occasional snort from Nettle; for as soon as the commotion had subsided, that worthy dog had crept out of his hiding-place, and now, stretched upon the hearth-rug, looked the picture of comfort. Thus, busier people than the occupants of that room it would not have been easy to find. Perhaps the fact

that they were so busy was the very reason why a whole quarter of an hour passed by without a word from any of them. At length Mrs. Grantham, who had been evidently in very deep thought, broke the silence.

"I am very sorry, my dear Wilfrid, for what has happened to-night," she remarked, in a low, soft voice. "When you tell dear mamma all about it, you must say that Edgar would not sing that silly song for the world if he had known how it would grieve you. She must know him well enough to believe that he would not have wounded your feelings wilfully for anything."

"She knows that very well," said the child; "of course she does. Mamma won't be at all angry with Edgar; but she would have been very much grieved at me if I had gone to the fireworks after what he said."

"But why, my dear? What makes your mamma care so very much for the pope? She never saw him, did she?"

"No," replied the child, smiling; "but that makes no difference. He takes the place of our Lord, you know; so that everybody who laughs at the pope laughs at Him."

"Your mamma could not have told you that, Wilfrid. You have made some mistake. No man could possibly take the place of our Lord."

"Yes, she did, really, Mrs. Grantham; because it's quite true. Our Lord made St. Peter the head of the Church; and as he could n't live forever, the pope that came after him took his place. Don't you know? It tells you all about it in the catechism."

"Not in *my* catechism," answered the lady.

"Doesn't it? How strange!" ejaculated Wilfrid, who looked as if he had never heard of such a catechism as that before.

Mrs. Grantham, on her side, gave a look half astonished, half amused at the speaker; but Wilfrid was far too deeply engaged by that time over

a critical part of his castle to observe it.

After some little time, Mrs. Grantham resumed the conversation. "When you first came to live here, one of the servants told me that she had heard that you were Catholics. When I myself knew you, however, I found you so much like other people, that I fancied it was not true."

"How did you think Catholics would be different from other people?" asked Wilfrid.

"Well, my dear, I can hardly tell you. In almost every way, I should have thought, because your religion is so opposite to ours. Not but that I am sure there are a great many very good things in your religion."

"That there are!" replied Wilfrid, nodding his head decidedly. "I dare say if you knew what a lot there are, you would be a Catholic too."

Mrs. Grantham laughed. "I hardly think so, Wilfrid. For instance, if I were a Catholic, I should have to tell my sins to a priest, should n't I?"

"Yes, of course, when you went to confession. Don't you do that?"

"No; never."

"How strange!"

"Then I should have to tell my beads, and I don't think I should like that."

"Do you mean, say your rosary?"

"Yes; you all do that, do you not?"

"Every day. Mamma has made such a beautiful little altar in my room, and she and I always say our rosary there together. Papa too, when he happens to be at home."

"Your papa!" The exclamation was involuntary, but the idea of that great, business-like, clever man kneeling down to fumble a string of beads quite overcame Mrs. Grantham's ordinary self-possession.

At this moment the door of the room suddenly opened, and Mr. Grantham thrust in his head. "Lucy, my dear, it is such a mild, clear night, I am sure it would do you no harm to come out and see the fireworks. The boys

would enjoy it so much more if you were with them. Had you not better change your mind and come out too, my little man?" he added, turning to Wilfrid. "We are just going to let the rockets off. We have not lighted the bonfire, and do not intend doing so. Come along."

For an instant, at the word "rockets," the child's resolution wavered. But it was only for an instant. The next, the thought of that figure with the dreadful crown on, still surmounting in derision Edgar's heap of leaves and the old hamper, came into his mind. With that image before his eyes, not "all the king's horses nor all the king's men" could have dragged Wilfrid into the garden.

"No, thank you, Mr. Grantham; I would rather stay here with Polly. I like building up these bricks."

The next moment the door had closed upon the lady and gentleman, and the children were left alone. The noise of the rockets soon after echoed through the neighborhood, and at the sound of those very sensational pops and whizzes, somehow the bricks seemed to lose their interest. It was fortunate that, just at that moment, Nettle roused himself from his slumbers with a shake, since he furnished his biped companions with a fresh amusement, for both children immediately went down on their knees before the fire to pet and play with him.

But Nettle was decidedly stupid; that is to say, sleepy. He would not even sit up; as to tricks, he looked as if he had never even heard of such a thing. So as there was nothing else to be done, the children took possession of the two large arm-chairs that faced each other on either side of the fire, and listened to the fireworks. Miss Polly, however, who was generally a vivacious little body, although rather chilled at present by the slowness of the evening, soon broke a silence which was fast becoming irksome to her.

"Do you know, Wilfrid, I think it

must feel very funny to be a Catholic."

"And I was just then thinking, Polly, how very, very strange it must be for any one to be a Protestant."

"Oh, no, there's nothing strange in that, because we do nothing at all. We don't worship the Virgin Mary, and all that, like you."

"What!" exclaimed Wilfrid, opening his eyes, "do you mean to say you don't love our Blessed Lady?"

"No, of course not; she's dead."

"Dead? No, she is n't! What nonsense! She's in heaven. Well, I should think our Lord must be very angry with you for not loving his very own Mother."

Polly made no reply for some time, but stooped and stroked one of Nettle's silky ears.

"Mamma took me into one of your churches," she said at length, "just to see. As it was Lent, she thought we should find it all dark and dismal; but instead of that, it was most splendid. Such a lot of candles, and such heaps and heaps of flowers! Why, the lights went right up to the tiptop of the roof; and there were great plants covered with flowers all the way down to the railings, and young girls kneeling there in white veils. Why do you have your churches grand in Lent? They ought to be just the reverse."

"So they are generally, but that must have been the Exposition. Don't you make the churches grand when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed on the altar?"

"I don't know what you mean."

Wilfrid stared, more honestly than politely. "I mean, don't you have flowers and lights put up when our Lord is on the altar?"

"We have n't got any Lord upon the altar."

"Have n't you?" exclaimed Wilfrid, in a deep whisper; "how awful! He comes down to us every time the priest says mass."

"Who does?"

"Almighty God."

Either the words or the boy's man-

ner must have overawed Polly, for she asked no more questions. As to Wilfrid, he sat looking at the dancing flame with a sadly puzzled expression on his little round face. It was the first time in his life that the child had ever peeped through the windows of his Father's house into the bleakness and barrenness beyond, — the first time that Wilfrid and Protestantism had ever stood face to face; and its shadowy presence chilled the warm little heart as it had never been chilled before.

IV.

"A NICE dissipated young gentleman, upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Delaney, as his son entered the breakfast-room next morning about half past nine. "Why, here am I, just ready to start for town. This comes of fireworks, and sitting up to supper."

"How did you enjoy yourself, my boy?" asked Mrs. Delaney, as she kissed him fondly.

"Pretty well, thank you, mamma." The tone was not very suggestive of enjoyment.

"Only pretty well, after all that waste of gunpowder?" exclaimed his father. "I expected you to come down in raptures with everything and everybody this morning."

"I did n't go out to see the fireworks at all," said Wilfrid, stirring his tea.

"Not go out! Do you mean to say you did n't go out with the rest of the boys?"

"No, papa; I stopped in with Polly."

Both parents looked, if possible, more than astonished.

"I thought you were so fond of fireworks, Wilfrid?" observed his mother.

"Yes, mamma, so I am; of nice fireworks, that don't mean anything. But those were wicked ones. — such wicked ones"; and with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, Wilfrid related the story of the "pope," taking

the greatest care, however, to exonerate the Granthams from any personal disrespect to himself. "Was n't it right, mamma, not to go into the garden after that?" he asked, as he concluded his story.

"Quite right, my dear child; we are both very much pleased with you for spending the evening as you did. Are we not, papa?" she asked, turning to her husband.

Mr. Delaney's only answer was a pat on the curly head, as he stooped to give Wilfrid a farewell kiss. Then he put on his great-coat, and after a few words to his wife in the hall, bustled off. He must have been very happy, for an unusual brightness twinkled in his eye, as he turned out of his garden-gate on his way to the omnibus.

It was still shining there when he arrived at the corner of Rosherville Crescent, and while he paced up and down awaiting the arrival of the vehicle. It had not disappeared, when a brisk step on the gravel made him turn his head, and he discovered Mr. Grantham behind him.

"I was afraid that you had gone by the other 'bus," exclaimed the latter, as soon as the usual salutations were over, "for we did not see you pass. I am glad you are not off, for I wanted to apologize for a little mistake made by my boy last evening."

"No need, no need. I assure you, if you mean in the matter of the bonfire; that is to say, not as far as Wilfrid is concerned. The whole 'head and front' of an offence must lie in the intention; and as in this case, Edgar was not aware of the fact of Wilfrid being a Catholic, he could not possibly have committed any fault against him in singing a rhyme against the pope. As to the song itself, that is a matter for his own conscience, — or for his father's," he added, with an expressive smile.

Mr. Grantham laughed. "His father's conscience would hardly trouble itself with so trifling a matter; but his common-sense has already

bade him tell the boy to leave such stuff for the riff-raff."

"On what ground? For its want of reverence, or its want of beauty, may I ask?"

Mr. Grantham shook his umbrella at his companion, but attempted no other reply to his question. "I was very sorry it happened," he observed, after a pause; "I should have liked to have the little fellow with us. He spent a terribly dull evening, I'm afraid."

"He was disappointed, no doubt; but it will do him no harm. He is not too young to commence the apprenticeship all Catholics have to serve in suffering for righteousness' sake."

Mr. Grantham looked at his neighbor with a comical smile. "Come, now, Delaney, do you mean to say, between ourselves, that that child would have done any harm in assisting at those fireworks?"

"The harm would depend upon the light in which the child's own conscience viewed the act. There are some boys, doubtless, who would have judged that, after the promise not to light the bonfire had been given, the fireworks were innocent enough. Others, like my Wilfrid, would have seen in the whole thing an act of overt insult to the head of the Church. Now, had he joined in it, seeing it in this light, he would have been guilty of a grave act of disloyalty to God, through his vicar."

"Then I am to understand that you indorse Wilfrid's sentiments?"

"I should have felt inclined to have disowned the boy if he had lighted a single squib."

"Then, of course, I must say no more about it, since it is clear that Master Wilfrid is only a chip of the old block."

"Just so, *Deo gratias*," said Mr. Delaney, looking very much amused.

"Well, you are an enigma, and no mistake," exclaimed the other. "Hitherto, I have considered you one of the most clear-headed, practical men I have ever met. Indeed, I have

never known anybody whose opinions, upon things in general, so completely coincided with my own. But what am I to think now, when I hear you utter sentiments like these? sentiments, my dear fellow, that would have been highly respectable, no doubt, in the lips of a mediæval saint, but which make you a positive anachronism in this nineteenth century of ours."

"And as such, I ought to feel proportionately ashamed of myself, I suppose; very much as Westminster Abbey must feel, as it glances round at the Aquarium, the Metropolitan Railway Station, and the Thames Embankment—to say nothing of the Army and Navy Stores in the distance. Poor old pile! so far behind the fashion of the day!"

"Never mind about Westminster Abbey. I want to talk about you, just now; for, even though an anachronism, you are an uncommonly interesting fellow. You are a convert to the Roman Catholic religion, I presume."

"No, I am not. I was born in the faith I profess."

"Humph! you surprise me. I thought only converts went the 'whole hog' like you."

"As I have not the faintest idea what state of religious perfection the 'whole hog' may symbolize, I can only say, that as the Church makes no difference between *born Catholics* and *converts*, so I myself have never seen any."

"You are different from the Catholics I have met before."

"In what way?"

"They all seem to me so reticent about their religion. They appear to look upon it as a sort of personal treasure, to be kept under lock and key, for their own especial use."

"Stuff and nonsense! If they keep it in the background, it is because they suspect that you want to poke fun at it. Any Catholic is only too glad to answer serious questions. Why, I will take you to church with me, if you like."

"Will you, really? I should like it immensely. I have often been in your churches abroad, but never in England."

"We shall have a good sermon, I expect, at our church next Sunday evening. If you like, we will call for you and Mrs. Grantham."

"Agreed. I am sure nothing would give either of us greater pleasure. Here's the 'bus at last. Just five minutes behind its time, I declare. What a nuisance that fellow is! It makes one so late at business."

I am not altogether sure that, on the present occasion, Mr. Delaney quite agreed with him, although a great stickler for punctuality, as a rule.

Just one more peep into Rosherville Crescent; and then you and I, dear reader, must say good by to each other. I am afraid we shall be rather puzzled to find it now, for so many squares, streets, terraces, and places have sprung up during the last year or two in that part of the world, that hardly a landmark of the old field or its neighborhood remains. What a daddy-long-legs London will one day be, if its suburbs continue to increase at this rate!

Here we are at last; and I am sure we shall both agree in saying that Rosherville Crescent is a very pretty place indeed, now that the twenty houses that form its semicircular sweep are finished, and each inhabited by a highly eligible tenant. It looks particularly nice this morning, as the May sunshine flashes down upon the twenty bright gardens, the twenty Grecian porticos, the twenty snow-white flights of steps. Indeed, we are quite certain that, notwithstanding all the fine villas that have risen to rival it, Rosherville Crescent is still the don of the place.

It is just eleven o'clock; and a very busy, bustling hour it is there. It is then that the tradesmen's carts, the hawkers' barrows, and the doctors' broughams pass and repass each other

most frequently, on the broad drive that sweeps from one entrance-gate to the other; then that the children, in their clean holland and Galatea suits, troop out from the respective houses, under the charge of their trim nursemaids, for their morning walk; then that the ladies sally forth for their shoppings, all *baliste* and business, with their tradesmen's books in one hand, and last summer's parasol in the other. A happy, English, home-like scene does Rosherville Crescent present at this moment; so sweet that we involuntarily whisper, as we breathe in the atmosphere of peace that surrounds it, "Alas, that war should be in any other!"

Now, of all things in the world, it hardly seems possible that the arrival of a donkey-cart can enhance the beauty of a picture. Yet, as one comes slowly into sight, on this May morning, every eye smiles; the very canaries seem to trill more joyously. I verily believe that if Heraclitus himself had glanced at that cart, his tears would have ceased instantly. Such pelargoniums, such fuchsias, such hydrangeas, such roses, such arums; to say nothing of the daisies, pansies, polyanthus, musks, and twenty other smaller beauties, that nestle down, like modest children, at the feet of their taller companions. The very donkey seems to feel his importance, as he walks slowly on his way, twitching his ears, and switching his tail contentedly. Perhaps part of his good-humor may arise from the fact that he always loses a great proportion of his load in Rosherville Crescent.

"Mamma, dear mamma," cried Miss Polly Grantham, suddenly running into her mother's work-room, "here is our old flower-man, dear old Joe, mamma! You said you would buy us some flowers to-day; do buy them of him!"

"Are his plants good enough, do you think, my dear? I meant to have gone to the florist's."

"O, Joe's are quite as good as his,

and ever so much cheaper. And then, mamma, he's such a kind, nice old man, and has such a dear donkey! Do buy his flowers, mamma!"

"Very well, I will go out and look at them."

"And may Sissy and I leave our lessons, and go, too?"

"Well, just for once, if Mademoiselle will excuse you. Ask her to come and help to choose them."

Neighbors must positively have thought that Mrs. Grantham was going to empty the cart, so many flowers did old Joe bring forward for her inspection. As it was, she purchased about a dozen plants, and several bouquets; and as they were the very largest and finest in the cart, the poor old donkey gave his ears an extra shake of gratitude, as he started afresh on his journey.

Now what, we should like to ask, could Mrs. Grantham possibly have wanted with all those flowers? We know they were not to put into a conservatory, from the simple fact that she did not possess one. Neither were they intended for the drawing-room, because in that case, the children would not have taken the trouble to carry them up-stairs. Then, again, although it was the first of May, they were certainly not intended to dress a maypole, because, as everybody knows, maypoles went out of fashion more than a hundred years ago. Perhaps she bought them to do honor to "the Queen of May." Yes, dear reader, we believe she did; though she certainly had no thought of Mr. Tennyson's sickly little heroine in her mind.

For as soon as all the flowers were carried up stairs, Mrs. Grantham and her delighted assistants went into a pretty but very tiny room, from which they removed everything but the carpet, curtains, and two large chests, which they placed one on the top of the other. These, Mademoiselle, to whom Mrs. Grantham gladly resigned the management of affairs, covered first with calico and afterwards draped

with a handsome muslin curtain. Then, helped by the others, she set to work, arranged the bouquets in vases as only French women can, placed wax tapers amongst them, and ended by disposing the larger plants upon and around the table, so tastefully that the whole soon formed one of the prettiest little altars one could possibly wish to see. When all was finished, Mrs. Grantham left the room, but soon returned with a beautiful statue, which she deposited on a stand that Mademoiselle had placed, covered with a lace-bordered handkerchief, in the midst of the flowers and lights. Need we describe that image? Have not our young readers already discovered that Mrs. Grantham's "Queen of the May" was none other than the Ever-Blessed Mother of God, Mary, the Queen of Heaven?

And how had all this come to pass? they will naturally inquire. As all great things must come to pass, we shall answer, even to the formation of the immeasurable bulk of the great ocean itself, — little by little, drop by drop. The chain of events that had produced this glorious result was simple enough.

According to promise, Mr. and Mrs. Grantham had gone to hear the sermon at the Catholic church. At the conclusion of it — by their own especial request — Mr. Delaney had taken them into the sacristy, and introduced them to the preacher, Father Oldfield. This casual introduction had ripened into a friendship between themselves and the gentle, kindly priest, which had culminated in his receiving both the husband and wife into the Church, and subsequently baptizing all their children.

Father Oldfield was an eloquent man; and it was not surprising that, as he placed the doctrine of Purgatory, with its soft lights and sweet shadows, before his flock, that his Protestant hearers — who had thought it something so different — should have been touched by it. But even as the river may be traced past the brook to the

bubbling spring, even as the oak may be traced past the sapling to the seedling, even as the butterfly may be traced past the chrysalis to the caterpillar, even so this glorious harvest of many souls may be traced past Father Oldfield's sermon to a remoter beginning still, — the sound of a childish voice raised in tiny protest against evil. The Granthams, at least, traced all their happiness to this; for whenever they tell the tale of their conversion, they begin with little Wilfrid and the story of the Fifth of November.

MEDICAL knowledge is really becoming a serious public nuisance. Here is what Dr. Bock, of Leipsic, says of our various articles of food:

"Tea and coffee produce nervousness and peevishness, the digestive organs of confirmed coffee-drinkers being in a state of chronic derangement, which reacts on the brain, producing fretful and lachrymose moods. Beer is brutalizing, wine impassions, whiskey infuriates and eventually unmans. Alcoholic drinks, combined with flesh and fat diet, totally subjugate the moral man, unless their influence be counteracted by violent exercise. Chocolate is neutral in its psychic effects."

Add to all this the often-asserted fact that drinking water is also a very dangerous practice, — an unfortunate human being has very few things left upon which to subsist with anything like safety.

ST. PETER'S FISH.—The haddock is said to be the fish out of whose mouth St. Peter took the tribute money, leaving the marks of his finger and thumb to be seen at this day in the black spots on the sides. Metellus speaks of the

"Haddock which appear
With marks of Rome, St. Peter's finger here."

And again: —

"Peter's fish,
How com'st thou here to make so godly dish?"

"THOSE WHO EAT POPE DIE OF IT."

NOTHING can speak more plainly or with greater force than the following facts. It will be sufficient to enumerate them, and to compare dates, to see the finger of God in the punishments which fell upon France, and to be convinced that if Rome suffers through the fault of France, France in her turn, and Paris in particular, have had to atone, day by day, for the sufferings, humiliations, and losses endured by the Papacy, with the shedding of the country's best blood, with repeated and numberless insults, and lastly, with money.

Aug. 4, 1870. — Official announcement of the evacuation of Rome by the French troops; the same day, defeat of the French at Wissembourg.

Aug. 5. — The French army of occupation evacuate Viterbo; the same day, the Prussians occupy the French frontier.

Aug. 6. — General Dumont embarks for France at 2 p. m.; the same day and the same hour, the French army, defeated at Woerth by overwhelming numbers, is obliged to retreat. At five o'clock the French flag is lowered from the ramparts of Civita Vecchia; at the same hour, the French flag fell into the hands of the Prussians.

Aug. 7. — Departure of the last 4,000 French troops which defended the Papal states; the same day, 4,000 French soldiers made prisoners by the Prussians.

Sept. 16. — The Piedmontese seize Civita Vecchia; same day, the Prussians take Versailles.

Sept. 19. — Complete investment of Rome by the Piedmontese; same day, complete investment of Paris by the Prussians.

Sept. 20. — The Piedmontese artillery open fire on the walls of Rome; same day, the Prussian artillery reduce to ashes the Imperial residence of St. Cloud.

Sept. 21. — The Papal army is forced to quit Rome; same day, Toul capitulates, and Paris is in dismay.

Sept. 28. — The Piedmontese general begins to act as master in Rome; the same day, Strasbourg burnt, capitulates, and the enemy takes 17,000 prisoners.

Oct. 11. — Victor Emanuel officially accepts the *plébiscite*, which gives him Rome; same day, Orleans is taken by assault.

Oct. 22. — The Italian Minister answers the letter of the French ambassador, who had congratulated him on the capture of Rome; same day, St. Quentin is shelled, taken, and fined two million francs; and five days afterwards, Metz capitulates, and the enemy makes 173,000 prisoners.

Dec. 30. — The King leaves for Rome; same day, the French quit the plain of Avron, leaving behind them their artillery.

Jan. 23, 1871. — Prince Humbert makes his entry into Rome, and takes up his residence at the Quirinal; same day, Jules Favre enters Versailles to receive the conditions of the capitulation of Paris.

Feb. 1. — The Italian Chamber declares the deposition of the Pope "*un fait accompli*"; same day, the remains of the French army, 80,000 strong, enter Switzerland, Dijon is reoccupied by the Prussians, and the defeat of the French becomes "*un fait accompli*."

Who is there that would not say to himself, "The finger of God is there!" *Intelligite! Erudimini!*

WIDOWED — CHILDLESS — HOMELESS !

Whitehall Review.

THE scene is Camden Place, Chis-elhurst; the time, Thursday, the 9th of September; the news,—the extraordinary, unexpected, bewildering

news, — that the Empress has serious thoughts of leaving England and taking up her abode in some foreign country, whither (so she says) she will carry her illustrious dead.

On the great, gloomy pile wherein the broken-hearted lady ever broods over the loss of her husband — an Emperor — and her son, — destined (all fondly thought) to wield the sceptre of the Third Napoleon, — shines the bright September sun, as it shone ten years ago on the spiked helmets and gleaming cuirasses of the conquerors of France. Birds sing their gay autumn songs. The sky is blue. It is suffocating to leave the pure, health-giving air, so balmy and sweet, for the small square chamber where all is black, — hopelessly, sadly, deadly black! The hardest heart softens, the eyes of the most callous grow dim by the side of the narrow box which holds the last of his race, — the Fourth Napoleon. A queen has laid her wreath here; a princess — the Princess — has written the sorrowful "*in memoriam*" for her husband (so kindly disposed towards the young life nipped in the bud by the cruel Afric frost) and herself. All that is good, all that is noble, all that is pure, — all have crowned the bier of the Hope of France. If it be, indeed, that the Empress, cast on a sea of troubles, and not knowing whither to look for comfort, has resolved to carry with her this mass of lead and oak, garlanded with flowers, bedecked with gold wreaths and plaques, and inscribed with the name "*Napoléon*," then we cannot take too long, too lingering a look at it. The Empress often kneels here.

On a July day ten years ago, on the hilly ground running down to the railway bridge that spans the party-colored Saar, (on the Prussian side, need it be said?) the hot air laden with cannon smoke, the horrible gr-r-r-r of the *mitrailleuse* making the heart sink and the spirit faint at the horrific carnage, I was told by the spiked-helmeted men that some of

them had seen on the leafy heights up by the *Ex-reir-Platz* the "*Kaiser von Frankreich und 'Lulu.'*" It was even so. The Emperor and the Prince Imperial were both in action. That would have been a clever man who had cast their horoscope that fateful day and shown father and son, ten years after, lying side by side in this poor Kentish church, and the weakest vessel of all, the Empress, sad, solitary, deserted, in yonder "Place"!

Time rolls on. My first definite impression of the Empress dates from a certain day in January, when all that was left of representative Imperialism gathered at Chiselhurst to weep over Cæsar dead and gone. It was, in fact, the day after the funeral.

Gray-headed, grizzle-bearded generals and marshals of France; officials of all grades under the fallen Empire; beardless boys from Paris and the Departments; olive-complexioned nobles of Spain; common soldiers and the poorest *outriers*, — all were assembled within Camden Place, together with many sorrowing ladies, the aristocracy of the strangled Empire. If I may complete the catalogue, I would venture to say that two Englishmen were also there, and two only, — Captain Baynes and the writer of this chronicle. Those who had been bidden to this ever-memorable reception lined the long corridor and stood around the various rooms. The Blue Room, I think, furnished the most striking picture; for here it was that, after passing slowly by the kneeling, weeping assemblage, the imperial widow completely broke down in an agony of bitter and uncontrollable grief. The sight of this stricken lady unmanned the oldest and the youngest. With remarkable calmness the Prince Imperial stood by his mother. Pale he was; but he never flinched, bearing himself proudly and erect. He was greeted there and then "*Imperator!*" Subsequently, the air was rent with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoléon Quarte!*" and

again and again, “*Vive l'Empereur!*” He moved never a muscle.

Entirely absorbed in her son, and fondly believing that he would one day occupy his father's place at the Tuileries, the Empress was long in realizing the fact that he, too, had been taken from her, and in a most horribly cruel manner. Hers had been for years a life of sorrow, her road a veritable *Via Crucis*. She had yet to endure another pang; it was a bitter one. They told her when she got home (*home!*) that the statue of her poor boy might not, after all, be given a corner in Westminster Abbey. Most grateful as the Empress is known to be for the universal kindness shown to her ever since she set foot on our English ground, she staggered under this blow, the more so as it was not easy to explain to her *why* Parliament had set its face against the erection of the piece of marble in the venerable church. It was all a dream to her. Her expressed intention of leaving Chiselhurst was coincident with the grievous shock which she sustained by the decision of the House of Commons. Her idea now is, as I began by saying, to reside abroad in future; probably at her Château of Arenenberg, situated, as everybody knows, in one of the most lovely parts of Switzerland. Further, the Empress's present intention (whether or no she will eventually carry it out it is of course impossible to say) is to remove the bodies of the Emperor and the Prince from St. Mary's and place them in a mausoleum, to be built wherever she takes up her permanent abode.

This determination of the Empress, now made public for the first time, will be read with interest throughout Europe. It need not occasion surprise to those who know anything of her Imperial Majesty's sad life at Chiselhurst. One or two friends, it is true, are staying with her for the moment, but she is really alone in the world, and her Kentish home is full of gloomy reminiscences. Where-

ever she goes she will be followed by tender thoughts, for even the most bitter foes of Imperialism recognize in this grief-torn lady, bereft of husband, son, and home, one who has been the sport of fate, whose pathway in life is watered by her tears.

THE Empress Eugénie has recently bought the Farnborough Hill estate, in Hampshire, close to the borders of Surrey, England, for £50,000. This estate, which was the property of the late Mr. Longman, the well-known publisher, consists of about 257 acres, with a charmingly picturesque mansion, erected by the late owner eighteen years ago. The Empress is not to go into possession of it until January, the widow of Mr. Longman being anxious to spend another Christmas there. Her Majesty, it is understood, intends to build on the property a memorial chapel to receive the bodies of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial. In March next the Empress's lease of Camden Place will expire.

In the middle of last December the world was told by the “*Popolo Romano*” that the Italian budget for 1880 would exhibit the extremely pleasing feature of a surplus, and to the amount of 5,000,000 lire. We ventured at the time to express our unhesitating belief that the whole thing was “a neat device,” another *ruse* to set the unfortunate Italians asleep once more, so that thieves might do their work securely. We now have in this month of May no less a personage than Signor Sella speaking as follows at Bielle: “How can the grist tax be abolished when the safety of Italy calls for a large increase in the war budget, when the country is blighted by a forced currency, when the Communes are sinking under the pressure of debt, and when the brag about a balance was now proved to be a mere trick and counterfeit?”

BOARD of Education—the black-board.

TOM HACKETT;

OR, THE BIOGRAPHY OF A CLASSIC COBBLER.

John Locke, in Dublin Irishman.

I.

For two-and-twenty years, as regularly as the evening of the 2d of November came around, Tom Hackett would walk into his little workshop, and placing his arms akimbo, he would gaze around him for a moment in silence, and then exclaim, with all the vehement bitterness of a soul that soared above nocturnal servitude, "Me curse an' the curse of Cromwell on the man who fust med candles." He was never known to have omitted that malediction on the date named, for the night of Nov. 2 was generally the one on which the indoor mechanics of Ireland commenced work by candle-light; and with that species of labor Tom was never desperately in love. For fully five minutes after the utterance of the malediction he would stand like a figure of Rembrandt's, in the fading, uncertain light; and then, as if after a struggle with the stronger predilections of his spirit, he would, in a voice saddened by pathetic resignation, exclaim to his "better half" in the adjoining apartment:—

"Light it, Peggy!"

An instant later Peggy, with a blazing "square light,"—a candle furnished with four wicks,—would enter the workshop, place the light in position, and say,—

"Musha, Tom, why do ye be cursin' the dacent man that makes the candles?"

"I b'lieve he must be some one or other o' *your* dead relations," was the answer Tom would generally vouchsafe.

"I want you to remimber, Tom Hackett, an' to remimber, an' remimber, that wan belongin' to me niver med candles nor anythin' else," was Mrs. Hackett's indignant rejoinder.

Whenever her dander was raised—a resurrection that took place several times by day, and countless times by night—she always repeated some word or phrase in her remarks exactly three times over, her choice in the foregoing utterance falling aptly enough on the imperative "remember." Whenever Tom's bile rose his mind instantly flew to the classics or the Scriptures for some quotation to give a loftier force to his words; and in reply to Mrs. Hackett's remarks upon remembrance, he seized a brad-awl on the seat beside him, and pointing to the door, ejaculated:—

"As holy Saint Pathrick said to the sarpints of Ireland, 'Go, woman! Lave the shores o' me counthry, an' retire to the kitchen, or be this an' be that I'll have you changed spontaneously, like Neddycodnazer's wife, into a pillar o' salt.'"

"Ah, then, if me son, Larry—me beautiful son, Larry—me own son, Larry, was here to-night, 't is n't this way I'd be thrated," said Mrs. Hackett, sorrowfully, as she drew a corner of her apron to her eyes.

"Your son, Larry! How dar' you say it? My boy's name is Tom. I'd sooner do to him what Moses did to Goliath,—fling him body and bones into the Burnin' Bush,—than call a son of mine afther any o' your seed, breed, or gineration. Larry, indeed! that had his neck stretched in '98 for sellin' his counthry."

"Larry is me child's name; an' I paid for christenin' him that, too; so I did, an' I did, an' I did," was Mrs. Hackett's response.

"Tom is his name," said the cobbler, with portentous calmness.

"It is n't, so it is n't, an' it is n't," retorted the devoted wife and mother.

"It is," roared the cobbler, in a

voice that shook the house almost to its foundation.

"You're a—"

But before she could say more the lapstone was hurled at her head, which luckily escaped a blow that might have killed her. Under fear of a second similar assault the lady very wisely retreated; and Tom, chanting a stave of "The Night before Larry was stretched," sat down like a victor to enjoy the glory of his latest triumph over an enemy so remarkable for stubbornness and grit.

II.

Domestic encounters, more or less like the foregoing, were of daily occurrence within the four walls of Tom Hackett's dwelling. They did not usually terminate with such dangerous pastime as the hurling of iron lapstones; but on the evening of Nov. 2, when the general engagement—the Waterloo fight of the house—took place, it rarely ended without the combatants coming to close quarters and struggling for final victory amid the *débris* of chairs and "chaneyware."

A 2d of November came at last that marked an epoch in Tom Hackett's career. The twilight deepened into sombre night, and yet the traditional candle was not lighted in the cobbler's workshop. Poor Peggy was the picture of loneliness and sorrow, spoiling, as she was, for the annual engagement. When bedtime came, and she looked around the house without seeing a broken chair or dismantled dresser, she affirmed it as her solemn belief that it could not be the 2d of November at all. It need scarcely be said that Tom was not at home. Early in the afternoon he had donned his best attire, and gone forth from the house so spruce and natty that his wife said to him, as she parted with him at the door,—

"Tom, acushla, you remind me of the bright, soft summer evenin's long ago, when you used to come out

courtin' me by the dear ould woods of Ballybrophy. God be wid them happy days."

"Amin, Peggy," returned Tom, in a low tone that indicated his honest heart was touched by the tender recollection.

Down the winding street of the old Irish town he sauntered, meeting groups at every turn and on every corner. Green boughs and green banners, hurriedly improvised, decorated every house; and on the open square in the centre of the town, logs and tar-barrels were heaped in sufficient number to almost inaugurate the general conflagration.

These sights soon awakened all Tom Hackett's enthusiasm.

"Boys," he said, advancing to a group of about twenty, that numbered amongst its members over a dozen that had left the time of boyhood more than a quarter of a century behind them, "is there any sign of him yet?"

"Not yet, Tom; but he can't be long now," three or four answered.

"Let us go forth from the city to meet him," exclaimed Tom, raising his right hand to heaven, "as the maidens of Munster went out to meet Finn M'Cool afther his vict'hory over the Danes."

The cobbler's anachronisms were sometimes of the most extraordinary kind; but his listeners were so accustomed to them that they only laughed at his blunders. The suggestion offered by him now was promptly acted upon; and in a few minutes the various groups were collected into one long line of men, women, and children, and away they marched, more like anything in the world than the fair maidens of ancient Munster going forth to offer homage to the great chief of the Old Fenians.

But a gay-looking and enthusiastic multitude it was. The green scarfs and banners, the waving boughs of laurel, the long line of stalwart men, the ringing music of drum and fife, and the whole throng followed up by squadrons of finely mounted horse-

men, — all conduced to form a picture upon whose varying features the eye loved to dwell.

At length the thrilling words ran along the whole line, front to rear, "Here he comes! here he comes!" as a carriage drawn by four white horses came towards them at a rattling pace.

"Three times three for the great O'Connell!" shouted the men in the front rank, and instantaneously the hills and woods around gave back the thunderous shouts of the people, peal following on peal, till echo herself seemed to shriek for surcease.

The horses were instantly unhitched, and twenty men sprang forward, seized the rope, and drew the Liberator into town, the cheers and greetings of young and old along the entire way making his arrival a truly triumphant entry, not only into the town, but also into the hearts of the people.

As O'Connell mounted the platform to address the vast multitude, Tom Hackett eyed his figure, and exclaimed, —

"Tar-an-ages, is n't he the handsome man! The dead picther of Alexander the Great!" And in a lower tone he said to himself, "Hang me, if his right boot is n't worn down a little at the heel," at the same time bringing the one hand with a vigorous slap into the palm of the other.

O'Connell's speech on the occasion was full of that eloquent fire and moving pathos which were almost irresistible. When he concluded, Tom Hackett made herculean efforts to reach him and to speak to him. It was no use. The crowd was too dense, and each one too eager to get near the great tribune. O'Connell repaired to the parish priest's house to dine; and as Tom saw the door of the parochial residence close after him, he muttered to himself, —

"Livin' or dead I must see him to-night."

The cobbler was as good as his

word. By dint of importuning and artful representation, and Father M—— knowing what a strange character he was, Tom was admitted to the priest's parlor that night. He bowed thrice to O'Connell upon entering, and going straightway for his purpose, said, —

"Misther O'Connell, will you do me wan favor?"

"Name it first, my man."

"It's aisy said, an' as aisy done," replied Tom. "I want you to give me a pair of your ould boots to mend. I don't come to make money, for I won't charge you as much as would jingle on a griddle."

Everybody present burst into uncontrollable laughter, O'Connell joining in the hilarity as heartily as any of his companions.

"I am afraid I can't at present do that," he said, as soon as the laughter had subsided.

Tom, no way nonplussed by this answer, returned, —

"There's nothin' in this world you can't do, Mr. O'Connell. I b'lieve you could mend a pair of ould boots almost as good as meself, though I'm counted the best cobbler in Ireland."

This set the whole room in a roar, and O'Connell laughingly remarked, —

"Why, this good man must be a superior artisan to Philip of the Castle, whom Mr. Banim tells us could mend three hundred pairs of boots in one night."

Then turning to Father M——, and giving the priest a significant glance, O'Connell said, —

"There's a pair of old boots in my luggage up-stairs; what do you say if we give them to Mr. Hackett?"

"I can fairly vouch for his good workmanship, Mr. O'Connell," said the priest; and hastening from the room, he came back in a few minutes with the coveted articles.

"You see what is necessary to be done to these boots, my man," said O'Connell, with a peculiar smile as he handed the foot-gear to Tom.

"Lave everything in my hands,"

replied the cobbler, with confidence the most consummate. "There's a man in this town, an' he can tell you himself that I kep' the one pair o' boots on his feet for thirteen years by my careful and extraordinary mendin'." And Tom made a visual diagnosis of the impaired patients.

"Pray how did you manage that?" asked O'Connell.

"Well, you see, sir, when the hard winther would be comin' on. I'd put a new pair of soles an' heels on 'em; when the summer would be purty well advanced I'd put on a pair of uppers an' quarters; an' soon, year in an' year out, until I made that wan pair o' boots last exactly thirteen years."

"You're an invaluable acquisition to the *understanding* of this island," said O'Connell; and amid the general laugh that followed, Tom made his obeisance and departed.

III.

To use a homely phrase, "it was all hours" when Tom reached his domicile that night. Late as was the hour, his first exclamation upon entering the little workshop was,—

"Light it, Peggy."

Mrs. Hackett was a stanch believer in constant industry, and it did not take her long to carry out that command. She came in with the "square light" in full blaze, marvelling not a little at the sudden and unexpected change in her lord's tones and demeanor.

"Our fortune is made, Peggy," was his first ejaculation.

"How is that, Tom? Don't mind the work, but tell me all about it."

"I tell you that our fortune is made," he repeated, as he prepared to drive a last into one of the boots.

"You're the most unreasonable man that ever a woman was tied to. Tell me, or I will go mad this minute," she urged with irritation.

"I'll tell you; of coorse I'll tell you." And on he went hammering.

"Oh, Larry, me son, me —"

"If you say them words again, be this an' be that, I'll swing for you; and you'll never know the saycret either!" cried Tom, reddening up with passion.

Many a time and oft Mrs. Hackett had despised threats like the first; but to be menaced with the non-custody of the secret in her husband's bosom was something she could not think of bearing up against. She subsided at once into lamb-like amiability, and in accents of the dove murmured softly:

"Tom, acushla, I would n't say anything in the wide world to vex you."

He then narrated in glowing terms, spiced here and there with ancient references and illustrations, the story of the boots, and he threw such a glamour over all that Mrs. Hackett became as delirious with joy as her husband.

Next day he repaired to Father M——'s house; but what pen can describe his chagrin when he learned that Mr. O'Connell, in response to an urgent call, was compelled to leave in the early morning.

Father M—— strove to soothe him; and after a little while Tom, evidently under the influence of some new inspiration, brightened up, and he left the priest in capital spirits.

"T will be a grand sthroke," he murmured to himself, as he made his way back to Peggy with the boots still under his arm.

Entering his little workshop he took a large piece of pasteboard, and in what he called "flaring large hand" traced out the following:—

"THESE IS OCONNELLS BOOTS PATCHED AN
SOLED BY
TOM HACKETT
COBBLER TO THE
GREAT LIBERATHER."

This pretentious placard Tom attached to the boots, and hung from the sign over his door. After viewing it himself for a solemn ten minutes he called out Peggy to see it.

That lady, having no eye for the beautiful or ornamental, after glancing an instant told Tom he was an omadhaun and a hair-brain, and that it is to wear the boots himself he ought instead of "hanging them out in the cowl'd like a pair of 'ally-blasthers.'"

Peggy's unappreciative commentary was regarded by Tom as a declaration of war; and immediately upon their re-entering the house hostilities broke out, resulting in a hand-to-hand encounter that more than made up for the temporary armistice of Nov. 2.

The chivalrous Knight of La Mancha was never prouder of the barber's basin, which he wore as his helmet, than Tom was of the boots and the pasteboard that swung above his door. He took them in every night with reverent touch and studious care; and after hanging them out in the morning, he eyed them regularly for ten and sometimes twenty minutes. There was a shoemaker living across the way whom Tom loved to rile. After glancing at the boots, he would look across to the shoemaker's with an expression on his face which conveyed as plainly as words:—

"Look at the kind of men I work for, you stuck-up botch! Can you show anything like it?"

One night, by some strange and unaccountable inadvertence, Tom forgot to take in the sign. The boots and the pasteboard were left exposed to the chilly air of the night, an atmosphere they were not by any means accustomed to. Next morning when Tom rose and looked out of the window he saw a group of about twoscore persons, old and young, standing in the street opposite his house and laughing as if their very sides would burst.

He hastened out to see what was the matter. That he was not long in finding out; for as all eyes were bent upon the sign he looked up also, and to his everlasting horror saw that it read as follows:—

"THESE IS OCONNELLS TOOTS HATCHED AN
SOLD BY
TOM HACKETT
GOBBLER TO THE
GREAT LIBERATHER."

Tom knew right well that the eye of the envious shoemaker across the street was upon him, so he determined to suppress, or at best disguise his hot anger; and with a coolness for which the lookers-on were wholly unprepared, he took down the disfigured pasteboard.

Upon entering the house, Peggy, with the malicious satisfaction the prophet of evil manifests upon the verification of her predictions, burst out with,—

"Ha! ha! Didn't I tell you so? Maybe now you'll take me advice in something."

This was the straw that broke the camel's back. It was not in human nature to bear more. Tom flung boots and pasteboard into a corner, and straightway charged on Peggy.

She made a gallant stand for a few moments, but the pent-up fury of the attacking party, suddenly relieved of all restraint, was so great that the banner of the better-half quickly sank into the gloom of a defeat more complete and ignominious than any it had ever known before.

Concluded in our next.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND has about fifty factories, employing about 2,000 men, some of which receive and preserve from 10,000 to 15,000 lobsters per day, and the fishermen receive one half cent for each lobster landed at the factory. It is estimated that 125,000 cases will be shipped this season, each case containing forty-eight cans.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS distributed the prizes to the pupils of the Jesuit school in the Rue de Madrid. Father Clerc, of the Rue de Sevres, spoke energetically, and was applauded to the echo. M. Riant, one of the municipal councillors, announced, amidst enthusiastic cheers, that notwithstanding the dissolution by the decree of March 29, legal means would be found to reopen the school in October.

CATHOLICISM AND CULTURE.

London Tablet.

ONE of the commonest accusations brought in these days against the Catholic Church is that she is inimical to culture; a strange accusation, indeed, if we look back upon the history of the modern world. But unfortunately, so few people do look back, and of those who do, so many suffer from an obliquity of vision fatal to a true discernment of what meets their eyes! In spite of the boast that "the spirit of the age is a historic spirit," it is certain that the higher energies of the vast majority of "educated" men (as the phrase is) are absorbed in the present; while those who, to a greater or less extent, devote themselves to researches into the past, are terribly apt to approach their task with prepossessions borrowed from the nineteenth century, which are a fatal obstacle to the right execution of it. A recent writer has described Mr. Buckle's work on the History of Civilization as "a huge unfinished political pamphlet." The description might fit a great number of professed histories. There is a large school of writers — a popular French historian who has "obtained great pensions and great praise," M. Martin, may serve as a type of them — who "people the past with phantasms, and color it with lines that belong to our own days." The cardinal principle of the *Libre-Penseur*, to whatever nation he belongs, is hostility to the Catholic Church; and when he betakes himself to the study of the ages in which she played the foremost part in the affairs of human society, he sees everything through a medium distorted by his master prejudice. "All is jaundiced to the jaundiced eye." It is the prime position of writers of this school that the Church is the ally of barbarism and the foe of civilization; and, if facts are apparently against this view, so much the worse for the facts. One

of the leading *philosophes* of the last century — it was D'Alembert, we think — expressed the wish that all record of past events could be blotted out. His successors of the present day find it easier to falsify that record. Certainly no more monstrous perversion of history is well conceivable than that which represents the Church as hostile to culture. It is unquestionably due to the Catholic religion that any culture at all now exists in Europe. Without her, as M. Guizot confesses, the world would have been abandoned to material force; and the new civilization which she built upon the ruins of the old order, preserving, purifying, and completing what was of real and enduring value in the antique classical world, would never have been called into existence. "Not one of the writers who writes so bravely against the Church but owes it to the Church that he is able to write at all."

But there are others — the illustrious Frenchman we last mentioned is one of them, and our own Mr. Mill another — who draw a distinction. They admit the great services which the Catholic Church rendered to art and science and all the elements of culture in times past. They do not shut their eyes to the story which is written not less legibly on such structures as the Abbey and Hall of Westminster, the Cathedral of Orvieto, the Duomo of Pisa, or the works of the hands of Giotto and Orcagna, of Fra Francia and Fra Angelico, than in the verse of Dante and Adam of St. Victor, or the tomes of St. Thomas and Roger Bacon. But all that, they tell us, is past and gone. The Church was once, they allow, the "nurse of all great wits," the protector and fosterer of art and science and literature; but she is so no longer, they think. The religion which was once the light

of the world, in the secular order as in the spiritual, has now become "obscurantist," they tell us. Such is the assertion which is commonly made among men in these days. One can hardly take up a newspaper or magazine or review, without coming upon it. No doubt it is often made by people who do not think, but merely repeat the thoughts of others. But that real thinkers, and those of no small eminence, whose good faith we will not question, however erroneous we may and must regard their views, have thought and do think this of the Catholic Church, is incontestable. Are we to admit that they are right? that the Church has, in some incomprehensible and inexplicable way, undergone so great a change that, from being the pioneer of nations, and the herald of progress, she has become a hindrance to civilization and a foe to knowledge?

By no means. The Catholic Church is *semper eadem*. Her aims, her tendencies are now just what they have been from the beginning. It is not she who has changed. It is the tone and whole way of thought of human society. For long ages Europe was Christian, and its civilization was based upon the two great ideas of God and duty. It was then that the Catholic Church reared the mighty fabric of Christendom, welding it together out of the fragments of the old civilization that remained and the fresh, vigorous life of the Teutonic tribes whom she brought out of barbarism by the faith of Christ. And though her kingdom was not of this world, it was in this world, and in carrying out her divine mission to the souls of men she was the source of innumerable blessings in the secular order. She built up a society which, however rude in physical comforts or mechanical contrivances, was richer in the constituents of the higher civilization, in happiness, nobleness, wisdom, than any which the world has ever seen. It was a civilization fecund in great characters, *magna parens virum*,

according to Montalembert's happy quotation, and their greatness sprang out of their faith in the unseen and eternal realities to which the Church witnessed. This is the characteristic stamped upon the philosophy and the poetry, the architecture and the painting, the public polity and social order of the Middle Ages; and if the Church does not now produce the same results in the secular sphere, it is not because her inspiration is changed, but because the mind of the age no longer receives her inspiration. It is said of her Divine Founder that in a certain region he could do no mighty works because of the unbelief of those who dwelt there. It is that same unbelief that paralyzes the action of the Catholic Church upon society in these latter days.

It is false, then, that the Catholic Church is now hostile to culture; but it is quite true that she is hostile to much that now assumes that name. The accepted doctrine of the day is that "the best constitution of the commonwealth and civil progress requires civil society to be ordered and governed without regard to religion"; and that proposition the Church solemnly reprobates and condemns. She maintains that religion is the only true source of human improvement, whether political, social, or individual; that the exclusion of the supernatural from human life is not progress in civilization, but retrogression towards barbarism. It is well to look this fact in the face. The difference between the spirit of the Church and the spirit of the age is radical. And it is in the department of education that it comes out most clearly. The only true basis of education is the knowledge and love of truth. "Religious truth is not only a portion but a condition of general knowledge. How can any Catholic imagine that it is possible for him to cultivate philosophy and science with due attention to their ultimate end, which is truth, supposing that the system of revealed facts and principles which constitutes the Catholic

faith, which goes beyond nature, and which he knows to be most true, be omitted from among the subjects of his teaching?" These are the words of Cardinal Newinan. But let us cite another teacher of a very different school. "Culture without religious consciousness is nothing but civilized barbarism and disguised animalism," writes Bunsen. That is the culture which "modern thought" is forcing upon the world; and that is the culture which the Catholic Church, as the prophet of God, opposes, proscribes, and censures.

THE want of a lively, practical Catholicity amongst the young men of the time can be traced to no other cause than the negligence of Catholic parents. In their younger days the boys are permitted to run hither and thither, with this company, with that company, to this place of amusement, to that place of iniquity, with scarcely a restraining word, let alone a chastising rod that enforces obedience. These boys grow up in the streets and alleys, and are sent out of the sight of their mothers on account of the boisterousness so natural to boys. Their sisters are kept severely under parental eyes, and consequently are generally saved to the faith in which they were baptized. Fathers and mothers should make it the study and burden of their lives to watch anxiously their children during the tender years, when the mind is so much more susceptible to receive impressions and the heart to be led astray. See that the boys as well as the girls are instructed in their religion and are kept to its practice, and that they avoid all companies that may lead them away from the Church. What a fearful account will those parents have to render on the Day of Judgment, when called upon to present the souls of the children they have neglected, and whose crimes will be deserving of hell! "Honor thy father and thy mother" is the divine command given

to children, because the father and mother have the responsibility of their care placed upon them by Almighty God. — *Catholic Columbian*.

RULES THAT PARENTS SHOULD TEACH AND FOLLOW.

THE following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold and placed in a conspicuous place in every household:—

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give what you say.

4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your child for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

11. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

12. Never allow tale-bearing.

DIOGENES being asked what beasts were apt to bite the worst, he answered, "Of all wild beasts,—the slanderer; and of all tame beasts,—the flatterer!"

THE COMPLETION OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

Concluded from page 482.

nothing without reference to the whole; and the façade, with its two towers terminating in gradually tapering spires, now produces the most sublime effect.

The Jews came around our Lord in Jerusalem, saying, "Six-and-forty years was this temple in building," and the church of St. Peter in Rome took a century and a half in construction; but a cathedral of which the top stone was laid only after the lapse of six hundred and thirty-two years is unique among basilicas, and in this respect we may apply to it the lines in "Childe Harold":—

"But thou, of temples old or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee."

And what changes have passed over it since its foundation, when Conrad IV. was emperor, and Henry III. sat on the throne of England, and Louis IX.—Saint Louis—of France was warring with the unbelievers on the shores of Egypt! What anarchy succeeded during the interregnum, what strife between imperial princes and feudatory barons and electors, what rise and fall of illustrious houses,—the House of Hapsburg, of Bavaria, Austria, and Austria-Lorraine,—till the title of Emperor of Germany was laid aside, to be resumed after the late victory over France, and to be illustrated by the completion of Cologne Cathedral! It is strange, passing strange, that the sovereign under whom the religious orders have been molested and driven away, priests dispossessed of their cures, bishops imprisoned, and the Falk Laws enforced, should be the one to encourage and assist in crowning the towers of a cathedral where the ritual of the Catholic Church is regularly and exclusively celebrated. Happily the enemies of the Church are often inconsistent, and their actions are frequently better than their principles.

The Dom of Cologne has, during

more than six hundred years, been a silent but eloquent witness to the indestructibility of the religion in whose honor and for whose service it was built. Changes of every kind have swept over Europe, while it has endured, unconscious of change. The revolutionary movement of Luther, though it has seduced many nations, has failed in every effort to alter the Catholic Church in its doctrines, discipline, or submission to the See of Rome. The discoveries of modern science, from Copernicus down to Proctor and Secchi, though often used as machinery for the overthrow of Christianity as professed by Catholics, have in reality added to the glory and wealth of their divine traditions. Columbus, Sebastian Cabot, Vasco da Gama, Vespucci, have discovered new worlds, and practically more than doubled the area of the habitable globe, since Cologne Cathedral first rose above the level of the Rhine; but they have brought new lands and unimagined tribes within the dominion of the Church, and compensated to her in another hemisphere for the losses she may have sustained in this.

The relations between the state and Church have altered in almost every country in the world where they existed; yet, although altered, they still exist under other forms, and it may be doubted whether the influence of the Church was ever greater than it is now. What it has lost in some points, it has gained in others, and like the cathedral of which we have been speaking, is ever putting forth new signs of solid structure, new splendors of fresh decoration. There can be no doubt that fresh trials await the Church in the future, but these will serve to prove the immutability of the basis on which it rests, and give occasion to the display of new forces and new manifestations of inexhaustible grace.

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The 15th of October has passed, and the grand cathedral was not con-

secreated. There was an assembling of crowned heads, but the real head was not there. The Catholics of Prussia appear to be resolved upon demonstrating that they are still wholly unsatisfied with the Falk Laws Amendment Act, lately passed in their favor, and that they are frank and undisguised supporters of the Vatican in its claims on the state. Herr Windthorst, the parliamentary leader of the Catholics, spoke thus at a recent meeting: "The Catholics, it is true, rejoice at the finishing of the cathedral, but its accomplishment should only be celebrated after the return of the Archbishop to Cologne, and I am convinced that it would have entirely accorded with the views of Frederick William IV., if the festival had been postponed till then. We will, therefore, keep ourselves apart from the ceremony, and our Rhenish brothers will not forget to give to the Emperor the things which are the Emperor's, and to God the things that are God's."

THE CRIB OF BETHLEHEM.

THE cradle of our Saviour—the identical crib in which the infant Jesus was laid—was for a time preserved in Bethlehem; and it is well known that St. Jerome, St. Paula, and others had always entertained the greatest devotion for this sanctuary. Subsequently the crib and a few pieces of rock from the cave at Bethlehem were brought to Rome. Some have asserted that the transfer was made in the year 352; but the learned Pope Benedict XIV. proved that it was not until the fifth century, at the time that the Saracens had taken possession of Jerusalem, in the year 653. St. Jerome, who was buried in Bethlehem, appeared three times to a pious monk there, telling him to carry the crib and his remains to Rome, which he accordingly did.

The crib, considered one of the most precious relics of the city of Rome, is now kept in the magnificent

basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, also known by the titles of Our Lady of Snow and Our Lady of the Crib. To the right side of the main altar is a very beautiful and spacious chapel, built by Pope Sixtus V., in the year 1586, in honor of our Saviour's crib. In the centre, directly underneath the cupola, is a precious altar, where the blessed sacrament reposes. On both sides of the altar are two stairways of stone, leading to a little chapel called the chapel of the crib. Formerly the holy crib was kept here, but now only a few pieces of wood taken from it remain on the altar. The main part of the crib is preserved in another side chapel, enclosed in a magnificent silver-mounted, crystal reliquary, surrounded by a gilt iron railing. Every year, on Christmas night, these relics used to be carried in solemn procession to the main altar of the church, where they remained during three days, for public veneration. Old and young, beggars and princes, may be seen during these days, like the shepherds and kings of old in Bethlehem, hastening to Santa Maria Maggiore to visit the holy crib.

THE education of the child should begin at home. The mother is the true educator. The dignity of her character consists in this: she cannot neglect the consequent duties of her maternity without entailing direful consequences both on herself and on her offspring. The lessons of a good mother are never forgotten,—her sweet influence never weakened. She gives her own character to her children. If she be good and devoted, her children will be respectful and virtuous. If she be cold and indifferent, her children will develop like qualities in their growth. Nothing can supply the place of a mother's example. — *Catholic Columbian*.

If your foot is asleep, do not be alarmed; the poet tells us that the sole is not dead that slumbers.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

OH! those Christmas times, *mavourneen*, are not like the times of old,
 When the light of love shone softly, and our pulses felt no cold;
 When the laughter of the young hearts round the hearth rang merrily;
 Now the laughter and the young hearts all are gone, *asthore, machree!*

Methinks I see our darling Kate, her blue eyes fixed on mine,
 And dark-haired Patrick resting soft his little hand in mine;
 Methinks I hear brave Owen's voice, and Brian's free and gay,
 With soft-cheeked Eily's mingling in the holy Christmas lay.

Dreams! dreams! to-night the ancient hearth no kindly look doth wear,
 There is snow upon the threshold stone, and coldness everywhere.
 No swell of rushing voices pour the holy Christmas lay, —
 The young hearts and the merry hearts, *mavourneen*, where are they?

Ah, blue-eyed Kate and Patrick Dhu, long, long have found their rest,
 Where Shruel's silent churchyard looks across the Inny's breast;
 And, Eily, thy young heart is cold and pulseless 'neath the sea,
 Full many and many a Christmas tide, *alanna bawn machree*.

And by Potomac's blood-tinged wave Owen nobly fell;
 My noble boy! they say he fought right gloriously and well;
 And Brian's voice is hushed in death, where blue Australian streams
 Fill with their youthful melodies the exile's glowing dreams.

Asthore, asthore, beside the light our faces shine alone;
 But *they* are clustered with the stars before the eternal throne;
 With St. Patrick and St. Bridget and the angels robed in white,
 They sing the old-remembered strains, their Christmas hymn to-night.

Old love! old love! His will be blessed that left e'en you and me
 To keep my heart from bursting with the wild, wild memory.
 That soothing glance, *mavourneen*, speaks of Christmas times to come,
 When the scattered hearts shall meet for aye in God's eternal home.

AUTUMN.

SUMMER has seen decay
 Of roses white and red,
 And Love with wings outspread
 Speeds after yesterday.

Blue skies have chang'd to gray,
 And joy has sorrow wed;
 Summer has seen decay
 Of roses white and red.

May's flowers outlive not May!
 And when the leaves are shed,
 Around the roses dead
 The mournful echoes say:
 "Summer has seen decay!"

AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT.

Prof. Lyon Playfair, M. P., in *Fraser's Magazine*.

PROF. PLAYFAIR, one of the most eminent chemists of our times, who has often been employed by various governments to report upon subjects of public interest, and especially upon those which relate to agricultural development, tells his countrymen some very wholesome truths, derived from his own observation, as to what they may be prepared for in the future, from competition on this side the Atlantic. He says:—

“Last autumn I visited a farm in Vermont, where I saw, among the cattle, dukes and duchesses which would have rejoiced the hearts of our best breeders. There has been a widespread distribution of our best Jerseys and other good breeds all through the States. While we have been content in recent years to depend more and more upon the lean stock of Ireland, so as to produce high-priced beef, and neglected the breeding cattle, the farmers on the other side of the Atlantic are continually trying to improve their breeds. In the future the competition will be great, for transport is improving, and the cattle of the prairie lands are increasing so fast that their surplus must be exported, even at small profits.” The learned professor expresses equally intelligent opinions as to the prospects of the future competition in the rearing of other domestic animals, when he says: “Sheep are now fed over the cotton lands on the seed, after the extraction of the oil, and are thus reared with much economy, for their manure greatly improves the succeeding crop, while their wool, being added to the products, enables the mutton to be exported at little cost.” Of the hog and his products, Mr. Playfair remarks: “They are competing heavily with our domestic supply. On visiting one of those factories in Chicago, where thousands are slaughtered daily, and converted into transportable products,

the owner remarked to me that they were the mere incarnation of Indian corn, and therefore the cheapest way of getting that bulky product to Europe.” With these striking facts before him, Prof. Playfair argues that although the price of meat has been well kept up in the United Kingdom, the future supply of animal food from the West will keep down the prices in Great Britain, both of meat and grain, in the future. Although never a practical farmer, still, as a chemist, the learned professor remarks that he has been much struck with some facts in regard to the agriculture of his own country. “While in New England the effect of competition has been to increase the production of the soil, this has notably not been the case in Ireland, especially in regard to the crop of potatoes.” Previous to 1845, six or seven tons per acre of this esculent were raised upon Irish soil. This crop, since then, has been gradually diminishing, and fell as low as from three tons to one ton per acre in 1869 and 1878. In other parts of the kingdom the decline has not been so great, but the fact exists that, as regards Ireland, the sod could have fed 2,520,000 more persons in 1856 than it could have done in 1878. With the acumen of a scientist, whose faculties have been sharpened by observation and study, this decline in productiveness is thus accounted for: “It is a canon in agriculture that the best manure for any crop is that of the animal which fed upon it, because all its ingredients are in exact proportion to the wants of the plant. In Ireland, however, a great change has taken place in the habits of the population. Formerly the potato was a staple article of food, the people lived upon the farms, and restored to the land what was extracted in the growth of potatoes; but when many emigrated to America, and when the

residue changed so materially their mode of diet, the manurial balance of production and restoration was much changed, and the immense falling off in potato production has been the consequence." The result of his observations in both hemispheres is very tersely given by Mr. Playfair in the statement that "it can only be by a due restoration to the soil of the abstracted ingredients, through artificial manure, that the land of Ireland can regain its old fertility."

THE GIRLS WHO GET MARRIED.

"How did that homely girl ever contrive to get married?" is not unfrequently remarked of some good domestic creature whom her husband regards as the apple of his eye, and in whose plain face he sees something better than beauty. Pretty girls who are vain of their charms are rather prone to make observations of this kind; and consciousness of the fact that flowers of loveliness are often left to pine on the stem, while weeds of homeliness go off rapidly, is no doubt, in many cases, at the bottom of the sneering question. The truth is, that most men prefer homeliness and amiability to beauty and caprice. Handsome women are apt to overvalue themselves, and in waiting for an immense bid, occasionally overstep the market. Their plain sisters, on the contrary, aware of their personal deficiencies, generally do their best at all times to produce an agreeable impression, and in most instances succeed. They do not aspire to capture paragons with princely fortunes, but are willing to take anything respectable and love-worthy that Providence may throw in their way. The rock ahead of our haughty beauties and coquettish beauties is fastidiousness. They reject and reject, until nobody cares to woo them. Men do not like to be snubbed or to be trifled with, — a lesson that thousands of pretty women learn too late. Men who are caught merely by a pretty

face and figure do not, as a rule, amount to much. The practical, useful, thoughtful portion of mankind are wisely content with unpretending excellence.

A BAD GIRL TO MARRY.

A BAD daughter seldom makes a good wife. If a girl is ill-tempered at home, snarls at her parents, snaps at her brothers and sisters, and shirks her duties in the household, the chances are ten to one that when she gets a home of her own, she will make it wretched. There are girls who fancy themselves so far superior to their parents that the mere privilege of enjoying their society in the house ought to be all the old people should have the assurance to ask. While their mothers are busy with domestic affairs, they sit in the easiest chairs, go gadding about, read the latest novels, and cherish the notion that they are persons of culture and refinement. The household drudgery is too coarse for such fine ladies as they. Girls of this sort are generally very anxious to be married, that they may escape the disagreeableness of a home where they are held more or less under subjection. A caller who does n't have a chance to see how they behave when no strangers are present may be excused for fancying them lovely and lovable beings, because they exert themselves to be agreeable during his visit. But he is unwise if, without investigation, he commits himself by offering marriage to a girl of this sort. If she will not assist her mother in the domestic labors, is she not likely to be slothful and ill-tempered when she marries? If she now thinks herself too good to work, is it safe to expect that her views as to that matter would radically change if she became a wife?

YOUR professional pedestrian may be said to be a man who profits by his extremities.

A FEW OCTOBER THOUGHTS.

The Universe, London.

THE third day of October, 1691, was a day memorable not only in the history of Ireland, but in that of England too. It was on that day that the memorable Treaty of Limerick was signed by Sarsfield for James, and by Ginkel for William. The treaty was signed on the famous treaty stone, which can still be seen on the "Shannon shore," a constant reminder of the honor of the gallant defenders of the last stronghold of the Stuart cause, and of the dishonor of their enemies, whose shameful violation of the treaty was one of the blackest acts which history records. For more than a year had the historic city on the Shannon withstood all the efforts of the English general and his large army to reduce it to subjection. William III. had, long before the time of which we write, fled away disheartened to London, where he found it hard enough to manage his English subjects, already jealous of Dutch influence at court. Limerick bore an undaunted front against terrible odds. William had won all Ireland; but Limerick remained firm, and on one great occasion even her brave women nobly aided in the defence of her walls:—

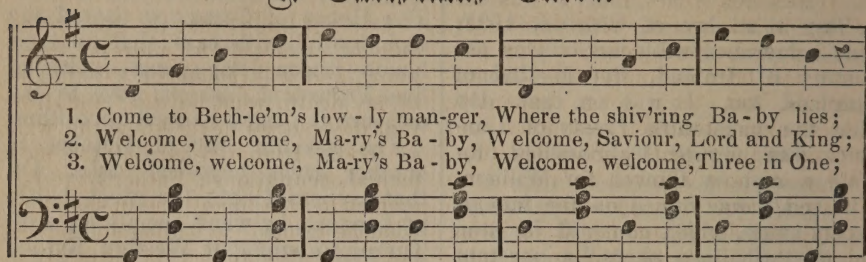
"The women fought before the men,
Each man became a match for ten.
So hurrah for the men who kept Limerick's walls,
And hurrah for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all!"

Soon after the treaty was signed a large French fleet appeared in the Shannon, bringing men, money, stores, and arms. Ginkel feared that the Irish would break the treaty; but Sarsfield—the soul of honor—only exclaimed, "Too late!" and the French ships were only used to convey about twenty thousand Irishmen to France, where they, as "the Irish Brigade," gave noble proof of dauntless valor. And yet only a short time elapsed before the Treaty of Limerick was violated; not, indeed, by William, but by the slavish Parliament in Dub-

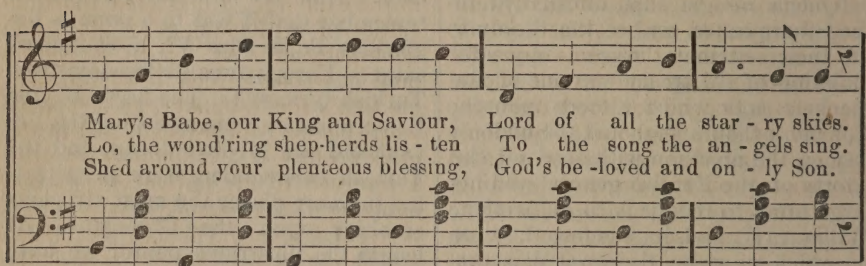
lin,—an assembly which then had very little Irish in its constitution. The House of Commons passed the violation bill with ease; but, to their honor, fifteen Irish peers, including five Protestant bishops, gave to the measure the most earnest opposition.

The seventh day of October is another great historical date. On that day was fought the great battle of Lepanto, by which the attempts of Turkey to subjugate Western Europe to Mahometan sway were foiled forever. And yet how few Protestants remember that it was to a pope—the glorious Pope Pius V., a canonized saint—Europe owes its freedom from Turkish tyranny! The fleets of the Eastern enemy were sweeping the Levant and the Mediterranean, and the Turkish commanders were perpetrating in many places the most atrocious cruelties upon the Christians. At length the illustrious pontiff we have named roused many of the leading nations of Europe to give vigorous opposition to the enemy. England, ruled then by Elizabeth, gave no aid to the good cause, and France, harassed by civil war, was helpless. Spain and Austria supported the pope, and sent fleets to oppose the enemy of Christendom, who was encountered in the Gulf of Lepanto on the 7th of October, 1571, and was overthrown. The Christian fleets were commanded by Don John of Austria on this memorable occasion. While the battle raged the pope was actively engaged in the public recitation of the rosary in the streets of Rome. Just at the moment of victory his Holiness, having returned to his palace, threw open a casement, and, looking up to the sky, exclaimed, "The Christians have conquered!" It was on this occasion that the line "Help of Christians" was added to the Litany of our Lady. At the present time, when Protestant England is ringing with denunciations of Turkish wrong, she ought to remember well that it was a pope who saved her from Turkish rule.

A Christmas Carol.

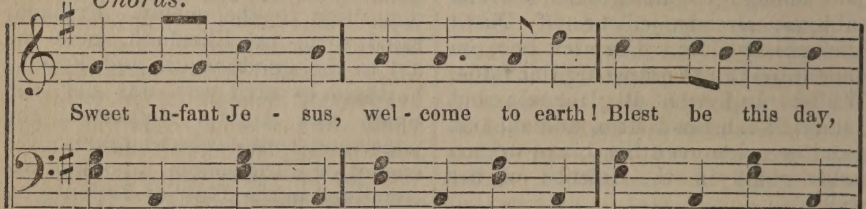


1. Come to Beth-le'm's low - ly man-ger, Where the shiv'ring Ba - by lies;
 2. Welcome, welcome, Ma-ry's Ba - by, Welcome, Saviour, Lord and King;
 3. Welcome, welcome, Ma-ry's Ba - by, Welcome, welcome, Three in One;

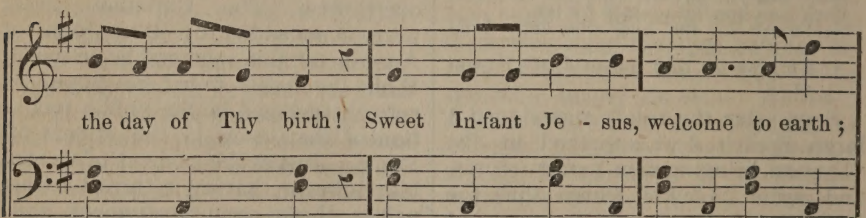


Mary's Babe, our King and Saviour, Lord of all the star - ry skies.
 Lo, the wond'ring shep-herds lis - ten To the song the an - gels sing.
 Shed around your plenteous blessing, God's be - loved and on - ly Son.

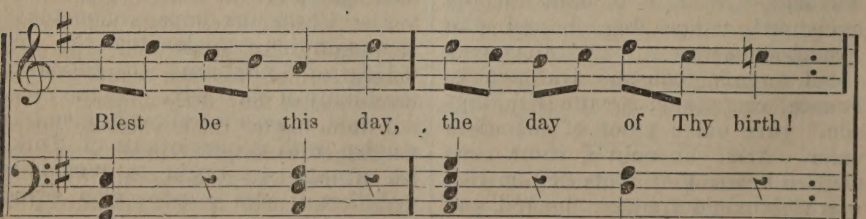
Chorus.



Sweet In-fant Je - sus, wel - come to earth! Blest be this day,



the day of Thy birth! Sweet In-fant Je - sus, welcome to earth;



Blest be this day, the day of Thy birth!

SELF-RELIANCE.

WHEN ten years old, I was left alone in the world, with one sister, my senior by two years. Our parents had been in comfortable circumstances, but their long, expensive illness exhausted their resources, and left us at their death almost destitute. We were now allowed to do as we pleased, and our pleasure was to spend the long summer days idling about the village, or fishing for minnow in the neighboring stream.

One morning, feeling unusually hungry, I requested my breakfast, only to be informed that there was none for us, and that Mary and myself should henceforth depend for food upon the charity of our neighbors. Suddenly remembering that we had not eaten any supper on the previous evening, I buttoned up my jacket preparing to do as my adviser suggested, when meeting my sister's eyes, I saw that they were full of tears, and her usually pale cheeks were flushed crimson with indignation or shame. "Surely, Ned," she exclaimed, "you are not going to turn *beggar*? What would our father say had he lived? Beg for yourself, then; I shall not taste a morsel of it. We deserve to be hungry, and for my part I shall remain so, until I procure food honestly. We do nothing but idle and play, and it would be dishonest to become a burden on those who are laboring from morning till night."

"That will do, Mary," I cried; "neither am I a 'beggar': I am strong, and can work."

I ran all the way to the house of the good priest who had attended our parents in their last illness. Father Ayre was in his garden; he smiled and said, "Well, Ned, when are you going to give up idling, and come to school again?"

"I am going to give up idling this minute, sir," I said breathlessly. "I want work: may I weed and clean your garden? I cannot do it for nothing, or I would do it gladly for *you*; but Mary and I are both hungry, and if you give me what will buy break-

fast for us, I shall be only to well content."

I do not know what the good priest *thought* of my rude address, but I know, and will remember till the day of my death, what he *did*; and from that day out we never knew the want of food. I labored hard at the most menial occupations; Father Ayre recommended me to any one in search of what he termed "a willing and honest boy." I also studied as earnestly as I worked, morning, at meal-times, and in the evening. I mastered the difficulties of arithmetic, geography, and book-keeping. At length a gentleman in whose garden I worked sent me to his son, a banker, as a "trust-worthy person" for a vacant seat in the clerk's office. . . . Some years after I returned to my native village, recognizing with a beating heart the neat ivy-clad house which had once been my happy home, but not one of the name could now claim a home therein. Mine lay hundreds of miles distant, more commodious and spacious, but scarcely as dear to my heart. And Mary's—the old sexton showed me her earthly home in the quiet churchyard, bright and beautiful, with wreaths of autumn flowers placed there by the young convent girls, with whom she had dwelt.

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

It was Christmas eve. The night was very dark and the snow falling fast, as Hermann, the charcoal burner, drew his cloak tighter around him, and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the Black Forest. He had been to carry a load to a castle near, and was now hastening home to his little hut. Although he worked very hard, he was poor, gaining barely enough for the wants of his wife and his four little children. He was thinking of them when he heard a faint wailing. Guided by the sound, he groped about and found a little child, scantily clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself in the snow.

"Why, little one, have they left thee here alone to face this cruel blast?"

The child answered nothing, but looked piteously up in the charcoal burner's face.

"Well, I cannot leave thee here. Thou wouldest be dead before this morning."

So saying, Hermann raised it in his arms, wrapping it in his cloak and warming its cold hands in his bosom. When he arrived at his hut, he put down the child and rapped at the door, which was immediately thrown open, and the children rushed to meet him.

"Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas-eve supper," said he, leading in the little one, who held timidly to his finger with its tiny hand.

"And welcome he is," said the wife, "Now let him come and warm himself by the fire."

The children all pressed round to welcome and gaze at the little newcomer. They showed him their pretty fig-tree, decorated with bright-colored lamps, in honor of Christmas eve, which the good mother had endeavored to make a *fête* for the children.

They then sat down to supper, each child contributing of its portion for the guest, looking with admiration at his clear, blue eyes and golden hair, which shone so as to shed a brighter light in the little room; and as they gazed it grew into a sort of a halo round his head, and his eyes beamed with a heavenly lustre. Soon two white wings appeared at his shoulders, and he seemed to grow larger and larger, and then the beautiful vision vanished, spreading out his hands as if in benediction over them.

Hermann and his wife fell on their knees, exclaiming in awe-stricken voices, "The holy Christ-Child!" and then embraced their wondering children in joy and thankfulness that they had entertained the heavenly guest.

The next morning, as Hermann passed by the place where he had

found the fair child, he saw a cluster of lovely white flowers, with dark green leaves, looking as though the snow itself had blossomed. Hermann plucked some and carried them reverently home to his wife and children, who treasured the fair blossoms and tended them carefully in remembrance of that wonderful Christmas eve, calling them *chrysanthemums*; and every year, as the time came around, they put aside a portion of their feast and gave it to some poor little child, according to the words of Christ: "In as much as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

HANG UP BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up baby's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget
The dear little dimpled darling, —
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
'And she opened her big blue eyes;
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looks so funny and wise.

Dear, what a tiny stocking!
It does n't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold;
But, then, for the baby's Christmas,
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa would n't be looking
For anything half so small!

I know what we'll do for the baby, —
I've thought of the very best plan:
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so,
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write: "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blindest baby,
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

HOW TO PRAY.

CHILDREN, do you say your prayers with attention? Do you never hurry over them as if you were reciting a lesson in history, without thinking of God? Instead of pleasing Him by such prayers, you may suffer grievously in purgatory for these acts of

indifference and inattention to your prayers. Listen to what St. Peter Damian relates of a great servant of God, and the punishment that was inflicted on him for saying certain prayers in a hurried manner.

St. Severinus, Archbishop of Cologne, was a prelate of such extraordinary sanctity that God granted many miracles through his intercession. One day, shortly after his death, the saint appeared to a canon of the Cathedral of Cologne, standing up to his waist in the water of a small branch of the Rhine. The canon, surprised, asked the saint why he stood there,—he, who for his eminent sanctity ought to be reigning gloriously in heaven.

“If you wish to know,” replied the saint, “give your hand, in order that you may understand by actual experience the pain which I suffer.”

Then, taking his hand, he dipped it gently into the water; and though the canon drew it out immediately, so great was the heat he experienced that the flesh all about the place which touched the water fell off even to the bone. The saint then told him the cause of this great suffering.

“I suffer this great torment for no other offence than having recited the breviary with distraction; for while I was councillor at the Emperor’s court, and having a great deal of business to attend to, I did not recite the divine office at the proper hours, and with devotion. This is my only fault.”

Then, begging the canon to join with him in prayer for the cure of his hand, and also his own liberation from his own great sufferings, he suddenly disappeared, leaving the canon cured, and filled with fear of God’s judgments.

Dear children, learn from this example how displeasing it is to Almighty God to hurry over your prayers, or say them with indifference and inattention. Prayer opens the

gate of heaven, but only when said with fervor and attention.—*The Chimes.*

TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

ALWAYS come to the table with clean faces and hands and combed hair. Boys of poor parents as well as rich can observe this rule.

When at the table, don’t commence eating till all at the table are waited upon.

When at the table don’t talk with food in your mouth, nor engage in controversy with any one. Food will do you more good if you are good-natured while eating.

Take time to masticate your food. To swallow food whole, or nearly so, or wash it down the throat, is impolite and injurious to health.

If obliged to leave the table before the family have finished their meal, always ask permission to do so.

Before leaving the table after a meal, put your cup in the saucer and teaspoon into the cup. Put the knife and fork into the plate and fold the napkin neatly.

Retire early at night, and if possible get eight hours’ sleep. Very small boys need that amount of sleep to promote physical growth and health.

When you call at a neighbor’s house always take off your hat on entering it, and do the same at your own house. It is impolite to sit down in the house with your hat on.

Show proper respect to people older than yourselves, for by so doing you will gain the respect of people who are polite and sensible.

When two people are engaged in conversation, never listen to hear what they say, nor break in on their conversation. It is very impolite to do that.

A RAMBLING orator in the city council is said to have never spoken “to the point” but once, and that was when he sat down on the sharp end of a carpet tack.

THE IRISH BAR;

COMPRISING ANECDOTES, BON-MOTS, AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF THE BENCH AND BAR OF IRELAND.

J. Roderick O'Flanagan.

INTRODUCTION.

THE greater number of the most renowned Irishmen in modern times have been barristers. In oratory I may name Grattan, Curran, Plunket, Bushe, Sheil, and O'Connell; as statesmen, Hussey Burgh, Ponsonby, and FitzGibbon; as advocates, Yelverton, the two Pennefathers, Holmes, Waggett, Deane Grady, Jonathan Henn, and Goold; as poets, John Anster, LL. D., John F. Waller, LL. D., Sir Samuel Ferguson, LL. D., D. F. MacCarthy, M. J. Barry, and Thomas Davis. There were others, less known to fame,—men who sought convivial society in preference to professional toil, yet who earned reputations worth preserving,—the wits and humorists of the Irish Parliament and the bar; men who possessed more wit than wisdom, more *bon-mots* than books, more brilliancy than briefs. Towards the close of the last century, Irish society, especially in the Irish metropolis, was peculiarly suited to the genius of such men. The capital was in a continual whirl of dissipation and revelry. An admirably written book in my possession—printed for private circulation amongst the family of the distinguished authoress,* who moved in the viceregal circle in Dublin, and from which I quote—gives several admirable pictures of life in Dublin immediately before the Union, and nothing could be more lively and animating. Then the social, joyous spirit of such men as pleasant Ned Lysaght, Jerry Keller, refined and polished Charles Kendal Bushe, amusing and ready Toler, Lord Norbury, caustic yet humorous Harry Deane Grady, keen and comical Standish O'Grady, Lord

Guillamore, had full play. The sayings and doings of these entertaining individuals linger yet as traditions of a past generation; their day is gone. If wisdom prevails upon the Irish bench, and forensic excellence is the rôle at the Irish bar, the ready jest and prompt *bon-mot* is rarely heard. A worthy son of Minerva† occupies the chief seat on the Exchequer bench, who would as soon imitate the vulgar slang of Chief Baron O'Grady as would the late Chief Baron Pigot. Though a voice racy of the soil now pronounces the decisions of the chief justice of the Common Pleas, the volleys of puns, as from Chief Justice Lord Norbury, do not rattle from that bench. So with the bar, as with the judges.

To preserve what is worth preserving of these old days, to enable our contemporaries and posterity to learn what manner of men those men of a past generation were,—how they lived and laughed,—is the task I have undertaken. My object being to mingle amusement with information, the reader will find if I “extenuate nothing,” I have assuredly “set down naught in malice.”

J. R. O'FLANAGAN.

Grange House, Fermoy, Sept. 1, 1878.

CHAPTER I.

THE RIVAL COACHES.

Charges against Sir Charles Porter, Lord Chancellor of Ireland.—Defends himself successfully in the House of Commons.—The chancellor's coach overtakes the Speaker's coach, and tries to pass.—Rage of the Speaker.—He brandishes his mace before the Chancellor's coachman.—The Chancellor gives precedence to the Speaker, but complains.—The Commons say no offence was intended.—Sir Robert Rochfort.

On a dark and wintry night, towards the close of October, 1695, the

* Mrs. Howard, of Corby Castle, Cumberland.

† Chief Baron Palles.

Speaker of the Irish House of Commons — Robert Rochfort — was returning home, rather crestfallen, from the House of Commons. He was at variance with the Lord Chancellor, Sir Charles Porter, who had been charged by several members of the Commons with various high crimes and misdemeanors, such as taking excessive fees, using power above and against law, being a favorer of Papists against Protestants, and acting partially in various cases.

The Lord Chancellor went to the House of Commons on the 25th of October, 1695, and was admitted with his purse, a chair being placed for him on the right hand within the bar. He laid down the purse and his hat, and at the back of the chair, uncovered, was heard in what he could say on the articles exhibited against him.

His speech was, I make no doubt, a masterly one; unfortunately there exists no report of it. But the result was a triumph to the Lord Chancellor. On the question being put, "That what Sir Charles Porter, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, said to the House in relation to the matters contained in the articles exhibited against him, is satisfactory to the House without any proof," the House divided. There were for the affirmative one hundred and twenty-one to seventy-seven. The result was the articles were abandoned, and the witnesses summoned in support of the same were discharged from attendance.

The Chancellor's triumph no doubt galled Mr. Speaker, who was at enmity with Sir Charles, and as I stated, was proceeding homeward after the unusually protracted sitting of the House of Commons. His route, from Chichester House, where the Parliament then met, towards Chancery Lane, Dublin, then a fashionable locality adjoining the Four Courts, which were held in Christ Church Lane, was through Essex Street, a narrow thoroughfare, running nearly parallel with the river Liffey. It was called after the brother of the then

Lord Lieutenant, — Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, — and was the chief route towards the place in which the Lord Chancellor, judges, eminent lawyers, and dignitaries connected with the law had their mansions, from the Houses of Lords and Commons. As the Speaker's heavy coach rolled over the paved streets, few lights glimmered from the windows on either side, for the citizens were nearly all abed, to be ready for the morning's work. No public lights — neither oil lamp, nor its successor, the brilliant gas — shed a gleam upon the confined space over which the cumbrous vehicle of the period slowly proceeded. Had any of the inhabitants, roused by the rumbling noise, looked forth, he might have witnessed a strange scene: another coach, even more pretentious in gilding and heraldic blazoning than the first, with rich coat of arms on the panels, and a be-wigged coachman before, and a couple of footmen behind, was vainly endeavoring to drive past the coach containing Mr. Speaker. Both carriages were nearly abreast, when a stray gleam, lighting up the street, revealed to the Speaker the Chancellor's coach, close beside his own, and the coachman apparently trying to pass in front. Rage and anger at this apparent rudeness roused the ire of the Speaker. It was not enough that the Chancellor should triumph over him in the senate, but that his coachman should insult him in the street. He let down the window, and in a peremptory tone desired the Chancellor's coachman to keep back. This mandate being either unheard or disregarded, Mr. Speaker sprang from his coach, and regardless of damage from horses' hoofs, coach wheels, or the mud of Essex Street, caught the reins of the Chancellor's horses, and nearly brought them — if he failed to bring their master — on their knees. With a want of respect for his high station, which in his cooler moments he never would have shown, he directed the Speaker's mace to be dis-

played before the astonished eyes of the Lord Chancellor's coachman, declaring, in excited tones, that "he would be run down by no man, and would justify what he did." The Chancellor, if he did not preserve his gravity during this ridiculous scene, preserved his temper and his seat. He kept his mace quiet, and allowed the Speaker's coach precedence while their roads lay the same. The Chancellor, however, thought it right to bring the matter before his House, as he considered the Speaker's conduct designed as an insult to himself. Probably aware of the *animus* felt by the Speaker of the Commons towards their Speaker, the Lord Chancellor, their Lordships sent the Chancellor's statement to the members of the House of Commons, and required an answer. The answer showed that, if the Speaker was for the time deprived of common-sense and regard to the dignity of his high office, the other members of the Irish House of Commons were more reasonable. Accordingly they returned an answer to the message from the Lords that "the meeting of the coaches being purely accidental, could in no wise be regarded as a designed affront to their lordships in the person of their Speaker." Therefore the affair went no further.

The career of the Speaker, Sir Robert Rochfort, shows he reached high rank in the legal profession. He succeeded Sir John Temple as Attorney-General in 1694, and continued in office until 1707, when, on the elevation of Chief Baron Freeman to the Chancellorship, Rochfort became Chief Baron. He presided over the Exchequer until 1714.

CHAPTER II.

TRIED BY HIS PEERS.

Intemperance in Ireland. — Public-houses in Dublin in 1680. — Convivial habits of Irish gentry. — Judges not exempt from this vice. — Sir Toby Butler. — Lord Santry kills Laughlin Murphy. — Tried by his peers in 1739. — The trial. — Conduct of Bowes, Solicitor-General, described. — Lord Santry found guilty and sentenced to death, but allowed to escape. — Trial of Lord Netterville. — Acquittal. — Romantic case of Robert

Earl of Kingston. — Henry Fitzgerald, illegitimate son of Lady Kingsborough's brother. — Brought up with the family. — Enters the army and becomes colonel. — His base ingratitude. — Induces Hon. Mary King to elope with him. — Grief of her family at her disappearance. — Pretended sympathy of Fitzgerald. — A servant discloses his treachery. — Miss King recovered and carried to Ireland. — Duel between Col. King and Fitzgerald. — Stranger at Mitchelstown. — Lord Kingsborough follows to Kiltworth. — Refuses to admit Lord Kingsborough. — Door of bedroom forced, and Lord Kingsborough shoots Col. Fitzgerald. — Becomes Earl of Kingston. — Tried by his peers in 1798. — Address of Earl of Clare, Lord High Steward. — No evidence. — Earl of Kingston acquitted.

It is not often the historian has to relate the trial of an Irish peer; but as accidents happen in the best regulated families, so the annals of Erin are not wholly free from such events. The fearful extent to which intemperance has for centuries prevailed in Ireland caused much of the crime which stained the legal records of the land. We learn from Sir William Petty's census in A. D. 1682 that, out of the 6,025 houses then constituting the Irish metropolis, no less than twelve hundred were public-houses for the sale of intoxicating drink. This deplorable evil seems to have increased with time. In 1798, Thomas Street, in Dublin, had nearly one half of its houses devoted to the sale of whiskey. Dr. Ruddy, the historian of Dublin, gives an account of the quantity of claret imported for the exclusive use of the Irish gentry in one year, 1763. It amounted to 8,000 tuns. The quantity of wine which could be drunk by seasoned toppers was several bottles. I think some members of the Cherokee club boasted of drinking six bottles each. Port wine was not much used until the middle of the eighteenth century. The convivial meetings throughout Ireland were usually drunken orgies. If any guest left the table, intending to return, pieces of paper were placed in his glass, to indicate the number of times the decanter had circulated during his absence, and he was expected to swallow a bumper for each, or in lieu thereof, an equal number of glasses of salt and water. It was the custom at some houses for the host to lock the dining-room door, that

none of his guests could depart, and thus shirk his liquor. Others used bottles like soda-water bottles, which could only be passed from hand to hand, so there was no possibility of stopping the bottle. The stories told of this degrading intemperance in men of every rank, from the peer to the peasant, show how universal was this vice. A learned judge was said to have had a tube inserted in a metal pen, and with this he would take a quantity of brandy placed on the bench in a vessel bearing the shape of an inkstand. Another judge was asked if he saw a learned brother dance. "Yes," he replied, "I saw him in a *reel*." Curran said of a third judge, who displayed maudlin sensibility when condemning a prisoner to death, "though he did not weep, he certainly had a *drop in his eye*." There were lawyers who, it was reported, could not address juries without the aid of a libation, and we recollect how Sir Toby Butler, Solicitor-General in 1689, was pledged "not to drink a drop of liquor" until he made his argument in a case of vast importance, and acquitted himself so ably that bench and bar complimented him for his able speech; yet, when the attorney expressed his conviction the success was owing to abstemiousness. "Not so fast, my friend," replied the jolly old toper, "perhaps it was the other way." "Why, Sir Toby," exclaimed the attorney, "surely you have not broken your pledge?" "What was that?" demanded Sir Toby. "You pledged your word you would not *drink a drop* of liquor until you concluded your argument." "Nor have I," answered the barrister; "I did not *drink a drop*, but I soaked two fresh penny loaves in two bottles of claret, and *I ate them*!"

In the year 1730, a wild young nobleman, Lord Santry, with other young men of good family but disreputable conduct, were drinking at a rural tavern in the village of Palmers-ton, a few miles from Dublin. It was

fair day, and many persons were in and out of this tavern. Lord Santry had reached that stage of inebriety when good-humor ceases and a disposition to grow quarrelsome prevails. He had taken the "cross drop"; and his companions, being indisposed to tolerate his ill-humor, dropped off one by one. Lord Santry then expended his wrath upon a man named Humphreys, and as it was the custom for gentlemen at this time to wear rapiers, he proceeded to unsheath his rapier; but it stuck fast in the scabbard, and happily for Humphreys, his Lordship failed in his efforts to draw. In a violent rage at this circumstance, Lord Santry left the room and proceeded along a passage leading to the kitchen. While here he unfortunately met a man named Laughlin Murphy, who was usually employed as potboy and messenger. Finding Murphy in his way, Lord Santry gave him a push, and swore that "he would kill him if he spoke a word." Murphy made some reply, on hearing which the excited peer kept to his rash oath; for, tugging at his sword, he unsheathed it and plunged it into Murphy's body. The wounded man instantly exclaimed, "I'm killed!" No attempt seems to have been made to take the drunken peer into custody. He gave a four-pound piece of gold to the landlord of the tavern as recompense for the wound he inflicted on Murphy, and went away. The victim of his intemperance lingered from the 9th of August to the 25th of September, 1738, when he died in Dublin, in a small lane called Hammond's Lane.

The law officers at that time were Robert Jocelyn, Attorney-General, and John Bowes, Solicitor-General. They took prompt steps to bring the offender to the bar of justice. He was arrested and indicted for murder. A true bill being found by the grand jury of the county of Dublin, a writ of *certiorari* was applied for and granted, removing the trial from the Court of King's Bench to the House

of Lords, in order that the prisoner should be tried by his peers.

There was great bustle and flocking of individuals to the Parliament House on College Green on the morning of the 27th of April, 1739, the day fixed for the trial of Lord Santry. Soldiers in uniform, civilians in their best attire, the battle-axe guards in their full equipments, all thronged the avenues to the Parliament House. There was a strong body of the city constables present; and as the trial was fixed to take place at an early hour, the city was astir from day-break. Troops lined the streets as early as seven o'clock, and at half past seven the noble prisoner, only twenty-nine years of age, was conveyed in a coach, in the custody of the high sheriff of Dublin, to the court wherein he was to be tried. The House of Commons affording more space than the House of Lords, it was fitted up for this solemn investigation. The peers were not so prompt in going forth as the citizens. The Lord High Steward was the Chancellor Lord Wyndham, and he held a levee in his mansion in St. Stephen's Green on that morning, at which the judges in their ermine, the king-of-arms in his robes, the gentleman-usher of the Black Rod, and the sergeant-at-arms attended. These high dignitaries escorted the Lord High Steward in his progress to preside at the trial. On this occasion the *Black Rod* was changed for a *white* one, and the sergeant-at-arms bore a mace.

The chronicles of the time give a full account of the solemn procession. They tell us of the state observed, — how twelve gentlemen led the way, marching bareheaded, two and two; then followed the sergeant-at-arms with the mace, and the seal-bearer with the purse, also uncovered; then his grace the Lord High Steward, in gorgeous robes, and his train-bearers, with Ulster king-of-arms on his right and the usher of the *Black Rod* bearing the white wand of the Lord High

Steward on his left. Then followed the chief and puisne judges, in scarlet and ermine. The gorgeous if cumbrous coaches, chiefly drawn by six horses, conveyed their "potent, grave, and reverend seigniors" to the Parliament House. They were met by four sergeants with maces, and on entering the High Court of Parliament, found the peers already assembled. A chair of state, raised higher than those of other peers, and surmounted by a rich canopy, was prepared for the Lord High Steward. Lord Wyndham bowed right and left as he proceeded to his place. The purse was laid on a small table beside him, and the sergeant-at-arms, with the mace, took his place near the table.

The proceedings were opened by the clerk of the Crown of the King's Bench opening the court, and the clerk of the Crown in Chancery bearing the commission from his Majesty, empowering the Lord High Steward to preside. These officials made their bows, and the sergeant-at-arms having called aloud, "Oyez!" three times, the clerk of the Crown of the King's Bench read the commission, the lords standing uncovered while it was reading. After an amount of bowing and reverences which it is unnecessary to relate, the peers took their seats according to their respective rank. The indictment being read, the clerk of the Crown asked the prisoner to plead, which he did by "Not guilty." He was then asked how he would be tried, to which he answered, "By God and my peers." Then the Lord High Steward gave him in charge to the peers, and Robert Jocelyn, the Attorney-General, stated the case for the prosecution as I have already mentioned. The defence was "that the death of Murphy was not caused by the stab, but by a disease of long standing." But the masterly speech of the Solicitor-General (Bowes) fully answered this by showing that it was solely owing to the blow inflicted by the prisoner the deceased owed his

death, and the disease under which it was alleged Murphy labored would not have caused his death had not the sword of the prisoner entered Murphy's body. One of the spiritual peers, Dr. Randle, bishop of Derry, in a letter to a friend, thus refers to the trial:—

“Poor Lord Santry was tried on Friday by his peers. I never beheld a sight so awful and majestic and dreadfully beautiful in my life; and nothing was ever performed with such solemnity, silence, and dignity before in any country. The finest room in Europe, filled with the nobility and gentry of the whole kingdom, and both sexes; the High Steward, every one of the judges, the lords, the triers, and the noble prisoner,—young and handsome, most decent in his behavior, and with a becoming fortitude in his speaking.—could not but compose the most affecting scene. All were so attentive that silence was not once proclaimed. The king's counsel did admirably, but Bowes (the Solicitor-General) had an opportunity to show himself to the highest advantage. I always thought him an admirable speaker, but never imagined him half so great a man as I do at present, though I always loved and esteemed him. He did not use one severe word against the unhappy lord, nor omitted one severe observation that truth could dictate. I never heard, never read so perfect a piece of eloquence. Its beauty rose from true simplicity and unaffected ornament; from the strength and light of his reason, the fairness and candor and good-nature of his heart; from the order and disposition of what he said, the elegance and fulness of his expressions, the shortness and propriety of his reflections, the music of his voice, and the gracefulness of his elocution. They were all wonderful indeed, and even those who were concerned and grieved were charmed with his most masterly performance. But if they did well, I think the counsel for the prisoner acted detestably. They only prompted him to ask a few treacherous questions,

and spake not one word in his favor, though I have the vanity almost to think I could have offered a point of law that would have bid fair to save him. When the twenty-three peers returned to give their opinion, their countenances astonished the whole house; and all knew, from the horror of their eyes and the paleness of their looks, how they were agitated within before they answered the dread question, ‘Guilty, upon my honor.’ And he was so, most certainly, according to law; nor could they, perhaps, have brought in their dreadful verdict otherwise.” The bishop blamed the surgeon who attended the deceased. Instead of sending him to a hospital, he kept the wounded man in a miserable room, damp, and his bed a mere litter of straw, without the commonest necessaries for comfort. According to the bishop's notion, the surgeon caused the man's death, and this probably was the point he thought could be urged, and a very fair one if it was. I remember the late George Bennett, Crown persecutor on the Munster Circuit, used sometimes to raise a laugh at a medical witness in a case of death, by his interrogation, “Well, doctor, you attended the deceased?” “Yes.” “*And he died accordingly.*”

There was strong hope of a reprieve for Lord Santry. The bishop says, “It is the king's office and delightful prerogative to show mercy. May he do so now! What a constitution do we live under, when the blood of the meanest of the king's subjects shall be required from one of the highest! The prisoner behaved, since his condemnation, in a manner which makes people speak of him with double pity. Even the poor in the streets weep for him. His former character, it is confessed, was bad; this will make him a new man, this will purge his heart from every folly—a successful though dreadful medicine—if he survives it.”

The powerful interest put forth in his case was successful. The Viceroy,

Duke of Devonshire, and all the peers who were connected with the Santry family used their entreaties, and obtained first a reprieve, and finally a pardon.

But the pardon was not easily obtained. It is generally attributed to a threat of Lord Santry's uncle, Sir Compton Domville, proprietor of Templeogue, near Dublin. The river Dodder was then the chief supply of water for the use of the citizens, as the Vartry is now; and when there was a refusal to spare the prisoner's life, it is said his uncle expressed his determination to divert the stream of the Dodder from the city, unless Lord Santry's life was spared, and that to avoid this calamity the prisoner was allowed to escape, which he did, into Italy, where he died.

The next trial of a peer took place only a few years later. It was also on an indictment for murder. Nicholas, fifth Viscount Netterville, was arraigned before the lords of Ireland for the murder of one Michael Walsh, in the county of Meath. The trial took place in 1743, when Lord Jocelyn (Lord Chancellor) presided as Lord High Steward. The counsel for the crown were the Prime Sergeant Anthony Malone Bowes, the Attorney-General, and St. George Caulfield, Solicitor-General. As spiritual peers were not entitled to interfere in criminal trials, leave was given them to remain away. The same ceremonies as those observed in the case of Lord Santry were used, but the case fell to the ground. Two principal witnesses had died since making their depositions, and their depositions could not be read in evidence. So when the Lord High Steward put the question, "Whether Nicholas, Lord Viscount Netterville, is guilty of the felony whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?" each peer being called *seriatim*, beginning with the last created baron, declared, upon his honor, standing in his place uncovered and laying his right hand on his breast, 'that Lord Netterville is not guilty.'

Thereupon the Lord High Steward broke his white wand, and adjourned the House.

The next peer tried was Robert, third Earl of Kingston, in 1798, for the murder of Col. Fitzgerald. This case is truly a romance of the peerage, and may be thus told.

Robert, the second Earl of Kingston, had married, during his father's lifetime, in 1769, when Lord Kingsborough, Caroline Fitzgerald, only daughter of Richard Fitzgerald, Esq., at Mount Ophaly, county Kildare.

Lady Kingsborough had a brother, who died unmarried, but he left an illegitimate son named Henry Fitzgerald. From feelings of compassion Lord and Lady Kingsborough adopted this boy, and brought him up with their own children. Their family was numerous, consisting of six sons and four daughters, brave and fair. Young Fitzgerald, having had all the advantages of education given to the sons of this family, grew up very handsome and accomplished. He evinced a preference for the military profession, and with the influence of the Earl of Kingston he speedily obtained a commission. Promotion must have been rapid in those days, for while yet a young man he reached the rank of colonel. He had married a very beautiful wife, with whom he resided at Bishopsgate, on the banks of the Thames.

It appears this unprincipled man took advantage of the confidence and trust his benefactors, Lord and Lady Kingsborough, reposed in him, to repay them with the blackest ingratitude. He gained the affections of one of their lovely and singularly interesting daughters, the Honorable Mary King; and he succeeded so well in his hellish designs upon the peace and happiness of those who reared him, that he induced this artless girl to elope with him. In order to throw suspicion off the scent, he had the audacity to come every day to Lord Kingsborough's house and inquire of the afflicted parents if there was any trace of the miss-

ing young lady. A shawl and bonnet of hers were found on the bank of the Thames, so the river was dragged; but no trace of her could, of course, be found. Hand-bills were printed, posters placarded, the papers contained advertisements of rewards: all were fruitless. One day a piece of news brought hope to the aching hearts of the sorrowing parents. A postboy, from London, who had seen one of the advertisements, informed Lord Kingsborough that he had been engaged by a strange gentleman to drive him to London from near Chiswick; that when passing near Kensington Gardens they saw a young lady walking near the rails. The gentleman asked "if she was going to town; and if she had no objection, he would be happy to set her down." On this she entered the coach, and he drove them to the end of Tottenham Court road, where both got out; the gentleman paid him liberally, and they walked up Tottenham Court road together. This tallied, as to time, with the date of Miss Mary King's disappearance, and induced Lord Kingsborough to redouble his efforts to trace her. Several days passed without any fresh news. At length the mystery was cleared up. A servant-girl demanded to see Lady Kingsborough, and was admitted. She held in her hand one of the bills describing the appearance of the missing lady; and amongst other particulars, her abundance of light chestnut hair was mentioned. The girl said "she thought it right to tell her ladyship that some weeks back a tall and handsome gentleman brought a young lady one evening, and they both lodged in the house where she was servant. She thought nothing particular about them till she saw the hand-bill describing the missing daughter of Lord Kingsborough; and next day, when she was putting the lady's bedroom to rights, she noticed her opposite the looking-glass cutting off her beautiful fair hair. This at once made the girl suspect their lodger was no other than

the missing daughter of Lady Kingsborough, for whom the reward was offered, and so she came to say where the lady was."

Lady Kingsborough, greatly agitated, told the girl's singular tale to her husband; and during the narration, who should come into the room on his hypocritical visit of sympathy but Col. Fitzgerald!

The instant he appeared, the servant, utterly amazed, cried out, "My lady! that's the very gentleman who brought the young lady to our house."

Confounded at being detected, the vile seducer rushed from the house; and, afraid he would take his victim away, Lord Kingsborough lost not a moment in starting with the girl to trace his lost child.

He succeeded in discovering her, and brought her away, placing her for security in the family seat at Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork, Ireland; a residence, as he supposed, quite out of the reach of her betrayer. Meanwhile the Honorable Col. King, second son of Lord Kingsborough, sent a friend, Major Wood, to demand a hostile meeting with the ungrateful Fitzgerald; and they met on Sunday, Oct. 1, 1797, in Hyde Park. But so outrageous was Col. Fitzgerald's conduct regarded by all honorable men, not one would act as his second. This did not prevent the parties exchanging shots, but both were unhurt. Though placed at ten paces, they fired repeatedly at each other without effect. When the fourth shot was fired, Col. Fitzgerald said "he wished to have advice from Major Wood, as a friend." Major Wood declared "he had no ambition to be regarded as the friend of Col. Fitzgerald; but as a friend to humanity, he thought Col. Fitzgerald should acknowledge himself the basest of men, and then the duel might terminate." Col. Fitzgerald was willing to allow "*he had acted wrong*"; but this did not satisfy either Major Wood or his principal, so hostilities were resumed. When two more ineffectual

fectual shots were exchanged, Fitzgerald declared his powder was expended, and he had the assurance to ask for a supply from Major Wood. This was refused by the major, though Col. King was desirous of granting the request, in order to continue the duel. An adjournment was then arranged. The meeting was to be resumed in the same place next day, but it was prevented by the police.

Lord Kingsborough shortly after this time went to Ireland, and was told that a very suspicious-looking gentleman was staying at the Kingston Arms, the hotel of Mitchelstown, then kept by an old servant of the Kingston family, named Barry. As Lord Kingsborough's daughter was deemed safe in the castle, the anxious father's mind was easy about her; but on going to the hotel, to learn who the mysterious stranger was, he was told he, the stranger, no sooner heard Lord Kingsborough was expected at the castle than he ordered a post-chaise and drove away. At that moment the postboy who drove him appeared; and from him Lord Kingsborough learned the stranger was staying for the night at Kilworth, a small town about six miles southeast from Mitchelstown. This inflamed the peer's curiosity, and he resolved to proceed at once to Kilworth and have his doubts settled by seeing the man. Evening closed in ere he reached Kilworth, and the lights of the little inn burned bright in the October night. The innkeeper, Mr. Bartholomew Simmons, knew Lord Kingsborough well, and told him the gentleman who was driven over by the Mitchelstown postboy was then in the house, but had gone to his bedroom. Not knowing for certain who the stranger was, Lord Kingsborough desired the waiter to "ask the gentleman, with his compliments, to speak for a moment with Lord Kingsborough."

The waiter speedily brought back for answer that the bedroom door was locked, and the inmate bade the waiter "go away, and bring him no messages

at that hour." Lord Kingsborough, his son, and a servant then went upstairs, and found the door shut and locked. Admittance was demanded, and refused by that voice Lord Kingsborough dreaded to hear, — the voice of Col. Fitzgerald! Excited and enraged, the outraged parent pushed the door so violently that it gave way, and he stood in the presence of the man who had so foully wronged him. Col. Fitzgerald stood with a pistol in either hand, but ere he could use them a report was heard; Lord Kingsborough fired, and shot the betrayer of his daughter. Dr. Pigot (father of the late Chief Baron Pigot) was sent for; but the unhappy colonel was mortally wounded, and soon after expired.

Lord Kingsborough went to Moor Park, the seat of the Earl of Mountcashel, whose daughter was the wife of his eldest son, George. By the death of his aged father, on Nov. 13, 1797, he became second Earl of Kingston. He claimed the privilege of being tried by his peers when an indictment for murder was found against him.

The trial took place on the 18th of May, 1798. The attendance of peers was unusually large. The Marquises of Waterford and Drogheda, the Earl of Ormond, Lords Kinsale, Muskerry, and Oxmantown — in short, two marquises, twenty-seven earls, fourteen viscounts, three archbishops (Armagh,* Cashel, and Tuam), thirteen bishops, and fourteen barons — were present. Never was any procession conducted with more splendor. The House of Commons was once more fitted up for the momentous trial, and the Lord Chancellor, Earl of Clare, presided as Lord High Steward. After a number of reverences and bowings, the commission appointing Lord Clare Lord High Steward was read. Then the indictment which had been found by the grand jury of the county of Cork, in which county

* It would seem the presence of lords spiritual on these occasions may be allowed.

the fatal occurrence took place, was read. The former ceremonies concluded, the Earl of Kingston appeared at the entrance, escorted by the constable and deputy constable of Dublin Castle, the latter having an axe, the edge turned from the prisoner. His Lordship bowed to the High Steward and then to the peers. This ceremony over, he knelt at the bar. On being bade to rise, he again bowed to the Lord High Steward, who thus addressed him:—

“Robert, Earl of Kingston, you are brought here to answer one of the most solemn charges that can be made against any man,—the murder of a fellow-subject. The solemnity and awful appearance of this judicature must naturally discompose and embarrass your Lordship. It may, therefore, not be improper for me to remind your Lordship that you are to be tried by the laws of a free country, formed for the protection of innocence and the punishment of guilt alone: and it must be a great consolation to you to reflect that you are to receive a trial before the superior judicature of the nation; that you are to be tried by your peers, upon whose unbiassed judgment and candor you can have the firmest reliance, more particularly as they are to pass judgment upon you under the solemn and inviolate obligation of their honor. It will also be a consolation to you to know that the benignity of our law has distinguished the crime of homicide into different classes. If it arises from accident, from inevitable necessity, or without malice, it does not fall within the crime of murder; and of these distinctions, warranted by evidence, you will be at liberty to take advantage. Before I conclude, I am commanded by the House to inform your Lordship, and all others who may have occasion to address the Court during the trial, that the address must be to the lords in general, and not to any lord in particular.” The Lord High Steward having concluded, the indictment was again read, whereupon the clerk of the

Crown inquired, “How say you, Robert, Earl of Kingston: are you guilty or not guilty of the murder and felony for which you stand arraigned?”

“Not guilty,” said the earl. He was then asked “how he would be tried”; to which he answered, “By God and my peers.” Proclamation was then made by the sergent-at-arms: “Oyez, oyez, oyez! All manner of persons who will give evidence upon oath before our Sovereign Lord the King, against Robert, Earl of Kingston, the prisoner at the bar, let them come forth and they shall be heard, for he now stands at the bar upon his deliverance.” There was no evidence forthcoming to sustain the indictment, so the prisoner was pronounced “Not guilty.” This was the last trial of a peer in Ireland.

To be continued.

HOW HE WAS CURED OF SWEARING. — John came in and inquired whether dinner was ready, and was told it was not. “Well, why in the devil is n’t it?” said he. “Because,” she coolly replied, “the wood was so — wet that the fire would n’t burn.” “Why, Mary, what is the matter with you? Are you crazy, or have you been drinking?” “Neither,” said she, and quietly proceeded to put on the dinner. The beef did n’t melt like butter between the teeth; it rather resisted all attempts at mastication, like so much india-rubber, and finally John blurted out: “What makes this — beef so infernal tough?” Mary looked up calmly, and replied: “Well, John, I suppose you went down to the butcher’s, and without knowing the difference, picked out a piece of some — old stag that had n’t been fed for a month.” John jumped up, looked at his wife in dismay, and wanted to know what such language from her lips meant. “It means just this, John: you are the head of the family, and just as long as you think it manly to swear in my presence, I intend to do the same! If you don’t like to hear it you know how to prevent it.” The cure was radical, and to this date Mary has never been compelled to administer another dose of the homœopathic prescription.

THE good man is the only one who can be indifferent to a slander; the bad man needs chase it and try to head it off.

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE ROUTE.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars. — *Longfellow.*

SOME ten or twelve days after the events related in the last chapter, the armies of Bernadotte and Delmas, having crossed the Alps at Mont Cenis in the face of a violent snow-storm, and now proceeding by rapid marches to Upper Italy, to reach Napoleon before the auxiliaries from the Rhine should be able to join the Arch-duke Charles, were encamped for the night to recover from their recent fatigues. The soldiers, with their accoutrements laid aside, were enjoying the interval between the march and retirement for the night. Some were stretched along the grass smoking their cigars; others, converting drums or helmets into writing-tables, were inditing epistles to absent friends. Some had gone down for a cool plunge in the Adda, while others were preparing little delicacies for their evening meal. At length the bugles sounded the several regiments to camp; and the officers, after inspecting their companies, retired for a few hours' well-earned repose. Edward MacMahon, who was one of the first captains of the watch, having now no further duty till the period of the second round, leisurely strolled along the hillside to commune with himself in solitude. The setting sun lighted up for him a panoramic view of surpassing loveliness. Full in front lay extended the undulating plain of the Adda, with its fields of rich pasture and green corn, surrounded by rows of vines and poplars, whilst olive groves scattered here and there looked dark and indistinct in the gloom. On his right shone the Alpine ranges, the cold white peaks of which the departing sun was warming with a golden tinge; calm, towering, and majestic they stood,—the guardians of the lovely land, which, alas! they

could not protect from the ruin which was invading and devastating her fairest plains. After a while the moon rose slowly in the east, and then, as the glittering surface of the Adda began to reflect back her radiance, the white towers of the various village churches, and at length the distant spires of Milan, could be discovered bathed in her light. It was just the hour and the scene to awaken into life in the poetic soul of our hero those feelings and memories which a soldier's busy life was calculated to suppress, but not to destroy:—

His early years
Were within him in his heart.

He thought of the happy days at Roanmoyle; of his uncle; of the pale face of Agnes Mayville as he had seen it last, so lovely in sorrow, the fair hair hanging loose, the blue eyes filled with sadness. Then the sterner memories of dangers passed, of disappointed hopes, of the battle-field's wild scenes,—and anon the face of the lovely young Countess Madeleine; and her parting gift came across his mind. He drew the medal and the *Agnus Dei* from his neck, kissed them both reverently, and was about returning them to his breast when a hand was gently laid upon his shoulder; and looking up, he recognized Louis Autrechamp, the lieutenant of his corps.

"What! not in bed, Louis?" he exclaimed; "we have had a hard day, and one as severe awaits us to-morrow. Where duty allows, all should sleep while they may."

"Edward, I come to remind you of our custom in the old campaign. This is the first night I have been able to find you alone. It was a holy practice, and we should not fall away from it. What have we to fear while we remain faithful to the Queen of Heaven?"

"You do well, Louis, to keep me to the good observance. Yet think not too hardly of me. I had not forgotten it, but I was reluctant to break

in on your time for repose; but now, as you are here, let us at once to our pious duty."

The young men knelt down on the grass, and in words heard only by themselves and Those to whom they were addressed, recited the mysteries of the rosary of our Lady. When the prayers had been concluded, they rose and stretched themselves under an olive-tree for a little quiet converse.

"How I longed for the time when we should again be together," said Autrechamp. "At the time of your setting out with the expedition under Hoche, I feared much that our parting might be forever."

"I, for my part, hoped confidently to meet you again, but in circumstances very different from these."

"God's ways are not man's ways. You know not what blessings He may have in store for your unhappy country. How little can we read the future! Who that four years ago had seen me, the son of a Vendean noble, — the companion and standard-bearer, in the war for faith and king, of one of its most illustrious chiefs, — would have believed that three years later I should be wearing the uniform of the Republic? My native province has been all but obliterated from amongst the peopled districts of the world, yet I trust there is still hope for her and for France."

"You often promised to give me an account of your early life, Louis, and the circumstances which induced you to become a soldier of the Directory."

"Well then, this night you shall have my full history. To begin: I was born in the neighborhood of Châtillon, in La Vendée, at the Château de Autrechamp, of which my father was marquis and owner. Our house was situated on an eminence overlooking the river Thanet. My earliest recollections carry me back to the time when, a child, I used, with my little sister Marguerite, to play, upon the plateau in front of the door,

or walk with her hand in hand round the ridge by which it was girt, and view the sun gleaming on the stream as it pursued its sparkling course with many windings to the Loire. At times, accompanied by our father, we would wander out in the mornings or evenings through the fields and watch the laborers as they worked, join in their harvest songs and cheer them at their toil, or visit the various tenants and retainers. My father ever was ready to listen to grievances, and ministered to their wants: for he, as was characteristic of the landlords of La Vendée, ever based his own happiness on that of his dependants; he rejoiced in their prosperity, and in their adversity he gave them sympathy and assistance. On Sundays and holidays the tenants used to assemble at the château, where, in the great hall, a repast of bread with milk and fruit ever awaited them. To this a roasted boar or some other produce of the chase was occasionally added. To the simple banquet succeeded music with dancing and singing, and the evening was passed in a succession of innocent sports. I remember often seeing the peasants mustering in crowds on our lawn on a summer's morning, variously armed with guns, scythes, or pikes, according as chance furnished the weapon, all prepared to follow my father to hunt the wild boar or the wolf. Oh, what a sight I used to think it to see them returning in triumph in the evening, as aloft on twisted boughs they bore their gigantic prize along, the children and maidens weaving green branches over their heads, and mingling their shouts with those of the victors! In later years I witnessed similar triumphant returns, but the vanquished enemy was not the boar or the wolf. Would he had been no more savage! But to proceed. By far the sweetest reminiscences of my boyish days are the Sunday mornings when we used to attend in our little village chapel the mass and instruc-

tions of our curé, a venerable old man with long white hair, and a face ever beaming with piety and benevolence. At this distance of time, how clearly does memory bring up before me a fine morning in May when my father, Marguerite, and I set out together for the chapel; the road from the château, so shady and cool, the ditches rising high at each side, and the trees that lined them making with their foliage overhead a screen so dense that at places scarce a sun's ray could penetrate! My sister and I ran merrily along, stopping at times and climbing the hedge to pluck the wild rose and apple blossom; and her joyous laugh as I placed them in her hair and decked her as Queen of May rings in my ears as freely this moment as it did then. How well I remember our family seat by the side of the altar! and the window in summer was always thrown open to admit the fragrance of the meadows without. Then the stained-glass window over our dear Lady's altar: it was the only one in the church, and had been placed there by some ancestor of ours many years ago, perhaps at the time of the Crusades. I used to wonder at the various colors with which it painted the sunny floor; and looking at the fields, which seen through it appeared in the various hues,—blue, gold, and amber,—to think did they resemble the plain of Heaven.

“So passed my boyhood. My mother, I should have told you, died when Marguerite was an infant and I but two years old. My recollection of her is so faint that I may say I cannot remember her at all. Under the care of an old tutor my education was conducted at the château. I seldom cared to leave my native parish, and up to the year of the Revolution had never been outside La Vendée. As years passed on my sister grew in grace and loveliness, and her beauty soon became the boast of Chatillon. When we became of age to take part in the sports, Marguerite used to excite the enthusiasm and

admiration of all as she rode with my father at the head of the chase. But at length arrived the time when the first faint shocks of the earthquake so long agitating the rest of France were about to reach us. An edict of the government had been promulgated in our parish, calling upon the people to elect a member to represent them in the Assembly. My father was unanimously chosen. It was necessary now that he should proceed to Paris, and Marguerite proposed to accompany him. He readily assented, and in a few days they set out for the capital. After a period, to me long and dreary, they returned, and the news they brought with them was bad indeed. The revolt of the 10th of August had just taken place, and the throne had been overturned. The king was a prisoner in the Bastille, the Girondists were in power, and the Assembly dissolved. But here I must go back to notice a circumstance which had occurred the year before, and which is deserving of mention for its after consequences.

“One Sunday, some time previous to the election, we observed at mass a young officer of the Guards, who was on leave of absence, visiting his father, the marquis of an adjoining château. The handsome face of the young soldier, his graceful figure and noble bearing, gained for him the general admiration, and many were the glances directed towards him as he walked down the crowded aisle at the conclusion of the service. Next morning, accompanied by his father, he came over to our château, and we saw him almost daily during the remainder of his time in the country. Marguerite, previously so light-hearted and gay, had, since he commenced visiting, become reserved and thoughtful, and seemed even embarrassed when he was near. These signs, noticed before long, were speedily traced to their proper source. All seemed most natural; for if ever youth were formed to inspire the heart of maid with the purest and loftiest affection,

it was he. He, on his part, seemed not unaffected by the innocent beauty of Marguerite. The fathers smiled on the love of their children, and ere the young man left for Paris they had been solemnly betrothed. The people were in raptures when the event became known. They lined the chapel ground on the Sunday before his departure to take a general farewell of the young marquis, who had won the love of their village, and to pray that he might soon return to claim his bride. As he passed down the lane between the dense crowds, Marguerite leaning all blushing and smiling upon his arm, the men cheered, the women waved their ribbons, the children clapped their hands; all gazed with pleasure and delight upon the face of the youth, with its downcast eyes, bashful mien, and smile of boyish innocence. When many of those then present saw it next it was wearing an expression of sternness, energy, and determination, as with drawn sword and voice of thunder, that same youth gave the order to advance, and heading the charge upon the foe, plunged into the thickest of the conflict. Now with gentle glance he was bowing in acknowledgment to the benisons that greeted him from all sides, as with timid step he seemed to hasten from their admiring gaze; but ere two years had elapsed he was destined to effect victories over the Republic, greater and more important than had been gained so far by all the forces of Europe together arrayed against her, and to make the world ring with the name and deeds of the high-souled Henri de Larochejacquelein.

“But to resume: Marguerite had, while in Paris, sometimes met Henri, but the disturbed state of the city, and the precarious position held by those soldiers who were faithful to the king, rendered their interviews few and hurried. Whilst she and my father were there, King Louis, as I have before told you, was deposed. Immediately after Larochejacquelein

resigned his commission, and exclaimed to his companions, as he prepared to set out for La Vendée, ‘I will retire to my province, and soon you shall hear of me.’ He arrived at Chatillon a few days after the return of my father and Marguerite, and found the country ripe for revolt against the Convention.

“But it is necessary you should be acquainted with the manners and condition of the people of La Vendée to appreciate the enthusiasm with which they flew to arms at the call of religion and royalty, and the desperate endeavors they made in the cause of both. Of their habits, and of the peculiar relations in which they stood to their landlords, I have endeavored to inform you. Our people, unlike those of all the other provinces, knew nothing of all the terrible exactions and grinding oppression of an absentee aristocracy, who, plunged into all the pleasures and dissipations of the capital, thought of nothing beyond procuring the means of gratifying their wishes, and would snatch the last crust from the mouth of the starving peasant rather than leave unsatisfied one capricious desire. In La Vendée there was wanting the great element which caused the anarchical contagion to spread like fire through flax over the other departments,—well-founded popular discontent. Our landlords stood to their tenants, not in the relation of tyrants to their slaves, but of kind, benevolent patrons to those whose welfare and happiness they had at heart, and for their actions towards whom they would have to account hereafter. Hence, as you may imagine, the decrees of the rights of man found no favor in La Vendée. Our people heard the call to freedom without enthusiasm, and the proclamations which gave them liberty with indifference. They invested their landlords with every civil and military office they had the power of electing to; they made them mayors of their cities, and captains of their local guards. So

far they submitted to the edicts of the Assembly; but now came one to which they refused obedience, and which was shortly followed by another that stirred the feelings of the province to their lowest depths. With the declaration of the rights of man, the Convention enacted a law requiring that the seats of the seigneurs, or resident lords, should be removed from the parish churches. This outrage on their landlords the Vendéans refused to permit; but it was the decree upon the oath of the Constitution that threw the whole people into a fever of excitement. Never shall I forget the Sunday morning on which M. le Curé at the conclusion of the mass turned towards his flock, and with deep emotion explained to them the oath the Revolution had prescribed to be taken by the clergy, under pain of deprivation of their benefices; an oath which, he added, the duties he owed to his God and to his king alike forbade him to take. He then told them that as the consequence of his obduracy, he was deposed from his curacy, and that the present occasion was the last on which he could officiate in their chapel. As he struggled with his emotion, which threatened to overpower him, he bade adieu to the congregation amongst whom he had spent all the years of his mission, and every one of whom was dearer to him than life itself.

"Oh, what an appearance the little church that morning presented! For a space the people were silent, as though struck dumb. Then ensued some moments in which nothing was to be heard save some heavy breathings and stifled sobs. But all of a sudden there broke out one violent and heart-rending cry. The deep groans of men, the shrieks of women, the wailing of children, mingled in one great sound. Crowding round the altar-rails, they besought their pastor that he would not leave them; they promised they would hold by him and protect him to the last, if

needs be with their hearts' blood. Outside the sacristy they again thronged about him: the children clinging to his garb, for they knew they were about losing him forever; the women sobbing distractedly and calling to heaven for help. But the brows of the men had assumed a dark aspect as they spoke in thick whispers among themselves. The good priest, guessing the import of their looks, mildly addressed them, counselling patience and fortitude; taking the little children in turn up in his arms, he imprinted a kiss on the forehead of each, then he blessed the kneeling women, and finally told all to be of good cheer, for he would still be amongst them.

"During the succeeding week a new pastor, one who had conformed to the requirements of the Convention, was installed in the parish by order of the governor of Nantes. Next Sunday he officiated in the church, but there was no one to attend his service. M. le Curé celebrated mass the same morning in the hall of our château, where all the congregation was assembled. In a few weeks the priest of the Convention was obliged to retire from the parish, as the people refused to supply him with the necessities of life. After this there came a third decree, which forbade our old pastor residing amongst us under penalty of death; but the good old man still remained true to his charge. By turns he was concealed in the château and in the cabin; often he was obliged to seek safety in the woods. Under the spreading branches of an oak that stood in the loneliest part of the forest, we usually at this time met for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. The holy rite seemed to me far more solemn and impressive here than ever it did within the walls of a church, though I have witnessed the grand celebration of the pontifical mass in the cathedral of Milan.

"It would seem that in times of persecution and tribulation, God makes us most sensible of his imme-

diate presence. So far the Vendéans had borne the tyranny of their oppressors with silent submission; but now came a test that was to try their patience beyond the utmost limits of its endurance. Erelong the Convention issued an edict commanding the immediate levy of 300,000 men. On hearing this iniquitous order the indignation of the people knew no bounds. Their churches had been closed, the clergy banished and proscribed, their king and queen cast into prison; and were they to be forced to take up arms in the cause of a power that was responsible for these atrocious acts? But whilst they deliberated the enemy was active, and whilst they were hesitating and grumbling, was marching into the province under orders to enforce the enrolment.

"It was at this time, as a detachment of the Republicans were approaching St. Florent, that five young men, with Jacques Casthelneau for their leader, took up arms and boldly marched towards their advance. Their example was followed with enthusiasm by the men of the villages through which they passed. The band of Casthelneau swelled with every league he proceeded; and when he encountered the enemy at St. Florent, with such bravery did his fellows rush to the attack that the Republicans were utterly routed, and the Vendéans, with a captured cannon and an immense quantity of small arms, remained masters of the field. The report of this victory spread with lightning speed far and wide through the province. It was precisely at this time that Larochejacquelein came again amongst us. When the purpose of his mission was made known, the peasantry of ours and the neighboring districts flocked as one man to his château and offered to follow him wherever he led. He briefly addressed them and appointed the following morning for them all to assemble at the church to enroll themselves under the banner of the new crusade.

"It was on Easter Sunday morning. My father, my sister, and I were within the little chapel, and in our old seat once more. M. le Curé was again at the altar celebrating mass. Within the church, and in the fields around, there was assembled a motley multitude: thousands of men, their coats braced, their provision satchels strung over their shoulders, and with such weapons in their hands as on such short notice they could procure, — guns, pikes, pruning-hooks tied on sticks, scythes, pitchforks, — everything, in short, in the way of farm implements was to be seen amongst them, that was capable of being turned into an instrument of defence.

"At the conclusion of mass, Larochejacquelein rose; and advancing to the foot of the altar, he unfurled a white banner on which was embroidered the golden lilies of the fleur-de-lis, on which, in the name of the army of Chatillon, he besought the blessing of the priest. The curé, deeply moved, earnestly invoked a benediction on the standard. When he had concluded, Larochejacquelein went upon his knees, and Marguerite, timidly coming forward, fastened upon his breast a small white-velvet badge, on which was worked in threads of gold the Sacred Heart surmounted by a cross. Then, taking up the banner which he had laid down upon the altar steps, she placed it in his hand, saying as she did so, 'For God, King, and Country!' Henri repeated her words, 'For God, King, and Country!' and then, on rising, he called on me to follow him, and made his way through the great door from the church. He mounted a tomb in the yard without, and waving the banner aloft, addressed the vast concourse around: 'My friends, you have chosen me for your commander. I am only a boy, but if courage can supply the place of wisdom, I hope to show myself not unworthy of your charge. My first commands I briefly give: Follow me

if I advance. Kill me if I fly. Avenge me if I fall. As we advance to the fight, men of La Vendée, to war against sacrilege, anarchy, and murder, let our cry be "God, King, and Country." Turning to me, he handed me the banner, saying: 'Receive the Standard of Chatillon; preserve it from dishonor.' As he spoke his face seemed to glow with superhuman beauty; his eyes were on fire with the ardor with which he spoke. Who, in the countenance that now spoke the bold, determined soldier, could recognize that of the modest youth of former days? His form, always manly and commanding, now seemed in his elevated position to grow to giant size. When he ceased to speak his words were caught up all round. 'For God, King, and Country!' rose in one great shout from the assembled throng, and was echoed back from every tree, bush, and hillock that could command a view of the scene. Marguerite now appeared at the church porch attended by two maidens in white, who bore between them a large basket filled with badges, bearing the sacred emblem the leader wore.

"In haste the men crowded round her. Each, kneeling, received the holy ensign from her hand, and reverently placed it upon his breast. All day long fresh recruits continued to arrive, and ere night fell our army numbered several thousand.

"The two following days were spent by Larochejacquelein in endeavoring to throw his rude followers into some kind of order, and in assigning officers to the several divisions. On the third day we again attended mass, which was this time celebrated in the open air. At its conclusion our commander again begged a blessing for himself and his army. I knelt beside him at the priest's feet with the standard unfurled. My father blessed us next. Henri whispered a few words of encouragement and hope in the ear of Marguerite as he bade her adieu. She was deadly pale, but not a tear

or quiver of her face betrayed emotion.

"With one fond parting kiss from her, and a farewell embrace from my father, I hurried out, mounted my steed, displayed my banner, and took my place beside our young general at the head of the army."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WAR OF THE PEASANTS.

Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the wind!
While we go forth a self-devoted crowd,
With weapons in the fearless hand, to assert
Our virtue and to vindicate mankind.

Wordsworth.

"We directed our march," continued Louis, "first towards Aubiers. As we were within a league of this town, and its steeple was already in sight, a peasant who came running in alarm from the direction in our front informed us that the Republicans were in force advancing. Larochejacquelein at once gave orders for the bulk of his forces to fall back, and calling round him the officers and chiefs, hastily explained to them the tactics he meant to adopt, and at the same time proceeded to put his plans into execution.

"The country of La Vendée is thickly intersected with lanes, deep and narrow, on either side of which, at that time, as also round the fields, grew hedges so thick and luxuriant that it would be easy for any number of men to hide themselves at any place beneath their foliage so as completely to be lost to view. Under the cover of those which surrounded us, and close by which the Republicans would pass, the general disposed the companies possessed of fire-arms, giving them strict injunctions, as he assigned them their posts, that they were to offer no opposition to the advance of the enemy, nor to make any demonstration by which their presence might be revealed, until they received the command, the signal for which was to be the firing of a shot; upon which they were to pour a volley into the midst of their opponents before the latter were conscious of

their existence. This he expected would throw the Republicans into confusion, at which moment he would be prepared to charge headlong with his main force, which he was massing in thick column in the rear. 'Remember,' he said, addressing the officers of the latter, 'you stir not until I give the word to advance: it will be, "For God and the King!"' When I utter these words spring forward on the infidel; strike each one with what he can, at what he may, and leave the rest to Heaven.'

"His threatening hand suppressed the cheer that rose to the men's lips. The captains departed, and by their directions the great multitude crouched low in the meadow land. Then, Henri taking a musketeer and myself a field in advance of the pikemen, he directed us to lie down close by him beneath the cover of a ditch, there to await in silence the advance of the Republicans.

"Minute by minute passed slowly on, and yet nothing occurred. On all sides reigned profound silence. After a while it required an effort of the mind to realize the thought that every bush, tree, and thicket around us concealed a living man. With every breeze that blew, and every stir of the trembling foliage, my heart leaped to my throat as I strained my eyes in eager expectation for the appearance of the enemy. Thus calm and undisturbed passed the sultry time of noon; but just as the distant clock of Aubiers was striking the hour of two, there suddenly rang out on the still air the shrill call of a bugle sounding an advance. It thrilled through my bosom then; it shot a death-chill to my heart: how different is its sound in my ear now! All around us was still as death. Gradually there arose in front of us the sound of an approaching army,—the tramping of horses, the rumbling noise of cannon and cars moving along the rugged road; and soon the vanguard of the enemy appeared in sight. Then came, breaking through

the hedges, scattered lancers and dragoons in skirmishing order; they were now in the very fields, the ditches of which our gunmen lined. Every bush they passed contained an armed Vendean, yet not a sound arose.

"All unconscious still of their foe-men's presence, the Republican horsemen came towards the ditch in which we lay. When about a hundred yards off they halted to await the arrival of their main body, which after a short time, in close column, came up, the artillery still advancing by the lanes, and the infantry following in the rear. They now deployed, and stretching across the wide field, moved towards us in double column. On they came, their officer in advance. They were now about forty yards from us when Larochejacquelein, who up to this time had not opened his lips, whispered to the musketeer, 'Be ready!' and at the same instant the gun of the latter was levelled through the branches that concealed us. On still came the enemy, careless and unsuspecting. When they were close to the ditch their leader drew rein and scanned its dimensions. With a profane oath he was making some vile reference to the 'Vile Vendean,' when Larochejacquelein said in a low tone, 'Fire.' There was a sharp report, followed by smoke through the bushes, and the officer fell a corpse to the ground. The Republicans started in amazement, but they had short time for reflection. From every hedgeway, bush, and thicket, right, left, front, rear, was the shot echoed; and ere two minutes elapsed half their saddles had been emptied. They attempted to draw up in form of battle, but fell into disorder beneath the murderous fire that continued to assail them. When they turned to retreat they had again an enemy in their front. A panic had evidently seized all. Soldiers and horses were breaking from their ranks in confusion. At this moment Larochejacquelein, springing into sight, shouted

in a voice of thunder, 'For God and the King! Men of La Vendée, to the charge!' 'For God and the King!' resounded like a tempest roar behind us. As if by the call of the enchanter a mighty army rose from out the cornfields and meadows, and came rushing with the rapidity of a mountain-wave upon the terror-stricken Republicans, who now attempted to return by the way they had advanced; but their retreat had been already cut off. Hundreds yielded themselves prisoners. We hardly stopped to secure them in our eagerness to come upon their chief army. We soon beheld a regiment of infantry, headed by the general himself, advancing. 'For God and the King!' again shouted Larochejacquelein. 'For God and the King!' again cried his followers in response. At full speed he led them down upon the enemy, from whose ranks one volley burst. Several of the Vendéans fell, but their survivors, with double ardor, flung themselves on the Republicans. The impetuosity of their shock was irresistible; their opponents reeled before it, and after a feeble attempt to rally took to flight, leaving hundreds of prisoners, horses, cannon, guns, and immense stores of war material in our hands. It would be impossible to describe the almost delirious joy of the Vendéans when they realized to the full extent the great victory they had achieved. The leader, whom they had regarded with about the same veneration as the ancient Greeks would one of their demigods, they hugged and embraced in the excess of their delight; but ere the trophies of the field had been collected a cross was erected in their midst, and the entire army knelt down, whilst the priest, in the name of all, gave thanks to God for the triumph he had that day vouchsafed their arms.

"After the prayers the excitement somewhat abated. We first engaged ourselves in providing for the wounded of both sides, then in burying the

dead, and lastly in examining the spoils. In these occupations the remainder of the day was spent. Next morning the troops eagerly besought Larochejacquelein to march on Paris and liberate the king; but he, smiling at the primitiveness of their notions of conquest, informed them that there were more battles to be fought ere they could cross the bounds of La Vendée, and that their first purpose should be to unite themselves with the chief army, which was now under the command of Casthelneau, with Bouchamp and Lescine, who were besieging Thouars, towards which town we accordingly directed our course.

"On our arrival there we found the other armies in position, and only awaiting our co-operation to commence the assault. You are familiar with the principles of regular warfare, and you can readily appreciate the magnitude of the task which devolved upon the Vendean chiefs, who, with a mob of badly fed men, the greater part destitute of arms, and all ignorant of the first rudiments of military discipline, had to direct an attack upon a strongly garrisoned town. But the zeal and courage of their followers, and their ready obedience to superior orders, already proved under trying circumstances, in their opinion amply compensated for the want of the formal training of a drilled soldier. Devotion and ardor supply all deficiencies when aroused in a cause such as theirs.

"The town of Thouars is situated on the Thare, and to cross this river was the first and greatest difficulty with which we had to contend. The cannon we had captured at Aubiers were now brought into action. With these stationed on the river bank, we kept up a continuous fire upon the main bridge which the Republicans had fortified, whilst the troops of Casthelneau poured a shower of musketry on the walls from the ridge above. After some hours' firing, our ammunition began to fail; and it was

then Lescine conceived the desperate design of carrying the bridge by assault. Three times he gave the command to charge, and himself dashed forward; but the tremendous rain of grape and canister which the Republicans sent from behind their barriers deterred even the bravest from following.

“‘Are there none to support me?’ shouted Lescine almost in despair, as he stood alone upon the bridge amidst a storm of bullets, unhurt, but his clothes fairly riddled by the balls.

“‘Yes,’ cried Larochejacquelein, who at that moment with Foret and a peasant came up. ‘I call on all true Chatillons to follow me,’ and he and his two companions rushed upon the bridge.

“The heroism of the deed inspired the rest; those who were wavering a moment before now dashed forward in an instant. The bridge resounded with the footsteps of 500 men; in another the barriers were carried.

“But one great difficulty remained to be surmounted. Thouars was surrounded by a rampart too high to scale, and we had no means for effecting a breach. The valor of Larochejacquelein, however, soon devised an expedient. Calling to a soldier beside him to stand close against the wall, he mounted his shoulders, and with one vigorous spring reached the top. Some others followed his example, and these soon helped up a sufficient number of their companions to commence a grand assault upon the town. But ere our soldiers were formed for the charge, Quetenai sent a flag of truce with an unconditional surrender; and so there fell into our hands 6,000 men, with twelve pieces of artillery, and all their munitions of war.

“And now that they became masters of Thouars, the religious spirit that animated the Vendéans was exemplified to an eminent and extraordinary degree. When the prisoners had been secured and the spoils of the victory stowed away, the peas-

ants, ere they broke the fast they had endured since morning, went one and all to the churches, there to give God thanks for his favors, and to pray for the souls of those who had fallen. During the evening, bodies of men were to be met with going in various directions through the town seeking how they might obtain food and shelter. Numbers were to be seen standing hungry and shivering at the street corners, whilst the bakers’ shops around them were abundantly stocked with loaves.

“A lady, passing a group who were looking into a window with wistful eyes, asked them what they needed. ‘Bread and tobacco, madam,’ they replied. ‘What,’ she said in amazement, ‘and is there not enough of both in the town?’ ‘Oh, yes, madam,’ said they, ‘but we have no money to buy them.’

“Although the people of Thouars had deserved ill at their hands for their participation in a massacre of Vendéans the preceding year, yet not one of them suffered injury, either in person or property. The only acts done by our people in retaliation were the burning of the ‘Tree of Liberty,’ and of the papers and registers of the Convention.

“The history would be long and difficult of all the great and almost incredible successes that subsequently crowned our arms. At Fontenay, for instance, we captured forty cannon, many thousand muskets, and more war material than we could well carry with us. Casthelneau and Stofflet at the same time defeated the columns that sought to penetrate into their districts, and Charette made himself master of the island of Noirmoutier; but our grand achievement was the taking of the camp at Saumur, by which we gained 11,000 prisoners, 10,000 muskets, eighty cannon, and the command of both banks of the Loire. And here I may pause to mention some of the almost superhuman deeds performed by, I may say, all the Vendean leaders in that

war. I have witnessed many of the most daring exploits in the late campaign; I have been by your side in the famous charge on the bridge of Lodi: but even that would pall before many of the acts of Lescine, Larochejacquelein, Charette, and others. I have seen the first-named of these standing in front of six pieces of artillery at Fontenay, each sending its deadly volley towards the spot where he stood. There he remained encouraging his men with the cry of 'Vive le Roi,' until his spurs were carried away, and his clothes and cap perforated with grape. I have seen Larochejacquelein over and over again, with a mere handful of followers, hold in check whole masses of the enemy, and often, by precipitating himself with his little band into their midst, turn the fortunes of the day. I have seen him for several minutes stand in front of the Republican battery at Rossignal, unhurt by the deadly missiles that flew on all sides around him. I remember his taking three hundred horsemen at La Feleche, and putting a grenadier behind each, cross the river, and with this force attack and rout an army five thousand strong. I could mention a hundred similar instances of coolness and courage in extremity on the part of this young captain, effecting stupendous victories when all seemed irretrievably lost. The careers of Casthelneau, Bouchamp, Charette, and Stofflet d'Elbée afford many more instances of astounding valor. Having witnessed the many miraculous escapes of these men, the conclusion forced upon me is irresistible: we are ever under the immediate protection of our Maker. When doing his work we may trust ourselves without fear in the midst of a thousand enemies. Unless he wills or permits it, they have no power to hurt or harm us.

"After a series of uninterrupted successes we sustained a heavy loss at Nantes in the death of Casthelneau, who fell while leading on a charge of his victorious column through the

streets of that city. This terrible disaster completely disheartened his soldiers, who, abandoning all the positions in the town they had captured, immediately disbanded and returned in companies to their homes. But shortly after victory again inclined to our side; for the Republican army, which had under Westermann invaded the Brocage, was defeated at Chatillon by Lescine, Bouchamp, and Stofflet, with a loss of two thirds of its force, and close upon this followed the Royalist victories of Saumier, Chenon, and Chantonnerie.

"The Convention, now fully sensible of the magnitude of the danger which threatened them, determined on one supreme effort to crush the Vendéans, and organized three great armies for the invasion of the Brocage. By different roads they entered the provinces, laid waste the districts through which they passed, and drove the Royalists some distance before them; but this only served to bring our armies nearer to each other, and enabled them to bide their time for striking a decisive blow: and when the Republicans penetrated far into the woods we fell upon each army, and beat and completely crushed them. Lescine defeated Boysser's at Torfou; Charette, Mukenski's at St. Fulgent; and the same day Bouchamp and D'Elbée, Kleber's: whilst Larochejacquelein and Piron utterly routed the forces under Rossignal at Sauterre. To sum up, the half-armed Vendéans had in a few weeks repulsed with heavy loss an invasion of six armies, composed of some of the best soldiers of France, numbering in all 200,000 men.

"Can the Allies, together with all their resources and wealth, from the first day of their declaring war to this hour, boast of such an achievement as this? But the want of military discipline and organization in our corps began to manifest its fatal signs. After they had gained a victory it was impossible to keep our men with their standards. The opposing forces

had been annihilated, and the way to Paris laid open time after time; but the advantages of their successes they could never be induced to follow up. When they had estimated to the full the extent of their triumph, they immediately disbanded and returned to their homes, all eagerness to relate with their own lips to their mothers, wives, and sisters the history of their glorious achievements. Their leaders, thus deserted by their troops, could never reap the fruits of a victory. When a new invasion threatened, requisitions were despatched to the different parishes, which the curés read to the people from their altars the following Sunday. The requisitions generally ran in these words: 'In the holy name of God send us as many men as your parish can furnish to the war'; whereupon with ardor and enthusiasm they all again rejoined their colors: but on their gaining another decisive success they set out for their homes once more.

"Thus the enemy, though repeatedly crushed, was always permitted to retire unharassed to where he could recruit himself from his inexhaustible resources, and come on again with renewed strength to the attack; whilst we, who had all our available men under arms from the outset, had not whence to supply the ever-increasing deficiencies in our ranks, and were obliged to fight each successive battle with diminished forces.

"But here let me contrast the spirit and manner in which the contending armies carried on the contest. The cry of the Republicans was, 'War to the death.' Our villages they burned, our lands they laid waste; they outraged our women, and our children they indiscriminately butchered. Repeatedly one of their generals would send a proclamation to the mayor of a Vendean town he was about visiting, to say that its people might remain within its walls, for they would receive no harm from his soldiers; and immediately after, upon his entering the town, he would devote all the

inhabitants to slaughter. No quarter was given to prisoners by the soldiers of the Convention; they, as well as the sick and wounded who fell into their hands, were invariably massacred. The Vendéans, on the other hand, ever respected the persons and property of their opponents. The Republicans wounded they treated with the same care and humanity as their own. Prisoners they sent away unharmed, having shaved their heads first, in order that they might know them should they again take up arms against them in violation of the patrol; save on one trivial occasion they never resorted to reprisals, and they rejected with horror the suggestion once made them to sack the town of Granville.

"For a long period after the victory of Sauterre, alternate successes and reverses attended our arms. We won many more victories, but at a very dear price. One after another fell most of our ablest leaders, and the second year of the campaign saw Bouchamp and many others dead, D'Elbée and Lescine lying mortally wounded, and Henri de Larochejacquelein almost the sole survivor in the supreme command of the Royalist army; who, demoralized and dispirited by repeated defeats, and encumbered by crowds of women and children,—who, flying from the enemy that had now reached their homes, were obliged to seek safety in the camp,—were marching through a province at a distance from their own, and through a country of a nature unsuited to their peculiar system of warfare.

"At the time to which I refer, we were in Brittany, marching towards St. Florent on the Loire, where we hoped to raise new allies, as well as to provide a secure shelter for those of our followers who could not return to La Vendée.

"The town of Lavel, which lay in our route, we carried by assault; but scarcely had we established ourselves within it when the Republican army, under General Lenoir, came in all

their force upon us. They knew of our feeble and exhausted state, and doubtless hoped they could now annihilate all that remained of the Royalist army. It was on this occasion the genius of Larochejacquelein was pre-eminently displayed. He hastily threw his soldiers into order of rank, and in his old style addressed them: 'Men of La Vendée, on your arms this day depend not alone the lives of your wives and children, but the altars of your God, and the throne of France. On to victory! Efface the memory of your late defeats! God's cause is your cause! Remember this and you must conquer!'

"Lescine was carried on a litter through the ranks. His appearance amongst his followers once more had an effect equal to the words of Larochejacquelein. The military ardor of the Vendéans, so long dormant, was again aroused. Their old spirit, believed to be dead, was revived again. With one vigorous shout they threw themselves upon the enemy. For hours the desperate struggle lasted. When it ended, the Royalists, to use the words of the Republican commander, 'had nothing in their way to prevent their marching to Paris.'

"So overwhelming was the defeat inflicted on the soldiers of the Convention, that scarce 7,000 could be rallied by their general to oppose our entry into Angers. It was now the desire of Larochejacquelein to at once direct his march upon the capital; but his army, though regarding him a little short of an object of worship, and in aught else as docile and tractable as children, could not be prevailed on by his most fervent entreaties to turn their backs upon their native towns: so, yielding to their increasing importunities, he moved his camp towards Granville, having captured which town, they believed they could hold out until the promised succor should arrive from England. It seems a bitter wrong of history that, as regards Ireland and La Vendée, the two countries that have suffered most in the

cause of their common faith, they each in their day of suffering should look for aid to the nation that was the persecutor of the other; yet such is the case. We then staked the salvation of our country on Protestant England, as you do now that of yours on irreligious France.

"Having arrived in front of Granville, Larochejacquelein allowed his men a few days' rest, and directed a general assault upon its walls. For six-and-thirty hours the conflict raged about them; but to the Royalists, totally destitute of siege trains, they proved themselves impregnable, and we were ultimately obliged to retire, leaving 1,800 men on the field.

"Scarcely had we drawn away from the attack than there landed on the coast of Cherbourg, under Lord Moira, an English army of 10,000. For a few days they remained on the shore; but not finding the support in allies they expected, and probably hearing of our repulse at Granville, they embarked and put off to sea. Had they arrived but four days sooner, how might not their coming have affected the subsequent history of the world?

"Now ensued the terrible consequences which usually follow a serious reverse to an army irregularly constituted, such as ours. The troops began to grow discontented and mutinous; but owing to the great exertions of Stofflet, they were kept within their ranks. Larochejacquelein, however, was obliged to yield again to their wishes, and direct the march towards Brocage. But Rossignal, with a fresh army, endeavored to intercept our return, and took up a position at Pontorson. In the engagement which ensued he was defeated with heavy loss, and obliged to fall back on Dol, where a second Republican army joined him; and with his forces thus strengthened he resolved again to encounter us, and if possible cut us off from La Vendée. On our approach on Dol, however, he drew off without giving us battle, and unopposed we entered the town. In a few hours it

was filled with the women and children of our camp, a great number of whom, unable to find shelter in the houses, had to put up in the streets for the night, whilst the men took up their position in the fields outside the walls.

"That awful night — never to be forgotten by those who survived it — came down humid, heavy, and intensely dark. The Royalists, wearied with the long march of the preceding day, and believing the Republicans to be far on the line of retreat, early lay down to rest. For hours the sentinels paced their lonely rounds, without anything occurring to raise their suspicions; but just at midnight, when all outside the camp lay still as death, they were startled by a deep, muffled sound, which each moment increased as it seemed to draw near where they stood. Amazed and terrified, they woke their companions, who rose, grasped their arms, and while yet half asleep endeavored to take up a position. They were not an instant too soon, for next moment the enemy came down in force upon them.

"Steadily and unflinchingly the Vendéans met the onset. After a fierce struggle the Republicans gave way, and retreated nearly a league from the camp.

"Whilst the Royalists were in full pursuit, however, there all at once rose a great shout in their rear. Rossignal with his main army had fallen on their flank, which, unable to resist, had retired in confusion; and thus the first ranks, being deprived of their reserve, and not knowing where to turn in the darkness, endeavored to return to the town. Close upon their rear followed the cavalry of the enemy, and together with them entered the gates. Oh, who could describe the scene that then ensued, or in adequate colors paint the horrors of that night? The women and children of the Vendéans, as I have said, crowded the streets of Dol. Upon them the Royalists were driven headlong by the

impetuous charge of the Republicans, and in one minute the strong and the weak, the fighters and the helpers, those who needed protection and those from whom they sought it, were huddled together in promiscuous confusion.

"Straightway and at full speed upon this dense and swaying mass came the dragoons of Rossignal with pitch torches in their hands, which threw such a fierce glare over their white faces as they waved them above their heads, that as with yells they advanced they might be taken for a legion from the infernal realms; exploding shells at the same time, which illuminated the sky above, bursting like rockets, descending in showers. In upon the Vendean crowd plunged the Republican horsemen, striking down with lance and sword, and trampling under their horses' hoofs all that was before them. Then arose the mingled sound, the clash of swords, the rattle of muskets, shrieks, shouts, groans, curses, the prayers and supplications of the wounded, the loud oaths of the dragoons, the booming of distant cannon, the bursting of the shells, and the commotion of the entire city. For many minutes this desperate hand-to-hand encounter continued in the streets; the courage of desperation seemed to have seized even the women, who in many instances took up the guns that had fallen from the hands of the paralyzed soldiers and discharged them full at the advancing enemy; but gradually the Vendéans gave way, and the Republicans advanced.

"It was at this moment, when all seemed lost to the Royalists, that an old man appeared on an eminence, holding up a cross, whilst four boys with long candles stood round him, and above the din of battle his voice was heard addressing the multitude below: 'My children, I go before you with the crucifix; all ye who shall follow me, fall on your knees and I will absolve ye. Who falls this night shall sleep in paradise.' The Vendéans

threw themselves on their knees, and the words of absolution having been pronounced, they rose and rushed to the renewal of the combat with the cry, '*Nous allons en Paradis.*' With the force of ocean billows the two armies met. The Republicans on this occasion seemed endowed with demoniacal powers, and fought with unprecedented valor. For hours the conflict raged, the combatants being many times so close to each other that there was not space to give or take a blow. From the same storechest both parties received their supplies of ammunition. In some instances the belligerents flung away their arms, and seizing each other with their hands, buried their nails into their opponents' flesh, and tore it with their teeth. All this was being enacted in the most intense darkness, for the torches had long become extinguished. The whole scene would be at times lit up by the flash of a musket, which would for an instant disclose a struggling mass of bleeding forms, and then all would be lost in night again, whilst the yells and blasphemies with which the whole resounded seemed to arise from the infernal abyss. Victory in the end blessed the arms of La Vendée. The Republicans towards morning began to waver, and retreated outside the walls. In a short time they abandoned that position also and fled, leaving all their artillery and baggage in the hands of the victors.

"After this great success and the succeeding one at Autrain, there was hope again for the Royalist cause. The chiefs of the Vendean army held a council, in which it was decided at once to proceed to Granville, which was now without a garrison; but the people on hearing of this determination broke out into open revolt, and Larochejacquelein, to appease them, was obliged to direct their march towards Angers, — a step attended with the most fatal consequences. Arrived at the Loire, and being totally destitute of boats, the Vendéans were

obliged to construct rafts on which to convey across themselves and their baggage; but just as they were about to embark in these rude transports, the artillery of the enemy appeared on the opposite bank, who, sweeping the river with their cannon, forced them to abandon their design. They next turned in the direction of Mans, which town they ultimately reached; but there the final disaster overwhelmed them.

"There were now 12,000 Royalists in a condition to take the field; and upon these the Republican generals, Westermann, Kleber, and Moreau, came down with a force of 40,000. After a desperate struggle the Vendéans were driven out of the town into the open plain, and here ensued a scene of ruthless carnage. Old men, women, and children, who vainly attempted to fly, were pursued, overtaken, and transpierced by the lancers, cut to pieces by the cavalry, or bayoneted by the infantry. Suffice it to say of that great field of blood, that out of 80,000 persons who six weeks before crossed the Loire, barely 8,000 survivors of it and the previous short campaign returned to the Brocage.

"Out of the remnants of the army, all but annihilated at Le Mans," Louis continued, "Larochejacquelein brought together a small but efficient force. With these he took refuge in the forest of Visins. From this retreat he made daily incursions on the outposts of the enemy, cut off their pickets, intercepted their supplies, and harassed them in every way that offered; but, alas! the sun of his life, though still in the morning of its splendor, was soon to be darkened forever.

"Early one morning, as we were journeying through the wood, we encountered two grenadiers of the enemy. Our troops were exasperated by the cruelties of the Republicans, and driven to a pitch of frenzy by the discovery of an order, in which instructions were given to proclaim an

amnesty to the Vendéans, and then massacre all who submitted. Without waiting the command of their leader, three or four of them rushed forward and were about despatching the soldiers with their sabres, when Larochejacquelein, who observed the movement, darted past them, and when close enough to the Republicans to touch them cried out, 'Surrender! I offer you your life.'

" 'And I offer you that,' replied one of the miscreants, raising a pistol and firing full at his breast.

"There was a flash. I rushed up breathless; another second there was the report of a dozen muskets, and the Republicans fell dead. Larochejacquelein raised his hand to his head, a moment stood upright, then staggered forward, and would have fallen but that I caught him in my arms. I laid him along the grass and supported his head. The blood was fast flowing from the wound in his breast; his face was deadly pale, but calm and placid. His breathing was slow, and at times hardly perceptible. For some minutes he remained with his eyes closed, then suddenly opened them, looked round and raised them to my face. Then over his countenance there came a faint flush, on his lips a smile, as when first I saw him in the little chapel at Chatillon, but more angelic in its sweetness. They slowly moved as he uttered the words, '*Nous allons en Paradis.*' Once more his eyes opened and closed; his head dropped upon my arm and he expired.

"I saw no more; I fell down in a swoon by the side of my dead brother. As I was afterwards told, a grave was prepared where he fell. With many prayers and grief indescribable the soldiers placed the sods over the body of their beloved chief; but fearing lest the enemy should come to wreak their vengeance on the dead, they raised no stone to mark the spot where he lay. The green turf was replaced as though it had never been disturbed; and ere an hour had passed from

when he was in the plenitude of health and vigor, the violets, still fresh with the dews of the morning, were blooming over his lifeless body. In the cause of 'God, King, and Country' he fell, at the age of twenty-one. The number and magnitude of his victories not even Napoleon himself has equalled. The mention of his name was wont to inspire more terror in Paris than the enumeration of all the legions of Germany and England. Well might his followers, as they knelt in sorrow around his grave, exclaim, 'Now the Convention may indeed say *La Vendée* no longer exists.'

"When my senses were restored, I thought at first I had awakened from a hideous dream. I called loudly on the dearly loved name, 'Henri,' at the mention of which the soldiers sobbed like children. I rose on my elbow; I viewed for an instant the scene about me: and then the horrible reality came over me in all its power. In a paroxysm of grief I threw myself on the ground and refused to stir. The men used various endeavors to induce me to rise, but all in vain. At length I heard one of them say, 'There is no one now to lead us; we may at once prepare for death.' Like magic the words acted upon me. I thought, What would Larochejacquelein do were he in my place? How had he acted after the death of Lescine, whom he loved as much as I him? Did he lie down to lament his friend, or go forth to emulate his deeds? 'Come, my fellow-soldiers,' I cried, springing to my feet, 'our leader is indeed gone, but until you find another I will take his place. I cannot indeed lead you to victory, but if need be I will go before you to death.'

"I then led them in the direction of Lavel. Towards evening I came up with the small army of the Prince de Talmont, and to him I resigned the command of my company. Him or them I never saw more. In a few weeks they had all been hunted down, and fallen victims to Republican revenge. Having bade them adieu, I

at once retraced my steps to the grave of Larochejacquelein. I was determined it should not remain unguarded, and as I believed I was soon to fall, in its defence I would resign my life. I regained the place in the middle of the night, and threw myself upon the grave. I again abandoned myself to an excess of grief, till, fairly worn out in body and mind, I sank into a heavy sleep.

"I must have lain for hours unconscious. When I awoke it was sunny morning; as I opened my eyes I was startled by seeing a man standing over me; an instant after, in terror, I recognized his uniform. Laying my hand upon my sword I was about to spring up, prepared to defend to the last the grave I believed he had come to rifle, when by a gesture he restrained me, and in an unexpected voice whispered, 'Be still, remain as you are a moment,' and then departed. Lost in astonishment, I ventured not in his absence to move from the position in which I lay. In a short time he returned and said with a smile, 'You see I have come upon you in your sleep, young Vendean. Thank your stars it was not by one of the "Infernal columns" you were found, or you had never been put to the trouble of waking. But I desire to save you; here, rise quickly, wrap this around you, and look sharp. There are fellows about who would give much for a shot at your head.'

"Whilst speaking he unfolded a cloak, and was about putting it about my shoulders as I rose, when I recognized upon it the badge of the Republic, and in horror I drew back.

" 'Let me die here, where he lies,' I cried. 'Never shall I wear the uniform of the murderers of Larochejacquelein.'

" 'What!' exclaimed the stranger; 'is Larochejacquelein dead? This will be glorious news for the Convention, though Jove knows it's with sorrow I hear it. I always respected a brave foe, though, by Hercules, he made sad havoc on our light battalions.'

"Restraining the words of anger that the profane remark brought to my lips, I recollected that the death of Henri could have been known to none of the enemy before, and therefore his grave must still remain to them a spot unknown; so I continued silent.

" 'Time flies, young sir,' said the stranger, again speaking. 'If you would escape the halter and cross-beam, attend to my advice; or, stay, if you are squeamish about this coat, I will provide you with another which can't offend your susceptibilities. Meet me here again in ten minutes; meanwhile take off your uniform and sword and hide them in the wood.'

"He again departed, and in haste I obeyed his directions. Ere I put away my coat I took from its breast the emblem of the Sacred Heart, and concealed it beneath those garments which I still wore. With tears in my eyes I unbuckled the sword that had served me through so many fights. 'Sleep here close by his grave,' I said, kissing and concealing it with my coat and cap beneath the thicket. 'Perhaps I may come again to seek you in happier times.' I plucked some flowers from the grave, which I wound up in my handkerchief, and have ever since worn round my neck.

"When the officer, for such he was, came back, he brought with him a blouse of coarse gray, and a cap such as camp sutlers generally wear. Seeing that my Royalist uniform had been put away he nodded approvingly, and said, 'You have done well; I have brought you garments which you may without qualms of conscience wear. Hesitate not to put them on; they are of the Republic, but even if they are, remember Louis Capet once wore the red cap.'

"When I had assumed the disguise he had provided, the stranger directed me to follow him. We walked along in silence, and in a few minutes came in sight of a Republican encampment.

" 'This,' he said, 'is a division of

the army of Mayence, to one of the regiments of which I am colonel. You will learn ere long what was your luck in not falling in with the freebooters of Thurreau. But now mind you remain silent; leave the rest to me.'

"I followed him through the midst of the camp. The men, whilst they saluted him, threw suspicious glances towards me, as he conducted me to his tent. When we reached it he desired me to remain, and employ myself with some small duties which he would assign me, but on no account to go out amongst the soldiers until his return. He then went to headquarters, where he stated that I was a straggler he had picked up belonging to the army of Westermann, who had been obliged to adopt disguise through fear of the Royalists. After this explanation my appearance caused no distrust. He advised me to avoid as much as possible conversing with those around me, and to perform all the duties which his own servant would set me, so that I might seem his assistant. And thus I escaped with little observation during the short time occupied by our march to Nantes.

"When the colonel had been duly installed in his quarters in that city, he directed his servant to bring me to his private room, where he thus addressed me: 'So far, at the risk of my neck, my young friend, have I conducted you. You may wonder why I should have run such risks for one of whose name I am even at this moment ignorant. Why I did so in a few words I shall tell you; though when you learn my motive, I fear you will give me credit for possessing less brain than heart. On our march to Nantes we happened to encamp for a night on the borders of the forest of Vesins. Next morning, as I took a ramble through the wood, I chanced to come upon you where you lay asleep. Your upturned face, on which the early sunbeams were playing, called up in my memory as I gazed

upon it a hundred thoughts of times long ago, when, with a dearly loved brother, I used to roam on sunny mornings such as that through the beloved groves of my native province. So strongly did your features call back to me the recollection of what he was at your age, that I determined at all hazards I would save you. So far I have succeeded in cheating the scaffold of its own. But now remember that as your life is in my hands, so mine is in yours. Breathe but one word as to who you are, and ere long I shall kiss the holy guillotine. To your honor I trust all. How to dispose of you here must be my next concern. I could readily make you my military servant; but you object, and with reason, to wear the livery of the Republic. Now I have considered carefully, and the best thing I know of to do with you is to make you page to my niece. The office will probably seem to you a degrading one, for I doubt not you come of noble blood; recollect, situations far lower are in these times held by many of the first nobles of France. Now you may retire; come back in two hours, and I will then conduct you to your new service.'

"In the excess of my gratitude I had almost thrown myself at his feet. I at once told him my family and name, and of the part I had taken in the late war. He listened with interest to my recital. In his rough, honest way he sympathized in the great calamities that had befallen my people. He laughed as he thought of what a prize he had defrauded the Convention, — of no less than the standard-bearer of Larochejacquelein. With a tranquil mind I left the colonel. At the hour appointed I returned and found everything in readiness. At the gate of the barracks his carriage was in waiting. He bade me mount with the driver; he jumped inside himself, and we drove off.

"After a drive of about thirty minutes we drew up before a noble and spacious dwelling. Here the colonel

got out, and directing me to follow him, mounted the steps to a great oak door. In answer to his knock it was opened by a maid-servant, who, having admitted and closed the door after us, conducted us up several flights of stairs, and stopped before a door which without ceremony the colonel opened, and we entered a sumptuously furnished room. When he had crossed the threshold there was a cry of 'Dear uncle!' from within, and a beautiful little girl at the same instant sprang forward and threw herself into his arms. When the greetings were over he said, 'You see, my fair niece, I have kept my promise and brought you a page. I have had some experience of him myself, and I think he will prove a most satisfactory servant.' Then he added in a whisper, 'He is a Royalist whom I have saved from Thurreau.' At this the girl's lovely face brightened; she looked smilingly at me, then at her uncle, on whom with numberless kisses she bestowed her thanks. At the suggestion of the colonel I was despatched under the care of the servant to the cook's hall for a short time, and subsequently invested with a livery becoming the page of the Countess Madeline du Brurier."

To be continued.

ORIGIN OF ALL SOULS DAY.

THE commemoration of All Souls is a feast instituted by St. Odilo (died 1049). The circumstances which gave rise to the solemnity are thus related: A French pilgrim returning from Jerusalem was cast by a storm upon the coast of Sicily. A solitary, who dwelt amid the rocks of the sea-shore, asked him if he knew the monastery of Cluny and the abbot Odilo. "Often," said the hermit, "I hear the spirits of darkness uttering blasphemous curses against those pious persons whose prayers and alms free the souls that suffer in the other world; but they are particularly bitter against Odilo and his religious.

I therefore earnestly entreat you, in the name of God, when you reach your native land, to urge the holy abbot and his monks to redouble their prayers for the suffering souls in purgatory." The pilgrims delivered the request, and Odilo directed that in all the monasteries of his order, a yearly commemoration of all the faithful departed should be made on the day following the feast of All Saints. The monastery of Cluny still preserves the decree which was drawn up both for its own observance and for that of all the monasteries of its dependency. The pious practice was gradually adopted by other churches, and soon became of general observance throughout the Catholic world.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The Spanish of Mellado, in Catholic Progress.

HE wished on earth a child to be, —
The Lord who rules o'er earth and sea;
And thus in accents soft and mild
Spoke to the angel undefiled:
"Go, Gabriel, to a village small,
Which 'Nazareth' earth's children call;
Where close beside a flowering tree
A house there stands, well known to me:
There thou shalt find in all her grace
A gentle Maid of David's race, —
The Bride of Joseph, one I love;
Though poor, her worth is known above.
O Gabriel, tell her that I come
To make her gentle breast my home;
Of her pure flesh a form to take;
In her fond heart a temple make."
The lowly angel bent his head,
And to the winds his pinions spread;
Then soon in Mary's room took rest,
Who blushed to see her radiant guest.
He gladly God's blest will imparts,
The endless *Ave* of our hearts.
"Hail, Mary, hail! God is with thee
And ever blessed shalt thou be:
O happy Queen! O Virgin mild!
Choice of the Spirit undefiled;
And blest the fruit from thee to spring,
Jesus, the world's Eternal King!"

MANY men, before going on a journey, take precaution to insure their lives against accident, but few insure their eternal life by reconciling themselves with God. The loss in the first case would be a temporal one, and in the last case an eternal one. Which shall a man take more care of, his body or his soul? —
Catholic Columbian.

ERIN'S FLAG.

Rev. Abram J. Ryan.

UNROLL Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze!
 Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas!
 Lift it out of the dust — let it wave as of yore,
 When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore
 That never! no, never! while God gave them life,
 And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
 That never! no, never! that banner should yield
 As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;
 While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
 And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.
 Lift it up! wave it high! 't is as bright as of old!
 Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold,
 Tho' the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
 Have drenched Erin's sunburst with blood and with tears!
 Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
 And around it the thunders of Tyranny boom.
 Look aloft! look aloft! lo! the clouds drifting by,
 There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky;
 'T is the sunburst resplendent. — far-flashing on high!
 Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh!
 Lift it up! lift it up! the old Banner of Green!
 The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen;
 What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
 Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?
 What though for ages it droops in the dust,
 Shall it droop thus forever? No! no! God is just!
 Take it up! take it up! from the tyrant's foul tread,
 Let him tear the Green Flag, — we will snatch its last shred,
 And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers bled,
 And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,
 And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton has shed,
 And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
 And we'll swear by the thousands who, famished, unfed,
 Died down in the ditches, wild-howling for bread,
 And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled,
 And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed,
 That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread;
 That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,
 Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
 Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said, —
 That we'll lift up the Green, and we'll tear down the Red!
 Lift up the Green Flag! oh! it wants to go home;
 Full long has its lot been to wander and roam:
 It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
 But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled;
 Like a weary-winged bird, to the east and the west
 It has flitted and fled, — but it never shall rest,
 Till, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
 And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
 Where its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain
 Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.
 Take it up! take it up! bear it back from afar!
 That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war;
 Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
 And swear that you'll bear it triumphant, or die;
 And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the earth,
 To join in the march to the land of their birth;
 And wherever the exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
 Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow and roam,
 They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam.
 They'll sail to the music of "Home, Sweet Home!"

IRISH LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS IN THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

[Commenced in No. 4, Vol. III.]

SOUNDS OF THE INVARIABLE DIPHTHONGS.

ao*	sounds like <i>e</i> in there, as	maoṛ, a steward.
ae	“ “ <i>ay</i> mayor,	aeṛ, the air.
ua	“ “ <i>oe</i> doer,	ṛuaṛ, cold.
eo	“ “ <i>oa</i> shoal,	ṛeoḷ, a sail.
eu	“ “ <i>a</i> fare,	ṣeuṛ, sharp.
ja	“ “ <i>ea</i> clear,	cjaḷ, sense.

Words in which the diphthongs *ao* and *ae* are used:—

aoḷ, lime.	caoṛa, a sheep.	maoḷáṇ, a beacon.
aoṇ, one, a unit.	caoṛiáṇ, a dry clod.	maoṇ, fear, terror.
aoṇ, a country.	caoṛiḷaṇṇ, a sheepfold.	maoṇ, a hero.
aoṇ, excellent, noble.	ṭaoḷ, a bug, a beetle.	maoṇ, dumb, mute.
aoṇṭa, consent, license.	ṭaoḷ, lazy.	maoṛ, a servant.
aoṛ, satire, a curse.	ṭaoṛ, guilty.	maoṇ, certain.
aoṛ, a tree, age.	ṭaoṛ, dear, costly.	maob, rend.
aoṛ, a community.	ṛaoḷ, a prop, support.	maoṇ, success, victory.
aoṛṭa, old, ancient.	ṛaoḷ, a whelp.	maoṇ, a field, a green.
baor, caprice, frenzy.	ṛaoḷ, wild.	ṛaoṭ, track, a journey.
caob, a clod.	ṛaoṇ, feeble.	ṛaoṭ, care, attention.
caoṣ, a wink.	ṣaoṭ, a swan.	ṛaoṭ, state, condition.
caoṣaṭ, fifty.	ṣaoḷ, love, fondness.	ṛaoṛ, an artist.
caol, calling together.	ḷaoṇ, a blaze of fire.	ṛaoṛ, cheap.
caol, slender, narrow.	maoṭaḷ, a paunch.	ṛaoṛ, free, noble.
caoláṇ, a gut, a tripe.	maoḷ, a promontory.	ṭaoṇ, a fit of sickness.
caoláṛ, a frith, strait.	maoḷ, a hill, hillock.	ṭaoṇ, a bit, a scrap.
caoṇ, resemblance.	maoḷ, a shaved person.	ṭaoṇ, a leak.
caoṛ, a berry.	maoḷ, blunt, pointless.	ṭaoṛ, dough.
aeṛ, the air.	ṣae, of a hook, (gen.)	mae, a field or plain.
ṭae, a man, a person.	ḷae, of a day, (gen.)	mae, much, plenty.
ṭae, a house.	mae, a man or woman.	mae, a battle.
ṭae, a hand.	mae, yesterday.	mae, a salmon.

* The diphthong *ao*, in Irish orthography, is no more than four centuries old; it is similar in sound to *AE*, which was used in ancient Irish manuscripts, such as the “Book of Armagh,” the “Liber Hymnorum,” “*Leabhar na h-Úisíne*,” the “Book of Leinster,” etc. *Saor* (free) and *caor* (a berry) were originally written with the diphthong *AE*, but in the increments of words in which it occurred, broad vowels were almost always added; so that when the great canon of Irish orthography began, 400 years ago, to be more strictly adhered to than by the ancients, it was deemed proper to change *E* into *O*, so as to conform to the Irish grand rule of spelling — *Leathan le leathan, agus caol le caol* (broad to broad, and slender to slender). Hence there are very few monosyllabic words now written with the diphthong *AE*.

SEÁŽAN BUÍÐE.

Ejblíj Ní Eacáruíj, do éan.*

STADAÍD D'BÚR Í-DÉARA A ŽARARAD ÉAOÍJ RO,
 NÁ RŽAPAD BÚR Í-ŽEUR ŽOL ÍJ ŽÁDAD D'ÍD,
 TÁJD FEAPACÓJ AEÐHEAC NÁ H-ŽILBAN ŽLEURDA,
 ŽO BAZARÉAC BAOŽALAC A Í-ŽÁRDAJÐ:
 ŽÍ AJME REO AJ DÉARA TÁ A Ž-CEAHAR ÍA H-ÉJÍJÍJ,
 DO ÉAHŽAJL ÁR Í-ŽAOÓAJL BOCT' FÁ ÁRÓ ÉFOR,
 BEJD FEARDA FÁ ÓAORÍJÍJÓ AŽ FHEARDAI DO ŽÁÓALAJÐ,
 'S ŽAH ACÍJÍJ A RAORÉA AJŽE SEÁŽAN BUÍÐE,

CARAJD ÍA SÉAMÍJÍR LE FEAPITAJD AJ DÉ DÍL,
 STADAÍD ŽO H-AORŽAD D'BÚR Í-ÁRÓ ÉAOÍD,
 ŽÍD FADA ŽO FAOH ÍJÓ AŽ TAPPAHŽ ÍA CLÉJTE,
 'S BÚR Í-BALTE AJŽE ÍJÉÍRÍJÓ ŽAH FÁŽAJL RÍJŽE;
 ŽAC RPHEALLAJPE CÍAPACÓ LÉ'R RPALPAD AJ T-ÉJTEAC,
 ŽO Ž-CAJÉFJO DO LÉJÍ DUL A Í-BÁRÍ CLAJÐE,
 LE H-EAŽLA ŠÉARLAJR AJ FAPAJPE TRÉJTEAC,
 ÍR ŽLANHAPÍ AR ÉJÍJÍJ LEJR SEÁŽAN BUÍÐE.

BÉJDEAD ŽAJÍÍJ 'ÍA DÉJD ÍÍJ ŽO FAPÍRÍJÍJÓ AŽ ŽAOÓALAJÐ,
 ÍR ŽALLAJD DA D-TÍAOÓA ÍAPÍ TÁÍPAÓD,
 ŽEAPÍAD AŽUR EUŽCÍJÍR AR FEAPÍAHAJD ÉJÍŽE,—
 ŽÍ AJ Í-CAÓAJÍ REO FÉJÍ ÍR ÍJ CÁR ÍÍÍJ;
 BEJDEAD ŽÍFÍÍJ ÍAOÍJÉA A Ž-CEALLAJD ÍA H-ÉJÍJÍJ,
 ÍR CAÍTÁÍJ AŽ ÉJÍŽE ŽO H-ÁRÓ DÍÍJ,
 ŽÍÍ Í'AHAMÍ ŽO Í-BEJD-FA 'R CÉAD AJÍÓÍÍ ÍAPÍ AOH ÍJOM,
 ŽÍ ÍAŽAD ŽAH TÍAOÓA FAÓÍ ŠEÁŽAN BUÍÐE.

* Ellen Ní Ahern, who composed the above piece, was a native of the county of Cork, Ireland. The piece, which is of the Jacobite class, shows that she flourished in that period. We would feel obliged to any of our readers who could give us any more information regarding this distinguished daughter of the Muses.

KEATING'S "HISTORY OF IRELAND."

So that, if Coffy reigned fifty years, she would be sixty years old when she bore children to Lavra Lyngshy, and since this could not be the fact, it was impossible for Coffy to have reigned fifty years. In like manner, for other reasons, I would change the date of the reigns of some of the kings of Ireland before Christianity. Yet I do not attribute this confusion of dates to the unskilfulness of antiquaries, but to the ignorance of transcribers whose only science was penmanship. Moreover, the Irish, since the English got possession of the kingdom, have neglected the triennial examination of their records, which they were accustomed to make, and the professors of history have neglected to preserve or correct the annals, having lost the lands and emoluments they were accustomed to receive from the Irish for preserving their history; there also existed in Ireland continual dissensions between the Irish and English, by which the learned were discouraged from examining and amending the annals from time to time. Should any one wonder at the disagreement between some

այսրն յօ հ-այսրն. Օձ 3-սյր-
 Ե՛ձ ձօղ դե՛ձ 1 դ-յօղձադուր աղ
 դեղնե՛ձէ բե ճեղ Ե զձ Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձ
 Ե՛ձձադադ աղ Ե-դեղնե՛ձա յր աղ
 Ե՛ձադն Ե՛ձադն Ե զձ օ ձձադն յօ
 ձեղ ՇրօրԵ, յր դեղնյօղձա՛ձ է,
 Եօ Երձ ձսր Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձձադադ
 դա հ-ԵօրԵ Եղ Ե՛ձ բե ճեղ Ե՛ձ
 ԵօղԵ՛ձադն դա հ-Ե՛ձադն Ե՛ձադ.

ՁԵր դե՛ձ Ե-Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձ դա հ-Ե՛ձադն
 բե ճեղ 1 դ-Ե՛ձադն դա հ-Ե՛ձադն
 օ ձձադն յօ ձեղ ՇրօրԵ, դ՛հ-յօղձ-
 դա՛ձ դեղնե՛ձէ բե ճեղ Եօ Ե՛ձ
 Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձ Եօ ճեղնե՛ձադ դա հ-Ե՛ձ-
 յօղն Ե՛ձ աղ դ-Ե՛ձադն 3-Ե՛ձադ.
 Յրձե՛ձ դ՛հ-Ե՛ձադ Ե՛ձադն Ե՛ձ-
 յօղն յր դ՛հ Եօ դ՛հադղն Ե Ե՛ձ
 Ե՛ձադ, դ՛հ աղ Ե-Ե՛ձադն Եօ ձեղ
 աղ Եօղն Եօ Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձադ
 Ե՛ձադն օ ձձադն յօ ձեղ ՇրօրԵ,
 Ե՛ձադ յր է յր դ՛հադ յօղն աղ Ե-Ե՛ձ-
 Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձադ Ե՛ձադն Ե՛ձադ յր Ե՛ձ
 Եօ՛ղ Ե՛ձադն Եօ Եօ ճեղնյօղն 1
 3-ԵօղԵ՛ձադն Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձ-
 Ե՛ձադ. 1 դ՛հադն աղ ճեղԵ՛ձ 1 դ-
 դ-Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձադն Ե՛ձադ.

Օձ 3-Ե՛ձադն դե՛ձ 1 դ-յօղձա՛ձ
 օղն Ե՛ձադ Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձադն յօղն
 դ՛հադ դ՛հ Ե՛ձադն Ե՛ձադն Ե՛ձադ
 Ե՛ձ աղ դեղնե՛ձ, դ՛հ Ե՛ձադն ձսր
 Ե՛ձ է յր Ե՛ձ յր յր յօղն Ե՛ձ, ձսր
 Ե՛ձադն Ե՛ձադն աղ Ե-դեղնե՛ձա
 Ե՛ձն յօղն աղ Ե-դեղնե՛ձա 1
 դ-Ե՛ձադն, յօղն ձսր ճեղնե՛ձ
 Եօ ճեղնե՛ձ դ՛հադն Ե՛ձադն Ե՛ձ
 յր դ՛հ Եօ ձսրն Ե՛ձադն յր դա
 դ՛հադն Ե՛ձադն Եօ ճեղն Ե՛ձ
 Ե՛ձ յր Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձադ 1 դե՛ձ-
 Ե՛ձադն Ե՛ձադ Եօ ձսրն ճեղն
 դա Ե՛ձադն Եօ՛ղ ճեղն-Ե՛ձադ Եօ
 ճեղն Ե՛ձ Ե՛ձադն Ե՛ձադն Ե՛ձ
 Ե՛ձադն Ե՛ձադ.

of our historians in the computa-
 tion of time from Adam to the
 birth of Christ, it will no longer
 surprise them when they find that
 few European writers agree in
 their calculations of the same
 time.

Since these authors do not
 agree in their chronology from
 Adam to the birth of Christ, it is
 not to be wondered that some
 Irish antiquaries should differ on
 the same point. Yet I have not
 found any computation more cor-
 rect, in my opinion, than that of
 those who reckon four thousand
 and fifty-two years from the Cre-
 ation to the Incarnation, where-
 fore I intend to follow the best
 author who comes nearest to this
 computation, in the dates of our
 monarchs, in their proper places
 in the margin of this work.

If it should seem surprising to
 any one why I adduce so many
 poems from the Shanachus (or
 ancient annals) as a proof of my
 history, my reason for it is,
 that our historians composed the
 greater part of their works in
 verse, in order that the history
 might be the less liable to altera-
 tions, and also that the learners
 might be the better enabled to
 commit them to memory. It
 was from being compiled in
 metre that the name of Psalter
 of Tara was given to that famous
 original record, which was pre-
 served in the custody of the
 monarch of Ireland's own chief
 antiquary.

Useful Knowledge.

BAKED FISH. — Stuff it with plain dressing; put in a pan with a little water; salt, pepper, and butter. Baste while baking. A fish weighing four pounds will bake in an hour. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs and parsley, and serve with drawn butter or egg sauce.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES. — Pint of warm water, half cup of yeast, quarter of Indian meal, two tablespoonfuls of molasses; add buckwheat enough to make thin batter; let this rise over night; in the morning sift in spoonful of saleratus and fry. Buckwheat is so fine that it must be stirred and beaten well from the bottom, or there will be lumps.

A STUFFED BEEFSTEAK. — Prepare a dressing of bread, scalded soft, and mixed with plenty of butter and a little pepper and salt. Lay it upon one side of a round of steak and then cover it with the other, and baste it down with needle and thread. Salt and pepper the outside of the steak, and place in a dripping-pan with half an inch of water. When baked brown on one side, turn and bake the other.

CLAM SOUP. — Take twenty-five small, white clams, dip them out of the brine, put them in two quarts of cold water, simmer them for one half hour; as the clams will be apt to make the soup salt enough, you will have to add only a half teaspoonful of pepper, one half pound of butter crackers, rolled fine; a lump of butter the size of an egg; then let it boil five minutes more; it should not boil long after the crackers go in, as it would make the soup too thick.

CINDERS IN THE EYES. — Persons traveling by railway are subject to continued annoyance from cinders. On getting into the eyes they are not only painful for the time, but often cause long suffering and even loss of sight. A very simple and effective cure is within the reach of every one, and would prevent much suffering and expense were it generally known. It is simply one or two grains of flaxseed, which may be placed in the eye without injury or pain, and shortly they begin to swell and dissolve a glutinous substance that covers the ball of the eye, enveloping any foreign substance that may be in it. The irritation of cutting the membrane is thus prevented, and the annoying substance may soon be washed out. A dozen of these grains in the pocket may prove, in an emergency, of much value.

A CHEAP and good ice-box can be made from two dry-goods or other boxes, the one smaller and put within the other, and the space between filled with sawdust. Provide a double lid, and a hole at the bottom for the drip from the melting ice.

APPLE STUFFING. — Take half a pound of the pulp of tart apples which have been baked or scalded; add two ounces of bread crumbs, some powdered sage, a finely shred onion; season well with cayenne pepper. For roast goose, duck, etc.

FEATHER PILLOWS. — Feather pillows can be cleansed and purified without removing the feathers by taking the pillows, laying them in the bath tub, and scrubbing them with a small scrubbing brush dipped in a solution of a tablespoonful of Magical Mixture to half a pail of warm water, and a little soap dissolved in it. Scrub them well on both sides, and then turn on the warm water, and then rinse them thoroughly. Lay them out on the grass to dry, turning them frequently; at the last, pin them to the line for a number of days, and when quite dry beat them with a rod. This is to disentangle and lighten the feathers.

DON'T BE EXTRAVAGANT. — If the poor-house has any terrors for you, never buy what you don't need. Before you pay three cents for a jewsharp, my boy, ascertain whether you can't make just as pleasant a noise by whistling, for which nature furnishes the machinery. And before you pay seven dollars for a figured vest, young man, find out whether your lady-love would n't be just as glad to see you in a plain one that costs half the money. If she would n't, let her crack her own walnuts and buy her own clothes. When you see a man paying five dollars for a Frenchified toy that a philosophic Yankee baby will pull all to bits in five minutes, the chances are five to one that he'll live long enough to realize how many cents there are in a dollar; and if he don't, he's pretty sure to bequeath that privilege to his widow. When a man asks you to buy that for which you have no use, no matter how cheap it is, don't say yes until you are sure that some one else wants it at an advance. Money burns in some folks' pockets, and makes such a pesky hole that everything that is put in drops through past finding.

The Humorist.

THE first river you come to in Scotland they will tell you is the Forth.

SPEAKING of the different ages of this world, to what age do pedlars belong? The pack-age.

"I OBJECT," said a wit at a party, "to the ladies baring arms, because they load them so with powder."

"I've got a bawl ticket," said neighbor John, ruefully. It turned out there was a new baby in the family.

WHY is the money you are in the habit of giving to the poor like a newly born babe? Because it's precious little.

"THE straighter a man takes his whiskey," said a temperance lecturer, "the crookeder it seems to make him."

"DEAR sir," said an amateur farmer, just from the city, writing to the chairman of an agricultural society, "put me down on your list of cattle for a calf."

WHY is an Irish cabin after an eviction like that confounded Cochin China that crows so loud in the early morn? Because, don't you see, it is a *shanty clear*. Eh?

"MY friends," said a colored preacher, "a man's character is like a fence: you can't strengthen it by whitewash, though you can cover up the places where it is worm-eaten."

"Do you think I'm a fool?" asked a violent fellow of a doctor. "Really," replied the doctor, "I would not have made the assertion, but now that you ask my opinion, I must say that I am not prepared to deny it."

A VULGAR fop called to a bootblack to polish his shoes, and showered vituperative epithets upon him for his slowness, till at last the little fellow stopped his work, and looking up, exclaimed, "See here, mister, 'tain't no use to work on your shoes till somebody polishes your tongue!"

"MOTHER, what's in the pot?" — "A pig's head and turnips, dear." Little Mary being of an inquisitive turn, she got peeping into the pot, when she saw one of the turnips in the pig's mouth. "Mother, mother!" she cried. — "What's the matter?" — "O mother, if you don't come quick the pig will eat all the turnips!"

A CLERGYMAN meeting an inebriated neighbor exclaimed, "Drunk again, Wilkins!" to which Wilkins, in a semi-confidential tone responded, "Sho am I, parson!"

AN old lady who has several unmarried daughters feeds them on fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

JONES complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be. Brown did n't know, but suggested that it might be the "dead letters."

Two females have been arrested in the vicinity of the Lakes of Killarney for the manufacture of illicit whiskey. This is the first instance on record of women keeping still.

"I WISH I could settle this confounded coffee," said an impatient traveller at a railway restaurant. "Try a broomstick," said a moody man with a scratched nose; "that is what everything is settled with at our house."

IT was the opinion of the ancients that Echo was a maiden who pined away for love till nothing but her voice was left. It is characteristic that the last thing belonging to woman which survives should be her tongue.

AT a fashionable wedding up-town recently, quite a number of people congregated to view the bridal party on their exit from the church. A passer-by, recognizing one of the hackmen, said, "Waiting for a job?" "No," was the laconic answer, "I'm waiting for the tied."

A FLOWER has been found in Northern Mexico that has a perfume like that of whiskey; and when a lot of prospectors from California got into a field where it grew, they were just wild with excitement until they found where the odor came from.

FOOTE, going out to dinner, hailed a hackney coach, which turned out to be a rickety old vehicle. At the journey's end he gave the driver a coin, which the man looked at suspiciously. — "Well, what's the matter?" — "Why, it's a bad shilling." — "Is it?" rejoined Foote. "Well, then, we are quits; yours is a bad hackney-coach."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 1, 1880.

A Talk with our Readers.

DURING the year 1877 nearly three millions of people arrived in the United States from the other side of the Atlantic

OUR CATHOLIC YOUTH, published at Detroit, Michigan, has been increased in size and improved in illustration. It is published weekly for \$1.00 a year. Parents would do well to order this paper for their little ones.

THERE was a big snow-storm, accompanied by a regular peeler of a hurricane, in Southern Minnesota, on Saturday, the 16th of October. There were some drifts a dozen feet deep; and a great destruction of cattle, horses, and other stock, by the severe cold. Winter has opened early at the West, and mostly it lasts long in that home of empire.

IN Switzerland hundreds of pigeons are trained for smuggling at Lausanne. A light watch is fastened to the legs of each bird, and thus carried over the frontier into Italy. The enterprising speculator can send away fifty watches daily. Of course his object in choosing pigeons as carriers is that he thus escapes the heavy import duty.

A RATHER good thing was said at a meeting of the rate-payers, held the other day in the Dublin Mansion House, to advocate wood paving. Mr. Barber, one of the speakers, seemed to be against wood, and he observed that the only places needing it were the spaces fronting public-houses, that the poor toppers might have an easy fall on Saturday nights.

OUR LITTLE ONES. — This is the title of a beautifully illustrated juvenile magazine, issued by the Russell Publishing Co., 149 Tremont Street, Boston. It is edited by William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), and is in every way equal in illustration and letter-press to any magazine for our little ones in the country. It is only \$1.50 a year.

WM. MCARTHUR, member of the Commons for Lambeth, was elected Lord Mayor of London on the 29th ult. McArthur is a native of Londonderry, Ireland.

MR. HENRY SMITH has been elected president of the International Trust Company, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. A. C. Mayhew, who held the office up to the time of his decease. Mr. Charles Marsh was also elected one of the vice-presidents of the company.

We congratulate Mr. Smith on his election. We are pleased to learn that the Trust Company is in a flourishing condition. We refer to the advertisement on the cover of our magazine.

THE late Lord Clifford has died so rich a man because he lived quietly, and in the country; not keeping up, like almost every other member of his order, a house in town. Besides paying off some old standing mortgages on his estate, he has left behind him a fortune of over £100,000; out of this he has left, besides £3,000 a year to his widow, £20,000 to his younger sons, and £10,000 to his daughters, with the very customary condition that these sums shall be reduced by one half in the case of the recipients becoming either priests or nuns.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. — The November number of this useful and entertaining periodical is now issued, and will be warmly welcomed by those who have perused its well-selected and well-written pages in the past. In the present number the paper on "Irish Novelists," by Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor, will repay any reader for the price of the number. It is indeed a matter for earnest congratulation, as the reverend author points out, that amid the bright galaxy of Irish female novelists we never had one to pander to vice or prurient taste. Get the magazine and read it over, particularly the opening paper by Father O'Connor. — *Catholic Herald, Lawrence, Mass.*

A GOOD Catholic custom has been revived in Canada, — blessing public works. The bishop of Three Rivers, Canada, recently blessed, according to the prescribed rite, the Lower Laurentides and Saguenay Railway, which is intended to connect Three Rivers with Lake St. John.

COLORED SISTERS. — Four sisters of the Oblate Sisters of Providence arrived in St. Louis recently, to aid those of their race requiring their ministrations. The order to which the good sisters belong was founded at Baltimore in the year 1829 by Elizabeth Lange (a native of the West Indies), under the direction of Father Joubert, a holy Sulpician. The foundress is still living, at the advanced age of ninety, and is able to go around on crutches.

FALL RIVER, Sept. 20, 1880.

Editor N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

DEAR SIR, — I have just read in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for October that the Forrester's Association was in harmony with the Church. Will you please give your opinion on the matter?

With consideration,

J. B. CHAGNON.

REPLY.

The "Forrester's" is a *Secret Society*, with all the "gim-cracks" thereunto pertaining — *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

LOWELL, Oct. 18, 1880.

Dear Sir, — Your monthly arrived today, and lest the prophecy of "Old Mother Shipton," which appears in the same, may frighten old women or children, permit me to state that there is nothing very mysterious about the figures 1881: no more than that of 1872, the sum of whose digits is $9+9=18$, and it is also divisible by 9, and the remaining quotient consists of two prime factors, 13 and 16; and if 18 be set under 72 the sum is 99; and if 18 be reversed and added to 72, it equals 153, which is also divisible by 9; and if 153 is added it gives 9 as well as the sum of its quotients; if 18 is added to 72, it gives 90, a sum also divisible by 9, and so on and so on. Where is the difference, then?

Respectfully yours,

A. McNAMARA.

THE Chicago "Prairie Farmer," speaking of the foolishness of the fear expressed by some that there will be an over-production of food in the United States, and that such over-production will lead to financial embarrassment says: "The American people are the only ones in the world now, or in the history of the world, that ever

have had enough to eat. The Germans have not enough to eat; they cannot get it. The French have not enough to eat; they stint themselves. The English have not enough to eat, but try to supply the want by the use of cheap beer. The Irish certainly have not enough to eat, and never had. The people of Asia are all on the brink of starvation. The people of Africa make cakes out of mosquitoes. The tribes of South America fare no better. With ninety-nine hundredths of the people of the world insufficiently supplied with food, what nonsense it is to talk about an over-production of breadstuffs!"

MR. PARNELL'S advice to the Irish tenants is followed with religious fidelity. "Any man," said the Irish leader, "who takes land from which another has been unjustly dispossessed, let him be ostracised." A farmer in the county Clare lately took a piece of land from which a tenant who could not pay his rent was evicted, and the consequence was that not only would no one work for him, buy from him, or sell him anything, but not a soul outside of his own family would speak to him. Reports of a like nature come from many other quarters.

IMMORAL PICTURES. — A gross violation of the rights of decent people in this city is the public display of immoral pictures, which appear in the form of show-bills, illustrated papers, etc. Well remarks the "Philadelphia Catholic Standard": "They are demoralizing in the highest degree, they do an immense amount of harm to the morals of the youth, and they are offensive to every pure-minded man or woman. They are an outrage, too, upon their rights as citizens. Is it not time for our city authorities to look after this? The public have an unquestionable right to be protected from the exhibition and obtrusion of lascivious pictures, and it is the duty of the civil authorities to suppress what is plainly injurious to morality."

THE immigration into the United States for the year ended June 30 added nearly half a million names to the recent national census. The precise number of immigrants for the twelve months was 457,257. Of this great total, 347,747, or a little over seventy-six per cent, came from Europe. The rest of the American continent made the next highest contribution, — 101,681, or a fraction above twenty-two per cent, including 99,706 from the British provinces. The remaining 5,839, or less than two per cent, came from Asia. The immigration from Europe was as follows: Great Britain and

Ireland, 144,876; Germany, 84,638; Sweden, 39,186; Norway, 19,895; Austria, 12,904; Italy, 24,327; Denmark, 6,576; Switzerland, 6,156; Russia, 4,854; Hungary, 4,363; France, 4,313; Netherlands, 3,340; Holland, 2,177; all others, 2,142. The arrivals at New York numbered 263,726; Port Huron, 94,375; Boston, 34,062; Philadelphia, 11,727; Baltimore, 17,394; San Francisco, 7,153; all other ports, 18,820. The rate of arrivals since the close of June makes it probable that the immigration for the current fiscal year will be even larger than during any year in the past.

THE PROCEEDS OF THE PASSION PLAY.—The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play had its last representation on the 27th ult., and the accounts have since been made up. The representations, of which there were forty, produced no less a sum than £104,000 in receipts, and were attended by 175,000 persons, including many of distinction. The proceeds have been divided into four parts, one quarter being put aside for the expenses of the construction of the theatre, a second being allotted to such inhabitants of the village as are householders, a third quarter to the actors, and a fourth to the public schools, especially the schools of carving and drawing. Joseph Mayer, who filled the rôle of Christ, received the sum of £31 10s. This seems a small amount for the principal performer, but it must not be forgotten that six hundred persons were engaged in the play, and shared in the profits. The chief actors have now gone to pass some weeks in Italy, to recruit themselves after their labors. During this time they will be partially occupied in renovating the numerous articles representative of sacred objects which appeared upon the stage, and which will be put by for use in 1890.

IRISH LANDLORDS.—The "Connecticut Catholic" hits the nail squarely on the head when, in the course of a well-written article, it says: "A great outcry is made about the shooting of one or two landlords, whose private vices and immoralities were so gross as to render their removal necessary in the interests of society at large; but no notice is taken of the death by starvation of thousands of unfortunate peasants guilty of no crime, but the victims of those inhuman landlords and the vicious system of which they are representatives. It is a truth vouched for by history that this incubus of landlordism, the outcome of British confiscation, has murdered over half a million of the Irish people through famine alone, and the countless tortures it has inflicted can

never be known until the Judgment Day. The excitement throughout Ireland at the present day is only the healthy uprising of the people from their bondage to the position of freemen. If a few tyrannical landlords happen to be shot down in the march of progress, it is their own fault; they are in the way, and had better emigrate."

SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS will please call on our agents, and pay their subscriptions. See advertisement of agents.

A PROJECT has been set on foot by certain influential gentlemen to establish in London a large Catholic school of a superior class, the capital to be raised by £10 shares.

READER, do you owe for our Magazine? If so, send your money before going to sleep to-night, thereby securing a pleasant night's rest. If you don't, our "imp" will be after you.

By an order in council, published in the "Canadian Gazette," all British possessions in North America not already included in the Dominion, comprising all islands, with the exception of Newfoundland and its dependencies, will be considered as forming part of the Dominion of Canada from the 1st of last September.

RAPID INCREASE OF THE RUSSIAN POPULATION.—Taking the three years from 1867 to 1870, the average yearly births amounted to 3,163,405, the number of marriages concluded to 640,971, and the number of deaths to 2,382,396. This gives a yearly increase of population by 781,009 souls, an average of 4 9-10 births on every marriage. The ratio of increase being thus 1 2-10 per cent, the population would be doubled in fifty-eight years if the rate does not diminish.

THE LAW.—The proprietor of a paper in Quebec prosecuted one of his Ontario subscribers who owed him \$43 for subscription. The subscriber refused to pay, because, he said, he had ordered the paper to be discontinued. It must be remarked, nevertheless, that the subscriber had not paid the arrearages of subscription. The judge before whom the case was brought decided that the editor of a journal could, according to the law, continue sending his paper so long as the arrearages of subscription were not paid, and that the subscriber was obliged to pay for the time the paper had been sent him.

THE LAST RELIGIOUS CENSUS IN FRANCE shows that there are 35,387,703 Catholics, 467,531 Calvinists, 80,117 Lutherans, and 33,113 of other Protestant denominations. The Jews number about 50,000, and 90,000 are attached to no church.

THE Turk has his faults; but we may take a hint from him in some matters. When a tradesman in Constantinople gives short weight or sells adulterated food, he is nailed by the ear to the door of his shop, and left there under charge of a sentry from sunrise to sunset. One person in Dublin, who sold milk adulterated with eighty per cent of water, was fined £15; and upon less daring offenders fines ranging from £2 to £10 were inflicted.

ALL-HALLOWS. — It is under consideration to form an All-Hallows Alumni Association among the Catholic priests of the New England States, who were educated in the foreign missionary college of All-Hallows, Dublin. The object of it will be to foster a fellowship for one another, and to have an occasional reunion, when

there will be an interchange of sentiments. But the chief object is to subscribe a fund annually in aid of their beloved Alma Mater.

"L'UNIVERS," in an able article, maintains that England must perforce alter the abominable land laws which have ruined Ireland, and upon which the Catholic prelates cast the main responsibility of the crisis. "It is with joy," it says, "that all the friends of Ireland hail the intervention of the Irish episcopate in the ardent agitation, misrepresented by the English press so as to make capital of it against the Irish people. That intervention will singularly increase the weight of Ireland's claims. It will suffice, perhaps, to reassure those who, on the faith of the English press, fancy Ireland capable of seeking wealth and prosperity in revolt against the divine law. These worldly goods the Reformation offered to others in exchange for their souls, and Ireland heroically refused them without despairing some day of God's justice."

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

A PRIEST FOUND DEAD IN BED. — The many friends of the Rev. Father Gavan, O. S. F., Thurles, Ireland, will hear with regret that he died suddenly at the friary there on Sunday morning. He heard confessions in the cathedral late on Saturday night, and was apparently then in good health, but was found dead in his bed on Sunday morning, with his breviary in his hand. He died of apoplexy.

SISTERS.

MOTHER OTELIA, superior of the Sisters of St. Mary, St. Louis, Mo., died in that city Oct. 17. Mother Otelia was born April 30, 1823, in Regen, Bavaria.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of M. M. Mary Crescentia, Superioress of the Ursuline Convent at Upton, Essex, through whose patient and courageous efforts, the Order, which occupies so high a position amongst those devoted to both religious and secular teaching, was re-established in England.

SISTER PASCHAL (Ryan), who has been connected with the Home for Destitute

Catholic children in Boston for seven years past, died at that institution on the morning of Oct. 12, of consumption, after an illness of several months. She was born in Syracuse, N. Y., and was twenty-six years old. She was buried from the Cathedral of the Holy Cross on Thursday morning following. The remains were accompanied to the church by the sisters (some fifty in number), directors, children of the Home and of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum. The Mass of requiem was said by Rev. Father Corcoran, who also accompanied the remains to Calvary Cemetery, where the final ceremonies were performed. May her soul rest in peace.

LAY PEOPLE.

THE death is announced at Prospect, Caltra, county Galway, after a lingering illness, borne with meekness and resignation, of Anne, the dearly beloved wife of Mr. John Madden, at the age of fifty three years. The deceased was the sister of Rev. Archdeacon Cavanagh, P. P., Knock, and the mother of Rev. James C. Madden, C. C., Rooskey.

Events of the Month.

THE *Congrégation de Propaganda Fide* has set apart half a million lire for the erection at Malta of two colleges for the education of youths who wish to devote themselves to mission work in Africa.

MR. PARNELL, in his speech at the Cork Land League banquet, put the real issue of the "Irish Land Question" on its true basis, when he said that landlordism, in Ireland, was "merely a piece of machinery for maintaining English rule."

A BODY of police numbering two hundred, accompanied by a sub-inspector and a sub-sheriff, recently proceeded to Aggara, county Galway, to execute a civil bill decree. It was found on their arrival that the crops and cattle had all been removed during the night by a band of tenant farmers.

SENSATIONAL PROPHECY.—Professor Grimmer has recently published a pamphlet wherein he sets forth the most disheartening prognostics for the coming seven years. "From 1880," he writes, "to 1887, there will be a universal mortality. Asia will be depopulated, and Europe will become almost a desert. America will lose 15,000,000 of her inhabitants. There will be tempests and inundations; mountains will be precipitated into the valleys," etc.

HOLLAND calls itself a Protestant country, and what is more, a Christian country. Now in that same Holland there lived, two hundred years ago, a Jew of the name of Spinoza, who, not content with denying the divinity of Christ, like most of the surviving descendants of Jacob, would not believe in the existence of any Supreme Being. He held what is called Pantheism, which means that every stick and every stone is possessed of the same divine virtue the ancient Greeks placed in the trees and mountains, which they supposed to be inhabited by nymphs, Oreads, and other such fabulous beings. To show what Protestantism is getting to on the Continent, it is sufficient to know that Count Limburg-Styrum, a leader of the Evangelical party of Holland, presided last Wednesday at the inauguration of a statue erected to that infidel Jew at the Hague. It is the same thing as if Lord Shaftesbury were to patronize the erection of a statue to Bradlaugh, the infidel M. P. for Northampton. Church-of-England-ism is not the only *ism* that has "room for all"; Calvinism is in exactly the same boat. — *London Universe*.

THERE are more Catholic Irishmen in London than in the capital of Ireland. They number upwards of 400,000, and what a powerful body they would be if well organized! The most necessary thing for this organization is unity,—freedom from dissensions; and to produce this result sobriety is indispensable.

THE notorious Canadian institute at Montreal, which, it will be remembered, raised such a commotion some years ago on account of the refusal of the bishop to allow the burial in consecrated ground of the body of Guibord, one of the members who had been excommunicated, has at length been forced to close its doors for want of support. It has been rapidly declining since the date of the burial of Guibord, and now proposes to merge itself into the new Frazier institute.

THE funeral of the unfortunate Lord Mountmorres, near Dublin, the other morning, was marked by a proceeding which might well have been omitted. The Protestant clergyman who officiated (a Rev. Mr. Mahaffy) "improved the occasion" (as some preachers say) for the purpose of launching forth a terrible tirade against the Catholic priests of Ireland, for not denouncing the fearful crime which had been committed. Now, it so happens that many priests did most impressively denounce it. Men of the Mahaffy stamp seem to forget that, were it not for the Catholic priesthood, such crimes would be much more frequent. The Rev. Mr. Mahaffy would be much better employed in giving a sharp reproof to the truly charitable Protestant clergyman in the North of Ireland who lately preached the inhuman doctrine of murder for murder, and to another extremely Christian minister in the North of Ireland who lately advised that 200,000 Orangemen should march through Ireland to strike terror into their enemies! The Irish priests have been England's best police for the preservation of order, and that, too, without for a moment forgetting their duty to fatherland. The other day a priest in Kerry, in a parish where the landlord's agent was unpopular and had been threatened, caused his congregation to kneel down at holy mass and solemnly vow that they would have nothing whatever to do with any attack upon the gentleman. Government has offered £1,000 for information as to the murderers of Lord Mountmorres. So very large a reward seems to hold out a dangerous incentive to perjury.

THE RELIGIOUS CONGREGATIONS falling under the iniquitous decrees in France number seventy-five, the number of religious being 5,324.

THE Sisters of Charity, Toronto, Canada, are working a silk banner which is to be dedicated to the blessed Virgin in the church of Knock, in Ireland. A deputation of Catholic gentlemen will take the banner to its destination, where it will be placed on the altar as an offering.

In a letter to the editor of an Italian Catholic journal, his Holiness the Pope makes reference to the importance of the Catholic press, and says, "What lay editors are accomplishing at the present day, with the sanction of ecclesiastical authority, is the more opportune, first, because sacred ministers are obstructed in the discharge of their duties, and secondly, because the laity can with greater freedom claim their legitimate rights."

CARDINAL MANNING, after laying the foundation-stone of a new Catholic church, recently, in England, referred to the life of St. Patrick, whose name the church is to bear, and said that in every land where English was spoken were the sons of St. Patrick,—priests, people, bishops; so that there were in the episcopate of the Catholic Church more of the spiritual sons of St. Patrick mitred and ruling over the flock of God than of any other saint save only the apostles of Christ.

No little agitation has been excited in Glasgow by the news of an alleged Nihilist plot to blow up the Czar's yacht "Livadia," the utmost precautions being taken since then to prevent strangers having access to the vessel. Not only have the coals on board been removed, but divers have been sent down to examine the bottom of the vessel. It is confidently asserted that Nihilists now in London have gone so far as to admit the existence of a plot of the kind, having even warned their English acquaintances that the "Livadia" would be a very unsafe vessel in Russian waters! The incident referred to strengthens the belief that the late abortive attempt to wreck a train on the London and Northwestern Railway was attributable to a Nihilist conspiracy.

THE distinguished Scandinavian philologist, Mr. Eiríkr Magnússon, has called attention through the London "Times" to the fact that during September he has had letters from the inhabitants of two distinct districts in Iceland asking him to endeavor to persuade Englishmen to go out to purchase live sheep, promising in the one case a minimum of 1,500, in the oth-

er of 2,000. Having in consequence of this applied to the firm who are at present, alone in the United Kingdom, engaged in the trade, — Messrs. Slimon and Co., of Leith, — he found that their arrangements had been already made. That enterprising firm, who ten years ago began by importing only a few hundred live sheep from Iceland, will this year bring over no less than 10,000 to 12,000. In the present undeveloped state of this branch of Icelandic trade the island could easily, says Mr. Magnússon, export to Britain 50,000 live sheep yearly, and these picked; but a proper stimulus and organization for this, as for the wool and the oil trade, to say nothing of the fisheries, could only be brought about, he says, by a resident consular agency in the country.

REMARKABLE FREAK OF A LUNATIC. — One day lately, as the insane patients of the Great Charité Hospital at Berlin were taking their accustomed exercise in the gardens of that establishment under the supervision of several attendants, one of them, a lunatic cab-driver of herculean strength, contrived to slip away from his companions and to clamber upon the trunk of a huge elm-tree. Having reached one of the topmost limbs and armed himself with a stout branch, which he snapped asunder as easily as though it had been a mere twig, he announced in stentorian accents his intention of "staying there forever." In vain did the perplexed warders alternately coax and threaten him; he laughed at their blandishments and defied their menaces. No one dared to attempt his capture by force; so, after a couple of hours had elapsed, the medical authorities, having obtained permission from the district lieutenant of police, summoned to their assistance a detachment of the fire brigade and an engine, which forthwith commenced to play upon the deranged gymnast. Having drenched him for a ten-minutes' spell, the firemen summoned him to a parley, but could get nothing out of him save a fantastic and high-flown speech of thanks for their "refreshing attentions." Another and still more protracted deluge proving equally ineffectual in inducing him to descend, the warders and policemen recurred to friendly negotiations, and their persuasions at length moved the triumphant madman to declare that if they would pay homage to his gymnastic skill and heroic endurance by three rounds of enthusiastic applause, he would come down. His terms were promptly accepted, and he descended to *terra firma* amidst the vehement plaudits of policemen, warders, and firemen, thus honorably capitulating after a siege of five hours and a half duration.

NUMBER OF CATHOLICS. — According to the latest tabulated statement the population of the Catholic world is as follows: —

Europe.....	153,444,000
America.....	51,400,000
Asia.....	9,167,000
Africa.....	1,695,000
Australia.....	650,000

Total..... 216,356,000

AN ELEPHANT killed his keeper at Charlotte, N. C., recently. "The funeral procession which followed to the cemetery the remains of John King, keeper of animals in Robinson's circus, who was killed by the elephant, Chief, was a somewhat remarkable spectacle. The body lay in a magnificent casket, and was carried to the graveyard in a hearse to which were attached four handsome white horses. Close upon the hearse followed the two pet elephants of the dead keeper, Mary and The Boy, whose stately tread, in perfect time with the dirge which the band was playing, seemed to indicate that the intelligent animals felt the solemnity of the occasion. The funeral ceremonies took place in the Catholic church, and the scene there was likewise solemn and impressive. The performers and laborers, fresh from the shouts and glare of the circus, in their rough every-day clothes, but with faces respectfully cleared of the dust and paint of the arena, were present."

THE Catholic people of Switzerland are in many places placed at a disadvantage and deprived of their rights by the fact of the Protestants being in a majority, and lording it over them without any regard to fair play. Thus it happens in the diocese of Basle, which consists of seven cantons. Of these, two only — viz., Lucerne and Soleure — are Catholic, and the rest Protestant; and thus it happens that six years ago Mgr Lachat, the bishop of Basle, was ignominiously turned out of his palace, and expelled from the country, because he would have nothing to do with the new-fangled sect of Old Catholics. Yet the entire body of priests of the diocese have clung to their ordinary, and so have the people; and they miss no opportunity to show their feelings in the matter. Mgr. Lachat is liable to imprisonment if he returns to the see of his diocese; yet last Sunday week he was able to appear at a place called Rieden, in the canton of Lucerne, and there to confirm upwards of 3,000 children who had gathered for that purpose from the surrounding cantons. After performing this episcopal action he betook himself back to his place of exile, and none of his

enemies dared to molest him on his way. This shows that in Switzerland the voice of the people is yet strong enough to counterbalance the mischievous doings of their rulers.

A FAMILY SCRAMBLE FOR THE MOTHER'S BANK-BOOK. — At the Chester (England) City Police Court, four persons of respectable appearance, named Edward Jones, Altami, near Mold; William Jones, Bistre, Buckley; John Hughes and Mary Ann Hughes, of Altami, were charged on a warrant with assaulting Francis Jones, of Bistre. The first two are brothers, and the last-named sister of the complainant, Hughes being his brother-in-law. From the complainant's case it appears that his mother, who is seventy-five years of age and very infirm, lived with him for upwards of two years. She recently came into some money, which was deposited in the National Provincial Bank at Chester. On Saturday the four defendants came to complainant's house, overpowered him, and took the old lady away in a trap, and on Tuesday they proceeded to Chester, for the purpose, complainant alleged, of drawing the money from the bank and leaving the country. He followed them, and arrived at the bank just as his mother was placing her cross to a check, by the direction of his sister, the defendant Mary Hughes. Desiring to warn the old woman, and to prevent the money being taken out of the bank, he endeavored to speak to his mother, but the defendants seized hold of him and held him down, nearly throttling him, while the necessary formalities were transacted by the mother and daughter. The latter then hurried the mother out of the bank and into the trap, which was waiting outside. Complainant followed, and again endeavored to speak to his mother. The male defendants again seized him in the street, and a most unseemly struggle ensued, during which, complainant alleged, his sister jumped down from the trap, and managing to get hold of his tongue, nearly pulled it out. The case for the defence was a denial of any assault on the part of the defendants, and an allegation that complainant maltreated his mother in the bank, and all that was done was to interfere to prevent his violence. She herself had requested the defendants to release her from the house of the complainant, who kept her locked up, and they had done so, and all that was done with reference to the money was to transfer it to the Mold Bank for greater convenience. The case was adjourned for the production of independent evidence, in the shape of one of the bank officials.

THE RENEWAL OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS BETWEEN FRANCE AND MEXICO, suspended ever since the French expedition and the death of the Emperor Maximilian, has been gazetted. Baron Boissy d'Anglas is to represent France in Mexico; and the Tampico and Vera Cruz consulates are also re-established.

THE GOAT.—On the Continent and in Ireland, the goat is regarded as the poor man's cow. The goat is especially adapted for such a purpose. It supplies just milk enough for the requirements of an ordinary household during the greater part of the year, and as it eats almost every kind of herb and vegetable, and possesses a hardy constitution, it is kept with very little trouble, and at an almost nominal cost.

THE HERMIT JUAN ARGES.—In Spain, two leagues from Utiel, in the province of Cuenca, on the Negrete Mountain, at a church entitled Our Lady del Rimedio, at the foot of the Altar of the Blessed Virgin, there have lain for the last three centuries the mortal remains of Juan Arges, the first hermit of Our Lady. Recently, the tomb being opened, the corpse was found in a state of perfect preservation. Pilgrimages to the spot are being organized from all parts of the Iberian peninsula.

It is stated that the great, noisy London thoroughfare, Holborn, had once been trodden by the Angelic Doctor. And now a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* reminds us that St. Ignatius Loyola came to London in the summer of 1530, just at the time when Henry VIII. was agitating the great question of his marriage, which in 1534 brought about the separation from the Church; and adds, "Is anything known of his doings or his residence here? Some think he lodged at the Charter House." Perhaps some of our readers will be able to afford the desired information.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.—In the Catholic Church there is no such thing as education without religion. It has been said that father and mother can teach their children religious instruction without the aid of schools. That is a fallacy; for how can parents who go to work in the morning before the sun is up, and return after the sun goes down, wearied, hungry, and thirsty, be responsible for their children's education? The school is the place of Christian knowledge, and woe be to England when Christianity is eliminated from her schools; for education without Christianity would produce a people without Christianity.

Notices of Recent Publications.

John B. Piet, Baltimore.

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR'S SOLITUDE: Take and read, read and reflect. Translated from the French of Canon Layet. 32mo, 96 pages. Flexible cloth, red edges, net 25 cents. Levant morocco, net 50 cents.

The object of the publisher in issuing the work at the above low price is to induce every person capable of reading and reflection to become possessor of a copy.

We direct attention to the advertisement of Mr. Piet in advertising pages.

Benziger Brothers, New York.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER.

The publishers have brought this great work to a close. The translator and editor, Rev. Richard Brennan, pastor of St. Rose's Church, New York, has rendered into English the very best book of the century. The thirty-eight parts make

a volume of nearly 1,000 octavo pages. The illustrations number six hundred, thirty-one fine plates, and six beautiful chromolithographs. The publishers present to the subscribers a superb steel engraving of "The Resurrection": the whole forming the finest illustrated Catholic book ever published in this country. The book can be had at prices varying from \$2.50 to \$9.00, according to binding.

The American News Co., New York.

THE TRUE FAITH OF OUR FOREFATHERS. By a Professor of Theology in Woodstock College, S. J., Maryland.

The immediate occasion for the publication of this work, as we learn from the preface, was the appearance of a book by Rev. Dr. Stearns, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which was entitled "Faith of our Forefathers," and purported to be "an examination of Archbishop Gibbons's 'Faith of our Fathers.'" We trust the book before us will meet with a good sale. But the price (in pa-

per 75c.) is too high; and the bound copies (\$1.25) are excessively high.

James Duffy & Sons, Dublin.

THE LIFE, TIMES, AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. DOYLE, BISHOP OF KILDARE AND LEIGHLIN. By W. J. Fitzpatrick, LL. D., M. R. I. A., J. P., Professor of History to the Royal Hibernian Academy; biographer of Lord Cloncurry, Lady Morgan, etc.; and author of "Irish Wits and Worthies," "Ireland before the Union," etc.

We have received, through Messrs. Benziger Bros., New York, a copy of this great book, a new and improved edition of which has lately appeared in Dublin. The first edition was republished in Boston by Mr. Donahoe, from the Dublin issue. It had a good sale in the United States and Canada. The great fire of 1872 consumed all Mr. Donahoe's books, and this was among them, and the book has been out of print ever since. To this new edition, the learned author has added valuable matter not in the former edition. As a writer of biography, Mr. Fitzpatrick has no superior living. He has given the Irish people a book well worthy of the fame of the great J. K. L., and has established his own fame as one of the best, if not the best, biographical writers of the age. On the appearance of the American edition from the press of Mr. Donahoe, the following notice appeared in "The Pilot": "Our words may sound extravagant. We can only repeat the motto in Doyle's coat of arms,—*'Tolle, Lege.'* Take up the book which narrates his life, times, and correspondence, and read. We appeal to the monuments of history, so beautifully, so accurately, so eloquently displayed before us by the great historian of one of the greatest men. The book before us is a monument of Mr. Fitzpatrick's skill, of his knowledge of men and events, of his great power of discernment, of his faithfulness, of his impartiality, of his herculean labor, of his exalted Christianity!"

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We have seen some specimen pages of an important book, "A Catholic Dictionary of Theology and History," which the Catholic Publication Society Company of New York will publish in connection with the English publishers and authors. It is not often that three cardinals unite in testifying in advance to the need of a book; and therefore from this fact alone it might be expected that this dictionary, recommended by Cardinals McCloskey, Manning, and Newman, will supply a great

need. The two or three pages we have seen justify this expectation.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Dancing on de Kitchen Floor," song and chorus, by James Bland. "Lardy Dah," comic song. "Rescued," duet, words by Geo. Cooper, music by J. L. Gilbert. "On the Levee by the Riverside," song and dance, by Geo. Wilson. "Mother, Dearest, Raise my Pillow," song and chorus, by Tony Williams. "Listen to the Silver Trumpets," song, by Jas. A. Bland. "Anniversary Ode," by J. W. Turner. "Three Cheers for Hancock," solo, with male chorus, by J. M. Munyon.

Instrumental: "Pleasant Visit," polka, by T. M. Milliken. "Star of Liberty," grand march, by C. D. Blake. "Palm Leaves," by Faure, arranged for cornet by Walter Emerson. "Waking Morn," polka mazurka, by T. P. Ryder. "Singing Bird Mazurka," by R. H. L. Watson. "Nearer, my God, to Thee," transcription for piano, by C. D. Blake. "Ever Longing," mazurka sentimentale, by T. P. Ryder. "Rippling Wave Mazurka," by Herbert L. Eddy. "Success," march brillante, for four hands, by C. D. Blake. "Love's Return Waltzes," by A. E. Warren, arranged for four hands. "Route en Train," galop de concert, by E. Ketterer.

MUSIC BOOKS.

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